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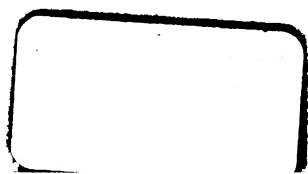
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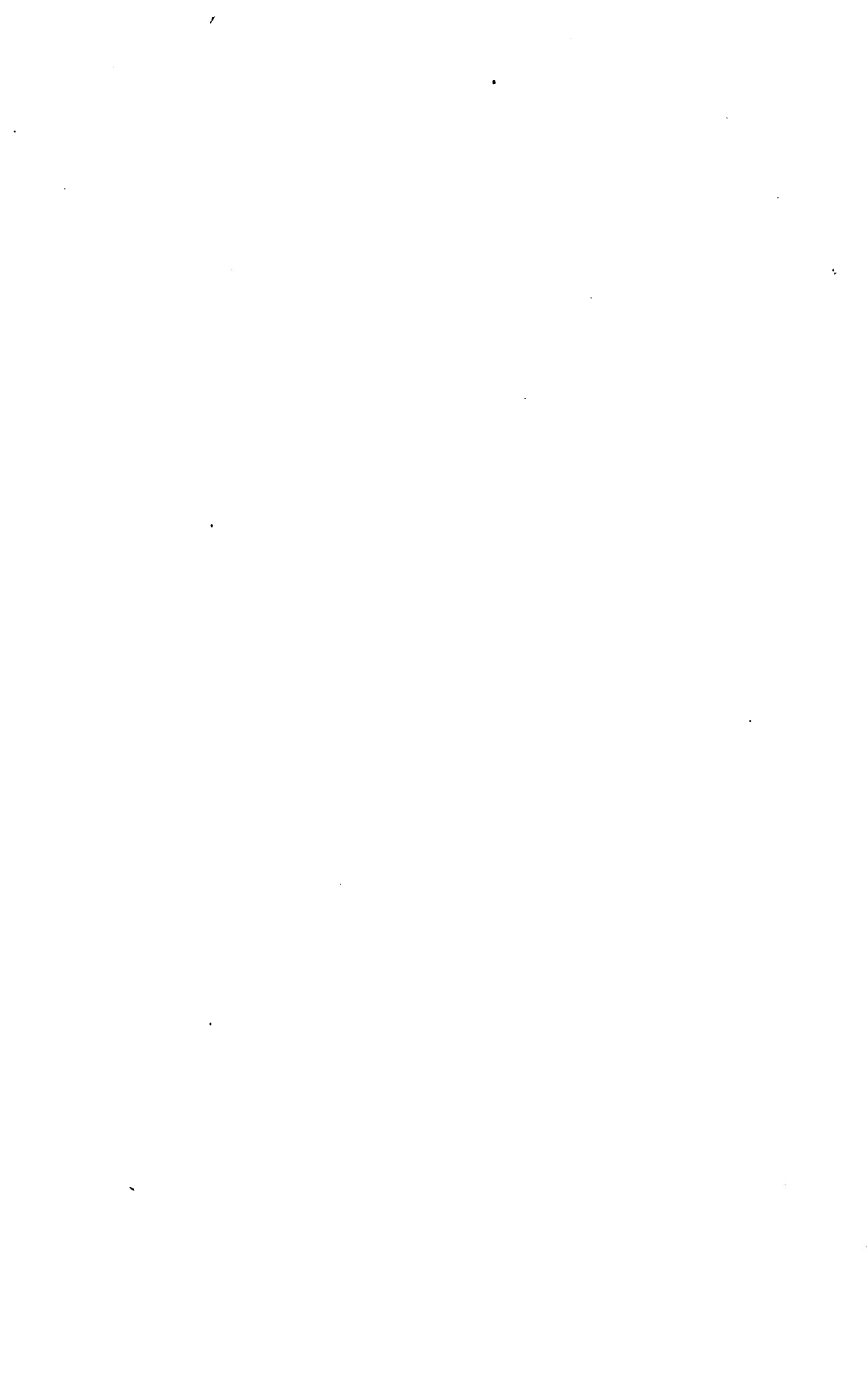
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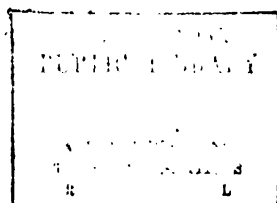
ENGRAVINGS, THE QUARTERLY FASHIONS, AND MUSIC,

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1839.

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JOHN ANDERSON RIT JO

Published by S. C. Atkinson.



OR

GEMS OF LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

While I sit with thee, I seem in heaven,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labor, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill
Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

No. 1.]

PHILADELPHIA—JANUARY.

[1839.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John, I wonder what you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning, and sit up so late at e'en;
Ye'll blear out all your e'en, John, and why should you do so?
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when nature first began,
To try her canny hand, John, her master work was Man;
And you amang them a', John, so trig frae tap to toe,
She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye trim and neat;
Tho' some folks say ye're auld, John, I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,
And see are ye in mine, John—I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that we have seen, John Anderson, my jo.

1 1839

John Anderson, my jo, John, what pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John, spring up 'tween you and me,
And ilka lass and lad, John, in our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven, your bony brow was brent;
But now your head's turn'd bald, John, your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John, wi' bring us to our last;
But let nae that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS."

Forests are supposed to constitute the exclusive domain of romance writers; even as lakes have been appropriated to poets and ballad-mongers. The Schwarzwald and the Odenwald extend their gloomy shades through many a horridification in three volumes, or even five. Sherwood and Needwood, with the connivance of the Minerva Press, have bid us "Stand and deliver" till we trembled at the very sight of a furze bush; while twenty romancers have made us as sick of "The New Forest," as a season at Southampton.

Since Sir Walter's "Ivanhoe" presented the world with a view of forest scenery, more picturesque than the sketches of Gilpin, or the realities of Hobbins, we have been favored with such a tedious infinity of copies, that we verily believe we could travel from Dan to Beersheba, (*i. e.* from Sand-Pit Gate to Fern Hill,) in the lordly shades of Windsor, and find "all barren!"

Nevertheless, there *does* exist a Forest for which we must admit an especial predilection:—within the limits of civilisation—no intrenchment on the propriety of Fenimore Cooper—no section of the ground of Himalaya Fraser,—may! within a morning's drive of a capital city; yet possessing features as wild and characteristic as Rosa might have delighted to paint, or Ariosto to depict, as the rendezvous of some half chivalrous, half-magic encounter.

The Forest of Fontainebleau,—still savage in its scenery as when the Crusader-King, St. Louis, was wont to term it "*Ses déserts chéris*,"—still lonely as when Napoleon, who loved it with a similar predilection, used to prick forward in advance of his officious court, to enjoy its reveries in its *haute futaie*,—is now depopulated even of the superfluity of game, which, during the ascendancy of the elder Bourbon princes, and the hunting days of the booby-hero of the Trocadero, was supposed to threaten it with extinction. Were all the royal forests of France equally devastated, the office of Grand Verderer would become a sinecure; for, unless when that equivocal compeer of the Montmorencys and St. Simons, the Duc de Stackpoole, contrives to unite with his own pack of stag-hounds the *meutes* of two or three neighboring nobles, to get up a Chevy Chase, grievously resembling the Epping Hunt, the ancient oaks of Fontainebleau forget the very echo of a Réveillée! The tumult of hounds and horns, however, is of rare occurrence; and during the summer season, not a soul is stirring in the forest, unless some botanical student from the *Pays Latin*, with his wallet on his shoulder and his herbal in his hand; or some disciple of Camille Roqueplan or Isabey, standing rapt and inspired among the rocks of Frauchard, or the precipices of La Salle, to dash into his book of studies the light outline of some weeping birch, or hint the solemn grandeur of that kingly stem,—unique even among oaks,—*le bouquet du Rio*.

Yet even these metropolitan loungers, and the

cockney-hunting train of a Birmingham Duke, are incapable of deteriorating the venerable grace of Fontainebleau. Its masses of granite, resembling colossal heads of Druids, peeping forth from the shade, speak of times long anterior to the voluptuous triumphs of Diana of Poitiers, whence date the meretricious splendors of the palace; and the *Galerie des Cerfs*, which witnessed the wanton murder of Christina, of Sweden's Monaldeschi, or vain a remission of Byron's sentence of execution, are things but of yesterday, compared with the Gorges d'Apremont, or the crags of the Mont-Aigu.

The palace of Fontainebleau, indeed, in spite of every emendation perpetrated by every prince succeeding the brother-in-law of our own bluff Harry, retains a most antique and quaint appearance; yet antiquated as it is, its peaked roofs and overhanging bartizans are a world too modern for the mossy frame of sylvan verdure with which the picture is encircled. Pious anchorites have sanctioned themselves in the recesses of the forest, as the hermitages of the Weeping Rock, and of La Madeleine, remain to attest; and hermits might fast and pray there still without much molestation from the children of this world.

Charles X. had he been inclined to emulate the example of the Corsican, and execute his abdication in the palace of the Fountain of Fine Water, or *Fountain Belle Eau*, might have retired thereafter to one of its sylvan lodges, and ended his days as holly as Charles V. in his peevish cell of St. Just. The Royal Forest might have formed an appropriate retreat for the repentance of a sovereign:—lordly, lofty, gloomy, worthy to overshadow the spirit of the blood-stained *Rio de la Mitraile*!

It was during the brilliant ascendancy of Napoleon, however, that Fontainebleau attained its highest pitch of dignity,—at the period when a Vicar of God was brought captive to its gates, and kings and princes yielded tribute to the footstool of its warrior-sovereign.

It was to afford a fitting asylum to Pius VII. when he visited France to place the Imperial Crown upon the brows of the hero of Marengo, that the palace of Fontainebleau was raised from the degradation into which it had fallen at the period of the First Revolution; and its reparations were completed, in order to adorn, with becoming splendor, the prison of the same spiritual Prince, when, eight years afterward, he was installed there in durance, with the view of intimidating the vicergerent of Christendom into the cession of his temporal sovereignty. There, too, Charles V. abode in temporal seclusion, after abdicating the government of Spain and the Indies to the Imperial Conqueror. Fontainebleau appeared to have been transformed into a sort of regal *Salpêtrière*, for the reformation of offending potentates!

But if an especial suite of apartments became consecrated to this important purpose, the main body of the building (which has been compared by English travellers to a *rendez-vous* of palaces, rather than a single and separate edifice) was still occupied as the Imperial residence of the most brilliant

court of modern Europe. Thither, every autumn, the Emperor repaired, as to a favorite hunting seat; and the days seemed come again when Louis XIV. gliding with histrionic dignity through the stately saloons of Versailles, the palace of his own creation, made it his pride to be accosted by his courtiers, with intercessions for the honor of "following the Court in its ensuing journey to Fontainebleau;" an event which, at one time, constituted one of its chief entertainments.

Brilliant, however, as was that scene of the eighteenth century,—when Molière commemorated the sojourn of his royal patron by the production of the "Tartuffe," and Racine, by bringing forward some tragic *chef-d'œuvre*,—the *Cours des Fontaines* exhibited a still gayer pageant, when crowded by the unparalleled *cortège* of courtiers, which enabled the Emperor of France to create an antechamber for the kings that waited at his levee!

The two Heavys of France and the first Francis may have added to the regal edifice the splendid galleries still bearing their names; but it remained for the son of a Corsican notary to form the *Antechambre des Rois*! Beautiful woman—and the most beautiful among them were the nearest kindred of Napoleon,—men of renown—and the most famous where those who had confronted danger nearest to his person,—thronged the antique saloons of Fontainebleau; the golden bees embroidered upon whose canopies of velvet seemed distinctive of a new era in the history of the government of the country. The whole scene presented a gorgeous masque of mimic majesty,—chivalrous as the court of Francis I. magnificent as that of Louis le Grand, and a thousand fold more animated than either.

It was, perhaps, that the personages of the drama, less perfect in their parts, were more attentive to the getting up of the piece—it was, perhaps, that their physical and moral impulses, unsubdued by the influence of the indolence divine of royal nature, betrayed a stranger and more vivid temperament; but certain it is, that never were fêtes so brilliant—never courts so stirring, as those presided over by Josephine, and graced by the charms of the Reine Hortense, and the Princesses Pauline, Elisa, and Caroline, the sisters of Napoleon. The Bourbons might, and may, exhibit their household splendors as ceremoniously as they will; but those levees of upstart kings—those quadrilles of plebeian queens—those *carrousels* of *parvenu* knights, whose spurs were in reality the meed of valor,—exceeded all preceding pomps, as well as any that may have subsequently supplied their place. They rode, they danced, they dressed, they courtied, they cooed, as if they could not too strenuously exercise the privileges of the greatness so singularly thrust upon them; and, spurred on by reminiscences of the sordid penury with which their youth had been environed—or, perhaps, by a prescience of the utter ruin ultimately to be called down on their heads by the ambition of the insatiable invader of thrones and dominions,—sporting on painted pinions in the sunshine of Napoleon's glory, so long as it was permitted to irradiate their remarkable destiny,

Nor were their capacities of enjoyment ever more liberally taxed than at Fontainebleau. There, the Emperor, luxuriating in momentary relaxation from the toils of sovereignty, and giving access only to those ministers with whom it was indispensable to be in immediate communication, indulged less eagerly in the recreation of the chase, than in the pleasures of unrestrained intercourse with such persons as really shared his confidence and affection: and the calumniated Napoleon was a man of warm and strong affections. Those who approached nearest his person, and who have not yet betrayed him by manufacturing a book at his expense, admit that he was the honestest man and *le plus bon homme* of all the Imperial Court; or, to borrow the expression of his brother Jerome, "*meux que tout ce qui l'entourait*."

Though notoriously the victim of Josephine's coquetry during their early days of marriage, how fervent and honorable is the affection poured forth by the husband, in the correspondence between them published by her daughter Hortense!—what truth—what simplicity, in every expression!—what nobleness of purpose in every counsel imparted! While the finical and *minaudière* ex-Marchioness addressed herself to the task of conciliating the French nation by the graces of her smile, and the richness of her laces and cachemires, he was bidding her be "generous but economical;"—economical of her money, which was the people's—of her tenderness, which ought to be have been *his*; and of her time, which she was too apt to bestow upon every obsequious courtier and gossiping dowager. How patient too, did he show himself under the thwartings occasioned by the intriguing spirit of his brothers!—how blinded by his affection for his sisters!—and when enlightened by the officious jealousy of Josephine, how susceptible to their shame—how gentle in their condemnation! Above all, how doting!—how thoroughly—a father!

Mean while, amid all his policy,—all his tact,—all his dexterous appeals to the national vanity of the French, in the pomp and splendor of his Court,—it was, in truth, with a view of gratifying the predilections of the Empress and her female train,—the Mesdames Junot, Maret, Marmont, Duchâtel, Regnaud, St. Jean d'Angely, Visconti, and others,—that the halls of Fontainebleau were occasionally illuminated for the display of masks and festivals; and its forest causeways levelled and made smooth, to admit their participation in the pleasures of the chase.

At the close of one of these festivals,—a ball given preparatory to the departure of the Emperor for a new campaign, a *fête*, (no offence to the Montmorencys, the Noailles, or the Grammonts,) as graceful and brilliant as the more legitimate Courts of Fontainebleau ever witnessed,—the gay circle was dissolved, the lights extinguished, and the ushers and chamberlains, having paraded the state-apartments, to ascertain that all was safe, had retired in their turn to rest. Nothing remained in evidence of watchfulness but the Captain of the Guards yawning at his post, the numerous sentries

en faction in the various quadrangles of the palace, with here and there a light streaming from the windows of some vestibule or staircase, such as in the abode of even the most frugal and self-secure of sovereigns,—of a citizen-king for instance,—gives evidence that there must be *no night* within the purlieus of a palace—that perpetual vigil is indispensable to secure the safety of an anointed head!

All was quiet, save the tinkling of the fountain of Ulysses in the great court, and the harsh croaking of the frogs in the adjoining lake; when, on a sudden, a slight tumult became perceptible in the *Cour de la Fontaine*; and a few stragglers, in complete dishabille, were seen hurriedly traversing the corridors leading to the *Aile des Princes*. Sentries were challenged, and gates unclosed! The stir and bustle increased. Gorvisart, the Emperor's favorite physician, had been hastily summoned from his bed;—what, *what* could be the matter? Was Josephine, whom often already a remote hint of the premeditated repudiation had thrown into hysterics, again attacked with *migraine*? Had Madame Mère fasted too long over her beads? Or was the Princess Borghese suffering from some of her imaginary heart-aches, or head-aches? Vain toil to guess! Some hundred or so of young and fanciful beauties just then lodged under the peaked roofs of Fontainebleau, were enough to afford practice and perplexity to Galen and all his sons!

But it was not for the sake of any thing in the shape of women,—no! not even of Madame de Waldeck herself,—that Constant would have presumed to steal down the little circular staircase leading from the Emperor's apartment to the *Cabinet Topographique*; where, on the eve of his departure for the grand army, he was engaged in investigating a map, pricked out subsequently to the Military Council of the morning, by the hands of Baron Fain, and Baron Bacler d'Albe.

Leaning over a table overhung by a shaded lamp, and covered with maps and plans, Napoleon's attention was engrossed in dictating notes to his aide-de-camp, when a slight knock at the door announced some privileged person: and, with a face foretelling the nature of a tragic volume, the *premier valet de chambre* made his appearance.

"What is the matter, Constant?" cried the Emperor, hastily, apprehending he knew not what from this unprecedented interruption.

"Sire, with your Majesty's gracious permission, I have ventured to intrude, in order——"

"Bah! Speak out,—to the point!—What has happened?"

"Cardinal Caprara, Sire, is expiring!"—

"*Après*?" inquired Napoleon, calmly insinuating his forefinger into his waistcoat pocket, and regaling himself with a pinch of snuff, as irreverently as if the "*après*" of the act of dissolution of a member of the Sacred College could possibly fall within the precognition of a valet de chambre!

"Sire, your Majesty's goodness will, I trust, pardon my officiousness; but I consider it my duty to acquaint your Majesty, previous to the fatal catastrophe, that——"

"Bah!" again interrupted the Emperor,—never so completely "*le petit corporal*," as with a military map before him, and a perspective of triumph opening from his indications.

"That his Eminence has fallen a victim to *peison*," continued Constant, satisfied that it was his business to persevere in his relation.

"*To poison*?" ejaculated Napoleon, turning round short on the valet-de-chambre.

"*To poison*?" reiterated Fain. "Poisoned in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau!—a Prince of the Holy Roman Church—the Nuncio of the Pope—poisoned!—*Quelle horreur*!"

"This becomes serious," said the Emperor, coolly. "Who is with him!—Who has been sent for?"

"The Bishop of Meaux, Sire, is with his Eminence."

"A Bishop!—why not a physician!—Where is Corvisart,—where is Ivan?"—

"And the Almoner of Her Imperial Majesty," continued Constant, "is about to administer"—

"Extreme Unction, no doubt! when an emetic might prove the Cardinal's salvation!"

"Mean while, if your Majesty will permit me to observe," said the aide-de-camp, abruptly, "this unfortunate event may lead to most calamitous conclusions. Cardinal Caprara possesses the personal regard and confidence of His Holiness; and his mission in France, bearing reference to so delicate and personal a question, inferences might possibly arise."

"You are right!" cried the Emperor. "I should be on the spot! and the more so that the Cardinal appears to be surrounded by a tribe of fools, more idiotic, if possible, and old-womanish than himself. Constant,—my hat. Be in waiting in the library till my return."

And having hurriedly traversed the corridor leading from the Royal library to a small door opening under the grand staircase of the *Fer à Cheval*, the Emperor hastened across the courts of the two intervening quadrangles with such rapidity, that the sentry at the first post had scarcely carried his hand to his musket to present arms, when his Majesty reached the second. All was in confusion round the entrance, and on the staircase leading to the Cardinal's apartments. The doors of the antechamber stood wide open, and two *garçons de bain* were squabbling in the saloon; every person in authority having pushed forward to the bed-side of the dying Churchman.

"Did Caprara sup with me to-night?" inquired the Emperor, as he crossed the vestibule, to Fain, who was closely following.

"Your Majesty forgets, perhaps,—the *fête*,—the ball——"

"True, true!—He was served, then, in his own apartments?" continued Napoleon, addressing a domestic in the livery of the household, who was about to scud away on recognising the Emperor. "Where did his Eminence sup to-night!—who was present!—who furnished the repast?"

"His Eminence supped in his own chamber, Sire, attended by his own almoner, on dishes es-

pecially prepared by his own domestics," interposed the aide-de-camp, who had overheard the question, and was aware of Napoleon's fondness for succinct intelligence.

"So much the better!" muttered the Emperor, taking breath. "It is probable, then, that there may be no poison in the case. He may be dying of a surfeit."

But when, in another minute, Napoleon penetrated into the bed-chamber, there was no mistaking the symptoms of the Nuncio for those of an indigestion!—Churchman or Layman—*gourmand* or anchorite—short-necked or long—it was no ordinary seizure which had rendered his face so livid, his lips so black, his nostrils so distended, nay, his eyes so fixed and sightless, that even the entrance of the Emperor produced no change of countenance in the moribund!

"Alas! alas! dying without the consolation of the Church!" sighed the bishop of Meaux, as he let fall upon the coverlet the hand he had been holding in his own, in the hope of discerning some token of amendment.

"Dying before half the objects of his mission were accomplished!" murmured his Eminence's secretary, who had expected to find his own services in the affair requited with a full benefice.

"Dying in a foreign country, so far from our *belle Italia*!" faltered a poor Neapolitan *marmiton* of his suite, who had crept toward the room, and was blubbing unheeded on the threshold.

"What was served to the Cardinal at supper?" inquired Napoleon of the latter, tapping him smartly on the shoulder, ere his own entrance was noticed by those administering to the dying man, or at least fixing their whole attention on his countenance.

"*Ahi, ahi!*" sobbed the lad, suddenly looking up, and trembling with consternation on perceiving by whom he was so cavalierly accosted. "*Madre di Dio!—Sua Maestà!*"

"I ask you what was served to his Eminence at supper?" persisted the Emperor. "Answer quickly and briefly, for his sake and your own!"—

"Mushrooms, Sire!" interposed Fain, who had already obtained from the Cardinal's *maitre-d'hôtel*, the desired intelligence. "*Des Oranges sautés à l'huile, à l'Italienne*, by his own cook."

"*Cogliani!*" ejaculated Bonaparte, all the Corsican kindling in him at the word. "Not a genuine Orange is to be found on this side the Alps! They have poisoned him with some noxious fungus!—*Des Oranges sautés à l'huile!*—Let Paulet be instantly sent for. It may not yet be too late to try a counter poison."

And satisfied that a supper of stewed mushrooms would afford a very natural cause to misgiving Europe for the sudden demise even of a Cardinal, the Emperor returned to his surveys as speedily as he had quitted them.

"So, then, *Monsieur le drôle!*" cried he, seizing Constant by the ear as he traversed the *Bibliothèque*, where the valet-de-chambre was in waiting, to enter the topographical study,—“You think pro-

per, it seems, to break in upon my privacy, because a pampered priest chooses to over-eat himself!"

And Constant, discovering in an instant from the familiar mode of his Imperial Majesty's address, that he considered Caprara in no real danger, and was no little pleased to find the case less urgent than he had been led to expect, ventured to reply, that “another time, under such circumstances, he would show more discretion.”

“Another time, under such circumstances, (if ever another cook should be found in the palace, of sufficient ignorance to serve up teadstools as an *entremets*), do as I have done now—send for Doctor Paulet, who has passed his life *à s'enchampignoniser*, in studying the nature and properties of mushroom-rooms, and do not interrupt me, till the *ipécacuanha* has done its worst.”

“See Doctor Paulet to-night, before he quits the Cardinal, that you may be prepared with particulars when you wake me in the morning,” was Napoleon's final adjuration, when, having officiated at his master's toilet, Constant was about to retire for the night, to receive the same services from his own valet-de-chambre, leaving the door of the Imperial Chamber to the guardianship of the faithful Rostan.

Unhappily, further intelligence on the subject awaited the *réveil*, of the Emperor! Two words from Constant would have sufficed to acquaint the world that Paulet had administered an antidote, and that the Cardinal was out of danger; but while a Page of the Household was offering formal compliments to the Prince of the Church, on the part of their Imperial Majesties, the Duc d'Ortante had arrived from Paris, and was about to be admitted to an audience of the Emperor!—the Duc d'Ortante, —the Joseph Fouché,—the Minister of Police,—whose name has been damned to everlasting fame, in France, as the able originator of a system of espionage, unique in the odium of its efficiency; and who was at that period forestalling the desires and projects of Napoleon, by preparing the way for his divorce, and the formation of a more auspicious matrimonial alliance.

“This is a sad affair, Sire, of the Cardinal Caprara,” observed the *Chéf de Police*, having completed the transactions which had motived his journey from the capital.

“Sad?” reiterated the Emperor. “I understood from Constant that Paulet answered for his life!”

“I met Doctor Paulet, Sire, as I entered the *Cour d'Honneur*.”

“Well?”

“He answered me that there were no grounds for alarm,—that in a day or two his Eminence would be as well as ever!”—

“And capable of supping a second time on a ragout of *fusées Oranges*!—Jackass!”—

“But is it *proved*, Sire, that the mushrooms were pernicious?”—

“*Proved!* You should have seen the Cardinal's face!—purple as his stockings! Many an unfortunate *gamin* has been deposited in the dead-room of the Morgue, with twice as much life in his

frame! *Pernicious!* Nothing but Paulet's skill could have saved him!"

"Your Majesty mistakes me. *Poisoned*, I admit him to have been; but my people here assured me that they have procured evidence that the mushrooms pickled and selected yesterday, at the Cardinal's own suggestion, during a promenade to the Rocher de Montigny, were of the true and genuine Orange species. It seems that his Eminence's *pi-queur*, aware of the ridicule incurred during their stay at Paris, by Caprara's proverbial parsimony, not choosing to be seen entering the palace gates, charged with a pannier of mushrooms, like a *baudet* of a market gardener, intrusted them accordingly to the hand of a wood-cutter working near the spot, who engaged to convey them to the Cardinal's kitchen. By this individual, they were assuredly changed on the road."

"Bah!" cried the Emperor. "Would you and your *mouchards* have me believe Caprara is a sufficiently great man, to have enemies among the wood-cutters of Fontainebleau? Poison a Cardinal!—They could do no more for me!—Besides, the people of these cantons still smack of Bourbon patronage, and are as pious as the pruders of the Faubourg St. Germain. I would warrant every knave of them to kiss the hem of the petticoat-tail of the smallest member of the sacred conclave. Poison a Cardinal! They would as soon think of denying St. Peter!"

"Nevertheless," pursued Fouché, "my agents assert that Cardinal Caprara is detested by the people, as the supposed bearer of His Holiness's promise of assent to the project of your Majesty's divorce;" (involuntarily Napoleon turned his eyes toward the door affording access to his apartments, from those of the susceptible Josephine;) "nor need I remind you, Sire, that the extreme popularity of the Empress"—

"I know, I know!" interrupted Napoleon, who was indeed aware that the rumor of his repudiation of Josephine, had created a most unfavorable impression throughout the kingdom. "But do you pretend to insinuate that the French nation has entered into a conspiracy to poison Caprara, for having been the mere state-courier of Pius VII.!—*Que Diable!*—Josephine's party must, in that case, be stronger and more redoubtable than I have ever had cause to think it!"

"The young man pointed out to suspicion as the bearer of the mushrooms from Montigny to the palace," resumed the Duc d'Otrante, repressing the sneer of his Imperial master, by proceeding at once to facts, "is one to whom the attention of my people at Fontainebleau has been previously directed, as dangerous and involved in mysterious connexions."

"Under surveillance, then?"

"Under surveillance."

"And yet employed in the public works? Why, under such circumstances, allow him to be retained by the Inspector of the Royal Forests?"

Fouché replied only by a smile, manifestly im-

plying, "To keep him under the cognisance of the Police."

"True!" replied the Emperor, replying to this tacit reply. "But it might be desirable that your people kept their *hands* as well as their eyes upon the fellow, instead of leaving him at liberty to spoil the supper and night-rest of a Prince of the Church. *Cospetto!* These mushrooms may yet chance to figure in a Papal Bull."

The breakfast hour was now approaching, the one of all the four-and-twenty when Napoleon was most accessible to familiar intercourse; and Fouché seemed to profit by his increasing good-humor, in order to push still farther the subject under discussion.

"In the apprehension that an unfavorable view of the affair might reach the Court of Rome," said he, "I have already caused this young man, this Guillot, to be arrested. It is a token of respect due to the rank of Cardinal Caprara."

"Respect due to a broomstick!" muttered the *Petit Caporal*.

"Which motive might perhaps be held insufficient," pursued Fouché; "but that in spreading a net over a minnow, I hope to secure as fine a cock-salmon as ever wagged a fin within the meshes of the Police!"

"Aha!" cried Napoleon, who had been traversing the room, and now stopped short opposite the official operative, who might well be called (as Victor Hugo terms our English hangman) "*the royal right arm!*"

"Within the last six weeks," continued Fouché, "a mansion situated near the ferry of Valvin, which your Majesty once entertained thoughts of hiring (but that the situation was scarcely secluded enough for the purpose,) as a residence for Madame de —"

"I know, I know!" hastily interrupted Bonaparte, vexed to find the organisation of his Secret Police so admirable, that not even a casual expression of his own could escape its scrutiny. "Who lives there now?"

"The English *détenu*, Sire!—Monsieur le Général R—"

"An English family at Fontainebleau? An English *détenu*—an English General Officer!—You must have planned this, sir, for my especial annoyance! *Sacré nom de Dieu!*—Have I not expressly desired that these people might be kept out of my way? Last year, as we drove near the bridge at Verdun, on our way to Mayence, had not the English prisoners the audacity to greet me with hisses, and opprobrious epithets?"

"Which offence against your Imperial Majesty's person, half-a-dozen of them are still expiating in the dungeons of Bitch," replied Fouché, coolly. "But Gen. R— is scarcely to be classed among a tribe of fool-hardy midshipmen, such as the lads in question. For several years he has resided in all honor and tranquillity at Verdun; and it was but a few months ago that I received an application for a *permis de voyage* for his family, to pass two months at Fontainebleau, in order to try the effects of the *cure de raisin* for his only daughter,

stated to be in the last stage of a decline. There was no plea for withholding from him a favor frequently conceded to English prisoners on parole; especially as your Majesty had then announced your intention of dividing the autumn between Rambouillet and St. Cloud. A passport was accordingly granted, and General R—— established himself at the Pavillon de Valin”——

“At least, while residing so near the palace, you have placed his correspondence under scrutiny!”

“More particularly, Sire, since the General’s lady, who is daughter to a member of the English Cabinet, keeps up constant intercourse with her family.”

“And has any thing—*transpired*?” said the Emperor, fixing, a scrutinising eye upon Fouché’s countenance.

“Nothing, Sire,” he replied, preparing to touch a point on which Napoleon was just then peculiarly sensitive to the sneers of the English press. “Nothing,—unless a few idle comments in the letters of Lady Emily R——, upon the age and personal coquetry of the Empress, as well as her unaccountable influence and popularity with the nation.”

“More dissipated woman’s gossip!” said Napoleon, having recourse to his snuff box.

“But exactly of the kind to obtain ready currency in London; where any absurd slander relating to your Majesty’s domestic circle is voraciously swallowed. I have, therefore suppressed the letters.”

“Good!—but better still, had you kept these people away from Fontainebleau altogether. Send them back to Verdun without loss of time.”

“I understand your Majesty’s departure to be fixed for to-morrow? The young lady is seriously indisposed; and, as a week remains unexpired of the General’s *permis de séjour*”——

“At least, do not let it be *renewed*,” cried Napoleon, “and let me hear of no more English prisoners at Fontainebleau. If they fall sick, let them find some *orviétan*, less obnoxious to me than a course of Chasselas grapes. *En attendant*, what has this General to do with Caprara’s mushroom?”

“The young man named Guillot having been arrested this morning before day-break, and his papers secured——”

“Papers!—The *papers* of a woodcutter?”

“We find reason to believe him a man of birth and education,” continued the Minister of Police; “—bearer of a false passport; nay! *pour trancher le mot*,—the son of the emigrant Duc de la Roche Allier,—and here on a rendez-vous with his friend General R——, for the purpose of effecting negotiations——”

“With the English Government?” cried Napoleon.

“No, Sire,—with the people of Hartwell!”

“An emissary of the Bourbons—a secret emissary—a spy;—yet bearing the name of the family which dates its chivalry from the first crusade!”

“The young Count has learned his lesson, Sire, in England; where, under your favor, spies are treated with the reverence due to the hazards of their arduous vocation. André, whom the Ameri-

cans hanged, has a monument in the Royal Abbey of Westminster.”

“My poor Fouché! which of your hangers-on has regaled your wounded vanity by that piece of information?” inquired the Emperor, laughing heartily at the fact, so *naïvely* boasted by his *chef de mouchards*. “But no matter! What have you done with this individual?”

“Sent him forward to Bicêtre.”

“Have you reason to suppose he has connexions in the Faubourg St. Germain?”

“The most important!—nay, suspicious point at the very household of the Empress. These two old jackanapes, the chamberlains, Count ——, and ——, cannot get rid of their Bourbon hankerings.”

“And General R——?” demanded Napoleon, amused to perceive the pertinacity of Fouché’s antipathy to every thing, and every body connected with Josephine.

“Has rejected the proposal with which he was insulted. A paper in his hand-writing, Sire, was found in the cottage of the *soi disant* Guillot,—a letter desiring him to set foot in his house no more. English officers possess a nice sense of honor; and this R—— appears to be an *homme de bien*!”

“*Comme un autre*, I suppose! But if young Allier’s mission was thus infructuous, what has kept him at Fontainebleau?”

“The young man’s *arrière pensées* are not easily to be developed,” said the Duc d’Otrante. “It is probable he had an ulterior object in wishing to obtain access to the palace, which he hoped to secure by offering his services to the Cardinal’s people,—having previously been frustrated by the intervention of mine. I need scarcely, however, point out to your Majesty, that an emissary of the Bourbons may be inferred to cherish no great predilection for his Eminence, as being the avowed friend to a measure likely to give an heir to the Empire, and secure the downfall of their dynasty.”

“Away with you!” cried the Emperor; “Ases as they are, the Bourbons and their agents are scarcely likely to fancy, that by poisoning a single Cardinal, they could circumvent all amicable intercourse between the Tuileries and the Vatican. Your people have outshot their mark. We have to thank Caprara’s gluttony, as the accidental means of unravelling an execrable plot; but if the mushrooms were of a pernicious kind, trust me his Eminence has no one to thank for the mistake, but the purlind, half-witted rascals of his own scurvy suite.”

“As your Majesty pleases,” replied the minister, taking the portfolio under his arm, preparatory to the ceremony of taking leave. “In that case, all farther interference in the business is superfluous.”

The Emperor, mean while, had taken his resolution. The day being one of those set apart for the chase, he was comparatively master of his time; and having signified to the Empress at her toilet, an intention to ride toward Melun, accompanied only by the Grand Marshal, Duroc, aide-de-camp on duty, he quitted the palace in the afternoon,

without cortege or attendants. Having reached, at full speed, the Croix d'Augas, and thence diverged into one of the lateral alleys leading to the foot of the rocks crowned by the *Culvaire*, Napoleon suddenly drew up; acquainted the Duc de Frioul that he had a visit to make privately in the neighborhood; and, having demanded the least frequented route to the village of Valvin, dismounted, and gave his horse to the aide-de-camp. Duroc, suspecting some intrigue of gallantry, involuntarily smiled as he offered his services as guide; and, having fastened his horse to a tree, and recommended, *en passant*, to the young Count Flahault, (whose looks betrayed no small curiosity concerning his Imperial Majesty's proceedings,) not to grow too impatient during their absence, he set off in the direction of the river, through one of those beautiful green alleys, entangled with juniper and broom, and overgrown by the greatest variety of wild flowers ever collected together in one of nature's uncultivated *parterres*,—which constitute a peculiar charm of the forests of Fontainebleau. Duroc, although admitted to the most familiar intimacy with the Emperor, was, of course, too good a courtier to hazard an inquiry touching the *object* of their route; while Napoleon, by his comments on the scenes they were traversing, and a learned discussion, into which he diverged, touching the new system of sylvan-culture introduced by Violaines, for the regeneration of the Royal forests, was evidently anxious to evade all allusion to the subject.

"Yonder, Sire, is Valvin," said the Grand Marshal, as a few scattered cottages at length appeared at the end of an avenue of young plane-trees, beyond which glittered the blue waters of the Seine.

"Return, then, and wait me in the Forest," replied Napoleon, hastily. "And should any one belonging to the Court come across you, be especially careful to give no indication of my destination."

And immediately, with a second smile, which he tried to render as little significant as possible, Duroc, (who, on more than one previous occasion, had been the confidant of an Imperial, or Consular *amourette*.) returned toward the place of rendezvous, leaving Napoleon to pursue his unmolested way, "*sous l'orme*." The Grand Marshal's interest in the mystery might have been, perhaps, more strongly excited, had he seen the Emperor with his hat pulled over his face, to avoid recognition, trudge onward, till he reached the wicket of a large garden, surrounding the mansion known by the name of the Pavillon de Valvin, and notoriously inhabited by an English *désœné*.

"Is the General visible?" inquired he, abruptly, of the servants, who answered his hasty summons at the door bell;—and without waiting for a reply to his query, he entered the hall.

"Whom shall I announce?" demanded the amazed domestic.

"No matter,—a stranger!"—replied Napoleon, persuaded that his person was unknown to his conductor. And following him closely, they entered together a small saloon overlooking the garden;

and, as Napoleon concluded, the presence of General R——.

But he was mistaken. There was no General—no man in the room—to warrant the loud step and haughty countenance of the intruder; but close beside the open window, and in an attitude of despair, sat Lady Emily; supporting on her shoulder the feeble head of the fairest creature on whom the hero of Marengo had ever looked. Her cheeks were colorless, indeed,—colorless as those of the dead; and her air so languid, that even her light brown ringlets seemed to hang in utter lifelessness round her face. But it was as it were the face of an angel! and so potent was the influence of her unearthly delicacy and loveliness, that even as the lawgiver of Israel put his shoes from off his feet, when he found the place whereon he was standing was holy ground—so, overcome by the purity of her aspect, did Napoleon lay aside the sternness of his demeanor.

The eyes of both mother and daughter were swollen with weeping; and Lady Emily, though evidently recognising the person of her visitor, made no effort to rise which could disturb the gentle sufferer, whose head rested on her bosom. Her whole heart, her whole soul was with her afflicted child! How different a scene from the tumultuous disorder prevailing round the death-bed of the Cardinal!

"I have a thousand excuses, madam, to offer," said the Emperor, in a subdued voice, advancing toward the window where they sat. "I had expected to find General R——."

"My husband has only just quitted the room," said Lady Emily, hesitating what title to assign to her unceremonious guest.

"In that case, allow me to seek him elsewhere. The presence of a stranger may be painful to the young lady, your daughter, whom I grieve to find so much more seriously indisposed than I had been led to anticipate."

"No!" faltered Miss R——, in a tremulous voice, overcoming at once her natural timidity and her horror of the name of Napoleon, in the consciousness that the man before her was sole arbiter of the destinies of her family. "My father will be here immediately. Do not leave us."

Unaccountably touched by the feeble accents of the gentle voice which thus addressed him, Napoleon instantly accepted the seat, pointed out by Lady Emily with as dignified a gesture as if he were a prisoner in the land, and *she* its sovereign.

"My daughter is suffering from the results of severe agitation," said his high-bred hostess, in a hurried voice, as if eager to conciliate her visitor, previous to the General's arrival. "A recent event,—the arrest of an intimate friend—"

But the words were suspended on her lips; for at that moment, undisturbed in countenance, unexcited in demeanor, the cold-blooded Gen. R—— entered the apartment. Bonaparte rose, and advanced to meet him; and the salutations exchanged between them, were simply those of gentlemen and equals. Even when the Emperor resumed him-

self, uninvited, the British General did the same; thus tacitly expressing his intention to see, in the anointed of the Pope, a Sovereign still unrecognised by the Government of his own country.

"The object of my visit here, sir," said Napoleon, his *hauteur* returning, as he foresaw his determination on the part of his host, "was to express my satisfaction that an officer—a brother soldier—should have escaped the snares laid for his honor by the deposed family of Bourbon; a circumstance which transpired this morning, in the seizure of certain papers belonging to a young traitor, who should bear a less noble name, or pursue a less ignoble line of conduct!"—

"You allude, of course, to Count Jules de la Roche Allier," replied the General, with a coolness amounting to irony. "But I am at a loss to understand in what manner my connexion with him can have become interesting to the existing government of France."

"I allude," interrupted Napoleon, "to your refusal to become a party to a conspiracy planned by the traitors at Hartwell, and confided to the intermediation of Count Jules de la Roche Allier; who has been arrested on other charges, by the vigilance of my Minister of Police."

"Count Jules de la Roche Allier an agent of the Bourbons—a spy in the land! Your majesty has been cruelly and grossly deceived!" interrupted Emily, indifferent even to her father's displeasure at such a crisis.

"You are, indeed, in error, General Bonaparte," said R——, pertinaciously marking his dissent from the mode of address adopted by his daughter. "Whatever may be my ground of enmity against the young man, I believe him to be innocent of the madness imputed to him. Suffer me, mean while, to thank you"—a bitter sneer passed over his countenance as he spoke—"for believing a British soldier, at large on parole, to be incapable of plotting against the government which has become the depository of his honor."

"And what then, was he doing at Fontainebleau?" cried Napoleon, rising angrily from his seat, without even hearing the taunt of his ill-judging host. "It is true this young man was arrested on mere suspicion. But a false passport, his papers, your own letter?"

"A letter!"

"Desiring him to set foot in your house no more, and referring to his negotiations——"

"For the hand of my daughter. Know, sir——"

"A few words may suffice to explain this vexatious business," interrupted Lady Emily, trembling at the thought of the indiscretions into which her husband might be betrayed by his twofold aversion to the Emperor of France, and the adherents of its fallen kings. "The family of La Roche Allier having resided, during its period of emigration, in Edinburgh, was welcomed in the higher circles of that city with the deference due to the unfortunate. In the common course of hospitality, Count Jules was introduced to our house, formed an attachment

to my daughter, and eventually made overtures for her hand——"

"Overtures peremptorily declined by her father," interrupted the General; "by her father, who could not justify it to himself to bestow the inheritance of one of the most ancient families in Scotland upon an alien, a foreigner, a man who neither spoke its language, nor——"

"Professed its creed! I understand your scruples, sir," said Bonaparte, whose looks ever and anon reverted, during the explanation, to the pure pale face of the young English girl,—so mild, so full of resignation, so different from the meretricious beauties of his own dissolute Court.

"Pardon me,—we are all alike of the Church of Rome," said the less petulant Lady Emily, willing to insinuate a word in extenuation of her daughter's preference.

"I must conclude, then, madam, that General R—— had personal reasons for declining the alliance of the house of Roche Allier!"

"It is enough that he saw fit to exercise the authority of a parent over his child," said the General, harshly. "Unwilling, however, to tax my daughter's submission by leaving her exposed to this presuming young man's assiduities, I prepared my family for a continental tour; and it was then that, while, under sanction of our international treaty, we traversed France, the arrest and detention of every British subject who had been rash enough to confide in the good faith of the Republic, consigned us prisoners to Verdun! There, separated from her home, her country, her friends, my daughter's health, already impaired by pulmonary attacks, has gradually declined; and though," he continued, struggling to assume a more cheerful tone, lest the admission of his forebodings should prove injurious to the invalid, "though I am assured by Miss R——'s medical attendants that the system we are trying at Fontainebleau will, in a short time, complete her restoration——"

"No, father, no!" faltered Emily, involuntarily interrupting him. "You do not so deceive yourself,—you cannot so deceive me; I am dying; yes, I know it. I am dying! Roche Allier's arrival here, (disguised, and at the risk of life and honor,) convinced me that my mother's letters had already conveyed to our friends in England the knowledge of my rapid decline; and that poor Jules was perishing all, in hopes that the presence of one so dear might avail to suspend the fatal blow. But he came;—and my father interdicted our meeting—my father was still inexorable! And now, Jules is a prisoner—and I on the brink of the grave!"

There was a momentary silence; for the hollow-ness of Emily's voice conveyed a fearful confirmation of her assertions.

"But I have not been disobedient,—have I, father?" she resumed, perceiving some indication of emotion in her father's countenance. "I shall not bequeath you the memory of a rebellious child! From the day of receiving your commands, I have held no communication with him; and now all risk

is over of thwarting your wishes. I shall see his face no more. I am dying!"

And again she bowed her head on the bosom of her afflicted mother, who was no longer able to repress the tears with which she had been struggling.

"If you could suggest any thing in my power to alleviate your sufferings," said the Emperor, deeply touched, but too much habituated to the control of his feelings to evince any symptom of emotion; "if, consistently with my duty to the nation——" He hesitated. He felt that it was not for *him* to propose the liberation of an emigrant Royalist.

"You could do *much*," said Emily, striving to speak more firmly. "You could release my father and mother from captivity. When I am gone, it would be a grievous thing for them to be fixed in France, in incessant contemplation of the grave of their only child. *Promise* me that you will release them,—that you will send them home to Scotland to their friends——"

"And Count Jules de la Roche Allier?" exclaimed Napoleon, sympathising in her filial devotion.

"For *him* I have nothing to ask," said poor Emily. "He is innocent, and therefore you dare not injure him."

"Are you aware, madam, that his family is especially excluded from the Act of Grace conceded to the emigrants?—that he has brought a proscribed head within reach of the retributive justice of the French government?" added the Emperor, willing to probe to the utmost the heroism of the courageous young girl.

"Release my father and mother," she faintly reiterated, clasping her hands as she spoke. "I leave the rest to God."

"I am at liberty, then, to do my worst," said Napoleon, "since even his friends refuse to plead in his behalf."

"I would pledge my life and honor on the innocence of young Roche Allier!" interrupted the General. "Of fraud or treachery he is incapable. His attachment to my daughter has alone brought him into his present predicament."

"Give her to him, then, and end it!" said Napoleon abruptly; having already seated himself at a writing table, to accomplish the petition of his interesting prisoner. "Return to England, Monsieur le Général, with your family, and relieve me from the presence of this rash young man, by carrying him with you as your son."

And while General R—— hesitated whether to accept or reject the benefits thus cavalierly conferred, the Emperor rose and presented two folded papers to the hands of Emily.

"Both of these are yours," said he, with one of those radiant smiles which sometimes brightened his sallow visage. "One of them regards your father, and one—your husband. So dutiful a daughter will make the best of wives."

"It is too late! Alas, alas! it is too late! Yet a few hours, and my Heavenly Father will receive me to his mercy!" faltered Emily, now almost exhausted by the agitation of continual emotion. "Ac-

cept, however, the thanks of one about to be released from all earthly bondage, that you have imparted peace and consolation to her dying hours!"

And the big tears rolled down the pale cheeks of the sufferer, as she extended her slender hand as a parting token, toward the Emperor. Profoundly touched, he raised it to his lips; and ere General R—— recovered his self-possession sufficiently, to explain or remonstrate, Napoleon, after a respectful obeisance to Lady Emily, had quitted the room.

"She will not die," muttered the despotic Napoleon to himself, as he pushed his way back through the gathering twilight, toward the spot, in the forest of Fontainebleau, where Duroc was in waiting. "She must not die! I will send Corvisart to her!" And with an impetuosity equal to that of Uncle Toby, when he swore that Le Fevre should live, the Emperor, as he strode along, crunched down, with his iron heel, the branches of the juniper and heather bushes that impeded his way. "All girls are apt to fancy they are dying when they are crossed in love. Besides, the cold-blooded old fool will think better of it. Sacrifice such a girl as that to a whim—a prejudice? Why, even I could scarcely hold out against that noble countenance, and that persuasive voice."

"Send the Duc d'Otrante hither," said his Majesty, when he entered his *cabinet de travail*, at the close of a state dinner, a few hours after his return to the palace. "So,—you are here, sir! Come to offer your apologies, I trust, for the blundering officiousness of your people in causing the arrest of Jules de la Roche Allier, on such insufficient testimony? Another time I advise you to select fellows possessing eyes, ears, and some small portion of understanding!"

"Your Majesty having, I find, already despatched a courier to Bicêtre with orders for the Count's release, I may rather tender my apologies to *himself* on his arrival at Fontainebleau, to accompany his father-in-law to England, in pursuance of the engagements, Sire, into which your Majesty has deigned to enter, this afternoon, with the family at the Pavillon de Valvin."

"*Comment donc coquin?*" cried the Emperor, relaxing into a hearty laugh. "Are you already so well informed? The lubberly lacquy, then, over whom I stumbled in the antechamber of the Pavilion, was——"

"Precisely one of those fellows without eyes or ears, whom your Majesty has commissioned me to discharge."

"*A la bonne heure, mon cher Duc!*" Since the fellow was an eavesdropper, I am glad he was a rascal of our own. Let him be as discreet as he has shown himself expert, and he may claim promotion. Understand, however, that this Valvin transaction is not to transpire: I do not wish to have it said in the Faubourg St. Germain that I have been courting conciliation with the English Cabinet, by an act of magnanimity toward the daughter of one of its members. But what *fits* is there to-morrow—what *veille* to-night?"

"None, Sire; neither *fitte* nor *veille*."

"Do you mean to tell me that I do not hear the bells of the *Sainte Trinité*? What should they be ringing for at this hour of the evening?"

"The passing bell, Sir, of the English General's daughter. The Curé of the *Sainte Trinité* was her director; and Corvisart has just returned with him from Valvin, with intelligence of the young lady's dissolution."

"Already!" ejaculated Napoleon, throwing himself into a chair. "Poor girl! Poor unhappy mother!"

"On the other hand, I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Majesty that Dr. Paulet announces the Cardinal Caprara to be out of danger."

"*Au diable le Cardinal*," ejaculated Napoleon, with one of his fiercest looks. "I would have given twenty Cardinals for power to save the life of the daughter of the English *détenu*!"

LIFE.

Original.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

"What is the gift of Life?"

Speak thou, in young existence revelling;
To thee it is a glorious, god-like thing;
Love, Hope, and Fancy lead the joyous way.
Ambition kindles up her living ray.
There is a path of life marked out for thee,
A thornless path, and there thy way shall be:
A thousand spirits by thy side shall fall,
But thou shalt live, and look beyond them all;
Yes, Life indeed may seem a joyous thing.

"What is the gift of Life?"

To thee, subdued and taught, by wisdom's voice,
Wisdom of stern necessity, not choice?
Whose cup of joy is ebbing out in haste,
Who has no fountain to supply the waste;
Whose spirit, like some traveller gazing round
On broken columns in the desert ground,
Sees but sad traces on a lonely scene,
Of what Life was, and what it might have been;
Oh! is not Life a sad and solemn thing?

"What is the gift of Life?"

To him who reads with Heav'n-instructed eyes?
To the first dawning of eternity;
The future Heaven just breaking on the sight;
The glimmering of a still increasing light;
Its cheering scenes foretastes of heav'nly joy,
Its storms and tempests sent to purify;
Oh! is not life a bright inspiring thing?

"What is the gift of Life?"

To him whose soul through this tempestuous road
Bath past, and found its Home, its Heav'n, its God?
Who sees the boundless page of knowledge spread,
And years, as boundless, rolling o'er his head;
No cloud to darken the celestial light;
No sin to sully, and no grief to blight;
Is not that better life a glorious thing?

NANCY'S HILL.

A few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, now celebrated by the painter and the poet, in the bosom of the valley through which the Saco winds, rises a little eminence, which was pointed out to me as Nancy's Hill. Nash was a celebrated hunter: the storms of winter, terrible as they were amid the desert of mountains which was his home, and the tempests of the sultry summer, equally terrible and more appalling, were alike indifferent to him. In one of his numerous excursions, he did more for the benefit of his country than all the philosophers before or since his time; for he explored the wonderful passage which opened an easy intercourse between the inhabitants east and west of the Gap. Yet he wrote no book on the subject, and never claimed the honor of the discovery.

Many people thought he loved hunting merely for the hardships he encountered; for he never grew rich, and often gave away what he had gained by weeks of toil: but he had only himself to provide for, and without a wife or children, and with no object of peculiar interest to engage his attention, he cared little whether he spent the night on the highest peak of Mount Washington, or in one of the vallies seven or eight thousand feet below it. There was nobody to be anxious about him or to count the live long hours while he was away, and he often boasted that his home was every where.

But this could not last always, for Nash was yet but a stripling; and it was not surprising that among his wanderings, he should find a girl pretty enough to think it were well for a hunter to have a home. He told strange stories to Nancy, (for that was her name) of what dreadful precipices he had scaled, what chasms he had leaped, what fierce and blood-thirsty animals he had encountered, and she listened, till, like Desdemona, she yielded at last her heart.

She was the gentlest of human beings, and though only a domestic, had a heart as tender and a complexion as fair as any born gentlewoman. It almost overwhelmed her to think of the hardships poor Nash endured, while she enjoyed the comforts of an old fashioned kitchen corner, with a forest of logs blazing in the chimney, and the privilege of sitting at the table with the conscientious Puritan family, who would have thought it a sin to make a difference on earth, when the Supreme Being made none in heaven. It is not wonderful that when Nash proposed marrying Nancy, and promised to run

no more "hair breadth 'scapes," she should listen to him and consent to become his lawful wife. But it was necessary that he should make another hunting excursion before they were married—he said he must go once more through his favorite gap of the mountains, and bring back subsistence for the winter. It was in vain that Nancy assured him she would want nothing. Nash knew better, and, after many a kind embrace, set off, promising to be back in a very short time.

Nancy's idea of time and his did not agree,—weeks passed away, and winter came on with its usual threatening aspect; at length she heard accidentally that he was only about forty miles distant. The strange idea entered her head to go to him; it was wonderful that such a timid, gentle being should have thought of such a thing; but she knew that next to herself, Nash loved the chase, and she feared that perhaps he might content himself with hunting unintentionally bears and wolves all winter. The family tried hard to dissuade her from the wild scheme, but she determined to go; and as poor Nancy belonged to nobody, nobody had a right to control her. She wrapped herself in her cloak, and set off to follow her lover through the gap.

The snow was already deep, and there was not a house for many a long mile. Storm after storm came on—the family with whom she had lived became anxious about her. They said "it was distraction in her to go; it was certainly tempting of Providence, and she must take the consequences."

In the mean time, Nash was unusually successful, and began his course homeward, laden with riches. It was just one week after Nancy's departure that he reached the little hill before mentioned. It was late at night—the earth was covered with snow—and you might walk on the hill without making any impression. The trees were hung with icicles and glittered in the moonlight like diamonds. Nash ascended the little hill, when he came into the valley through which the Saco runs—he loved such scenes and such evenings—he thought of Nancy, and wished she was there,—he knew he could wrap her in his large moose skin and keep her warm.

He was not apt to be imaginative, and yet all at once he thought he perceived his mistress standing opposite to him and leaning her head against a tree. He strained his eye-balls to look at the object. "Moonlight," said he, "makes strange work of things—my head is full of her," and he looked another way—but when he turn-

ed she still stood in the same place. He approached nearer; the moon never shone brighter and not an object intercepted its beams—they fell upon the pale, unearthly countenance of the maiden: her eyes were closed as if asleep; he took her hand—it was cold and hard like marble. Weary and benumbed, she had reclined against the tree,—it was sweet to rest there and dream of her lover! She slept, and woke no more!—Her form was slightly inclined forward, and the glittering branches bent over her, and her winding sheet was a robe of ice.

Such is the tradition of Nancy's Hill.

TO MEMORY.

Original

Our thoughts are boundless tho' our frames are fir
Our soul's immortal tho' our limbs decay;
Tho' darken'd in this poor life by a veil
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play
In truth's eternal sunbeams.

PERCIVAL

'T was beauteous spring, and slumb'ring na
bloom'd.

On all the earth her loveliest flowers again;
A milder fragrance scatter'd thro' the gloom,
And gathering storms suspended o'er in vain.

The loveliest ones, alas! how fresh they grew—
A bright sun's lucid ray was on them thrown,
'Transmitting life with e'en a roseate hue,
And wafting joy where'er its course was known:

No deepen'd gloom was now along the sky,
Nor brooding tempests on the air were cast;
All bore the sheen of nature's revelry,
And none foretold what erewhile was to pass.

Oh! wondrous Nature! thus—thus art thou,—
Thy greater boons are ever soon to fade;
To-day—no thought shall cloud the joyous brow,
To-morrow—death the fondest hopes o'er shade.

'T was beauteous Spring—alas! 't is Autumn now
And leafless trees are sighing to the blast;
They echo back the moans of grief that flow;—
Methinks 't is nature's sympathy they cast.

'T is past:—the deep, dark grave—the sacred end
Of all things beautiful on earth to dwell,
Hath lately clos'd o'er virtue—a! doth blend
The solemn rites of death—the last sad ritual.

E'en with a sister's grief, alas! are these
The mournful trials of a sister's love?
Insidious Death! so tender—thy decrees,
Oh God! are just, he rests in peace above.

Then draw we not the veil which shrouds from view
The habitants of Heaven, for 't is made
A space inviolable to life, where, though
The mind sees nought—whereon its powers fade.

Demon.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF A SINGLE FAULT.

FROM THE PEN OF M. NECKER.

It was the fate of Eliza Lesley to become an orphan in the tender years of childhood. But the loss of both parents was well supplied by a maternal aunt, a woman universally respected, who resided in the country, and devoted herself with unremitting assiduity to the education of her adopted daughter.

Though descended from honorable ancestors, Miss Lesley inherited but a small property, and her slender income was wholly expended in procuring masters for the various accomplishments suited to her sex and station, and in cultivating those superior talents which embellish society and extend the sphere of existence. From nature she had received much that cannot be bestowed by art: and as she approached maturity the external charms of symmetry and elegance were heightened by that indefinable, enchanting mental grace, which, as it implies the possession of taste and delicacy, is often more fascinating than the most perfect beauty. With so many attractions it was impossible not to engage admiration; but the homage which Miss Lesley had been accustomed to receive, she soon learnt to neglect. In the distinction so flattering to vanity she found nothing to satisfy that susceptible heart which secretly cherished the endearing image of domestic union. She aspired to the privilege of dispensing happiness to some virtuous being worthy of her esteem, her confidence, her love; capable of sympathising in her sentiments and of recompensing her devoted attachment.

Miss Lesley had scarcely attained her twentieth year, when Sir Henry Sommers, a young man just returned from his travels, who, by the demise of his father, had lately come into possession of a title and estate, arrived at his seat in Kent, in the vicinity of the village where the aunt of Miss Lesley resided. The return of the young baronet after a long interval of absence was an event of no small importance to the neighborhood, and afforded to the curious and the idle ample matter for inquiry and speculation. That such a man must marry was obviously a thing of course: that the object of his choice should be a woman of birth and fortune, appeared equally evident; and many were the matches proposed, and various the ladies chosen as rival candidates for his hand and fortune.

When these rumors reached Miss Lesley, she heard them with perfect indifference: but she had no sooner seen Sir Henry than, for the first time in her life, she sighed to reflect that she was not a woman of fortune. In Henry Sommers the most perfect manly beauty was embellished by elegant manners and dignified deportment. His calm countenance, his deep-toned voice might, perhaps, have appeared too serious, but for the sensibility beaming from his eyes, the expression of benevolence and candor which lighted up his features and dwelt on his accents. It was, indeed, often objected to him, that he had habitually an air of

languor and of melancholy;—but that very air which, to superficial observers announced a sombre, repulsive character, impressed Eliza with far different feelings from the moment that her heart whispered she was the object of his attention, and that to herself she almost ventured to confess she wished to engage his love. She believed that Henry the reserved, the dignified Henry, required the consolations of sympathy, the soothing of female tenderness; and flattered by this persuasion, began unconsciously, to cherish hopes—to indulge anticipations of happiness. Eliza was not deceived. Sir Henry had at first only paid homage to beauty, when he singled her out at the balls and other places of public resort in the neighborhood. In addressing him her voice became more touchingly sweet. Henry listened with deeper interest, and Eliza, who could not speak without discovering the elevation or delicacy of her mind, the rectitude of her principles, the propriety of her sentiments, unconsciously completed the enchantment. He no longer doubted that she united these brilliant qualities included in his idea of female perfection, and believed with her it might be possible to realise the most romantic dreams of human felicity. The more he reflected on her moral qualities, the more did judgment concur with inclination to ratify his choice; and in surrendering himself to love, he appeared less to follow the impulse of passion, than to obey the dictates of duty. With the high spirited generosity of a romantic character, he found in the smallness of Miss Lesley's fortune an additional cause for satisfaction, he exulted in the idea that it was his privilege to raise her to that station which she was formed to adorn, and that in bestowing her hand, she would receive from him all those adventitious advantages of wealth and distinction, without which even beauty is neglected, and virtue unhonored by the mercenary world.

Henry loved too truly to be presuming, and when he at length ventured to disclose his sentiments in a letter expressing his hopes and his wishes, and breathing all the ardor and tenderness of passion, he awaited the result with unspeakable anxiety.

"Can Eliza," said he, "esteem me sufficiently to unite forever her destiny with mine? Does she hold me worthy to be her first friend, to be invested with that most sacred title of husband, in which I shall glory to my latest breath?"

The answer to this appeal was traced with a trembling hand, but the vows of Sommers were accepted. Miss Lesley confessed, that if his happiness depended on her sentiments, she almost feared he had been happy even long before he desired it. This simple avowal exalted her lover to the summit of human felicity. Transported into a new existence, he found no language to do justice to his feelings; and it was only in shedding delicious tears that he could pour forth his joy and gratitude, whilst he reiterated at Miss Lesley's feet his protestations of eternal truth and fidelity.

If Eliza articulated not the same vows, he read them in her eyes; he saw them attested by looks of unutterable tenderness; for they now learnt mu-

tually to divine the latent meaning of every word or movement, and were every hour more ready to believe that heaven had formed them for each other.

Marriage fixed and consecrated their union.—Brilliant with youth, health, and beauty, the favorites of fortune and felicity, they might have excited envy, had they not irresistibly inspired good-will and complacency, and, by the most engaging attentions, and the most unaffected benevolence, obtained a pardon even for superior happiness. Henry could never show too much kindness to those that admired Eliza, who, on her part, if she heard him praised, cast on the encomiast a glance of eloquent acknowledgment.

Soon after their marriage an entertainment was given at Rose Wood, Sir Henry's seat, to the principal families in the neighborhood.

Whilst Eliza was at her toilette, he repeatedly entered the dressing-room to inquire whether she was ready to appear; and when she at length presented herself before the circle, he adroitly took his station where he could best form a judgment of the impression produced on the company.—With eager delight he watched the symptoms of surprise and admiration awakened by her elegance and beauty. He listened to those rapturous exclamations which sometimes escaped the lips of the spectators, and carefully collected the most trite unmeaning phrases which were uttered in Eliza's praise. His eyes, constantly following her motions, would alone have been sufficient to direct attention to one object, even if perfect beauty and finished elegance did not always challenge universal homage. But Henry was not satisfied with this superficial admiration. He required that Eliza's mental endowments should be duly appreciated, and secretly demanded homage for the elegance of her language: the delicacy of her ideas, the propriety of her sentiments.

If he sometimes distressed her modesty by his own undissembled admiration, he often improved her observation with an address or refinement wholly derived from the heart, and infinitely superior to any thing exclusively created by the understanding. In fine, Eliza had in Henry a friend so intimately associated with all her interests, that she seemed in his society to double her own existence—for she constantly saw her own ideas reflected by his mind, as in a mirror which embellishes the features without destroying the resemblance.—With serene delight she reposed in the protection of a husband, who, had the merits of his Eliza been disputed, would have assumed a haughty aspect, but who, flattered by the respect and admiration she excited, had only the air of a man who was proud of his wife, and exulted in the tribute offered to her perfection. At the name of Lady Sommers, that name by which the woman of his choice was forever identified with himself, his heart throbbed with emotion, and he felt again all the youthful transports of happy, mutual love.

Still the felicity of Sommers remained incomplete, till he had prevailed on the high-spirited, the delicate, the reserved Eliza to dismiss her scruples

with regard to disparity of situation, till he recognised, in the unrestrained freedom with which she disposed of his property, that cordial confidence, which can alone result from an harmonious union. It is only when *thou* becomes synonymous with *we*, and the distinction of *thine* or *mine* is wholly lost in *ours*, that the wedded pair have realised all the refined enjoyments of conjugal affection. It was thus that Henry and Eliza came insensibly to have but one being, and to find in the marriage bond an union infinitely more perfect than could be created by the omnipotence of passion. With reason did they cherish the oaths which sealed their compact, and rendered it immutably sacred in the eyes of God and man.

If they formed plans for futurity, they discovered in every event the happiest auspices, because they were forever associated in the same fate, and equally participated in all the good and evil allotted to each other. In imagination they contemplated, without repugnance, the different stages of human existence. They even anticipated old age with complacency, at that period, when, having long hand-in-hand journeyed on together, they should be mutually soothed by those tender delicious recollections, which come at length to supply the place of ardent hopes and eager expectations.

There were even moments when the image of death was not without its peculiar attractions, since they were pleased to dwell on the idea that the messenger of eternity might summon both on the same day and at the same hour, and that they should together plunge into the awful abyss, with the firm assurance of a joyful and eternal re-union. They looked forward with confidence to futurity, since they had in their own hearts a guarantee from destruction.

What a pledge of immortality is possessed in strong affections! blest as they were, supremely blest, they directed their thoughts to the one eternal source of good, reposed in the protection of their God—loved and believed, enjoyed and adored.

Hitherto they had no cause to complain of society. The first disappointment that occurred of this nature was in a manner the discovery of a new pleasure. It was so delightful to reciprocate benefits—to be under the incalculable obligation of assisting each other! The mutual solace was a mutual treasure that enhanced the privilege of intimacy. In contending with the little cares and chagrins of life, they learnt the better to define the circle which separated them from the world; and when driven to that sanctuary within the heart, became even more closely united to each other.

It was Henry who most needed the soothing voice of friendship, since it was he alone who was subjected to irritation and chagrin by his intercourse with the capricious world.

Entitled by birth and education to claim respect and attention from society, he had acquired a relish for distinction which impelled him to adopt all honorable means for engaging popularity: but it is scarcely possible to indulge the thirst for emulation, or to enter with eagerness on the career of

glory, without experiencing the conflicts of hope and fear, the agitations incident to care and disappointment. There are competitors in every pursuit, and rivals in every path, who, if they sometimes grace your triumph, more often reverse your schemes and baffle your ambition.

Eliza sometimes sighed when she perceived that she constituted not to Henry that *all* which he formed for her, who had no other object: but reason soon suggested, that since men were called upon to act a distinguished part in public life, it was natural that they should take an interest in the pursuits of ambition, and challenge the perils and chances incident to the situation. Eliza not only ceased to repine at what she had once regretted as an evil, she even came to consider it as a real good, when she discovered that the pains inseparable from ambition produced a new source of confidence and sympathy between her and Henry, and that it was to her alone, whenever disappointment occurred, that he looked for encouragement or consolation. And what triumph is so precious to a woman of feeling, as to know by intuition, that in her voice—her tenderness—her sympathy, resides the all-prevailing charm which restores tranquillity to the agitated heart of a beloved husband! How proud is she of the conviction that she alone possesses the power to calm his perturbation—to revive his hopes—to dispel his apprehensions; in difficulty to fortify his courage—in disappointment to soften his regrets.

Absorbed in one object, Eliza learnt without effort to understand Henry's character. The lesson was rather imbibed than studied, for her only teacher was love.

She could calculate with exact precision in what manner he would be influenced by the opinion of others. She divined what impressions he would be able to resist, and to what illusions of the imaginations he must be peculiarly exposed. But such was the purity of his principles, and such the dignity of his sentiments, that her task was easily performed. The wounds she occasionally discovered were not deep, and with a little care and delicate address, she never failed to restore his mind to its wonted harmony. Henry once uttered a tender complaint that he never was allowed any opportunity of repaying to her this kindness.

"It is not that I am less unreserved in my communication," replied his devoted wife; "I would freely lay my heart open to your view. Not one thought should be concealed from your eye;—but the world can cause me no chagrin. I have but one interest, my wishes centre in one supreme object; to see that being happy is all my care—my pride—my pleasure—my whole destiny!"

"Well, act as you will—my benefactress let me call you. Continue to dispense unnumbered blessings, which are only to be repaid with love.—Henceforth my life is at your service; mould me to your wishes; dispose of me as you shall please. I can have no will but your's."

"I accept the trust, which I dedicate to your happiness. I am aware that my friend must in

some degree enter into the ordinary pursuits of the world. Change of scene is necessary to your perfect enjoyment. You have a relish for public life. I ought not to wish you to sacrifice such tastes, or renounce the dignity attached to political consideration."

Henry seized the idea these words suggested.—He had long been disposed to serve in parliament; but desirous of commencing his career under the most honorable auspices, he waited for an opportunity of being returned a county member at the general election which was now approaching.—Yet, however he might be disposed to embrace Eliza's suggestions, there unhappily existed an obstacle to their accomplishment of which she was wholly unconscious, and which he was most unwilling to communicate.

Much as she had studied her husband's character, there was in it one defect, which had hitherto escaped her observation, but which she was destined to learn by fatal experience.

Seven years had elapsed since their happy union, which was crowned by the birth of a daughter, in whom each parent delighted to trace a resemblance to the other. Hitherto all had smiled on Eliza's path; but some few clouds now occasionally obscured the sunshine of Henry's cheerfulness.—Even in the plenitude of mutual confidence, there was one subject on which false delicacy condemned him to silence.

Early in marriage he had sustained some losses of property, but liberal, kind, fond of show and splendor, he was deaf to the lessons of prudence and economy; and thus the evil which might have been easily obviated the first year, augmented the second, and was aggravated the third, till finally it produced real pecuniary embarrassment. Independent of his repugnance to retrenchment, he had an insurmountable antipathy to accounts and calculations, and was consequently almost totally ignorant of the most common forms of business. His steward had soon occasion to discover his inattention to the state of his affairs, and, not choosing to hazard the loss of his favor, always proposed some temporary expedient—such as the cutting down of timber, or the transfer of money in the funds, to supply the casual deficiency. Henry easily reconciled himself to the advice, having great expectations on an uncle, who had returned from India with an immense fortune. But these fallacious hopes were soon blasted. The uncle married, and the nephew was completely supplanted by the birth of a son-and-heir. It was after this event, that the steward for the first time ventured on some observations respecting the disparity of income and expenditure. But Henry, who still felt it impossible to dispense with his accustomed habits and enjoyments, was no less willing to make Eliza the depositary of a secret which might damp her spirits, than to allow her to suspect that he had one thought in which she did not participate. He was perfectly aware that the least hint would induce her to propose, and even to insist on retrenching every article of expense appropriate to

her own share in the establishment: but it had ever been his peculiar pleasure to see her dressed in a style even superior to her station, and to seize every pretext for surprising her by some elegant device of love, some new and expensive ornament.

Once, when he had been closetted with his steward longer than usual, he entered the drawing-room with a thoughtfulness on his brow, which rivited Eliza's attention. In meeting her earnest glance he colored deeply, and hastily quitted the apartment. The next day Eliza turned the conversation on the folly of indulging in habits of luxury and expense, contrasting with them those simple, quiet comforts, which are the true sources of domestic enjoyment. Perceiving that this remark drew no explanation, she took occasion to introduce some reflections on the unlimited confidence which ought to form the charm of perfect familiarity.

For the first time, something like restraint and dissatisfaction was mutually experienced by Henry and Eliza; for nothing can be more painful than when two attached friends are under the necessity of communicating through the medium of general ideas their own personal feelings. In such a situation, it is palpable that one of the two parties, if not both, must be wrong; a salutary warning that every species of dissimulation or insincerity is wrong, however it may be disguised by delicacy, or excused by tenderness. Unhappily, Eliza wanted courage to enforce an explanation, whilst Henry, too conscious of his error, wanted fortitude to confess that he had acted with culpable imprudence. Yet, he often wished, and always meant to disclose the embarrassment, till luckily, as he conceived, he discovered an expedient for repairing the dilapidations in his property, and even of procuring a considerable augmentation to his income.

As the period of the election approached he had often occasion to visit London; and one day, at a public dinner, became acquainted with a noted stock-broker, supposed to be one of the most adroit speculators in the funds; and who, from some accidental questions on the price of stocks, was insensibly permitted to take the lead in the conversation. John Foster (such was the name of this redoubtable personage) was a man of fifty, a veteran of the world, who, in spite of a cold, forbidding exterior, drew attention, and even inspired confidence, partly by hazarding bold assertions with an imposing air of reverse, and intermingling truths generally known with falsehoods, which could with difficulty be either traced or detected. As it was notorious that he had been the successful agent of certain persons of rank and political consideration, who, under the cover of his name, trafficked in the funds, he might boast, without impropriety, of having safely conducted to fortune and prosperity, those who had implicitly submitted to his counsel and direction. That very morning, he observed, he had received a letter from a well-known banker, who, after briefly enumerating some lucky hits, for which he was indebted to his good friend Foster, remitted to his care a considerable sum, at that

moment invested in India bonds. Although Foster searched his pockets for this letter without producing it, his assured look challenged belief, and no one felt disposed to question the accuracy of his statement.

Sommers had listened to the conversation with such marked attention that Foster was encouraged to prolong the subject: and he began, with much address, to draw a subtle distinction between *speculating* and *gambling* in the funds. The former he represented as fair and safe: the latter as difficult and hazardous. He was naturally led to illustrate his observations by anecdotes which confirmed the favorable impression already produced on the too facile Sommers. At length, however, he made a sudden transition, by enquiring whether he had not the pleasure to recognise the son of Sir Thomas Sommers. On being answered in the affirmative, he adroitly recollected an instance in which he had been so fortunate as to render him some small service. This recognition led to more familiar conversation, and finally produced an appointment for the following morning. That night Sommers had but little sleep. A new impulse was given to his thoughts, and he was wholly occupied with the scheme which promised to extricate him from care and perplexity.

To the character and situation of Foster, he would, under other circumstances, have felt invincible repugnance; but, with the persuasion that he had the honorable sanction of his father's example, his scruples were silenced, and he no longer hesitated to cultivate an acquaintance from which he hoped to derive considerable advantage.

At the hour appointed, he repaired to Foster's house, where he met with a cordial reception.—The speculator, whose reputation had been somewhat on the wane, took occasion, perhaps with superfluous caution, to remark, that it was a day on which he was not usually at home; otherwise Sir Henry might have encountered many strangers who would have interrupted their conversation.

A few sentences from Sommers explained the object of the present interview. Foster, easily detecting his ignorance of business, after a short silence, observed;—"I believe I perfectly comprehend your situation. You possess a considerable landed property: you expend, year by year, seven hundred pounds more than your actual revenue.—Your object is to realise twelve or fifteen thousand pounds, the interest of which would replace the deficit which occasions your present embarrassment; and which, as you have justly remarked, must be augmented unless it is diminished. It is certainly prudent to provide for the contingency, and I believe I can assist you in facilitating your views; but trust me, it will be well if you confine yourself to one precise object, without launching into more ambitious speculations. Be satisfied with retrieving your loss, and do not seek to double your fortune." Sommers showed by a look how much he approved of this language. Foster, anxious to fortify the favorable impression and strengthen the confidence in his superior skill and sagacity,

entered into copious details on the different funds, and on the nature of the speculation, always taking care to introduce some anecdote which might do credit to his own judgment. At length, perceiving that Sommers betrayed some symptoms of weariness and impatience, he added, that he entertained not the least doubt of succeeding in the wished-for object, but that it was impossible to predict with certainty the favorable moment for engaging in such speculations; that it would be necessary to raise money by credit, a thing easily accomplished by promissory notes, or some similar expedient; that in the mean time he required but a simple affirmation on the part of Sommers to authorise his future operations. With these words he presented a written paper for his signature, the terms of which were somewhat vague and unsatisfactory. Sommers hesitated a moment, then re-perusing it, with an air of abstraction signed his name and slowly returned it to Foster, who, throwing it carelessly into his portfolio, put an end to the conversation by assuring Sir Henry he should soon receive good news.

This first promise was speedily fulfilled. Within ten days Sir Henry received eight hundred pounds from Foster with a minute detail of his proceedings, which, to an inexperienced person, was scarcely intelligible. Elated with this first success, Sir Henry instantly repaired to London, where, on seeing Foster, he eagerly poured forth his heart-felt acknowledgments. Foster listened with indifference, and, opening a drawer, produced an additional surplus of three hundred and twenty-seven pounds, which were still due on the speculation. Sommers, still more delighted, observed, that Foster deducted from this sum too moderate a profit. Foster replied, that it was according to the regular terms of commission, and that he never deviated from the established practice. As Sommers persisted in wishing to offer a more adequate remuneration, he replied, that if he should be so fortunate as to secure for his respected friend Sir Henry Sommers the augmentation which he expected, he would then accept, as a token of mutual friendship, a diamond of a moderate value. Sommers was enchanted with this apparent sincerity and moderation. Foster perceived his advantage, and hastily profited of the favorable moment.—“You are too liberal of acknowledgments for this petty service Sir Henry. I regret having missed the opportunity of procuring a far greater advantage. Had you but invested me with more power I could have turned it to better account. Unfortunately, there was not time to apprise you of the favorable opportunity, and if another should occur, it might again be lost from the same cause.”

“What then should be done?” exclaimed Sommers, whose ardor was animated by success, and who felt his confidence but a tribute of gratitude to his benefactor.

“I have been thinking,” said Foster, “that by adding your endorsement to my promissory notes, I might raise on credit an adequate sum for the undertaking.” So saying, he placed on the table

half a dozen notes, to which he had already affixed his own signature, and which the unsuspecting Sommers signed with impatience, till he observed, what had before escaped him, that the sum was not specified, a blank being left between the first and the last figure, which rendered the amount indefinite. Alarmed for the first time, he made a sudden exclamation, to which Foster replied by saying carelessly; “Oh, that is a thing of course, the regular form in these transactions:” preventing further inquiry by an anecdote of an East India Director who had obtained through his means, an immense fortune. Sommers continued to sign, but with a thoughtful countenance.

At length, laying down his pen, and looking earnestly at Foster, who had locked up the notes in his desk, he exclaimed:—“I trust, I confide in you implicitly, Mr. Foster: I commit every thing to your prudence.”

“With your permission, I have had in my hands a more precious trust.”

“Lately!” reiterated Sommers.

“Yes, lately; besides I stake my credit with your safety; nay, I trust my very existence to your honor.”

These words restored to Sommers a momentary confidence, and Foster hastily ended the conference. It was true that Foster staked his credit: but his reputation was already declining, and he determined, by one desperate effort, to re-establish himself or to involve another in his ruin. If he succeeded in the speculation, it was his real intention to admit Sommers to a share of the profits.—If he failed, he should devolve on another the tremendous obligation. For himself, he had little to lose, and was therefore resolved to put this last and only chance to the issue of one hazardous experiment.

In the meanwhile Sommers returned home more uneasy than ever. The sight of Eliza served but to aggravate his inquietude; and, for the first time, he experienced only pain in her society. It was in vain that he sought to banish his apprehensions by reflecting on Foster's former conduct. Several days elapsed and no letter arrived, although it had been stipulated at parting that intelligence should be regularly communicated. At length he was briefly informed by a hasty billet, that his agent was suddenly obliged to leave town: that his speculations had hitherto proved unsuccessful; that the loss had even been considerable; but that he hoped on his return to obtain an ample indemnification.

Sommers discovered in this lukewarmness, so foreign to his character, something to redouble his apprehensions; and, unable to endure the torment of suspense, hastened to London, with the hope that Foster had not left it: but on reaching his house he had the mortification to learn from a domestic, who was evidently tutored to parry his inquiries, that Foster had departed on the preceding evening, that the object of his journey was not known, and that he was not expected to return for several days.

The first thought of Sommers was to remain in London until Foster should re-appear; but a second and stronger impulse recalled him to his Eliza, in whose faithful bosom he longed to deposit his secret cares.

Whilst he was agitated by suspense, Eliza, unconsciously, participated in his inquietude. Alarmed by her husband's unusual absence, she reverted with terror to the perplexity and dejection she had formerly observed in his countenance; and when, after many anxious hours of torturing expectation, she saw him enter her apartment, pale, gloomy, and exhausted, she rushed into his arms, exclaiming—"Henry, my own Henry, hast thou then a sorrow that I am not permitted to share? Are we no longer one? O! if it be indeed true that we are disunited, let this moment be my last."

"My Eliza, you shall know all: I will no longer withhold the truth. I had already resolved on this communication: my resolution was taken even before you asked it. I feel that the world is but a desolation; that I wander in eternal night when I cease to think with thee. Let us be seated. I have much to reveal, and must throw myself on your clemency."

"Ah! believe me, the judge you have chosen already acquits you of blame." Then, placing herself beside him, and leaning on his arm, she reassured him by a glance of ineffable tenderness, whilst Sommers commenced his narration, by avowing his embarrassments, the motives for his application to Foster, and the confidence which he had been induced to place in his prudence and integrity. "You see my error, Eliza; you see all my fault. Overwhelmed as I am with self-reproach, can I, dare I, hope to obtain your pardon?" Before he had pronounced these words, before his lips had even formed them, Eliza was at her husband's feet. She even knelt there some moments before he perceived it. Unwilling to interrupt him, she had listened to his recital in silence, wholly absorbed by the powerful emotions it excited; but when she heard that friend, who had been so long habituated to the voice of praise, execrate his own folly with all the bitter asperity of self-reproach; when she saw her husband, her protector, the dignified being to whom she had been accustomed to look up with reverence, confused, interdicted, self-convicted, self-condemned, at the sight of that noble mind, that honorable character; surprised by shame, and overwhelmed with remorse, Eliza beheld the image of Adam, at the fatal moment when he first heard that sin had made him mortal.

From all these mingled sentiments she felt the sudden impulse to throw herself at the feet of her astonished husband. "What means this, my Eliza! After the humiliating confession I have been constrained to make, it is rather for me to kneel as your suppliant."

"Yes; this is my place," exclaimed Eliza; "when my Henry appears to distrust himself, he assumes a new character, and teaches me to love and honor him more than ever."

Astonished at this language, Henry raised her with emotion, whilst she continued—"No, my friend, you are not culpable. How was it possible that a suspicion of perfidy should be admitted to that breast which is the seat of honor? It is I only who have been to blame, in thoughtlessly permitting you to increase your expenses after our marriage. Alas! too happy in seeing the constant object of all my thoughts, I became almost criminally inattentive to every other." Gracious God! who but Eliza should dare to utter this reproach! The agitation of Henry was insensibly soothed by these tender demonstrations of affection from the wife he adored, and he soon became sufficiently composed to consult on what steps he should pursue with regard to Foster. After some deliberation, Eliza proposed writing to invite him to their seat, where she hoped, by civility and attention, to conciliate his good will, or at least to penetrate his real views, and put her husband on his guard against his future machinations.

It was not without difficulty that she won Henry's consent to this proposal, for to him it appeared little short of sacrilege that any lines traced by Eliza's pen should be addressed to a stock-broker. His consent was no sooner obtained than she dispatched an old confidential servant, who returned in a few hours with the welcome information that Foster would be at Rose Wood that afternoon.

On being privately interrogated by Lady Sommers, Belton related that he had been obliged to force his way to Foster's apartment, where he found him surrounded by men of business, with some of whom he appeared to have had an unpleasant altercation. Belton added, that in reading Lady Sommers's letter he became agitated; that he began to write in reply; and after blotting two or three sheets, suddenly started from his desk, exclaiming, "No; I'll answer it myself."

"We may then expect Mr. Foster this afternoon—in half an hour. Thank you, Belton. I am obliged by your punctuality. You must be tired; go and rest yourself." Belton cast a wistful glance at his honored mistress as he retreated to the door; then re-advancing toward her, he said in a low voice, that he had never before found it so difficult to deliver a message; that whilst he was waiting to seize the opportunity, he had overheard a disagreeable conversation, to which he should not have listened, but for his master's name being mentioned.

Lady Sommers was now all attention—Belton still wanted courage to proceed. At length, with some hesitation, he added "Some one inquire of Foster, who and where is this Sir Henry Sommers who makes you his agent?" The answer to this question escaped me; but I heard another person say, "the bill must be taken up, or we come upon Sir Henry Sommers in two days."

"And you heard no more, Belton?"

"No more, madam."

"I thank you, I sincerely thank you;" and hastily withdrawing to conceal her emotion, she rejoined her husband, to whom she communicated the intelligence.

"I see it all," exclaimed he; "the storm approaches; the thunder rolls over my head; I am cast from happiness and prosperity, and laid level with the lowest dust. And you, Eliza, who might have done honor to the first peer in England, you who must have been raised to the highest station, but for the chance I have hitherto thought so happy—" He paused; unable to proceed from the violence of his emotion.

"No, Henry, you pity me," exclaimed Eliza, "but with little reason—were I plunged into poverty, I should still be grateful to Providence for having united me to the husband of my choice—for having in him bestowed a treasure far more precious than every other blessing. Prove to me that I am sufficient to your happiness, and never shall I breathe a sigh of envy or regret. Come, my dear Henry, let us be prepared for the worst. What if we should leave this splendid mansion: if I still lean on your arm, I shall have no cause to lament the change; for in comparing what I leave with what I carry with me, believe me I shall still boast of my unbounded wealth."

"Oh! Eliza, what words are these? It is the dew of heaven which sheds on my soul a delicious balm! I am no longer disturbed with the phantoms which oppressed me. Hope revives; I am born again; I owe my very existence to your matchless love."

At this moment they were interrupted by the sound of a carriage, and in a few moments Foster was announced. At the first glance, Sommers whispered to Eliza, "How is this man's countenance altered!"

"His countenance is indeed clouded," replied Eliza; "'tis the expression of remorse."

"Incomparable creature! you anticipate my meaning; you generously suggest my excuse;—you have learnt to divine my most secret thoughts;—you alone have the power to mitigate my sufferings."

Foster approached the unhappy pair in evident confusion; but quickly recalling his confidence, he began with the dry prolixity of a man of business to detail his various operations in the public funds, all, he insisted, undertaken at the express desire of Sir Henry Sommers—at this instance, and with his authority. He then enlarged on the unforeseen circumstances which had thwarted his plans, solemnly protesting he had always considered his own interest as identified with that of Sommers, and that he was in fact equally involved in his misfortune. He only blamed himself for not having transmitted daily intelligence, though to little purpose, since they who once ventured on speculation cannot recede without certain loss, and by confidence alone can obtain success.

"Whence had you the money employed in this disastrous speculation?" interrupted Henry.—"Of course the money was raised by bills to which you had signed an indorsement." At these words Eliza, by an involuntary movement, pressed her husband's arms, and not daring to trust herself or him at that moment, she led the way to an apart-

ment, in which an hospitable repast was provided for their fatal guest.

The servant being dismissed, the subject was resumed by Eliza, who wished, if possible, to be the medium of communication between Foster and her husband. In answer to her inquiries, Foster frankly confessed that the loss would be considerable, but he conceived not irreparable. Sommers eagerly demanded the sum—reiterating the question with unusual vehemence. "I am unable to speak with precision, but I should conceive it will not exceed Sir Harry's fortune." Sommers darted on his wife a look of unutterable import, accompanied with an indignant exclamation. "We must keep our temper," rejoined Foster, coolly. "I have been exposed to many casualties, and I always kept my temper—with patience and courage."

"Ay, sir, patience and courage might do for you; but you forget I have been hitherto a man of honor."

"Hold! Henry," exclaimed Eliza; "for Heaven's sake be calm;" and following him to the sofa, on which he had thrown himself with the violence of desperation, she whispered: "Do not rashly irritate the man who has our fate in his power;—at least command your feelings till we have discovered our real situation."—Then turning to Foster, who had risen, apparently with the intention to withdraw, in evident displeasure, she thus addressed him: "Hear me, sir; I trust I am able to speak to you with composure." She paused, with an air so serene, and yet so dignified, that even Foster was not insensible to her influence. He bowed with involuntary respect; and she continued—"It has unhappily been your misfortune—I well know it was not your intention—to bring desolation on a prosperous, a happy family, who had never injured you, nor perhaps one human being. It has pleased that Providence, which so long showered on us its choicest blessings, to prove our constancy by afflictions, which, I trust, we shall learn to support with patient resignation. We have but one child, a daughter, for whom we should perhaps have formed ambitious hopes. It will be our future task to prepare her for a new, and perhaps a more happy station." Here her voice faltered; unutterable anguish was painted on her husband's countenance; even Foster cast down his eyes with some emotion. "What my husband now requests of you," continued Eliza, "is an exact statement of his affairs; a written affirmation of the obligations he has contracted to your creditors. Can you, and will you, Mr. Foster, in this instance satisfy us?"

"I will, madam; to-morrow Sir Henry shall be in possession of every circumstance:—I pledge my word."

"It is not to me alone that it must be given," exclaimed Henry: "this angel requires it, and if you deceive her—a terrible vengeance shall pursue the falsehood." Foster retreated; he even appeared to tremble; then bowing with reverence to Eliza, he replied in faltering accents—

"Yes, I pledge myself to that incomparable being whom man could not wrong. I will keep my word sacred. Would that for her sake I could recall the past!" He then quitted them with agitation, and even with contrition.

As Foster receded from the house, the afflicted pair, side by side, continued to watch his steps; his image seemed to haunt them like a phantom by which they had been appalled, and from which they could not avert their gaze. "At length, then," said Henry, "we communicate our thoughts without the intervention of words. We understand each other without explanation. Thou art good, supremely good, and I am all unworthy of the goodness—Enough of this; till to-morrow arrives we will not resume the subject."

"Agreed," cried Eliza, "and let us admit to our tea-table our dear little Clara, who has been almost exiled from us these two last days." At the name of his daughter, Henry breathed a deep sigh, and mechanically followed his wife to the drawing room, where the little Clara sprung toward him, and with open arms invited his accustomed caresses. But she was no longer welcomed with gladness. Henry kissed her cheek whilst tears swam in his eyes; then assuming a languid smile—soon chased by the bitterness of self-reproach—he gazed alternately on the mother and the daughter with an unutterable expression of mournful tenderness.

The apartment in which they were sitting was furnished with peculiar elegance. The long Grecian window opened on a beautiful lawn, and faced a hill crowned with the luxuriant verdure of May. The superb vases were embellished with flowers, which diffused through the air delicious fragrance. Still these agreeable impressions served but to fill Sir Henry with the melancholy presage, that they were never to be renewed, and that this was the last time he should enjoy them. At length, drawing Clara toward him, and placing her on his knee, he said: "Clara, dear Clara, I see thou art thy mother's own girl; thou hast the same angelic expression of innocence and goodness."

"And whose girl should I be," cried Clara, "if I am not my mamma's girl?" Then, with roguish smiles, half-whispering, she continued: "The new doll does not come—the fine puppet that papa promised me—a great tall thing as big as I am, that was to cost I do not know how many guineas! Why does she not come, papa—why?" Lady Sommers cast on her daughter a reproving glance.

"No, let her laugh," said Henry; "see how well gaiety becomes those little cheeks, that move like the leaves of the rose, touched by the zephyr. Laugh, dear Clara; let not your father damp your smiles; life is happy to those who commit no faults: and," added he, in a lower voice, "to those who can be satisfied with the good that Providence allots them."

"It is in vain," said Eliza, "you would disclaim this girl; all her looks are yours; she is your living image."

"I could have wished she had resembled her mother so perfectly as to be another Eliza: but now

tell me, Clara, what should she do who resembles me?"

"Love mamma."

"Charming child!—to what truth is she prompted by the heart! Yes! if you resemble me, you will love your mother; you will know that she is the first of women; you will study to please her; you will be devoted to her happiness; you will never leave her—never; you will have but to call yourself Henry, and she will caress you." Here he was interrupted by the screams of Clara, who, rushing from his arms, exclaimed,

"Mamma is crying! oh, help poor mamma!" Without articulating a single word, Henry dropt on one knee, whilst Eliza, covering her eyes, sobbed out

"One word more, and I must die."

"Pardon, my best beloved, pardon—make peace for me with your mamma, my child, and retire to rest." The little girl, half playfully, led him to her mother, joined their hands together, received their mingled caresses and benedictions, and then cheerfully obeyed the summons of the maid, who came to announce the hour of bed-time. At the same moment another servant entered with a newspaper, which Sommers eagerly snatched from him, with the hope of beguiling his suspense: but he had scarcely glanced his eyes over the page, when turning pale, he sunk on his chair, and in answer to Eliza's inquiring glance, only pointed to the following paragraph:

"The noted speculator Foster falls not alone. A baronet is associated with him in those desperate enterprises on the public funds to which he has been madly devoted. It is supposed that this gentleman, whose honor and respectability were never before impeached by suspicion, was allured to the undertaking by the hope of gaining a seat in parliament, or by the prospect of being raised to a peerage. His loss is severe; but however we may pity him, as an unfortunate individual, we must be permitted to observe, that the nation would be ill represented by a stockjobber, who, after having *bought* the votes of *others*, might very naturally be expected to *sell* his *own*."

For some moments both Henry and Eliza were wholly silent. At last he repeated, "Whose honor was never before impeached by suspicion." It is too true. I am no longer honorable. I have forfeited that title:—I must assume another." He suddenly raised his head, and fiercely added, "Yet where is the man who shall dare to pronounce that name before me, however crushed and disgraced?"

"Oh, Henry! even the feeble Eliza is sufficient to protect thee from such imputations. Leave her to attest before God and man that thou art the noblest, the most honorable of human beings. Renounce the world. Despise those that wrong you. Let us for ever quit this splendid mansion, to enjoy, uninteruptedly, the privileges of intimacy, and the luxury of domestic affliction. I cannot indeed promise you more love, but I shall invent new signs to communicate to you my feelings: I

shall descend without a sigh from the station to which you raised me. In domestic occupations I shall but find amusement—even cares shall minister to our mutual enjoyment."

"Enchantress!" exclaimed Henry, "why cannot I accept such an asylum? Yes! I doubt not Eliza would embellish poverty; Eliza could atone for the absence of luxury, for the injustice of mankind, for the malice of destiny. We might still be happy;—but, dearest friend—I cannot dissemble the truth—I am unable to stifle the conviction that I have been guilty. I have to face something worse than ruin—disgrace—absolute disgrace—irretrievable infamy—insupportable despair. I know not the extent of Foster's engagements—I am not even able to conjecture them; but if it should appear that they exceed the limits of my fortune—if I and my folly must be dragged forth to open infamy—if I should have to pass under the yoke of the merciless creditor, or be exposed to the horrors of a prison—covered with shame—pursued by ignominy;—if I should be reduced to this, after my former peace and prosperity;—why then what should I do!—how would it become me to act! What would be the suggestions of an Eliza, of a guardian angel, of a being unsullied by shame and reproach?" During this agitated speech, Eliza listened in silent agony, her hands clasped in prayer, her eyes cast on the ground, or only raised to heaven with an ineffable expression of impassioned grief, her cheeks overspread with the paleness of despair.

"Let us drop this conversation," cried Henry, "to-morrow will decide every thing. To-morrow makes or mars me." With these words he threw himself on a couch, where he long remained in gloomy silence. Eliza took her seat by his side; but had no longer courage to address him. A few broken words alone betrayed the secret of their thoughts. Yet Eliza, reclining on her husband's shoulder, still showed by every look and movement the tenderness of her sympathy, till at length exhausted by the violence of her emotions, she closed her heavy eye-lids and sunk into a disturbed slumber.—Henry watched her with melancholly satisfaction, fearing to disturb even this imperfect repose. As he gazed on her pale but beautiful countenance, he experienced a new and indefinable feeling which prompted him for the first time to address to her, thoughts and expressions of love, of which she should be wholly unconscious. He scarcely knew whether he was still in existence, so ominous were his presages, so dark the aspect of his future destiny. "Gracious heaven!" exclaimed he, "and was it for me to change the happy fate allotted us! Foul man, rapacious fool! never enough of honor, of glory, of fortune. We are misled by our ambitious views, our restless aspirations, and seduced from the simple path of peace and safety. Sleep on dear Eliza; let tranquility remain in thy heart; let the guilty suffer; 'tis for me alone to pay the penalty. What do I say! we form but one being; it is I that have struck the arrow into thy soul. Miserable fate!

even from what exquisite happiness have I fallen!"

"Yes," murmured Eliza in her agitated slumber, "yes, I dearly loved him—Henry." At the sound of these broken words, so strangely accordant with his own thoughts and situation, the unhappy husband penetrated with anguish shed a torrent of tears. At that moment Eliza unclosed her eyes. The morning sun illumined her apartment, and starting from her couch, with a sudden and confused recollection of the preceding day, she exclaimed, "Is the letter arrived?"

"Not yet," said Henry, with a mournful sigh.

"Not yet, you are sure!—Whence then this unmeasurable grief! Come, there is now no secret between us."

"None, by beloved; we have but one soul, and till this fatal misadventure arrives, let us brace our strength, and if possible, renovate our spirits. Come, the rising sun has a cheerful smile, let us breathe the pure air, and open our hearts to the blessed influence of nature." Though Eliza was still feeble, she made an effort to obey, and supported by Henry, rambled through the park in which she had spent so many happy hours, and visited the spot which her elegant taste had so richly embellished.

It was not until the afternoon that the letter arrived. Henry instantly went with it to his own apartment, unwilling that even Eliza should witness his first emotion.

The communication of Foster was brief but decisive. It confirmed the total failure of his desperate speculations; it explained the use he had made of Sir Henry's imprudent confidence, and finally announced a defalcation which greatly exceeded his whole fortune. But the most important part of the communication was contained in the postscript. He stated, that for the present he judged it necessary to abscond, and that as this measure, to which he had been compelled by self-preservation, might subject the baronet to trouble and importunity, he earnestly recommended to him to follow his example. When Henry had read the letter, he continued to gaze on the paper almost unconscious of its import. He still held it in his hand when his faithful servant Belton presented to him several demands for money, which the news of his misfortune had quickly brought upon him.

"I know not what is passing," said the old man, "but it is right, Sir, to tell—"

"Leave me to myself," cried Henry, "when I want your services, I will call for them." Scarcely had his servant obeyed his last injunction, than Henry reproached himself for the imperious manner with which he had rebuked his intrusion. "A gentler tone would have better become thee now, miscreant," cried he, striking his forehead, "bereaved of every thing, no longer possessing rank or fortune, or even honor, is there a wretch on earth more base than I am! It is enough, let destiny be accomplished." With these words he rang the bell and Belton re-appeared. "Excuse my impe-

tience, Belton; I remarked your absence yesterday; tell me where you were!"

"In the porter's lodge, where I had been the preceding day."

"And for what purpose?" With evident reluctance Belton replied, he had been endeavoring to drive away the insolent people who wanted to force themselves and their bills on Sir Henry Sommers. "Why should you call them insolent, they are entitled to justice? I perceive how it is; they abused me, Belton.—What did they say?"

"Excuse me, Sir, their language was shameful!"

"Let me hear it, Belton; if you still consider me as your master, let me hear it this instant."

"They are impudent slanderers; they pretended to say, that Sir Henry Sommers did not keep his word. What, said I, when he pays his tradesmen's bills regularly, and his servants' wages punctually, and is the best and kindest of masters? They answered, that it was with another's money, and that Sir Henry would soon be called to account, and that there would be people in the house to-morrow. If I had not been afraid to disturb you, Sir, I should have begged you to give me a warrant to commit them."

"I am satisfied, Belton, you are a good servant, and an honest man; retire to rest. To-morrow, you say—to-morrow; good night, Belton." "To-morrow," reiterated he, when he was alone; "it is enough. I am pleased to find there is so little in the world to regret. Men are hard unfeeling beings, and I shall not be loth to leave them. I have been more sinned against than sinning. The loss of life and fortune will be some expiation for my imprudence; my personal degradation could be useful to none. For me the world shall have passed away, when my patrimony is alienated, and my memory disgraced. I will not live to be the spectator of my own shame. I shall not taste the dregs of that bitter cup, which folly prepared for my presumption." At this moment, glancing at the letters which Belton had placed before him, he had the courage to break the seals, and to examine their contents. An indignant blush overspread his cheeks, and his eyes flashed with disdain. "What language is this!" cried he, "is it that of the master to his slave? And is it thus that Lord Weston, who was once so servile and so fawning presumes to arraign my conduct? Am I then condemned to every species of degradation? What is here—a letter from a friend, an intimate friend; I recognise the well known characters, and recall the intimacy which has long united us; in this there may be some consolation." Sir Henry perused the letter, then laying it aside with a sarcastic smile, exclaimed, "admirable generosity. He asks me privately to take up one of Foster's bills of which he has accidentally become proprietor. Such are friends, all but one incomparable woman; and how have I requitted her constancy and affection?" At this moment he seized a pistol, which had been accidentally left in his apartment. He found it charged;—a desperate impulse directed

his movements; another moment and he should be relieved from the burthen of existence; one cherished image still flitted before his eyes, and the name of Eliza rose to his lips. At that moment he felt his arm arrested, the faithful Eliza stood before him, and snatching from his hand the fatal weapon, sunk almost breathless at his feet.

"Thy friend is here, Henry, thy last, thy inalienable, thy everlasting friend." Henry opened his arms to receive her, and they both shed torrents of tears.

"Eliza, you know all—you are convinced that poverty is not my worst misfortune; to that I would have submitted with patience. In the evils I once thought so terrible I could have acquiesced with cheerful resignation; but my whole property is not equal to the engagements which I am bound to fulfil. Ruin is my portion, disgrace attains my name, even my personal liberty is at the mercy of creditors; I already see myself within the walls of a prison. I might indeed evade the penalty by an ignominious flight; but I dare not offer such violence to the laws of my country. In this extremity there is but one path to pursue; a hard resolution perhaps to one who has so largely tasted of happiness; yet more terrible in the image than the reality. Eliza, I cannot support disgrace, that last worst of evils, the sum of human misery. I"—he paused one moment, then added in a lower voice—"have thought of every thing for the future."

"Stop, Henry, you abuse my weakness; my husband shall never desert me; whithersoever he shall go, thither will I follow; such is my last and unalterable resolution."

"No, Eliza, thou art still in the flower of youth and beauty; remain on earth to expiate my offence, to implore my pardon; and when thou shalt be called to the regions of eternal bliss, where virtue receives her recompence, then perhaps thy prayers may prevail, and I too shall be admitted for thy sake to a share of thy felicity."

"There can be no felicity without thee; I can form no conception of the paradise to which thou art not admitted. We must both become guilty in the sight of Heaven; and both be supplicants for divine mercy; together we shall be rejected or accepted. Oh God! always together, never disunited."

"Tempt me not, Eliza, to accept thy devotion; I grow enamoured even of the evil which is shared with thee; my soul recoils not as it ought to do from this fatal image; that word *together, eternally united* bewilders by reason. That thus a wedded pair should have lived and died together intermingling their last sighs, is an idea that annihilates even death. Oh God! what is my language? I no longer know myself."

"Be calm, Henry, compose your spirits. Thy happiness was ever dearer than my own; I would have given my life-blood a thousand times to spare thee a single pain and yet I recoil not at the idea that thou hast offered to my mind."

"What, am I a ferocious ruffian, or only an impassioned lover? What if I should detect in my-

self the jealous tyrant, who would hide from all other eyes the idol of his heart? Must I then on the verge of death forfeit my own esteem? I have need of reflection; Eliza is too indulgent a judge. I may perhaps become better after a few moments of quiet examination."

"Do not imagine Henry, you could change my purpose, though you should unkindly deprive me of the consolation of dying with you; for here I swear from that moment in which your fate shall be accomplished, I will pursue your steps: to live or die with Henry is my only hope, my unchangeable determination. Yet reflect, whether thy devoted wife could not soften even poverty and disgrace. I feel myself rich in the resources of affection and consolation; perhaps our new situation includes other evils than poverty, and such as may at first glance appal your soul. Examine whether you are sufficiently fortified by patience to support calamity, or whether love alone may not counterbalance all the evils of existence. Fear not to apprise me of the decision, though in that you should pronounce my sentence." Henry listened in silence, or replied but by the pressure of her hand, which he bathed with his tears. Eliza seized the moment to conjure him to take repose. He no longer resisted her wishes, and both exhausted by previous conflicts and agitation, had this night that heavy sleep which sometimes visits despair, as the gloomy harbinger of death. To awake to misery is like returning from a state of suspended animation to the painful consciousness of existence. Eliza had hoped, that when the feverish agitation of Henry's spirits was allayed, he would contemplate with more firmness the evils of his situation. She was deceived. With newly invigorated strength, he acquired new faculties for suffering, and existence so clogged with misery, so polluted by self-reproach, and the sense of degradation, became more than ever the object of his execration and abhorrence. The more, however, he reflected on the generous self-devotion of Eliza, the more he revolted from the idea of permitting such a sacrifice. To prevent its accomplishment was now his great object, and he allowed himself to hope, that by assuming an air of serenity, he might elude her vigilance; soothed by this persuasion when she tenderly inquired for his health, he replied that he was better, and that he would take a solitary walk to collect his thoughts, and steadily examine his situation.

At parting Eliza detached from her neck his miniature, which she presented to him with these words: "I had thought never to part from this pledge but with life. I now resign it to your care. If it should be returned at our next meeting, I will consider it as an indication that we are both to continue to endure existence, otherwise I shall conclude that our sentence is passed, and only await your summons for the second time to unite our destinies." She paused, but suppressing her feelings, added, in a sweet familiar tone; "You accept my pledge. I am sure you would not deceive me. I know you will not be long absent." Henry

pressed her hand with an expression of acquiescence.

"I will but take my morning walk and rejoin you as usual. My Eliza, I shall not be long absent; the moments are too precious to be wasted." With this assurance she was tranquillised, whilst with the yearnings of a fond maternal heart, she hastened to her daughter's chamber, with that mournful impatience which is sometimes the presage of an unhappy destiny. In her way she had to pass through her dressing-room, where she had collected her favorite books, her best drawings, and above all a portrait of her husband in his happiest hours, when flushed with hope and joy, and exquisitely alive to all the charms of existence. She scarcely ventured to raise her eyes to that face beaming with love and happiness. Whilst her imagination rapidly passed over the departed period, she seemed separated from it by an immeasurable distance. She shuddered in contemplating the abyss on which she stood, that fatal abyss of death, so revolting to one who had hitherto been occupied but with the dreams of hope, and the smiles of love; but unknown to herself she possessed a natural courage which was now fortified by the fear of sinking in the esteem of Henry; and after a momentary struggle she regained her firmness, and secretly confirmed her former resolution. Was it the approach of death that appalled her soul? How often had it been the aspiration of her soul that it might be permitted to her and Henry to close their eyes at the same moment. But to die by means so horrible, so repugnant to nature, to duty, to religious resignation!—Eliza ventured not to pursue the thought, and desperately throwing herself on the mercy of Heaven, she could only articulate, "I cannot survive him, we must live or die together." With trembling steps she approached her daughter's couch. She hoped to gaze undisturbed on her lovely face, and once more at least to watch her innocent slumbers; but to her surprise, she found the little girl already risen, with the intention of selecting the most beautiful flowers, having accidentally discovered that this was her mother's birth-day. At the sight of her amiable parent, the delighted Clara rushed into her arms; but in separating with her little hands the beautiful ringlets which fell in disorder on the mother's cheeks, she felt the trickling tears and eagerly exclaimed,

"You weep, mamma; what has happened to papa?"

"Nothing yet my Clara, but life is full of thorns which thou hast not yet felt. God grant thou may'st for ever be spared them." She drew Clara on her lap, and repeated her tender caresses. "Do you know Clara, what it is to be a mother?"

"Tis to be *you*, mamma."

"What should that mother be to a daughter who is as good as Clara?"

"What you are, mamma." Eliza smiled through her tears.

"The fond mother dotes on her child, and would see and caress her every hour. Nothing but ne-

cessity can lead her to quit this cherished object. She is unhappy and must submit to an inexorable destiny—such a mother must be remembered and pitied. In looking at her portrait, the little girl must think of that mother who so dearly loved her child." Eliza's voice faltered, and she had to turn away her face, to conceal the fast flowing tears. At that moment the maid entered, who was to attend Clara on her morning walk. A sudden hope dashed into Eliza's mind, that if this beloved child presented her offering before Henry, it might divert him from his fatal purpose. She therefore hastily dismissed the little girl and her attendant with a strict injunction, that she should seek her in the park, in a summer-house, which had received the name of the observatory. As Clara withdrew, Eliza listened to the light tripping step, and then sunk on the sofa in an indescribable state of perturbation, uncertain whether she was to live or die, and only fixed in the resolution never to survive her husband.

Forcing herself from this half unconscious reverie, she hastily traced a few lines to the wife of Sir Thomas Mortimer, recommending her daughter to her care, and imploring her to watch her unprotected childhood. Eliza would have addressed the aunt, who had charge of her own education, but, sensible of her strict principles, she despaired of being able to soften her rigid judgment.—"And who," cried she, "could comprehend the union that existed between me and Henry? If I am precipitated by affection into guilt, it is to God alone, and not to man, that I am accountable." She again took the pen, and addressed a few parting lines to her daughter, after which her mind became more composed. She felt re-assured, or at least prepared to brave the greatest evils, and once more repaired to the breakfast room, where with emotions of joyful surprise, she beheld her husband awaiting her approach.

From the rapid succession of ideas in her mind, she could have conceived, that a long interval had elapsed since their last interview, and to behold him again was to welcome him from a tedious absence. Henry shared her feelings; but this sudden gleam of gladness was soon obscured. There was a pale placidity in his dejected countenance; its expression was no longer *passion* but resignation—calm and subdued, the conflict had ceased, he was evidently prepared and resolved—but for what destiny? Eliza could not utter the inquiry. She espied the miniature she had suspended to his neck, but ventured not to ask an explanation. During their repast he assumed an air of cheerfulness, and even affected to speak of indifferent subjects. Unwilling as she was to interrupt this serenity, Eliza would have put the awful question, but the words died on her lips. She almost flattered herself that the storm of passion had passed away, and in that persuasion forebore to hazard one word, or even one look, which might recall its fearful agitation. Once only Henry appeared affected; the war came into his eyes. He hastily arose, and to hide his emotion, withdrew to a window. 'Twas the weak-

ness but of a few moments. He resumed his seat, and the slight blush, which passed over the pallid cheeks, but heightened the mournful expression of his haggard countenance.

"You are not well," exclaimed Eliza, with a wistful look.

"I shall soon be better," he replied, "if you will but join me in a walk."

"To the observatory!" interrupted Eliza. Henry suppressed a sigh as he answered:

"That is too proud a title."

"Call it then, *Eliza's fancy*."

"No," returned he, with a mournful smile, "*Henry's folly*." She took his arm, and as they slowly proceeded on their walk, both felt the reviving influence of the sweet morning air. For some time they advanced in silence, but on approaching a stately cedar, remarkable for its height and foliage, Eliza said:

"Let us hail this tree with a last adieu: let us sit one moment beneath its majestic shade. This rural bench was placed here by your order, Henry; and how often on this spot have we here breathed aspirations that we might close our eyes at the same moment."

Here grief suppressed her utterance. Henry experienced the same emotion, and both wept in silence. At the sound of the village clock Henry started.—"Another hour has elapsed: that bell strikes," cried he, "to warn men of their progress toward the end of life! Alas! to those who are near the last stage, what imports the subdivision?"

"Then we are both on the brink of eternity," cried Eliza, interpreting his meaning by a mournful phrase: "Be it so: to live or die with Henry is all I ask for?"

"Hold, Eliza! you misconceive me."

"No, Henry, I read your thoughts—I anticipate your intention and am satisfied." After a short pause, she added: "Methinks I should like to be buried under this stately cedar." She took out her pencil and wrote a few words on the bench.

"What are you doing Eliza? This is rashly to prejudice the cause. It is true we must leave this spot; the place of my birth; the asylum in which are deposited my father's ashes; the abode of my youth, in which I have passed so many happy years as a lover and a husband. Unworthy of that felicity which I have for ever forfeited, I had bequeathed to my Eliza this house, these gardens, the whole demesne, and yet basely risked the property thus transferred to another. I have squandered the fortune I had consecrated to your use. Like a prodigal and a villain, I have added fraud to improvidence and unkindness."

"Hold, Henry! I will not listen to these unjust aspersions. I see our destiny is fixed. I am ready to accomplish the sacrifice. Let us speak no longer of the future but as it belongs to another state—to a better world." Then, grasping Henry's hand, and kneeling with him, she cried: "Almighty Maker of the universe! behold two poor suppliants, too weak, too frail, to endure to live

under the stigma of disgrace. They approach with humility toward their judge! For themselves they presume not to offer defence or justification;—they bow their heads with the oppressive consciousness of shame and guilt! Thou hadst showered on them thy most precious bounties—wealth, honor, distinction, conspired in their happy lot; and in the bosom of their family, the endearments of conjugal and parental love, filled up the measure of their felicity. Loaded with favors, accustomed but to blessings, they want courage and firmness to support the bitterness of adversity. In their happiest days, they have, perhaps, done some little good; and never have they ceased, by praise and thankfulness, to bless that God whom they worship: the author of their faith, the arbiter of their consciences, the ruler of their destiny:—shall such be judged with rigor by thee, who, though just art merciful; good, supremely good, and ever-flowing with love for thy unworthy creatures—hear me whilst I implore thy pardon—whilst I pray for Henry, and supplicate for both!”

“Oh God!” exclaimed Henry; “it is she alone who may ask to be forgiven;—that matchless woman who has created whatever virtues I possess, and who would now even plunge her innocent soul into guilt for my worthless sake!”

Here overpowered with the violence of his emotions, he covered his face with his hands and his sobs became audible. During some moments Eliza uttered not a single word, so much was she impressed with awe by the sacred majesty of grief. At length Henry looking up beheld the innocent little Clara advancing to meet both parents: her face radiant with joy; grace, sprightliness, and gaiety in every movement. At the sight of this lovely child, Henry uttered an exclamation of horror and astonishment:—“What brings her hither? Must she too be sacrificed?”

“She comes but to present me with these flowers, which she has gathered in honor of my birthday:—her mother’s birth-day: and shall she be robbed of a mother’s tenderness, a father’s protection?”

“Merciful God! what a wretch have I been! Pardon my rashness, and here I swear never again to spurn the precious gifts thou hast offered to my acceptance.”

“And wilt thou indeed consent to live for thy wife, thy child?”

Henry fell on her neck, and struggling to suppress his tears, softly murmured: “If it be the will of God, if he will indeed preserve me for virtuous exertion and salutary repentance. I swear never to violate the first law of nature. Let us return to the house: it may not yet be too late. Oh, were this cup passed from me, all should be well.”

The little Clara had by this time joined them, and with unwonted loquacity was expatiating on the beauty and delicacy of her flowers. Henry whispered to Eliza to dismiss the pretty prattler, as he felt not quite well. Alarmed by this intimation, the mother instantly reminded her daughter

of her morning task. Clara’s sparkling eyes were at once suffused with tears; but a kiss and a smile reconciled her to the injunction, and she quietly yielded obedience.

“Innocent creature!” cried Henry, “she deserved a better father!”

“Say not so, Henry; if you but live to form her mind, to guard her conduct, she will never have reason to repine at her humble lot.—But you are pale; you surely tremble!”

“No, it is nothing but a momentary pang;—I am already better;—I shall soon be well;—I know what medicine will effect my cure.”

“You are, then, really ill. You could not, surely, abuse my unsuspecting confidence.”

“I would not forfeit thy esteem for a thousand worlds!”—Eliza pressed his hand with transport, Henry returned the pressure with a deep-drawn sigh, in which apprehension was mingled with remorse. Naturally ingenuous, he knew not how to conceal, yet was utterly unable to confess, that he had swallowed a slow poison, since he still hoped, by the timely application of an efficient antidote to arrest its mortal progress; hitherto he had experienced no symptoms of indisposition, and he firmly believed that it was not too late to counteract the effects of his former desperation.

They now approached the house; but instead of entering by the common outlet, Henry passed through a private door to the library, where he knew he could easily procure the antidote, to which he trusted his future safety. On entering the apartment, the first object that met his eyes was the pistol which Eliza had the preceding day wrested from his grasp, and which, in his agitation, he had suffered to remain without discharging its contents. Shuddering at this recollection, his first impulse was to render it innocuous; and he was proceeding to execute his purpose, when an exclamation from Eliza rivetted him to the spot; and the next moment, the voice of Belton from an adjoining room explained the mystery.—“Where is Sir Henry? where is our good master? let him conceal himself or fly: the bailiffs are already in this house; he will be dragged away by force!—Oh, that I should live to see my young master conducted to jail!”

At these words Eliza cast a fearful glance on Henry, in whom surprise and horror produced an alarming change. The poison, which had been before dormant, was instantly excited to activity; and with a ghastly aspect he staggered toward a chair, his eyes still fixed on the pistol with some vague consciousness of his former purpose. Eliza now first perceiving the object to which they were directed, her terrors were renewed;—“Hasten from this house;—steal through the garden to the Parsonage, where you may have a temporary asylum. Leave me to receive these men. I fear them not. They cannot injure—they will not insult an offending woman.”—But for the first time Eliza’s words were unnoticed by her husband. While she spoke, his features became distorted. A convulsive shivering ran through his veins, and, with

ing with torture, he attempted to speak, but the imperfect accents died on his lips.

"Oh, God! what means that awful look!—speak, let me once more hear that voice. Henry, my best beloved Henry, what have you done?"

"Forgive, forgive me!" was all he could articulate. Eliza gazed on her husband with speechless anguish. The whole truth flashed on her mind. She exclaimed,

"It is well. I am not yet too late!" She eagerly snatched the pistol, and true to her aim, the ball was lodged in her bosom; she fell, clasping the knees of her husband, who had made a last effort to rise, but sunk by her side, with his arms outstretched to support her. In this attitude were the faithful pair discovered by the terrified domestics. Interred in the same grave, their mournful history terminated with this simple inscription:—

"IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED."

REFLECTIONS OF AN HOUR.

BY MRS. GROVES.

"I to Day's soft eyed sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival) and her aid implore;
New first implored in succor to the muse."

'Tis night, and nature tired of day-light tasks,
Duth seek with languid eye, a place of rest.
Now, then fair Cynthia! may thy lucid beam
Re-animate, and cheer each drooping power;
And bring to partial memory, that *sweet time*,
When I so lov'd and call'd thee "pale-fac'd Moon."
Come, Fancy! place me on the rustic bench,
In the dear garden where I woo'd the muse,
And whisper to my soul, past joys, again.
Revive that brightest vision of my life,
When, from the honey-breath of smiling love,
Rich odor I inha'd of mortal charm.
Recall those years, when through thy mazes borne,
I eager skimm'd with Hope, the dance of life.
Ah! then I saw not thorns that since have press'd,
And many drops of anguish made to flow!
O my lov'd Charles! the book of Fate I'll ope,
And write in characters of grief, thine own.—
Should e'er a nettle dare pollute thy grave;
Be some kind Yorick there to pluck it off;
Bend thou too, Science! o'er thy once lov'd son;—
Bedew with tears the mound which hides from view,
The brother dear, the scholar and the friend,
Alas! on such sad theme, I may not dwell,
Lest my poor heart should faint, and I become
Unmindful of the blessings yet in store:—
Claims on affection still remain—are left
To waken duties which would idle sleep;—
Dear beings still I meet where e'er I turn
Who agitate my breast with fond desires,
Who drawing nigh united, oft demand
A share of solemn thought and feeling deep.
Then throb my heart with gratitude, and own
Thy sense of mercies, from so just a Power.

From the New York Review.

CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL:

HIS LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

When, in one of our late numbers, we had occasion to review the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States upon constitutional questions, it occurred to us that a somewhat more extended view of the life, character and services of Mr. Chief Justice Marshall might be useful, than could properly find a place in that article. We avail ourselves of an early opportunity to carry into execution the intention which then floated loosely in our mind, and propose to lay before our readers some sketches of his biography, and literary and professional labors. If it be pleasant, "through the loop holes of retreat," to gaze upon the passing scenes of the busy world, and it is generally far more instructive, to turn back upon the past, and to recall the images of those who, having acted their parts upon the great theatre of human life, are now gathered to the dust of their ancestors, and have left to us the inheritance of their deeds and their fame. We are thus enabled, amidst the hot pursuits of business, and the eager and jealous rivalries of party strife, to praise for a moment, and to see, as it were, reflected from a distant mirror, men and things in their just and natural proportions, stripped of the pageantry which sometimes disguises their deformities, and deprived of the glare of those false lights which cheat the understanding even more than the senses. It has been sometimes said, and there is great truth in the remark, that if you would know what a man really is, you should inquire what audience he addresses; whether he addresses the present age or posterity—whether he seeks the applause of the giddy multitude of the hour, or the slow praise which rises from rather than settles from the tomb—whether he aspires to that fame which is borne on the breath of the living, satisfying and satiating, or that which rises unbidden in the hearts of the wise and good in after generations, and, though it be voiceless to the world, speaks to the consciences and the souls of men with a thrilling power, the more irresistible because unsuspected. The example of a good man is rarely without its full influences; that of a great man, who has stamped his own character upon his own age, cannot fail to have much to do, for encouragement or admonition, with the destinies of those who come after him.

The biography of Mr. Chief Justice Marshall has not as yet been written, and it is quite uncertain when it will be. We do not, in this country, usually take much pains to gather up the private anecdotes, or memoirs, or papers of eminent men, until long after their decease, when most of their contemporaries have passed away from the scene, and those who survive them, have in their recollection only faded pictures of the past, often obscure and dim, and generally without the freshness and warmth of early sketches. In other countries, a more earnest, and sometimes misplaced, solicitude is exhibited to preserve and narrate what

is not well known; and to give us, almost at the moment of the death of the individual, the side lights of his character—the habits of his mind—his table talk—his peculiar tastes—his various or close pursuits—the familiar pleasantries of his private life—the occasional shades and sunshine which played about his character—his marked sayings—his dreamy as well as wide-awake speculations—and even the little touches of human infirmity, which, when not entirely graceful, are yet of a nature to let us into the inner man, and reconcile us somewhat to the steady contemplation of his greatness, by teaching us that he was mortal. We order all these things differently in America; sometimes from a delicacy of feeling toward the living—sometimes from a shy reserve—sometimes from a dread of being obtrusive or impertinent—and sometimes from the notion that all our public characters should, like heroes upon the stage, be dressed up for dramatic effect, and preserve throughout the dignity of their holiday costume. There is nothing very reprehensible, or even perhaps inconvenient, in all this. But our sad, not to say our often shameful, neglect of the private papers of our great men, and our tardy justice to their fame, in leaving their memories to the chance misrepresentations and mistakes of friends and foes—and sometimes our equally mischievous indiscriminate publication of all that is left, without considering that much which is written by men of a hasty and irritable and jealous temperament, may reflect dishonor upon themselves by its petulance, its injustice, and its resentments;—these are matters of deeper regret, and more enduring mortification.

In the case of Mr. Chief Justice Marshall, we have few materials for the story of his life, beyond what may be gleaned from the eulogies delivered soon after his decease; and these are necessarily brief, and dwell principally upon his public acts, and the events connected with them. We are compelled to rely on these for the main outlines of our own sketch.

John Marshall was born at a place called Germantown, in the county of Fauquier, Virginia, on the 24th day of September, 1755. At the time of his birth, Fauquier was one of the frontier counties of the state, though now in the centre of its population. His grandfather, of the same name, was a native of Wales, and settled in Westmoreland county, in Virginia, about the year 1730, where he married Elizabeth Markham, a native of England. Of four sons and five daughters of this marriage, Thomas, the father of the chief justice, was the oldest, and, according to the law of primogeniture, then in force in Virginia, inherited the family estate, called the "Forest," consisting of a few hundred acres of poor land in the same county. He removed from Westmoreland to Fauquier, soon after he attained to manhood; and having intermarried with Mary Keith, by which marriage he became connected with the Randolphins, he set down upon a small farm, at the place, where John Marshall, his eldest son was born.

Thomas Marshall, the father, was a man of ex-

traordinary endowments, great vigor, and undaunted courage. His original education was very narrow and imperfect; but he overcame these disadvantages, by the diligence and perseverance with which he used all the means within his reach of enlarging his knowledge, and refining it by a studious attention to polite as well as solid literature. He was from his birth a near neighbor of General Washington; they were associates during their boyhood; and continued friends through the whole course of their lives. Lord Fairfax, the then grant proprietor of the northern neck of Virginia, which included Fauquier, employed General Washington as surveyor of the western part of his territory; and Washington employed his friend Marshall in the same business. When the revolution broke out, Thomas Marshall received the appointment of the third Virginia regiment upon the continental establishment, and was in service during the memorable campaign of 1776. He was engaged in the brilliant affair of the surprise and capture of the Hessians at Trenton, in December of that year. Afterward, on the 11th of September, 1777, he was placed with his regiment on the right of the American army at the battle of Brandywine, and received the attack of Lord Cornwallis. The regiment, on that occasion, maintained its position against superior numbers, without losing an inch of ground, until both of its flanks were turned, its ammunition nearly expended, and one half of the officers and one third of the soldiers were killed or wounded. Colonel Marshall, whose horse had received two balls, then retired in good order to recover his position on the right of his division; but it had already retreated. His subsequent military services were equally honorable; and he maintained through life the character of a gallant soldier, an accomplished gentleman, and an unflinching patriot.

The scenes among which young Marshall was reared, were well calculated to nourish a spirit of independence, and to give vigor to a sound physical constitution. To them he probably owed that robust health, which carried him almost to eighty in the enjoyment of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. His imagination was warmed, and his genius kindled, and his self-reliance strengthened, by the variety of landscape about him. Nature every where around him exhibited its wild original features of irregular grandeur. He was accustomed to gaze on the mountains with a silent reverence—to penetrate the deep gloom and pathless recesses of the forest—to slake his thirst in the sparkling rills which leaped from promontory to promontory, or trickled down the valley with a gentle murmur—and to repose himself after his wanderings in the darkling shades of some lonely dell. And thus the spirit of poetical enthusiasm was awakened in his heart—a spirit, which became the companion of his youth, and the delight and solace of his riper years.

A frontier county, however, was not the place among a rude and sparse population, where he could hope to cultivate a literary taste. His fu-

ther, the companion and guide of his early days—by whose conversation he was enlightened, and by whose instructions he was elevated—saw too clearly, that he must go to other regions to acquire the rudiments of a solid education. He accordingly sent him, at the age of fourteen, to Westmoreland, at a distance of a hundred miles from home, where he remained under the tuition of Mr. Campbell, a clergyman of great respectability, above a year. He then returned home, and continued his studies under a Mr. Thompson, a Scotch clergyman, who was just inducted as pastor of the parish, and resided in his father's family. He pursued his classical studies under this latter gentleman for another year, and was then left to his own strenuous diligence to accomplish his mastery of the Latin language, with the help only of his grammar and dictionary. His attainments in that language were highly respectable; and when he was thus left to his own unassisted studies, he was just commencing the works of Livy and Horace. His attainments in English literature were almost entirely owing to the intelligent care of his father, whose library contained many of the best writers of the age of Queen Anne, and whose taste and discernment led his choice to the fairest and most interesting models of that age. "My father," (said he, in a letter to a friend, written many years afterward) "superintended the English part of my education, and to his care I am indebted for any thing valuable which I may have acquired in my youth. He was my only intelligent companion; and was both a watchful parent, and an affectionate instructive friend. The young men within my reach were entirely uncultivated; and the time I passed with them was devoted to hardy athletic exercises."

In this state of things he was found at the first outbreak of the American revolution. Fired with the love of liberty, and indignant at the impending oppressions of his native land by the domineering authority of the mother country, he at once gave up the study of the law, to which, as a profession, he meant to devote himself, and ardently engaged in the study of military tactics. Immediately after the battle of Lexington, he assisted in the organization of a battalion of minute men, in which he was soon after appointed a first lieutenant. In the autumn of the same year he marched with his company to the relief of Norfolk, then threatened by a predatory party under the command of Lord Dunmore; and he was actually engaged in the gallant action at the Great Bridge, where Lord Dunmore was repulsed. In July, 1776, he was commissioned a lieutenant in the eleventh Virginia regiment on the continental establishment, and was advanced the next year to the rank of captain. From that time, with a brief exception, he continued in active military service, until, February, 1781. During this period he was engaged in the hard and perilous operations of the campaigns in the Jerseys and Pennsylvania. He fought at the battle of Brandywine, of Germantown, and Monmouth. In 1779, he was in the covering party at the assault of Stony Point, and assisted in the de-

tachment which covered the retreat of Major Lee, after his brilliant surprise and capture of the British garrison at Powles Hook. In the winter, and spring and summer of 1780, being furled with other supernumerary officers of the Virginia line, he resided at Williamsburg in Virginia, and attended the law lectures of Mr. (afterward Chancellor) Wythe, in William and Mary's College. He resigned his commission in February, 1781, finding, from the superabundance of officers in the Virginia line, that there was no chance of active military employment; and in the succeeding autumn he commenced practice at the bar. During his military career, he did not arrive at any higher rank than that of captain; but this was not owing to any defect of high military qualities, but resulted from the slow progress of promotion in the Virginia line, since there was, as had been already intimated, a great superabundance of officers. His merits, were not, however, overlooked. He was often employed in high confidential stations; and he served as deputy judge advocate on many occasions with great distinction, and the unreserved confidence of all the officers of the army with whom he was brought in contact. Perhaps no man, by his gallantry, his gentleness of demeanor, his urbane but dignified conduct, his intelligence and disinterestedness, and activity in behalf of his friends, ever acquired a more enviable popularity among his brother officers. To the day of their deaths, the veterans, who had known him and served with him, spoke of him with a tenderness of affection, and a warmth of admiration, rarely to be found among those who have not been influenced by the claims and homage of superior rank. To the kindness of his old companions in arms, the chief justice was accustomed, in his modest way, to attribute the success with which his early efforts at the bar were crowned. "They knew," he would say, "that I felt their wrongs and sympathised in their sufferings, and had partaken of their labors, and that I vindicated their claims upon their country with a warm and constant earnestness."

In the spring of 1782, Mr. Marshall was elected a member of the Virginia legislature; and in the autumn of the same year, a member of the executive council of the state. In 1783, he married Miss Ambler, a daughter of the then treasurer of the state, to whom he had become attached before leaving the army. With this lady he lived in the most affectionate conjugal union more than fifty years; and she died about two years and a half before his own decease. About the time of his marriage he removed to Richmond, in order to engage in the larger practice of his profession in the capital of the state. In the spring of 1784, he resigned his seat at the council board; and notwithstanding his removal to Richmond, he was elected the same year a member from his native county Fauquier. Indeed, to this county he seemed, during his whole life, to be attached by uncommon ties of affectionate regard. He purchased large tracts of land in the county, and the principal members of his family have since become settled there, having received

valuable estates from the bounty of their liberal parent. It was there, that he intended to pass the remnant of his days, after he should have resigned the chief justiceship. Nor has the county been unmindful of his services, and of his extraordinary merit, and attachment to it. On the contrary, for many years, and down to his untimely death, his eldest son, Thomas Marshall, a man of uncommon purity and excellence of character, represented Fauquier in the state legislature; and, at the moment we are writing, a younger son still sustains the same high honor.

In 1787, Mr. Marshall was chosen a member of the legislature for Henrico county, in which Richmond is situated; and he continued a member from that period to 1792, when he retired, in order to prosecute his professional labors with more undivided attention. In 1788, he was elected a member of the convention called in Virginia to deliberate upon the adoption of the constitution of the United States; and on that occasion he acted on the same side with Washington and Madison, and zealously supported the adoption of the constitution, as the only security of our civil and political liberties as a nation.

It was to this period of his life, that we are to refer the gradual development and consolidation of the great political principles which constituted the guide of all his future life—to which he clung with a steadfast and unshrinking devotion, and which he supported with a zeal and ability rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed. Like all young men of a sanguine temperament and independent spirit, he was at first captivated with the notions of a broad and unbridled liberty. He saw in the pretensions of the mother country little else than the gradual usurpations of settled authority over the rights of those who were subjected to its sway and he thought that government, in order to be useful, should be limited within the narrowest bounds, and that every grant of power should be watched with intense jealousy, as an inconvenient abridgement of the rights of the community. He had, too, the most unbounded confidence in the intelligence, and wisdom, and virtue of the whole people. He deemed it impossible they should ever mistake their own true interests, far less that they should ever be betrayed into a voluntary surrender or abandonment of them. He believed, that all power, however unchecked, was safe in their hands; and that the feeble arm of the government, the more perfect and complete was the protecting virtue of the people. "When I recollect" (said he, in the letter already alluded to) "the wild and enthusiastic democracy, with which my opinions of that day were tinctured, I am disposed to ascribe my devotion to the union, and to a government competent to its preservation, at least as much to casual circumstances as to judgment." Perhaps he did himself some injustice in this suggestion. The truth was, that his severe experience, during the revolutionary war, of the mischiefs of a feeble national government, and of the inconstancy, inertness, and occasional violence of the state govern-

ments, had, in no small measure subdued his confidence in mere unrestrained democracies. He saw, that while republican institutions were admirably adapted to perpetuate the interests and support the rights of the people, they required great energy to be well administered; and that unless powers adequate to their due maintenance and protection were confided to intelligent rulers, they would be perpetually assailed by wild and reckless and unprincipled demagogues, who would trample upon the people after having made them the misguided instruments of their own extravagance. The scenes, too, which immediately succeeded the revolution, were calculated to enforce every lesson of this sort. The industry of the whole country was prostrated—the rights of property were assailed in every variety of forms—debts were no longer capable of being collected—courts of justice were either shut up, or their ordinary functions obstructed by legislative enactments, or performed with a weak and timid submission to prejudices—the army was disbanded without pay, and without public sympathy—the national and state governments were equally without resources or credit;—and what aggravated every other evil was, that the very recommendations of the only just remedies by the purest and wisest of our patriots were received with a cold disdain, or rejected with harsh reproaches. It was impossible, therefore, for an intelligent and honest mind not to come to the conclusion, that the imbecility of a government was no security against oppression; and that a well organized and efficient republican government was the only substitute for brute force or ruinous anarchy. It is said to have been the remark of a great statesman, (and probably has been uttered by many others,) that he should think very ill of the morals of a young man not in love with a pure unchecked democracy; and he should think still worse of the wisdom of an old man, who was not sensible of its utter impracticability for all the purposes of rational freedom.

It was Mr. Marshall's good fortune, too, at this period of his life, to be brought, in the discharge of his public duties, in contact with some of the wisest and ablest men of the country. In the legislature of Virginia he was drawn into an intimate communion with Washington and Madison; and in the convention of 1788, he had a still more ample opportunity to hear those profound discussions upon the principles and operations of government, which never can take place except in times of great distress and momentous excitement. The friendship which he then formed with these great men was never afterward broken. With Mr. Madison, indeed, in after times, when they became separated in their political attachments, it may be said to have been somewhat intermitted; but there never was the slightest alienation of kindness between them; and after the political contests, to which we have alluded, had passed by, their intercourse was most frankly and warmly renewed, and so continued until the grave had closed over them. With Washington, Mr. Marshall maintained through

life an intimate friendship, to which unbounded confidence, and mutual respect, and entire harmony of opinion, gave a most touching sanctity.

When the plan of the constitution was first laid before the people, it was immediately assailed with great vehemence and force in many of the state legislatures, and in none with more severity and zeal than in Virginia. "In the course of the session of 1788," (said Mr. Marshall,) "the increasing efforts of the enemies of the constitution made a deep impression; and before its close a great majority showed a decided hostility to it. I took an active part in the debates on this question, and was uniform in support of the proposed constitution." In the convention, also, he spoke on several occasions in defence of the constitution, in a manner which excited general praise. And we can readily trace, even in the imperfect reports of the debates of that convention, many striking proofs of his sound and discriminating reasoning. To the discussions which were then had, he himself has observed, "justice never has been, and never can be done."

After the constitution was adopted, Mr. Marshall retired again to private life, from which he was recalled, very much against his own inclination, by the violent party excitements respecting the British treaty of 1794; and he was in 1795 elected a member of the legislature. In the course of the ensuing session, the treaty was attacked in a very bold and vehement manner, and was defended by Mr. Marshall, with an eloquence and ability, which have always been deemed among the most splendid exhibitions of his genius. He was not entirely successful; but he reduced the resolutions of the legislature to a simple disapproval of the treaty on the ground of expediency, having completely demolished the formidable array of constitutional objections. It is scarcely possible for us, living at such a distance from the period of those excitements, to realise the extent of the opposition to the treaty, or the strange perversities of judgment by which the public opinion, touching it, was deluded and misled. Perhaps no measure, since the constitution was adopted, ever created, throughout the whole union, such an inflamed and exaggerated state of public feeling. The tocsin of alarm was rung from Georgia to Maine; and the most impassioned addresses were made at public meetings, and through the public press, to rouse the indignation, and stimulate the passions, of the people. President Washington remained unmoved during the general tumult. He determined to ratify the treaty, and, upon his own responsibility, with the concurrence of his cabinet and the senate, he did ratify it. It afterward became the subject of one of the most ardent and prolonged debates, which had then been known in the house of representatives in congress. The lines of party were drawn with a close, and almost startling severity. And yet it may now be freely and boldly affirmed, that no measure ever was more just, more wise, or more imperiously demanded by the true interests of the country. It saved us from what

must have been a ruinous war, if not from a national bankruptcy. To what, then, is this extraordinary delusion to be justly attributed? To two causes; the one accidental, and the other permanent in its operations. The first was an insatuated admiration of the French revolution, which generated a correspondent hostility to England. The last was the unrelenting virulence of party spirit, which but too often becomes, in republics, the engine of the most ruinous projects, in order to avenge itself upon its opponents, or to gratify its own adherents by the exertion of its power. If, indeed, there were not constantly under our eyes the most solemn and affecting lessons of this sort, (and no one could be more humiliating than this, to our national pride or foresight,) this might serve as a warning of the infinite danger of yielding up our judgments to the impassioned declamations of interested partisans, or to the blind suggestions of political jealousy.

In the year 1796, President Washington offered to Mr. Marshall the office of attorney general of the United States; and a short time after, upon the recall of Mr. Monroe, the officer of ambassador to the court of France. Both of these high stations, reflecting so much honor upon Mr. Marshall, as coming from him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens," he steadily but respectfully declined. His extensive practice at the bar, securing to him a high reputation and an ample compensation, seemed to him more desirable than any public office. When, however, at a subsequent and more critical juncture of our political affairs, in 1797, President Adams selected him, jointly with Mr. C. C. Pinckney and Mr. E. Gerry, as envoys for an extraordinary mission to France, he thought it a duty to accept the station; and he accordingly proceeded with his colleagues to Paris, to perform the functions of that most important and delicate service. The fate of the mission is well known. It failed to produce the desired reconciliation between the two countries, the demands of France being of a nature to which the honor of our country forbade the envoys to submit. Some attempts at intimidation and venal influence then took place, of a nature to reflect deep dishonor upon the good faith and integrity of the French government. It is well known that the whole correspondence was drawn up, and the mission conducted, by Mr. Marshall. The whole proceedings were laid before congress by President Adams; and the country, as it were by acclamation, approved the firm and manly stand taken by the envoys. The state papers thus prepared by Mr. Marshall, in point of ability, force, and accuracy of reasoning, just principles, and full understanding of the law of nations, have never been surpassed. They compare with the state papers of the most celebrated periods in our annals; with the state papers, when Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison held the seals of the department of state. On his return to the United States in 1798, Mr. Marshall was received with the liveliest demonstrations of respect and gratitude. A public dinner

was given to him by members of both houses of congress, "as an evidence of affection for his person, and of their grateful approbation of the patriotic firmness with which he sustained the dignity of his country during his important mission."

Mr. Marshall was now desirous of resuming his profession, and devoting himself exclusively to its lucrative pursuits. He had every reason to believe, that his success would be far greater than it had been in past times, since his reputation, as a statesman and lawyer of the highest attainments, had now become identified with the interests and character of the whole nation. But he was not permitted to indulge his own wishes. General Washington, in the most confidential and affecting manner, made an appeal to him to engage again in public life; and at his earnest and almost importunate solicitation, Mr. Marshall became a candidate for a seat in congress, and, after a most warm canvass, was in 1799 returned a member of the house of representatives. It is impossible, we think, to have come into the national councils under more proud and imposing circumstances. To be the choice of Washington at any time, would of itself be no small honor; but to be so, at a crisis deeply involving all the best interests of the country, and full of political perils, which required the aid of the clearest heads, and the purest hearts, and the firmest principles, and at his urgent personal appeal, was as flattering an encomium upon Mr. Marshall's merits, as could be bestowed.

During the brief service of Mr. Marshall in congress, the memorable debate took place in the case of Jonathan Robbins, alias Thomas Nash. The circumstances connected with it, and which are necessary to explain it, may be shortly stated. By the British treaty of 1794, it was agreed, that persons charged with murder or forgery committed within the jurisdiction of either nation, and seeking an asylum within the countries of the other, should, on mutual requisitions, be delivered up to justice, on such evidence of criminality, as, according to the law of the place where the person so charged should be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the offence had there been committed. Jonathan Robbins was charged with murder, committed on board of the British frigate *Hermione* on the high seas; and was, upon the requisition of the British government, in 1799, arrested in South Carolina. President Adams, on that occasion, requested Judge Bee, the district judge of South Carolina, to examine the case, and authorised him, if upon a full hearing the charge was sufficiently established, to deliver him up to the British authorities for trial. Judge Bee accordingly, after hearing the proofs, delivered Robbins to the British authorities, and he was carried to the British dominions, tried for the offence, and, on conviction, hanged. During his confinement in South Carolina, Robbins insisted that he was an American citizen, though it is now well known that he was a British subject; and a good deal of public sympathy was excited for him on this account. The party then opposed to the

administration made it the general topic of public debate and newspaper discussion, and assailed the proceedings of the President with great severity and harshness, as unauthorised by the treaty, and as unconstitutional. It was almost of course, that the same subject should come before congress for animadversion and rebuke, as it was supposed to present a most vulnerable point of assault upon the administration. Mr. Edward Livingston of New York, Mr. Nicholas of Virginia, and Mr. Gallatin of Pennsylvania, were leaders in the attack; and Mr. Bayard of Delaware, and Mr. Marshall, mainly conducted the defence. It was upon this occasion that Mr. Marshall first displayed before the nation those extraordinary powers for judicial logic and solemn constitutional argumentation, which became the distinguishing characteristics of his subsequent career. No argument could have been more complete or satisfactory, whether considered with reference to the point of treaty obligation, or the law of nations, or the constitutional right and duty of the executive. The speech was afterward published, as corrected by himself; and it has been pronounced, by the almost unanimous voice of the nation, as one of the most masterly which has ever been delivered on the floor of congress. It settled the question, then and for ever. It has acquired almost the force of a judicial sentence, and has been treated, like the celebrated letter of the duke of Newcastle to the Prussian minister, written by Lord Mansfield, as an answer without any possible reply—*Reponce sans replique*.

It was during the same session of congress, and a short time before this speech, that Mr. Marshall was called upon to announce in the house of representatives the death of General Washington, and to offer the resolutions on that mournful occasion. He performed the task with great brevity, deep feeling, and in terms of most appropriate and affectionate praise.

At the close of the session of congress in 1800, Mr. Marshall was appointed by President Adams, first, secretary of war, and soon afterward, secretary of state. He remained in this latter department but a short period. Our relations with Great Britain were then of a critical nature; and the few dispatches which passed from the department, while Mr. Marshall was at its head, established his entire competency and ability to fulfil the highest duties of the station. On the 31st of January, 1801, Mr. Marshall, at the age of forty-five, received the appointment of chief justice of the United States from President Adams, and immediately afterward he resigned the office of secretary of state, and assumed the duties of this high and responsible station. It is due to his memory to state, that the office was conferred on him, not only without his own solicitation, but absolutely without any suspicion on his part of the President's intention to appoint him, he having actually recommended to the President, after the oldest judge, Mr. Justice Cushing, had declined it, another gentleman, the late Mr. Justice Patterson, for the office. The appointment was unanimously approved by the sen-

ste; and Mr. Marshall accordingly took his seat on the bench, as chief justice, at the ensuing February term of the supreme court. He continued to discharge its duties until the time of his death, which happened, after a painful and somewhat protracted illness, at Philadelphia, on the sixth day of July, 1835.

His judicial career was uncommonly long, extending over a period of more than thirty-four years; and yet it may with entire truth be said, that his reputation continued to increase in brilliancy and solidity down to its very close. His intellectual powers were not in the slightest degree impaired by his great age; and at the very last session of the court, which he attended, the same acuteness, the same powers of analysis, the same exquisite discrimination of the lines and bounds of principles, which had marked his earlier life, were seen, and felt, and honored by his colleagues. He had for some years contemplated a retirement from the bench, dreading that his intellectual faculties might be impaired; and he had expressed repeatedly to one or two of his most confidential friends, his anxious hope, that they would not allow him to remain on the bench a day after they suspected his mind was on the wane. We happen to know, that these friends, from a deep reverence and affection for the chief justice, had determined to act upon his suggestion, if the time should ever arrive in which it was proper to be done. Fortunately, it never did arrive. His setting sun was seen in its clear unclouded splendor, beaming as it descended with a larger orb and more softened light, until the very moment, when it sunk beneath the horizon with a beautiful and tranquilizing transparency.

We had almost forgotten to state, that the chief justice was chosen a member of the Virginia convention, called to revise the state constitution, in 1829. In the same convention were two ex-presidents of the United States, Madison and Monroe, between whom and himself there had been early friendships; and those friendships were again renewed, with the delightful confidence and almost the warmth of youth. On this occasion he spoke on two of the most important questions which agitated the convention—the basis of representation, and the tenure of the judicial office. To his persevering efforts and venerable authority it is mainly owing, that the Virginia judges now hold their offices by the only independent tenure, that of good behaviour.

We have been insensibly drawn into this prolonged account of the chief justice, far beyond our intention; and we trust that our readers will pardon us, for what they may deem an undue solicitude to let him be seen as he was. As we were about to close our remarks, our eyes caught the character of Lord Somers, so exquisitely drawn by Sir James Mackintosh, and it struck us, in many of its leading traits, to be exactly that of Marshall. "He" (says Sir James in his admirable sketch) "seemed to have very nearly realised the perfect

model of a wise statesman in a free community. His end was public liberty. He employed every talent and resource, which were necessary for the end, and not prohibited by the rules of morality. He was neither unfitted by scruples for the practical service of mankind, nor lowered by the use of immoral means to the level of vulgar politicians. The only term of intellectual praise, which necessarily includes virtue, is wisdom, or that calm and comprehensive reason, which chiefly fixes its eye on human happiness, after having embraced in its wide survey both the worlds of speculation and action, and from the contemplation of both discovers the most effectual means of attaining the worthiest ends. This exalted quality is characteristic of that serenity and order which prevailed in the vast understanding of Lord Somers, as well as the disinterested principles which regulated its exertion." "His quiet and refined mind rather shrunk from popular applause. He preserved the most intrepid steadiness with a disposition so mild, that his friends thought its mildness excessive, and his enemies supposed that it could scarcely be natural. He seems to have been raised by the simplicity which the love of usefulness inspires, above all the moral qualities which tend toward boasting or violence, and to have been conscious, that he could be an active statesman without ceasing to be a man of virtue. He united a masculine understanding with the most elegant genius. He was a most learned lawyer, an accomplished orator, and a writer, both of prose and verse, at least of sufficient excellence to prove the variety of his attainments, and the elegance of his pursuits." Instead of "Lord Somers" insert "Chief Justice Marshall," and who is there that would not say, it is an inimitable portrait by the hand of a master!

Original.

MOSES IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. GROVER.

He prays: the voice of faith is heard,
And food profuse is given:
Unnumber'd birds the air have stirr'd,
Come peace and plenty at His word,
And manna shower'd from Heaven.
He strikes the Rock; lo! water springs
Forth from its flinty breast.
Awed by the Power divine! that brings,
Refreshment to such guilty things,
Now, murmur'ing Hebrews, rest.
But mark the fiery serpents nigh!
Fatal the sting they give:—
A Brazen One, he raises high,
That wounded Israel may not die
But see the Sign and live.
Entreating, he upholds his hand
For Israel through the day:
Views from afar the Promised land.
Blessing each tribe, resigns command;
Then happy sears away.

THE LUNATIC.

I have only, in my life, known one *lunatic*—properly so called. In the days when I carried a satchel on the banks of the Shawseen, (a river, whose half-lovely, half-wild scenery is tied like a silver thread about my heart,) Larry Wynn and myself were the farthest boarders from school, in a solitary farm-house on the edge of a lake of some miles square, called by the undignified title of Pomp's Pond. An old negro, who was believed by the boys to have come over with Christopher Columbus, was the only other human being within any thing like a neighborhood of the lake; (it took its name from him;) and the only approaches to its waters, girded in as it was by an almost impenetrable forest, were the path through old Pomp's clearing, and that by our own door. Out of school, Larry and I were inseparable. He was a pale, sad-faced boy, and, in the first days of our intimacy, he had confided a secret to me which, from its uncommon nature, and the excessive caution with which he kept it from every one else, bound me to him with more than the common ties of school-fellow attachment. We built wigwags together in the woods, had our tomahawks made of the same fashion, united our property in fox-traps, and played Indians with perfect contentment in each other's approbation.

I had found out, soon after my arrival at school, that Larry never slept on a moonlight night. With the first slender horn that dropped its silver and graceful shape behind the hills, his uneasiness commenced, and by the time its full and perfect orb poured a flood of radiance over vale and mountain, he was like one haunted by a pursuing demon.—At early twilight he closed the shutters, stuffing every crevice that could admit a ray; and then, lighting as many candles as he could beg or steal from our thrifty landlord, he sat down with his book, in moody silence, or paced the room with an uneven step, and a solemn melancholy in his fine countenance, of which, with all my familiarity with him, I was almost afraid. Violent exercise seemed the only relief, and when the candles burned low after midnight, and the stillness around the lone farm-house became too absolute to endure, he would throw up the window, and, leaping desperately out into the moonlight, rush up the hill into the depths of the wild forest, and walk on, with supernatural excitement, till the day dawned.—Faint and pale, he would then creep into his bed, and, begging me to make his very common and always credited excuse of illness, sleep soundly till my return from school. I soon became used to his ways, ceased to follow him, as I had once or twice endeavored to do, into the forest, and never attempted to break in on the fixed and rapt silence which seemed to transform his lips to marble. And for all this Larry loved me.

Our preparatory studies were completed, and, to our mutual despair, we were destined to different universities. Larry's father was a disciple of the great Channing, and mine a Trinitarian of uncom-

mon zeal; the two institutions of Yale and Harvard were in the hands of most eminent men of either persuasion, and few are the minds that could resist a four years' ordeal in either. A student was as certain to come forth a Unitarian from one as a Calvinist from the other; and in the New England states those two sects are bitterly hostile. So, to the glittering atmosphere of Channing and Everett went poor Larry, lonely and dispirited; and I was committed to the sincere zealots of Connecticut, some two hundred miles off, to learn Latin and Greek, if it pleased heaven; but the mysteries of "election and free grace," whether or no.

Time crept, ambled, and galloped by turns, as we were *in* love or *out*, moping in term-time, or revelling in vacation, and gradually, I know not why, our correspondence had dropped, and the four years had come to their successive deaths, and we had never met. I grieved over it; for in those days I believed, with a school-boy's futurity,

"That two, or one, are almost what they seem;"

and I loved Larry Wynn, as I hope I may never love man or woman again—with a pain at my heart. I wrote one or two reproachful letters in my senior year, but his answers were overstrained, and too full of protestations by half; and seeing that absence had done its usual work on him, I gave it up, and wrote an epitaph on a departed friendship. I do not know, by the way, why I am detaining you with all this, for it has nothing to do with my story; but let it pass as an evidence that it is a true one. The climax of things in real life has not the regular procession of incidents in a tragedy.

Some two or three years after we had taken "the irrevocable yoke" of life upon us (not matrimony, but money-making,) a winter occurred of uncommonly fine sleighing—*sledging*, you call it in England. At such times the American world is all abroad, either for business or pleasure. The roads are passable at any rate of velocity of which a horse is capable, smooth as *montagnes Russes*, and hard as is good for hoofs; and a hundred miles are diminished to ten in facility of locomotion.—The hunter brings down his venison to the cities, the western trader takes his family a hundred leagues to buy calicoes and tracts, and parties of all kinds scour the country, drinking mulled-wine and "flip," and shaking the very nests out of the fir-trees with the ringing of their horses' bells.—You would think death and sorrow were buried in the snow with the leaves of the last autumn.

I do not know why I undertook, at this time, a journey to the west; certainly not for scenery, for it was a world of waste, desolate and dazzling whiteness, for a thousand unbroken miles. The trees were weighed down with snow, and the houses were thatched and half buried in it, and the mountains and valleys were like the vast waves of an illimitable sea, congealed, with its yesty foam, in the wildest hour of a tempest. The eye lost its powers in gazing on it. The "spirit-lbird" that spread his refreshing wings before the pained eyes

of Thalaba would have been an inestimable fellow-traveller. The worth of the eyesight lay in the purchase of a pair of green goggles.

In the course of a week or two, after skimming over the buried scenery of half a dozen states, each as large as Great Britain, (more or less,) I found myself in a small town on the border of one of our western lakes. It was some twenty years since the bears had found it thinly settled enough for their purposes, and now it contained, perhaps, twenty thousand souls. The oldest inhabitant, born in the town, was a youth in his minority. With the usual precocity of new settlements, it had already most of the peculiarities of an old metropolis.—The burned stumps still stood about among the houses, but there was a fashionable circle, at the head of which were the lawyer's wife and the member of congress's daughter; and people ate their peas with silver forks, and drank their tea with scandal, and forgave men's *many* sins and refused to forgive woman's *one*, very much as in towns whose history is written in black letter. I dare say there were not more than one or two offences against the moral and Levitical law, fashionable on this side the water, which had not been committed, with the authentic aggravations, in the town of —; I would mention the name, if this were not a true story.

Larry Wynn (now Lawrence Wynn, Esq.) lived here. He had, as they say in the United States, "hung out a shingle," (*Londoned*, put up a sign,) as attorney-at-law, and to all the twenty thousand innocent inhabitants of the place he was the oracle and the squire. He was besides colonel of militia, church-warden, and canal commissioner; appointments which speak volumes for the prospects of "rising young men" in our flourishing republic. I mention it for the peculiar benefit of Scotland.

Larry was glad to see me—very. I was more glad to see *him*. I have a soft heart, and forgive a wrong generally, if it touches neither my vanity nor my purse. I forgot his neglect, and called him "Larry." By the same token, he did *not* call me "Phil." (There are very few that love me, patient reader, but those who do thus abbreviate my pleasant name of Phillip. I was called after the Indian sachem of that name, whose blood runs in this tawny hand.) Larry looked upon me as a *man*.—I looked on him, with all his dignities and changes, through the sweet vista of memory—as a *boy*.—His mouth had acquired the pinched corners of caution and mistrust common to those who know their fellow-men; but I never saw it unless when speculating as I am now. He was to me the pale-faced and melancholy friend of my boyhood; and I could have slept, as I used to do with my arm around his neck, and feared to stir lest I should wake him. Had my last earthly hope lain in the palm of my hand, I could have given it to him, had he needed it, but to make him sleep; and yet he thought of me but as a stranger under his roof, and added, in his warmest moments, a "Mr." to my name! There is but one circumstance in my

life that has wounded me more. Memory, avaunt!

Why should there be no unchangeableness in the world? why no friendship? or why am I, and you, gentle reader, (for by your continuing to pore over these idle musings, you have a heart, too,) gifted with this useless and restless organ beating in our bosoms, if its thirst for love is never to be slaked, and its aching self-fullness never to find flow or utterance? I would positively sell my whole stock of affections for three farthings. Will you say "two?"

"You are come in good time," said Larry, one morning, with a half-smile, "and shall be groomsman to me. I am going to be married."

"Married?"

"Married."

I repeated the word after him, for I was surprised. He had never opened his lips about his unhappy lunacy since my arrival, and I had felt hurt at this apparent unwillingness to renew our ancient confidence, but had felt a repugnance to any forcing of the topic upon him, and could only hope that he had outgrown or overcome it. I augured, immediately on this information of his intended marriage, that it must be so. No man in his senses, I thought, would link an impending madness to the fate of a confiding and lovely woman.

He took me into his sleigh, and we drove to her father's home. She was a flower in the wilderness. Of a delicate form, as all my countrywomen are, and lovely, as *quite* all certainly are not, large-eyed, soft in her manners, and yet less timid than confiding and sister-like, with a shade of melancholy in her smile, caught, perhaps, with the "trick of sadness" from himself, and a patrician slightness of reserve, or pride, which Nature sometimes, in very mockery of high birth, teaches her most secluded child—the bride elect was, as I said before, a flower of the wilderness. She was one of those women we sigh to look upon as they pass by, as if there went a fragment of the wreck of some blessed dream.

The day arrived for the wedding, and the sleigh-bells jingled merrily into the village. The morning was as soft and genial as June, and the light snow on the surface of the lake melted, and lay on the breast of the solid ice beneath, giving it the effect of one white silver mirror, stretching to the edge of the horizon. It was exquisitely beautiful, and I was standing at the window in the afternoon, looking off upon the shining expanse, when Larry approached, and laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder.

"What glorious skating we shall have," said I, "if this smooth water freezes to-night!"

I turned the next moment to look at him; for we had not skated together since I went out, at his earnest entreaty, at midnight, to skim the little lake where we had passed our boyhood, and drive away the fever from his brain, under the light of a full moon.

He remembered it, and so did I; and I put my

arm behind him, for the color fled from his face, and I thought he would have sunk to the floor.

"The moon is full to-night," said he, recovering instantly to a cold self-possession.

I took hold of his hand firmly, and, in as kind a tone as I could summon, spoke of our early friendship, and apologising thus for the freedom, asked if he had quite overcome his melancholy disease.—His face worked with emotion, and he tried to withdraw his hand from my clasp, and evidently wished to avoid an answer.

"Tell me, dear Larry," said I.

"Oh heavens! No!" said he, breaking violently from me, and throwing himself with his face downward upon the sofa. The tears streamed through his fingers upon the silken cushion.

"Not cured? And does *she* know it?"

"No! no! thank heaven! not yet!"

I remained silent a few minutes, listening to his suppressed moans, (for he seemed heart-broken with the confession,) and pitying while I inwardly condemned him. And then the picture of that lovely and fond woman rose up before me, and the impossibility of concealing his fearful malady from a wife, and the fixed insanity in which it must end, and the whole wreck of her hopes and his own prospects and happiness—and my heart grew sick.

I sat down by him, and as it was too late to remonstrate on the injustice he was committing toward her, I asked how he came to appoint the night of a full moon for his wedding. He gave up his reserve, calmed himself, and talked of it at last as if he were relieved by the communication. Never shall I forget the doomed pallor, the straining eye, and feverish hand of my poor friend during that half hour.

Since he had left the college he had striven with the whole energy of his soul against it. He had plunged into business—he had kept his bed resolutely night after night, till his brain seemed on the verge of frenzy with the effort—he had taken opium to secure to himself an artificial sleep; but he had never dared to confide it to any one, and he had no friend to sustain him in his fearful and lonely hours; and it grew upon him rather than diminished. He described to me with the most touching pathos how he had concealed it for years—how he had stolen out like a thief to give vent to his insane restlessness in the silent streets of the city at midnight, and in the more silent solitudes of the forest—how he had prayed, and wrestled, and wept over it—and finally, how he had come to believe that there was no hope for him except in the assistance and constant presence of some one, who would devote life to him in love and pity. Poor Larry! I put up a silent prayer, in my heart that the desperate experiment might not end in agony and death.

The sun set, and, according to my prediction the wind changed suddenly to the north, and the whole surface of the lake, in a few hours, became of the lustre of polished steel. It was intensely cold.

The fires blazed in every room of the bride's

paternal mansion, and I was there early to fulfil my office as master of the ceremonies at the bridal. My heart was weighed down with a sad boding, but I shook off at least the appearance of it, and superintended the concoction of a huge bowl of punch, with a merriment which communicated itself in the shape of the most joyous hilarity to a troop of juvenile relations. The house resounded with their shouts of laughter.

In the midst of our noise in the small inner-room entered Larry. I started back, for he looked more like a demon possessed than a Christian man.—He had walked to the house alone in the moonlight, not daring to trust himself in company. I turned out the turbulent troops about me, and tried to dispel his gloom, for a face like his at that moment would have put to flight the rudest bridal party, ever assembled on holy ground. He seized on the bowl of strong spirits which I had mixed for a set of hardy farmers, and before I could tear it from his lips had drunk a quantity which, in an ordinary mood, would have intoxicated him helplessly in an hour. He then sat down with his face buried in his hands, and in a few minutes rose, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and the whole character of his face utterly changed. I thought he had gone wild.

"Now, Phil," said he; "now for my bride!"—And with an unbecoming levity he threw open the door, and went half dancing into the room where the friends were already assembled to witness the ceremony.

I followed with fear and anxiety. He took his place by the side of the fair creature on whom he had placed his hopes of life, and, though sobered somewhat by the impressiveness of the scene, the wild sparkle still danced in his eyes, and I could see that every nerve in his frame was excited to the last pinch of tension. If he had fallen a gibbering maniac on the floor, I should not have been astonished.

The ceremony proceeded, and the first tone of his voice in the response startled even the bride.—If it had rung from the depths of a cavern, it could not have been more sepulchral. I looked at him with a shudder. His lips were curled with an exulting expression, mixed with indefinable fear; and all the blood in his face seemed settled about his eyes, which were so bloodshot and fiery that I have ever since wondered he was not, at the first glance, suspected of insanity. But oh! the heavenly sweetness with which that loveliest of creatures promised to love and cherish him, in sickness and in health! I never go to a bridal but it half breaks my heart; and as the soft voice of that beautiful girl fell with its eloquent meaning on my ear, and I looked at her, with lips calm and eyes moistened, vowing a love which I knew to be stronger than death, to one who, I feared, was to bring only pain and sorrow into her bosom, my eyes warmed with irrepressible tears, and I wept.

The stir in the room as the clergyman closed his prayer, seemed to awake him from a trance. He looked around with a troubled face for a moment;

and then, fixing his eyes on his bride, he suddenly clasped his arms about her, and straining her violently to his bosom, broke into an hysterical passion of tears and laughter. Then, suddenly resuming his self-command, he apologised for the over-excitement of his feelings, and behaved with a forced and gentle propriety till the guests departed.

There was an apprehensive gloom over the spirits of the small bridal party left in the lighted rooms; and, as they gathered round the fire, I approached, and endeavored to take a gay farewell.— Larry was sitting with his arm about his wife, and he wrung my hand in silence as I said "Good night," and dropped his head upon her shoulder. I made some futile attempt to rally him, but it jarred on the general feelings, and I left the house.

It was a glorious night. The clear piercing air had a vitreous brilliancy, which I have never seen in any other climate, the rays of the moonlight almost visibly splintering with the keenness of the frost. The moon herself was in her zenith, and there seemed nothing between her and the earth but palpable and glittering cold.

I hurried home: it was but eleven o'clock: and, heaping up the wood in the large fire-place, I took a volume of "Ivanhoe," which had just then appeared, and endeavored to rid myself of my unpleasant thoughts. I read on till midnight; and then, in a pause of the story, I rose to look out upon the night, hoping, for poor Larry's sake, that the moon was buried in clouds. The house was near the edge of the lake; and as I looked down upon the glassy waste, spreading away from the land, I saw the dark figure of a man kneeling directly in the path of the moon's rays. In another moment he rose to his feet, and the tall, slight form of my poor friend was distinctly visible, as, with long and powerful strokes, he sped away upon his skates along the shore.

To take my own Hollanders, put a collar of fur around my mouth, and hurry after him, was the work of but a minute. My straps were soon fastened; and, following in the marks of the sharp irons at the top of my speed, I gained sight of him in about half an hour, and with great effort neared him sufficiently to shout his name with a hope of being heard.

"Larry! Larry!"

The lofty mountain-shore gave back the cry in repeated echoes; but he redoubled his strokes, and sped on faster than before. At my utmost speed I followed on; and when, at last, I could almost lay my hand on his shoulder, I summoned the strength to my breathless lungs, and shouted again—"Larry! Larry!"

He half looked back, and the full moon at that instant streamed full in his eyes. I have thought since that he could not have seen me for its dazzling brightness; but I saw every line of his features with the distinctness of daylight, and I shall never forget them. A line of white foam ran through his half-parted lips; his hair streamed wildly over his forehead, on which the perspiration

glittered in large drops; and every lineament of his expressive face was stamped with unutterable and awful horror. He looked back no more; but, increasing his speed with an energy of which I did not think his slender frame capable, he began gradually to outstrip me. Trees, rocks, and hills fled back like magic. My limbs began to grow numb; my fingers had lost all feeling, but a strong northeast wind was behind us, and the ice smoother than a mirror, and I struck out my feet mechanically, and still sped on.

For two hours we had kept along the shore.— The branches of the trees were reflected in the polished ice, and the hills seemed hanging in the air, and floating past us with the velocity of storm-clouds. Far down the lake, however, there glimmered the just visible light of a fire, and I was thanking heaven that we were probably approaching some human succor, when, to my horror, the retreating figure before me suddenly darted off to the left, and made, swifter than before, toward the centre of the icy waste. Oh, heavens! what feelings were mine at that moment. Follow him far I dare not; for, the sight of land once lost, as it would be almost instantly with our tremendous speed, we perished, without a possibility of relief.

He was far beyond my voice, and to overtake him was the only hope. I summoned my last nerve for the effort, and, keeping him in my eye, struck across at a sharper angle, with the advantage of the wind full in my back. I had taken note of the mountains, and knew that we were already forty miles from home, a distance it would be impossible to retrace against the wind; and the thought of freezing to death, even if I could overtake him, forced itself appallingly upon me.

Away I flew, despair giving a new force to my limbs, and soon gained on the poor lunatic, whose efforts seemed flagging and faint. I neared him. Another struggle! I could have dropped down where I was, and slept, if there were death in the first minute, so stiff and drowsy was every muscle in my frame.

"Larry!" I shouted. "Larry!"

He started at the sound, and I could hear a smothered and breathless shriek, as, with supernatural strength, he straightened up his bending figure, and, leaning forward again, sped away from me like a phantom on the blast.

I could follow no longer. I stood stiff on my skates, still going on rapidly before the wind, and tried to look after him, but the frost had stiffened my eyes, and there was a mist before them, and they felt like glass. Nothing was visible around me but moonlight and ice, and wearily and slowly I began to retrace the slight path of semicircles toward the shore. It was painful work. The wind seemed to divide the very fibres of the skin upon my face. Violent exercise no longer warmed my body, and I felt the cold shoot sharply into my loins, and bind across my breast like a chain of ice; and, with the utmost strength of mind at my command, I could just resist the terrible inclination to lie down and sleep. I forget poor Larry. Life





Tower of the Great Mosque, Morocco.

—dear life!—was now my only thought, so selfish are we in our extremity!

With difficulty I at last reached the shore, and then unbuttoning my coat, and spreading it wide for a sail, I set my feet together, and went slowly down before the wind, till the fire which I had before noticed began to blaze cheerily in the distance. It seemed an eternity in my slow progress. Tree after tree threw the shadow of its naked branches across the way; hill after hill glided slowly backward; but my knees seemed frozen together, and my joints fixed in ice; and if my life had departed on striking out my feet, I should have died powerless. My jaws were locked, my shoulders drawn half down to my knees, and in a few minutes more, I am well convinced, the blood would have thickened in my veins, and stood still, for ever.

I could see the tongues of the flames—I counted the burning faggots—a form passed between me and the fire—I struck, and fell prostrate on the snow; and I remember no more.

The sun was darting a slant beam through the trees when I awoke. The genial warmth of a large bed of embers played on my cheek, a thick blanket enveloped me, and beneath my head was a soft cushion of withered leaves. On the opposite side of the fire lay four Indians wrapped in their blankets, and, with her head on her knees, and her hands clasped over her ankles, sat an Indian woman, who had apparently fallen asleep upon her watch. The stir I made aroused her, and, as she piled on fresh faggots, and kindled them to a bright blaze with a handful of leaves, drowsiness came over me again, and I wrapped the blanket about me more closely, and shut my eyes to sleep.

I awoke refreshed. It must have been ten o'clock by the sun. The Indians were about, occupied in various avocations, and the woman was broiling a slice of deer's flesh on the coals. She offered it to me as I rose; and having eaten part of it with a piece of cake made of meal, I requested her to call in the men, and with offers of reward easily induced them to go with me in search of my lost friend.

We found him, as I had anticipated, frozen to death far out on the lake. The Indians traced him by the marks of his skate-irons, and from their appearance he had sunk quietly down, probably drowsy and exhausted, and had died of course without pain. His last act seemed to have been under the influence of his strange madness, for he lay on his face, turned from the quarter of the setting moon.

We carried him home to his bride. Even the Indians were affected by her uncontrollable agony. I cannot describe that scene, familiar as I am with pictures of horror.

I made inquiries with respect to the position of his bridal chamber. There were no shutters, and the moon streamed broadly into it, and, after kissing his sinking bride with the violence of a madman, he had sprung out of the room with a terrific scream, and she saw him no more till he lay dead on his bridal-bed.

TOWER OF THE GREAT MOSQUE, MOROCCO.

A mosque (*medsched*) is a Mohammedan house of prayer. These buildings are constructed in the Moresque or Saracenic style of architecture, and display, in unceasing variety, all the peculiarities, both ornamental and unornamental, of that rich and superb style. The mosques of the Arabs often include, in a quadrangular area, an immense quantity of columns ranged in files, the multiplicity and extent of which impress the mind of the beholder with surprise and admiration. These columns are, in numerous instances, the rich spoils of antique monuments. Upon the site (it is said) where formerly stood the famous temple of Solomon, a superb mosque has been erected at Jerusalem. If the Arab temples astonish by their huge extent, and prodigious colonnades supporting their arches and vaults, those of the Turks possess another kind of claim to notice and admiration in the grandeur and height of their various cupolas. Every province of Turkey has its own particular style and taste with regard to these religious structures; and, as the Moresque architecture possesses no fixed rules, deeming lightness and elegance alone to be the fundamental laws of the art, the architect is allowed to follow the bent of his own fancy freely. In these Mohammedan churches we find neither altars, nor paintings, nor images, but a great quantity of lamps, of various kinds, which form the principal interior ornament, and some sentences from the Koran written on the white walls. Every mosque has its minaret or minarets. The mosques are quadrangular, and have fountains in the court for ablutions. The entrances are hung with chains in such a manner that no one can enter without stooping. The floor is generally covered with carpets, but there are no seats. In a corner on the south-eastern side is a chair, on which the Imam is seated when he reads the prayer. In the direction toward Mecca is a tablet, or recess in the wall, in which are usually some copies of the Koran, to direct the worshippers where to turn their eyes:—this is called the *kebla*. The *dshamis* differ from the mosques. In the former, the divine service on Friday, as well as the prayer for the emperor (*kutba*), is held. The finest of the mosques in Constantinople is that of St. Sophia. Usually none but Mohammedans are permitted to enter a mosque; but to this there are exceptions. Thus the mosque of St. Sophia, by an ancient custom, was open to every Venetian ambassador for a fee of some ducats, and also to others. The imperial mosques have frequently public schools (*madras*), hospitals (*imarets*), and also kitchens for cooking food for the poor. Their income is derived from certain districts and estates, whose inhabitants enjoy great privileges.

In Morocco the mosques are the most noble structures of the city, especially a few which might be selected from the great number that rise on every side. El Kutuïen is situated in an open space, and is surrounded by a lofty square minaret; in each face of this tower there are three or four tiers of windows, each tier having several windows, except the lower one in the principal face, which has

only two. A small square tower, terminating in a beautiful cupola, rises from the top of the minaret, adorned with half open work, small indented windows, and an elegant frame inclosing the face of the turret. Dates, palms, and a great variety of stem trees surround the mosque, and improve the appearance of its imposing architecture, in which a roof of small domes, deep niches, elaborate tracery, and magnificent gates of bronze please the eye.

WINTER.

Original.

BY CHAS. BIRD BARRETT.

I.

Of times the wand'ring Muse, by silence 'led,
When gloomy night hath rock'd the world to sleep,
By dewy lawns, and warbling rills hath strayed;
Trod the green slope, or climb'd the craggy steep.

II.

Or by the margin of some weeping stream,
Where spreads the *Sensitive* its foliage fair,
Watch'd the faint quiv'ings of the lunar beam,
Or feeble glimmerings of some distant star.

III.

Or where some rugged cliff, with low'ring brow,
Darkens the surface of the swelling deep;
Where billows dark, and howling tempests blow,
And wizard shapes, their nightly revels keep.

IV.

Or on the shelly shores, where spirits roam,
Sounding their sorrows to the midnight gale,
While round their feet the restless billows foam,
And hollow caves respond the dismal wail.

V.

There on the flood, floats Cynthia's feeble rays,
And rolling planets shed their silv'ry light;
There, rapt in musings deep, and steadfast gaze,
In solemn rapture hath she passed the night.

VI.

But now the startled muse these scenes forsakes,
Quits the gay forest and the blooming plain,
The shadowy vale, the smooth and glist'ning lakes,
For WINTER comes, with all his blust'ring train.

VII.

He rolls his rapid storms along the skies,
With tumult fraught, the raving tempest roars,
O'er the broad beach the heaving surges rise,
Groan in the winds, and foam along the shores.

VIII.

With hasty wing, th' autumnal season flies,
Some happier clime with smiles benign to charm,
While the keen arctic whistles round our skies,
And the tall forests nod before the storm.

IX.

Despotic TIME who guides the changing year,
Blasts the fair scenes, that rose at his command,
And weeping Nature desolate and drear;
Owns the sad traces of his spoiling hand.

X.

And yet again shall this same hand unfold,
WINTER's cold gates, and bid the fountains flow,
Make rosy SPRING, profusely pour her gold,
And bid her blossoms wear a richer glow.

XI.

The lark shall quit the solitary bush,
Smooth her soft plumes, and tune her jocund tongue;

While from some copse the late dejected thrush,
Cheers the glad vallies with her joyful song.

XII.

Cease then, to touch this melancholy strain,
Since earth again the bloom of life shall wear,
And Winter's glooms give place to smiling Spring.

THE PEASANT OF BRITTANY.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU.

There is, in a wild and unfrequented part of Brittany, a small farm-house, which I once visited with as much reverence as many a devout worshipper has felt at the shrine of his saint. It is situated at the distance of about a league from the small town of Nozay, and is within sight of a solitary windmill, on the hill beyond that place, called the *Moulin à vent de Bohalard*. Around it are about thirty acres of arable land, sheltered by the slopes that sweep down toward it on three sides; but beyond that little patch of cultivation, the hills around are—as every one knows who has visited that part of France—covered with heath, which, on the table-land at the summit, ends in that sandy unproductive sort of track called *landes*.

Early one day in the beginning of the month of June, and in the year of 1794, the old farmer who at that time cultivated the little spot of productive land which I have mentioned, and fed his sheep upon the neighboring heaths, stood before his door gazing up toward the sky, as if to ascertain what sort of weather was to predominate during the day. His dress was simply that of a peasant of that province; and the expression of his countenance, at the time I speak of, was stern and melancholy. Well, indeed, might it be so; for, in the Vendean wars of the preceding year, his two sons—his only children—had fallen in fighting gallantly against the revolutionary tyranny; and, childless in his old age, he stood and saw his country each day accumulating crimes, and drowning her best hopes in blood.

As he paused before the cottage door on the day I mention, and gazed up to the sky, he saw nothing but thin gray clouds drifting slowly over the wide awful expanse of heaven, promising one of those warm wet days which so often serve as a link between the summer and the spring; but, when he let his glance sink to the side of the hill, he beheld a young woman descending toward him by a little path, which traced its wavy line among the heath and fern, till both heath and fern were lost in the arid *landes* beyond. "Some one seeking milk," he thought at first, as his eyes rested on the figure; and he was about to turn into his house, to see whether he had any to spare; but there was something in the

form of the approaching visitor—something in the step and in the air, that made him pause, and watch her coming more closely, while a strong expression of anxiety gradually appeared in his straining eye.

She came on rapidly, as if in haste, and yet with a wavering and uncertain step, as if much wearied. When nearer, too, he saw that her clothes were not those of a peasant girl, and through haste, and terror, and fatigue, there shone an air of grace and dignity not to be mistaken. La Brousse took an involuntary step to meet her; and, as if he understood it all at once—as if he saw that she was the wife or child of some Vendean chief, flying from the revolutionary henchmen—the words, "Poor thing!" were murmured ere he had asked a question.

When she came near, the spectacle she offered was a sad one. She was young and graceful, and exquisitely beautiful; but weariness, sorrow, and terror, were written in every line of her countenance, while her dress was soiled and torn, and dabbled in many parts with blood. Her story was soon told; for none of those attached to the cause of royalty, even in the times of the bitterest persecution, ever hesitated to rely entirely upon the loyalty and honor of the Breton peasantry; so that Clara de la Roche, the daughter of the unhappy marquis of that name, who fell in the rout at Mans, related her tale to the ears of the good farmer La Brousse, with as much confidence of sympathy, protection and good faith, as if she had been relating it to the ears of a parent. He had once given shelter to her brother after some unsuccessful effort in the royal cause; and she had now sought him out, and besought him with tears, to let her live even as a servant in his house, till some of those dreams of triumphant loyalty, in which the Vendéans still indulged, should at length be realised.

The old man led her in as tenderly, and affectionately, as if she had been his own child, set before her all his cottage afforded, soothed her sorrow, and spoke the sweet hope of better days and happier fortunes. "She could not act as his servant," he said, looking at her small, beautiful hands, "for her appearance would at once betray her; but the daughter of a noble royalist—and especially a child of the house of La Roche—should never want bread or protection, while old La Brousse could give it, though the very act might cost his life. Mademoiselle, however, must consent to lie concealed," he added; and he showed her how the back of one of these wide *armoires*, which are so common in that country, had been contrived to act as a door to a little room beyond, which was lighted by a concealed window, and which, though extremely small, was neat and comfortable. Here, La Brousse told her, she must spend the greater part of the day, as her brother had done while he lay concealed in his house; but that at night, when the doors and windows were all closed, she might come forth in security, and toward dusk might even venture to take a walk across the *landes*.

While the good old peasant was still in the act of showing her how to open and to close the door at will, a step was heard behind them; and, turning quickly round, Clara beheld a pretty peasant girl, of about eighteen or twenty, entering the cottage;

while old La Brousse told her not to be afraid, as it was only Ninette, a cousin's child, who kept his house for him, and who might be trusted as much as himself. Clara had no fears when she beheld a peasant; and she felt too, as most women would feel, that although she might see but little of Ninette, yet there was a great comfort in having one of her own sex so constantly near her. The peasant girl, too, habituated to such scenes, seemed to understand her situation at once, and came forward to speak to her with much kindness; but the tidings, that she had seen hewmen upon the hill riding about as if in search of some one, abridged all ceremony, and Clara at once took up her abode in her place of concealment.

Scarcely was the door in the back of the *armoire* closed, and the interior of the cottage restored to its usual aspect, when Clara, as she listened anxiously, heard the tramp of horse—to her ears a sound accursed—and the shouting voice of soldiery disturbing the quiet solitude in which she had taken refuge. In another moment they entered the cottage, and she soon found that she herself, together with several other royalists, was the object of their search.—With breathless anxiety she continued to listen while the whole house was examined, with the exception of the very spot in which she lay concealed. Nor was her fear to end, even when the soldiers had satisfied themselves that she was not there; for, having given the farm of Dervais as a rendezvous to several of their companions scattered over the hill, the dragoons remained for several hours drinking, singing, and mingling together in a foul strain, which they called conversation, blasphemy, ferocity, boasting, and ribaldry. At length, however, after many a weary moment spent by Clara in intense anxiety, the soldiers were joined by their companions; and, mounting their horses, they once more rode away, leaving her to a longer interval of peace and security than she had known for many months.

The wide kitchen of La Brousse's farm-house was only lighted by one small resin candle; but the eyes of Clara de la Roche were dazzled for a moment, and she was in the midst of the room, ere she perceived another figure besides those of the good farmer and his young relation. It was that of a man about six-and-twenty years of age, dressed in the garb of a peasant, and with a complexion so bronzed with the sun, as to speak plainly of habits of constant exposure and toil. But still there was something in his appearance which at once made Clara de la Roche doubt that he was altogether that which he seemed.

When Clara entered, he was leaning with one hand upon a large oaken chair, his head slightly bent, and his eyes raised toward the opening door; but the moment he perceived that the steadfast gaze with which he regarded the fair fugitive raised a bright blush upon her cheek he dropped his look to the ground; and, though there was space enough for all, drew back a step, as if to give her greater room to advance.

Old La Brousse, who saw their eyes meet, and the surprise that painted itself on Clara's countenance at beholding a stranger, instantly came forward to quiet her apprehensions, by saying "My nephew, Mademoi-

rolle!"—but though Ninette looked from Auguste to the face of the young lady, with a glance that seemed to claim Clara's admiration for the handsome young peasant, yet she appeared, the moment after, to think that the eyes of Auguste de la Brousse expressed somewhat more of admiration for the fair fugitive than was necessary or becoming. The whole family, however, were kind and gentle toward her, and Clara sat down with them to their homely supper. Ninette was soon all gaiety; but the young peasant was grave, and even sad. Nevertheless, in the course of the evening, he spoke to Mademoiselle de la Roche more than once; and, when Clara retired to her place of concealment, she needed no other voice to tell her that neither his birth nor his education had been among the peasantry of Bretagne.

At night, as soon as the house was completely closed in, and all prying eyes excluded, Clara again ventured from her place of concealment; and certainly, if she had before appeared handsome in the eyes of Auguste, she now, refreshed by repose, looked loveliness itself. Clara could not but feel that she was admired; and perhaps, at another moment, the admiration of the young stranger, whose tone, and manner, and language, as well as his appearance, all belied the character he assumed, might not have been unpleasant to a heart naturally gentle and affectionate, and ready to cling to any thing for support and consolation. But she saw, at the same time, that every look that Auguste turned toward her, every word that he addressed to her, inflicted a pang upon Ninette; and though Clara well knew that the passion the poor girl was nourishing, could only end in her ruin, if the object of it was base; and in her unhappiness, if he were noble and virtuous, yet her heart was not one willing to inflict pain upon any human being; and she remained cold, silent, and reserved, where she would gladly have confided her feelings, her sorrows, and her hopes.

During the course of the day that followed, Ninette scarcely came near the place of Mademoiselle de la Roche's concealment; and although, two days before, Clara had regarded it with delightful satisfaction, as the first secure resting-place she had found for long, she now began to feel the confinement and the solitude irksome. At length, however, night came, and this time it was the voice of La Brousse himself that gave the signal for her to come forth. Ninette was sitting pettishly in one corner of the room, while Auguste stood by the table with his hand resting upon a small packet of books, which he was not long in offering to Clara, as a means of occupying her solitary hours. He did so with the calm and graceful ease that characterised his every action; but there was a light in his eye as he did so, that added a pang to all those that Ninette was already inflicting on herself, and gave even Clara no small pain on her account, though her own heart beat, and her own cheek burned, she scarce knew why.

The conduct of Ninette, indeed, acted as a restraint upon all. She sat gloomy and frowning, biting her pretty lips in silence, while old La Brousse chid her, though not unkindly, for her ill humor; and the young stranger, unconscious of the feelings he had himself excited, gazed upon her with surprise. Perhaps it was Clara de la Roche alone that saw and

understood the real motives of the poor girl's behaviour. She did not indeed know that from the first hour that Auguste La Brousse, as the young stranger called himself, had set his foot across the threshold of the farm of Dervais, Ninette had determined that he should be her lover, whether he would or not.—She did not know that he had treated her with the most cool indifference; nor that Ninette, in order to attract his admiration, had coquetted herself into a passion for him, which had received no encouragement; but she clearly saw that love was at the bottom of the poor girl's heart, and she felt grieved that her presence should in any way give her a foretaste of the disappointment that she was destined ultimately to undergo. Her own heart, however, was clear.

Her hand had been promised by her father to the son of an old and dear friend; and, although she had never yet met him to whom she was destined—though the death of her father and her brother left her free from all such engagements—yet a touch of the same enthusiasm which inspired the loyalty of her house, mingled with her veneration for her father's memory, made her set a watch upon her own feelings, lest she should ever be tempted to violate the promise that he had given.

The sun had been up for several hours, and the small room, to the precincts of which she was confined, was close and oppressive; and, after listening for a moment at the partition, to ensure that no strangers were in the farm, she knocked gently, to call the attention of Ninette.

No one answered; but on listening again, she plainly heard the young *payanne* bustling about her usual occupations in the kitchen, and she once more endeavored to make herself heard. Still no reply was returned; and, concluding that some danger existed of which she was not aware, she desisted, and merely opened a small window, consisting of a single pane of glass, which, concealed among the masonry, served to give a portion of air and light to the apartment itself, without being discernible from the courtyard, into which it looked.

Clara succeeded in drawing back the window, as she had done before on the preceding day; and the soft fresh air of summer, that now breathed warm and fragrant upon her cheek, made her long for peace and freedom. The little aperture was too high to afford any view of the world without: but Clara paused to listen, in order that her ear might not be quite so much a prisoner as her eye. The first sounds she heard from the court, however, were not the most welcome. There was the tramp of armed men, the grunting of muskets; and the next moment she could distinguish plainly from the other side, the voice of old La Brousse speaking angrily to Ninette, as he entered the kitchen in haste.

"Base girl!" he cried, "what mean these soldiers without? You have betrayed us, Ninette—you have betrayed us—and have brought the stain of treachery upon my hearth!—Out upon thee! Out upon thee, base girl!"

Even as he spoke there were other sounds in the cottage; and it was now evident that the house was in the hands of a party of the revolutionary troops from Nantes. Clara trembled in every limb; but she

gently drew near, and listened at the door that opened into the *armoire*, while the commandant of the detachment, with many a threat and many a blasphemy, interrogated old La Brousse upon the place of her concealment. She was mentioned by name—her person was described—and there could be no earthly doubt that the information which led to the search that was then in progress, had been accurate and precise. Still old La Brousse held out; and, as the soldiers seemed ignorant of the exact place of her concealment, he sternly refused to aid them by a word. At length, there was a pause; and then the voice of the commandant was again heard in a tone of command.

"Take him out into the court!" he said. "Draw up a party—place the old brigand against the barn-door, and give him a volley! Let us see whether the wolf will die dumb! If she be given up, you save your life, old man!"

"It is not worth saving," replied La Brousse; and there was a noise of feet moving toward the door. As we have said, Clara de la Roche trembled in every limb; but she did not hesitate; and, with a firm hand, she withdrew the bolt of the concealed door, and in the next moment stood before her pursuers. The scene around her was one that might well make her heart quail. In the midst of a number of ferocious faces, sat the well known Carrier, one of the most sanguinary monsters which the French revolution had generated. His naked sword lay beside him on the table, and, with his hand, he pointed to the door, toward which a party of the soldiers were leading poor old La Brousse. In the other corner of the apartment, overpowered by the consciousness of base treachery, lay fainting on the floor the unhappy Ninette, not even noticed by those to whom she had betrayed the secret intrusted to her; and several soldiers were then descending the staircase that led to the rooms above, through which they had been persecuting an ineffectual search.—The suddenness of Clara's appearance, and her extraordinary beauty, seemed, for a moment, to surprise even Carrier himself; and, starting up, he gazed upon her for an instant, at the same time making a sign with his hand to the soldiers who were leading the old farmer toward the door.

Clara was very pale, and her heart beat with all that hurried throbbing to which the struggle between anguish, terror, and noble resolution, might well give rise. "I claim your promise, sir!" she said, advancing toward the leader of the revolutionary force. "I claim your promise, sir! You said, if Clara de la Roche were given up, yonder old man's life would be spared."

Carrier paused, and still gazed upon her; but his pause proceeded from no feeling of mercy toward poor old La Brousse, nor from any difficulty in finding an excuse for violating his promise. Such considerations never impeded the progress of a jacobin. He did pause, however; and with a look, conveying to the mind of the unhappy girl more feelings of repugnance than the aspect of death itself might have done, he answered—"You are as bold as you are beautiful. Knowing yourself to be a brigand, and the daughter of a brigand, are you not afraid?"

"I have done no wrong," replied Clara; "and why should I fear?"

"Well, well," he answered, "the time may come, and the time will come, when you will fear; and when such is the case, send for Carrier, who may then, perhaps, find means to console you. As for that old brigand," he added, assuming an air of dignity, "I will keep my word. Set him free; but take care, Citizen La Brousse, how you venture to shelter an aristocrat again. There will be no mercy for a second offence."

Clara looked upon her own fate as sealed, but she thanked heaven that her safety had not been purchased by the blood of the devoted old man; and, patiently suffering to be placed upon horseback, she was led away toward Nantes, the streets of which city, and the river which flowed past its streets, were every day stained with the blood of creatures, young, and fair, and beautiful as herself.

As the party which escorted Clara de la Roche approached the banks of the Loire, her eye rested on a large boat filled with human beings of every age, and sex, and class—from the old man with snowy hair, to the curly-headed child—from the lovely girl of eighteen, to the aged matron, whose remaining hours could have been but few at least. They were tied together; and though some wept and cast down their eyes, while others looked up, appealing to the glowing heaven above them, all were silent. At length two or three ferocious looking wretches, who had been pushing the boat forward toward the centre of the river, leaped into a smaller boat by its side.—A cannon shot was heard as a signal, a rope was drawn, which seemed to pass under the large bark; it reeled for a moment as if upon a stormy sea—settled heavily down—there was a loud, parting shriek, as its human freight bade the earth adieu for ever, and a howl of fierce delight from the monsters that lined the shore.

Clara closed her eyes, and when she opened them again the boat with all it contained was gone; but where it had last appeared, the waters were rushing and bubbling, as if the shallow river scarcely concealed the struggles of the two hundred victims, who at that moment had found eternity beneath its waves. The brain of the poor prisoner reeled; her heart felt sick, the next moment sense forsook her, and she fell from the horse that bore her to such a scene of crime and horror. A brief pause of happy forgetfulness followed next; and then, when her eyes opened, she found herself in a close, dark dungeon, with a multitude of her fellow-creatures lying around her, in loathsomeness, and misery, and disease, and despair.

It was night, and the farm of old La Brousse was left in solitude, for he had indignantly sent the unhappy girl who had betrayed the secrets of his dwelling back to her family; and—suspecting that his own life and liberty had not been left to him, when much smaller offences were daily visited with death, without some treacherous motive—he had himself gone forth to seek, in the most obscure parts of the desolate tract amidst which his house was situated, the young stranger whom he have seen under the name of Auguste. By some evil chance, however, they had missed each other; and, after the place had

remained for some time without the presence of a single breathing thing, the door was gently opened, and the young stranger entered, habited as usual in the dress of a peasant. He looked around the vacant kitchen in some surprise, at seeing it dark and untenanted; and then, approaching the foot of the stairs, he pronounced the names of La Brousse and Ninette. No answer was of course returned; but while he was anxiously striving to obtain a light from the half-extinct embers, the door was again unclosed, and the old farmer stood beside him.

"Haste, haste, La Brousse!" cried the young man. "Get me a light, and bring me my sabre and bugle. I hear Carrier is roaming the country with one of his infernal band of murderers. He must be met with ere he returns to Nantes; and I have named the rendezvous for daybreak to-morrow, at the mill of Bobalard."

"It is in vain, Monsieur!" replied the old man, "it is in vain! By this time he is in Nantes; and he has dragged Mademoiselle de la Roche along with him."

Auguste made no reply for several minutes; and his first words were only, "My sabre and my bugle!"

Casting himself down in a chair, while the old man went to bring the articles he demanded from the place where they were concealed, the other covered his eyes with his hands, and remained for several moments in deep and painful thought, from which he only roused himself for a moment to bolt the door by which he had entered. La Brousse at length returned; and Auguste, while buckling on his sabre and slinging the horn over his shoulder, grasped his arm, and whispered, "Up to the high window, La Brousse! I heard a noise but now in the court. Arm yourself as best you can, and then bring me news of what you see below. Quick! The moon is shining!"

The old man speedily came back with a fowling piece in his hand, and a broadsword by his side; and he now replied in the same low tone, that there were men evidently skulking under the shadow of the barn.

"We may save her yet!" exclaimed his young companion. "Now open the door!" and drawing with one hand a pistol, which had lain concealed in a thick silk handkerchief that was tied around his waist, he held his bugle in the other, and prepared to go forth the moment the way was clear. As soon as his foot was beyond the threshold, "Qui va là?" was shouted from several different sides of the court-yard; and the next moment five men with levelled muskets advanced into the moonlight, exclaiming, "Rends toi, brigand!"

He raised the bugle to his lips, and for all reply blew one long loud blast, waving back La Brousse who was following him, and then sprang once more into the cottage. For a moment the soldiers seemed uncertain; but, as he retreated, the word "Fire!" was given, and the next instant the five muskets were at once discharged. Three of the balls whistled through the doorway; but by that time the young Vendean was himself masked by the wall, and had forcibly pulled the old farmer back out of the line of fire.

The struggle that followed, however, was a fierce one. It was the bold heart and the strong hand doing the bidding of hatred and revenge. Old La

Brousse, notwithstanding the load of years, overpowered one of the assailants that might have been his son, and cast him headlong on the earth, while Auguste cut down another, but the third sprang upon the old farmer, while struggling to terminate the contest with the first opponent, and, seizing him behind, mastered his arms, and tied them in a moment with all the skill of a jailer. At that instant Auguste turned upon him; but the man that La Brousse had overpowered now rose up but little hurt, and the young Vendean found himself attacked at once by two well-armed men, each equal to himself in personal strength. The game they seemed resolved to play was a deadly one; while one kept him engaged, the other calmly loaded his musket, and the fate of Auguste seemed decided; but scarcely had the cartridge been crushed down into the gun, when a large stag-hound dashed down from the high grounds into the court, and at once sprang to the throat of the second soldier, at the very instant he was levelling his weapon at the head of the young Vendean: and in a minute or two after, while Auguste still prolonged the combat with his opponent, and the gallant hound still held his grasp of the other, nine or ten men, in the wild costume of Vendean soldiers, warned by the bugle of their leader, poured into the court and overpowered all resistance.

A light was brought, and held alternately to the countenances of the two men who had prolonged the contest so fiercely, when the glare of the burning resin lighted first upon the features of a young, and then upon those of a middle-aged man, without displaying any extraordinary brutality of expression, or any marks of those savage passions which might be expected in the willing followers of the blood-thirsty Carrier. "It is as I thought," cried Auguste, as he gazed upon the face of the elder. "How is it, fellow, that you, who were so long faithful to our cause, are now among the foremost of its base adversaries, and are especially chosen to capture the son of your ancient master and benefactor?"

"I was faithful to your cause," replied the man with an abruptness which the revolutionists greatly affected, "as long as I had no opportunity of abandoning it; and I was chosen to capture you, because I knew your person. But I am pleading for my life—or rather for that of one to whom life is more valuable—this young man here, my son; and I know well that I must offer something more than words to purchase it at your hands. Listen to me then—if you will spare us and set us at liberty, I will set free her who was taken from this place this morning."

"Ha!" cried Auguste; "free and unharmed?"

"Free and unharmed as she went," replied the other. "You had better take my offer for it is her only chance for life."

Some farther conversation ensued, which it is unnecessary to detail. The soldier named the time—the night following—and the place—a sequestered spot upon the banks of the Loire, about two miles above the city of Nantes. He spoke boldly in regard to his power of performing what he promised. His son willingly undertook to be his surety; and after some discussion among the Vendeans, in regard to the propriety of liberating him, he was at length set free, and departed.

It was a soft, calm night, with the moon shining clear and sweet in the sky, and one or two planets wandering like boats of light over the surface of the profound blue ocean of the heavens. All the world, too, was hushed in sleep; and, as the young Vendean took his way toward the spot appointed for the exchange of the two prisoners, not a sound was to be heard but the steps of his own party. Between them they led the young soldier who had remained in their hands as a hostage; and as they advanced through a winding dell, the tall trees of which hid the Loire from their sight, they paused at every aperture in the thick foliage, to gaze out over the waters. At length the dull sound of oars was heard from the water, and a small boat was seen shooting up the middle of the stream. In it there appeared but two persons, and one of them was evidently a female. The heart of the young Vendean beat quick while the rower pulled on, and then guided his boat direct to the little landing-place. It glided rapidly through the water, touched the shore, and in a moment after, the hand of Clara de la Roche was clasped in that of her deliverer.

The young soldier was immediately set at liberty; and, without the interchange of a word, sprang into the boat and was dropping down the Loire with his father, while Clara, hardly believing her senses, was hurrying on with her new companion toward a spot where horses had been prepared to carry them away from pursuit.

"Oh, sir, I feel that I have to thank you for more than life!" she said, at length, turning to him whom we have called Auguste.

"For nothing—nothing, dearest girl!" he answered. "Nay, do not start!" he added, marking the surprise which the expression he had used toward her called forth—"nay, do not start!—Did not the man who set you at liberty tell you, that it was into the hands of Auguste de Beaumont, he was about to deliver you? Did he not say, that it was to the care and guidance of your promised husband, that he was about to yield you?"

Clara had no time to reply; for, ere she could express by one word any of the mingled emotions which such tidings might well call up in her heart, there was a rustle in the trees—a rush of many feet—a momentary struggle; and in the end she found herself once more a prisoner by the side of her lover, while a troop of revolutionary soldiers from Nantes insulted them by every sort of bitter mockery and coarse jest.

It would be more harrowing than interesting to detail the passing of a night in the dungeons of a revolutionary prison. That night—however long and dreadful it might seem to Clara de la Roche—passed at length; and, by daylight, the minions of the grossest tyranny that ever darkened the earth, came to drag the unhappy girl to the fate reserved for all that was great and noble in France. Strange, however, to say, that fate did not seem in her eyes so appalling as one might suppose. Weary of persecution, and terror, and flight, and uncertainty, and grief, there was an anticipation very like a feeling of relief, in the thought of one brief step leading to immortality, and peace, and joy; and she advanced to the cart destined to drag her to the place of execution,

with greater alacrity than her tyrants were accustomed or willing to behold. In the fatal vehicle were already placed Auguste de Beaumont, the friend who had accompanied him on his ill-starred expedition, and good old La Brousse, the farmer of Dervais.—They waited but for her alone, and, when she was placed in the cart, the word was given to march.—The procession moved forward through the streets of Nantes toward the river, escorted by a small body of cavalry; and, though the hour was yet early, it was remarked that large crowds were collected to see a sight which certainly had not the advantage of novelty in that unhappy town. There was a deep solemn stillness, too, in the multitudes, as the cart rolled through the midst of them, that had something in it portentous as well as awful; and a low murmur, like the rush of a receding wave, was heard, as the history of the two younger victims was whispered among the people.

The tyrants, however, had no dread, and the vehicle went slowly on; when, in passing the end of a narrow street which led toward the Place d'Armes, the clatter of a horse's feet at full gallop was heard from a parallel avenue. The horse galloped on, but the street was filled with people, and for a minute there were heard loud murmurs at the farther end. The next instant came a profound silence, during which nothing was distinguished but the creaking of the heavy cart wheels, and the slow tramp of the soldiers' horses; but then—one loud stentorian voice shouted, with a sound that was heard through the whole street, "Roberpierre is dead!!! Down with the tyrants!!!"

A cry of joy, and triumph, and encouragement burst from the multitudes around. The soldiers were overpowered in a moment; one or two were killed on the spot. The cords that tied the prisoners were cut—a thousand hands were held out to give them aid—a thousand voices cried fly here or fly there; but at length one, more prudent than the rest, exclaimed, "To the gates! To the gates!" and in five minutes Auguste de Beaumont, hearing Clara in his arms and followed by their fellow-prisoners, was clear of the city of Nantes.

TIME.

Original.

BY CHAS. BIRD BARRETT.

Ah! too unmindful of his victim's joys,
Imperious Time exerts despotic sway;
Bids fainting nations totter to decay,
And all the monuments of art destroy.
He fondly joys to whirl the silent spheres,
To snatch from bright-eyed health her rosy bloom,
To shroud e'en radiant virtue in the tomb,
And sink the world beneath the weight of years!
No charm of beauty, or of worth avails,
To stay the dreadful ravage of his power,
Or intermit the ruin of one hour—
E'en now the glowing cheek of youth he pales!
With radiant finger pointed to the sky,
Flows, smiling, bids us raise the expectant eye!
Philadelphia.

AH! WOULD THAT SHE WERE FOND OF ME?

A BALLAD.

Written Expressly for the Casket,

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH,

THE MUSIC FROM AN OLD AIR,

AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

Andantino.

f marcato.

This musical system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a bass line with chords and single notes. The first measure of the bottom staff is marked with a forte 'f' and 'marcato'.

This musical system also consists of two staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom staff continues the bass line. A piano 'p' dynamic marking is placed above the first measure of the bottom staff in this system. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and accidentals.

Down to you lee - ty oaks, You

unacc: ppp
ten

p

thick and branching grove, There dwells a dark-haired maid, The maiden that I love. There

to no oth - er one like she, — Ah! would that she were fond of me.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef for the voice part, and a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante' (And). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like *ppp* and *p*. The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

AH! WOULD THAT SHE WERE FOND OF ME.

The musical score is written for three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a series of notes and rests, with a section marked '3d V.' and 'poco più moto.' The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a series of notes and rests, with a section marked 'smorz: ppp' and 'f'. The bottom staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains a series of notes and rests, with a section marked 'smorz: ppp' and 'f'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

3d V. *poco più moto.*

smorz: ppp *f*

smorz: ppp *f*

p

ritard: f p

Her lovely hazel eyes

Are bright as thoughts of heaven,

Or as the meteor-star

That flits at break of even.

She casts them down when near I see—

‘Ah! would that she were fond of me.

Her step so light as air—

She trips along the green,

Like some young fairy elf

In merry moonlight seen.

Her steps are slow when near I be—

‘Ah! would that she were fond of me,

Her cheeks are crimsoned red

Her beam shines with sighs,

Flashes to me, and ead,

And languishing her eyes.

So she appears when near I be—

‘Ah! would that she were fond of me.

Original.

THE IMPROVISATORE.

'T was an Italian eve—the sunset sky
 Had melted to the sapphire's purest dye,
 And through the vast expanse, the moon unveil'd
 In queenly majesty and beauty sail'd.
 The palace like a dome of snow appear'd,
 Or structure of the silvery clouds uprear'd,
 And bath'd in radiance seem'd a spot too bright
 For aught unholy or impure to blight.
 In the calm bosom of the deep Lagoon,
 With equal splendor shone a second moon,
 Or if a breath but tremble o'er the stream,
 A shower of pearls across the surface gleam.
 On either bank the massive foliage flung
 Deep shadows, and its graceful branches hung
 Low o'er the waters as with guardian care
 They seem'd to hover o'er that streamlet fair.
 Hark! through the silence steals a heavenly strain,
 Soft as the tinkling of a summer's rain,
 Sweet as though tones unearthly mingled there,
 Or Israel,* the fragrant evening air
 Was fanning with his music-breathing wing,
 Such thrilling harmony melts from each string.
 'T is from the palace-halls, where midst a throng
 Of proud and lovely forms, a child of song,
 An aged minstrel, friendless, poor and blind,
 In music's rapture o'er his harp reclined;
 And as his trembling hands the bright chords swept
 The gifted minstrel bowed his head and wept.
 Visions of happier hours his soul oppress'd,
 And a full tide of feeling swell'd his breast,
 Till with an eye and lip inspir'd, he sang;—
 While silvery music from his harp-strings rang:—

Mem'ry, sweet mem'ry, lift up once more
 Oblivion's veil that hath curtain'd o'er
 With its massive folds, these sunny bowers
 Where time flung wreaths o'er my childhood's
 hours,
 Again let those brilliant pageants pass
 In bright review o'er thy magic glass.—
 I gaze on each dear, familiar brow,
 Their shadows thronging thy mirror now
 In life-like beauty—each blooming cheek,
 And radiant eye, so fond and meek,
 Each bright young head with its clustering hair
 And its happy smile is mingling there;
 And the springs of love in my lonely breast
 That have long lain chill'd in a dreary rest
 Now fill my frame with a living glow
 Though mine eye be dim—my hair like snow,
 Oh blessed and lovely and happy time!
 The early hour of childhood's prime,
 How my weary spirit is winging back
 To the flowers and fountains of my morning track,
 When the grief which wrung the heart at night,
 Was chased by the wing of slumber light—

* The angel of song—among the Persians.

When round the red lip there played a smile
 Though the eye might swim in tears the while,
 And sunny gleams and sudden showers,
 Made April climes in childhood's hours.
 When never a thought of care or sorrow,
 Rose with our visions of to-morrow,
 To-day was bright, and until it came,
 We deem'd the future would be the same;
 Alas, that we find each youthful dream
 But a smiling cheat—a meteor gleam!
 Yet beams there still a lingering spark
 Our path to illumine, however dark,
 As closer yet the dark cloud lowers
 O'er earth's frail joys and fairy bowers.
 The golden beams from beyond the tomb
 Pierce brighter through the gathering gloom.
 Still heavenward oft my spirit springs—
 Though short its flight on its broken wings—
 For there is treasured the hope and trust
 That lives when the frame has returned to dust.—

The last, sweet, melancholy tones were hushed,
 And tears from radiant eyes now softly gushed!
 Young, happy hearts with heavenly pity stirred,
 Professed the minstrel many a kindly word
 And gifts to sooth him on his weary way,
 And cheer the lonely evening of his day;
 Remembrance of each gentle look and smile,
 Will long his saddened heart and way beguile,
 And happier now, he, with his youthful guide,
 Again departs upon his wanderings wide.

ROSALIE.

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Mademoiselle D— had been educated in the
 convent of —, where she was placed in her
 infancy, and had never seen any thing of the
 world. At the age of eighteen, she was taken
 from the convent and given in marriage to Mons.
 C—, a young man of handsome person and
 manners, and possessing considerable talents.

Mademoiselle D— was young and very
 beautiful, possessing a susceptible mind and fine
 talents. Suddenly placed amid the fascinations
 of the world, it had the effect of enchantment
 upon her. This being the first time she had ever
 been addressed in the tender way, her love for
 Mons. C— was most passionate and devoted;
 and on his part, the passion was reciprocated
 with great ardor and attachment, and much
 strengthened by his final regard for her father,
 who, being old and infirm, would not consent to
 part with her while he lived, which in all prob-
 ability would not be long.

About a year after their marriage, a young ac-
 tress made her appearance on the French stage,
 and her beauty and grace drew forth the praises

of every one who saw her. Among those whose hearts became entrapped by the captivating charms of Miss T—, was Mons. C—. It was impossible that an amour of this kind could long be concealed. It soon reached the ears of his young and virtuous wife, who was overwhelmed for a time with grief by the intelligence. Like most of her sex, she did not sink under misfortune, but summoned up her resolution, and even concealed her chagrin from her aged parent. She formed a plan to regain the lost affections of her husband. Having been shut up from infancy in the walls of a convent, her opportunities for studying the graces had been none. But prompted by a strong love, and desperation, she forms a determination to acquire them, and, if possible, reclaim the wandering affections of her husband. She goes to the theatre—sees her rival—divests herself of jealousy, and attentively and assiduously studies her attitudes, her manner, voice, and person. Her genius being great, and her determination strong, her success was incredible.

At length, as she wished it, the young actress fell ill, and it was announced that she could not perform in the play that evening. Our young wife hastens to the manager and offers her services to undertake the part. She is accepted, and it is given out that a young lady, a perfect stranger, will make her appearance, as a substitute for Miss T—, who had been suddenly taken ill. Every body flocked to the theatre to see the young stranger, and among them Mons. C—.

She dressed herself to perfection, played her part to admiration, and came off with great eclat. When the play was concluded, she mixed with the audience in the parterre, among whom was her husband. All were loud in their praise of the stranger actress, in which she joined, and the husband warmly applauded her taste and discernment.

On their return home, the young actress was the engrossing theme of conversation. Mons. C— was in love and in raptures with her. "And pray my dear," said she, "which do you think plays the best, the stranger, or Miss T—?" "Oh, there is no denying it—there is no comparison—the stranger is a perfect angel." "Behold then in me, that stranger and angel," cried she, throwing her arms around his neck—"see what I have done to regain the affections of a much loved husband!" He was struck with surprise and astonishment, and could hardly credit what he had heard. On repeating some of

the passages as she had portrayed them on the stage, he beheld the angel in his wife. He was overcome with her love, genius, and perseverance, and fell at her feet vowing eternal constancy—a vow which he inviolably kept.

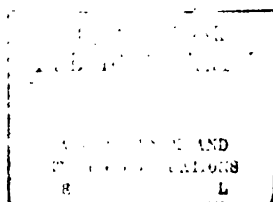
TO THE DELAWARE.

Original.

BY E. C. JONES, ESQ.

When vernal zephyrs fan my brow,
And vernal flowrets greet my coming,
When struggling nature loosens now,
Old Winter's icy grasp benumbing:—
When Earth assumes her green array,
And warblers caroll out their gleeness;
And nymphs and naiads pass the day,
In blithesome mirth and rural freeness;
The golden hour I love to seize:
And to thy grassy bank repair;
To saunter forward at my ease,
Romantic stream of Delaware.
The canopied expanse above,
Where azure clouds are floating free;
The dew bespangled lawn I love:
Because they add a charm to thee.
Thy waters of cerulean blue,
How waveless and becalmed they lie,
Yet as thy placid face I view,
Thy silence has its melody.
My feelings have a milder tone,
My passions own a blest control;
And pride and self are each unknown,
Beneath this music of the soul.
Heaven has my thoughts as thus I gaze,
Upon thy waters bright and free,
And he who scans a mortal's ways;
Thou emblem of his purity:—
Yon sylvan shade. I'll there advance,
And yield myself to fancy's dream;
And watch thy pearly waters dance,
And sparkle 'neath the golden beam.
'Tis thus in childhood's halcyon day:
The beams of hope illumine our breast,
When life is beautiful and gay;
And every scene in verdure drest.
Our bosom bounds beneath her beam,
And fancy weaves the dream of bliss,
When care and pain and grief 'twould seem,
Have yielded all to happiness.
Roll on with calm unruffled brow,
Along thy shore melodious glide;
For other scenes I leave thee now,
To come again at eventide.

Absurdity.—To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.





RECONCILIATION.

Published by Saml. C. McKimmon, Pr. 1840.



MENT.

[1839.

heart, escaped her
mountain of tears
stern sob she fell

ired Morley folded
ss away her tears—
he disengaged her—
awing back, looked
ce.
ice of thrilling tone,

replied, "do you,

"she repeated with

ly," cried Morley,
even that is shining

of protestations.—
on—at this moment,
ar to you, Morley?"
with it my destruc-

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to her's and, by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazed on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me?" will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as

now.

"I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!"

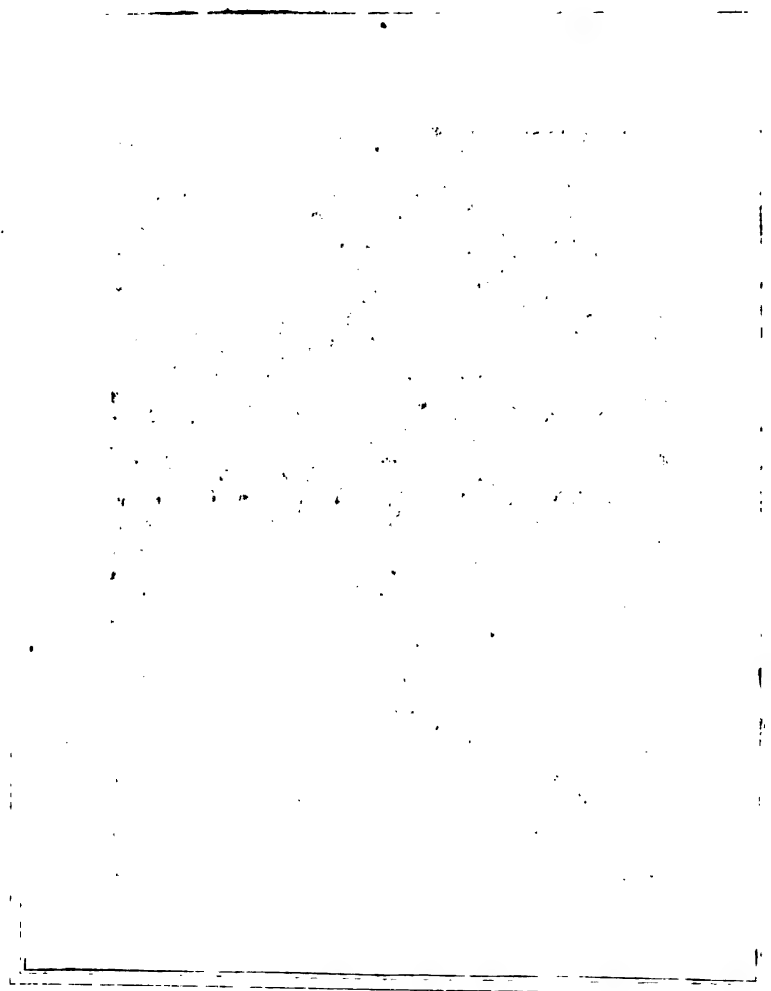
Morely gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return!"

"Return, instantly!"

"Ellen, are you serious—are you," he might have added, "in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's counte-



RECONCILIATION.

Published by Saml. C. Atkinson, Printer.



OR

GEMS OF LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And where he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and, like a miser in the dark,
To feast alone.

No. 2.]

PHILADELPHIA—FEBRUARY.

[1839.

THE RECONCILIATION.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING.

—“Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!” cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkles flew from their iron-shod hoofs, like a flight of fire flies.

The postillion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously toward his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

“Ellen, my love,” said Morley, tenderly, “I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame.”

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to her's and, by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazed on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

“God of Heaven!” exclaimed Morley, “what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me?” will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?” and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as

if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh mountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysterical sob she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed, but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

“Morley,” she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, “do you love me?”

“Dearest, best Ellen,” he replied, “do you, can you doubt it?”

“Do you love me, Morley!” she repeated with increased earnestness.

“Truly—devotedly—madly,” cried Morley, on his knees. “By the heaven that is shining over us—”

“No more oaths—enough of protestations.—Are you willing, by one action—at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?”

“I am, though it carry with it my destruction!”

“I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!”

Morely gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

“Return!”

“Return, instantly!”

“Ellen, are you serious—are you,” he might have added, “in your senses?” but she interrupted him.

“I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle,” she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's counte-

nance. "That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting even by a look. But Oh, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my father——"

"To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay, to my father, my gray headed, my doating, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried in wild agony, "even now as I lay in your arms, spell bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father," she said with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: "he lay on his death-bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven ere it is too late——"

"Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Ellen."

"Do you still hesitate," she cried "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? Your Ellen! short sighted man, your Ellen! What shall bind her to a husband who could abandon a father—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me, as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had labored about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion.

"Turn your horses' heads," he said, "we shall return."

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I—whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—but no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, Mor-

ley; God bless you, my brother, my dear brother," and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers, and never in the wildest moment of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

* * * * *

"Where is he—let me see him—is he alive—is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam," coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father—my father, is he—is he alive, is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent——"

"In one word, Ellen, are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! follow me—your father is not well——"

"For the love of heaven—before it is too late;" and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

"Father do not avert your face—father, I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother——"

"Cease"—said the old man, endeavoring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonised feelings, to be firm; "forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. "I am not," said Morley, "blessed with that lady's hand: she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word as a man of honor—I may have inherited your hate, but I will never desert it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favorite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and as he pressed her lover's hand, he said,

"Behold, in all this, the goodness of God; behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling ever against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me—and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved, over this holy book, to prove my contrition for my sinful harboring of hatred toward my fellow creatures, by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit; I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost; my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"O my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned, "in pity, my dear father——"

"Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life."

HAPPINESS.

Original.

BY CHAS. BIRD BARRETT.

Maid of the placid brow and eye benign,
Who cheers with smiles, the hermit's lonely cell,
Thy aid I ask, and court thy influence mild,
To soothe my heart and in my bosom dwell.

Oh! let thy magic touch my soul incline,
As through the devious walks of life I stray,
To seek the haunts of Virtue's sober train,
And all its precepts wise, with joy obey.

Say—if we search this Earth's remotest bound,
To seek Content throughout the mighty space,
And from the Cottage to the royal Throne,
Shall we its richest, choicest blessings trace?

Beneath th' imperial purple's radiant folds,
Pale Discontent and fierce Ambition dwell;
Nor can the regal sceptre's potent sway,
The shaft of care, or misery repel.

He Hamlet rising from th' encircling wood,
Where verdant vales invite to sweet repose;
No refuge owns to shield from pining grief,
Or meliorate the pang of human woes.

Let glowing Science from her lofty hill,
Display her gifts, and claim our raptur'd view;
In vain we gaze, the charm dissolves in air,
Light as the cloud, and transient as the dew.

'Tis not midst Learning's varied stores we find
That brilliant gem, which calms the human breast;
Nor can bright Genius teach her favor'd sons,
The power to bless, or art of being blest.

Ask those whom Nature's fairest gifts adorn,
Whose steady hands the wheels of empire guide;
Ask if the rays of peace their heart illumine,
Calm every hour, and o'er their mind preside?

Say—can the glare of Wealth one joy impart
To soothe the soul when sinking with distress?
Or the gay vot'ries of a thoughtless world,
Heal Grief's deep wounds, or boast the power to bless?

For while the spark of life our frame illumens,
Some fav'rite object will trail man pursue;
Some fair idea on his mind will rest,
Of future joy, and pleasure never true.

How fair and fleeting are the blissful scenes,
By mimic Fancy's glowing pencil drawn!
Gay as the verdure of the fragrant mead,
But transient as the dew that gems the lawn.

VIRTUE alone true happiness can give;
Her sacred laws bid warring passions cease,
Calm every thought, and breathe o'er all the soul,
The strains of love, of innocence, and peace.

When the rich beauties of Creation fade,
And Heaper's silver beams no more appear;
When the fair regent of the sable night,
In dire dismay, is hurried from her sphere;

When yon bright orb which lends the golden day,
Shall lose his light, and set no more to rise,
VIRTUE and PEACE shall 'scape the gen'ral wreck;
And mount triumphant to their native skies!

Society is a large piece of frozen water; there are the rough places to be shunned, the very slippery ones already for a fall, and the holes which seem made expressly to drown you. All that can be done is to glide lightly over them all. Skating well, is the great art of social life.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Related to the Author by one of the Penobscot Tribe in the year 1836.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.

"That's Eastman coming down the road," said an old man to his companion; "let's stop and see what he has to say of the theft committed upon old Smith's property." And the two seated themselves on the green sward to wait till he came near.

"He seems uncommonly thoughtful for one that has nothing to trouble him. With plenty of money and no family, he is thought to be the merriest fellow in the village."

"Perhaps he has lost——"

Eastman, who had come within hearing distance, interrupted the speaker by saying mournfully—"Yes, I have lost, and that, too, which cannot be replaced very easily."

"What is it? You're not bankrupt, I hope?"

"Not in purse, but in spirits; little Lucy, my merry little playmate, a child I loved with a father's love, is lost. Stolen by the Indians yesterday afternoon while gathering strawberries just at the back of her father's house."

"What! you don't mean that they have dared to take one of our children!—and one, too, so much beloved as she is by all the villagers?"

"Yes, the dear little innocent, whose sweet face has cheered me in my loneliness, was borne away by a party of the Penobscot to the 'knotted oak,' from which, with a number of others who went in pursuit, I arrived just in time to see them take her to their canoes and paddle down the swift current of the Saco. It was horrible to see the father when he beheld them receding and heard the screams of his child. He stood upon the brink of the river with arms and eyes straining after her—I see him now, with parted lips and pale face, as he fell forward into the stream."

"He was not drowned?"

"No: Simpson and Stickney sprang in after him, and brought him to the shore more dead than alive. After a time he was restored sufficiently to be brought home in a litter. But I must not stop here; it is my painful task to prepare the afflicted family for his return: so good bye;" and Eastman hurried on, leaving the two a new and painful theme for meditation, so absorbing that the theft from Smith's for a while was entirely effaced from their minds, and they arose from their seat and wended to their way to their own home buried in sad reflections. When the father and son reached the door they were met by the old man's wife, her eyes filled with tears, for she, too, had heard the melancholy intelligence of Lucy's abduction, and wept for her as for her own child.

The evening repast was swallowed in silence, the strong shutters closed and barred, and the rusty fire-arms taken from their brackets on the wall, loaded, and placed in a convenient corner, when a neighbor, whose knock and familiar voice gained him instant admission, entered the neat and

hospitable cottage of the Jones's. He took his seat at the plain deal table, which the hostess, with the assistance of a little soap and sand, had brought to a tint almost as light as the paper on which I write.

The two cottages of Jones and his guests were situated about a quarter of a mile from each other, and nearly a mile from the village, which rendered them not the safest place for the inhabitants or their property; and the visitor, whose family had gone to the village for security, had come with his rifle to offer his assistance in protecting the house of the other, though, if the truth were known, protection for himself was what he most desired.—Jones, if he supposed this, was too kind-hearted a man to show his neighbor so, and therefore thanked him for his consideration, and requested his wife to have the only spare bed prepared for his reception. This being done, and a large pan of apples placed upon the table, with the huge jug filled with cider as bright and sparkling as champagne, she resumed her chair just in time to hear from the lips of Ripley—

"He mourns continually for her, and it is feared the poor boy will be ill from the loss of his playmate. He goes about calling 'Lucy! Lucy!' constantly: they were never separated even for two hours before."

"What say the people at the corner?" asked the younger Jones.

"Why, they swear to kill every savage that dares to show himself in the neighborhood. The Penobscots have broken their treaty, and the whites have nothing now to restrain them from taking their just revenge, not only for the child's abduction, but for twenty other depredations on our property which none but that tribe could have committed."

"What's that? what's that?" cried the good dame, starting from her chair.

Her son grasped his gun.

"There it is again."

"Oh! that's only the growl of a wolf," said George, carelessly, as he dropped his musket into its place, and the conversation was resumed.—George's father regretted that there was an end to the few years' peace which they had enjoyed with their savage neighbors; but Ripley was of opinion that while an Indian lived there was no safety, and his eye glanced wildly, and his brow contracted, as he thought of the desperate battles in which he had fought against them.

Cruel as this judgment may appear, it was not the less true; but the former remembered not that the white men were the first aggressors—that they were growing powerful, and that the Indians saw that sooner or later they would be driven from their hunting-grounds or be subject to the stronger party.

As the cider passed round the trio became elated, then drowsy, and then they went to bed, and the fear of the savages was soon forgotten in a deep sleep by all save Dame Jones; she, poor woman, had but little rest; the thought of the red men

being in the vicinity was sufficient to keep her awake, and the howling wolf or the screeching owl startled her to her feet several times during the night. When the morning dawned the men awoke not a little surprised that their fears had not been realised. Thus passed night after night, till their fears, if not their wrongs, were entirely effaced from their minds.

But now let us return to Eastman, who, after he had parted from the Jones's by the way-side, proceeded to perform his melancholy task. The wretched mother saw from a glance at his countenance that he had for her no hope of the recovery of her lost one, yet she dreamed not of the condition of her husband, who would soon be brought home in a state of partial derangement. Eastman shrank from the task. The deep despair of the mother, the utter wretchedness of her two boys, Albert and Henry, made him regret that he had ever undertaken it, and he went on trying to console her with the hope that Lucy would soon be returned in safety, till, casting a glance through the window, he saw the litter approaching at a distance, and he ventured to say, "your husband will be here soon, he has seen her." These words illumined the countenance of Mrs. Elliott, but that light was quickly dispelled by the news that he was ill.

Eastman had not the courage to inform her that Elliot was no longer sane; the knowledge of which she gathered from his incoherent ravings and wild laugh when the name of Lucy was mentioned.—The mother saw the necessity of great exertion to bear up under her accumulated afflictions; her two children were left to her; she must watch over her husband. She did watch, but her health failed.—What mattered it? her husband was restored to reason. The neighbors were constant in their attentions, and Mrs. Elliot herself soon gained her wonted strength. Eastman, who was a constant visitor, saw that a settled despondency hung over the once happy family, and used every endeavor to inspire them with hope and cheerfulness. But, while he undertook the task of comforter to the afflicted, it was difficult to say which stood most in need of consolation. He had lost all his former gaiety, he sought no society save the family of his little pet; while not with them his own cottage found him its only inhabitant.

One evening when the last rays of the setting sun struggled through the lattice of the apartment where Eastman sat, his eyes wandered over the places where he had so lately seen little Lucy as merry and as happy as a bird; tears ran down his cheek at the thought. He pondered upon the loneliness of her little brother, whose altered countenance and frequent sighs told how much he missed the blossom that had budded and bloomed by his side; and, as he mused, Henry glided through the half-open door, and stood before him. Seeing his friend in tears, the first question was—

"Are you crying for Lucy?"

Eastman clasped the boy to his heart.

"Yes," he answered: "I am crying for Lucy,

and for you, too. I don't like to see you look so pale and lonely."

"Lucy is lonely too, and she will be so till she comes home to gather berries with me," replied Henry. "Why don't she come, Mr. Eastman?"

The good man could bear it no longer; he set the boy down from his knees, and, rising, from his seat, he said, "she will come, I will go fetch her to you, Henry," and, calling his only domestic, he bade her take to his chamber a chest containing an Indian dress complete, and then prepare some corn-bread that he might have it by the morning.

"But you can't fetch her; Albert says she is among the Indians. Will the Indians give her whortleberries and milk when they are ripe?"

Eastman could make no reply to these touching and simple questions, for the tears choked his utterance, and he left the room and went to his sleeping apartment, leaving little Henry at liberty to return home when he chose.

The chest was opened and every article examined before the friend of the afflicted gave orders to be called at an early hour, and went to bed.

The first grey of morning was scarcely visible when Eastman went forth in the hated habiliments of the savage, with painted face and rifle on his shoulder, thoughtless of every thing but the recovery of the child who had beguiled him of many a weary hour. Onward he went, his step and his heart's beating quickening, at the hope that he should restore her to her family and friends.

But the quick step was mistaken for a stealthy tread, and the painted friend for the red foe, and the cry of "the Indian—the Indian is among us," aroused him from his reverie to see the well-known faces of some of his kindred and neighbors livid with rage, running toward him with bludgeons and axes, and whatsoever weapons they could most conveniently lay hold of. However satisfactory this proof of the perfection of his disguise might have been, he could not but regret the necessity of disclosing its object, which he knew must follow could he once convince the villagers that he was not their foe.

The first movement, that of putting the muzzle of his rifle on the ground, resting both arms on the butt-end, and looking steadfastly at the first of the assailants, with a smile on his face, somewhat awed and disarmed them of half their rage, for they could not kill even one of the Penobscots, who, with weapons in his hands, forbore to raise them in self-defence, and they paused and lowered their arms, which they had raised to strike the supposed savage to the earth; this gave him an opportunity to convince them of his identity, which he did by calling each by his name; his voice was recognised, his purpose made known, and, after useless endeavors on the part of his relatives to make him desist from his dangerous undertaking, he resumed his way.

I shall not follow him through the numerous hair-breadth escapes and other difficulties which he encountered. It must suffice that he did not succeed in his dangerous mission, and returned to

destroy the hopes which the child's family had naturally entertained on his departure. Once returned, the first object of this disinterested being was to cultivate the society of young Henry, in order to divert his attention as much as possible from the loss of Lucy. But here he undertook what he was not able to perform; the boy's attachment to his eldest brother had become so strong, that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to remain at home without him for an hour at a time.

Month after month wore away, till a year and nearly another had gone, still no tidings of the lost one; hope was almost exhausted, when another shadow was thrown over the little peaceful community of Fryburg.

Albert and Henry had strayed one day to a corn-field nearly a mile from the village. It was at the season when the corn was green, and Henry reminded Albert of a promise he had made to make him a corn-stock fiddle, an instrument on which some of our New England boys produce notes that would almost rival those of Paganini's time-worn violin. Albert, ever ready to oblige Henry, selected two joints of the proper size of the green and highly-polished stalks, and, with a knife much too large for the purpose, split the delicate strings along the fibrous surface. Then having put a bridge under them at each end, he brought a smile of joy to the lips of his young brother by the agreeable tones which he produced. Albert's eyes were radiant with joy to see this change in the sad face of Henry; but the smile of the latter soon gave way to an unusually deep look of sadness, as he said, "Lucy can't hear it; I will keep it till she comes home, shan't I?" Albert, touched by this new proof of affection, could not answer, but turned from his brother, and, in his efforts to conceal his feelings, he drew the bow of his newly-constructed instrument with so much force as to sever the strings, and a curse of fearful meaning burst from his lips upon the brutal savage who had destroyed the happiness of that innocent boy; at that moment a piercing shriek from his brother attracted his attention in time to see him pointing at some distant object as he fell to the earth.

Albert turned in the direction indicated by his brother's hand, and beheld a savage coming with the speed of the wind, his tomahawk uplifted about to hurry it in his own brain; he grasped his knife instinctively, and, holding it parallel with his arm, when the Indian was near enough he sprang forward, and, quickly turning it upward, as if to ward off the blow, presented the sharp edge of the knife, which, coming in contact with the wrist of the Indian, severed the tendons, released the tomahawk, which was afterward found several yards from the spot, the blade-edge buried three inches deep in the trunk of a tree; the savage grasped with his left hand at his own knife, but, before he had time to draw it from his belt, another thrust from his antagonist had pierced his heart, and he dropped with a hideous yell at Albert's feet; who, having conquered his foe, turned to look for Henry. The brave boy, stupid with surprise, gazed on the spot

where he had seen him fall; had the earth opened and received him? had the savages stolen him? or had he escaped? were questions which rapidly succeeded one another in the mind of Albert. He searched in vain—no sign of living thing was to be seen—save a slight rustling amid the corn. With the knife still red from the blood of the Indian in his hand, he advanced cautiously to the place, and found that it was occasioned by a cow, which mindful of the struggle that had just taken place, was feasting upon the young and tender ears.

With a hope that Henry had escaped, after casting a glance at the relaxed features of his fallen foe, he hurried toward his home, musing upon this sudden attack upon his life; what could be the reason that his family should be singled out for destruction by these sanguinary savages? Albert knew of none, yet he was firm in his belief that the abduction of his sister, as well as the late attempt on himself, was in retaliation for some injury inflicted by some one of his ancestors, or of his present family, for he well knew that the savages never forgot any act of cruelty or kindness shown to any of their kindred, and that these acts were handed down from generation to generation with their traditions, till opportunity offered to return the like; could he ascertain the offence, he then might be more certain of the fate of Lucy. Many were the conjectures he formed concerning her, and as many were cast to the winds as idle and speculative. In this state of mind he reached the house, anxious, yet fearing to ask if Henry had returned; his doubts were soon set at rest on that point by the mother's asking why he came home alone? and his was the dreadful necessity of informing her that only one son remained to comfort her now.

The alarm spread rapidly, for no one doubted, from the daring of the deed, that others of the savages were in the neighborhood, and in less than two hours nearly all the villagers who were capable of bearing arms assembled on the green, were divided into squads, and went in search of the Indians. At dusk they returned, having discovered trails in various directions, which indicated the number of the foe to be greater than was at first suspected.

That night sentinels were posted at convenient distances, and a portion of the armed villagers encamped on the green to be in readiness, if their services were required during that night.

But the morning came without an attack, and scouts were sent out to reconnoitre. News was brought about noon that the Indians, in great numbers, were encamped about two leagues from Fryburg; and, from a prisoner who had escaped, they learned that the savages intended to set fire to the village that night.

When this intelligence was spread abroad, there was a certainty for all to look to; and, therefore, measures were adopted for a vigorous resistance. Before, it was hoped that they were not numerous enough to attempt the destruction of the place.—The drum beat to call the people together, not one-half of whom were furnished with proper

arms. Scythes, axes, pitchforks, and every thing that could be used on the occasion, were brought by the brave fellows; even the plough was broken, and the shares usurped the place of swords, to be wielded by the strong arm.

Among the last, though not the least, of those that came to Fryburg Corner, was the village parson. He was dressed in a suit of cloth, which, in the days of its youth, had undoubtedly been black, but now it had grown grey in the old man's service. Around his waist was buckled a belt of raw hide, to which was attached a huge rusty sword, the bright edge of which showed evidently that it had already been at war with the grindstone. He was above the middle height, his figure well made, and as straight as an arrow. He was beloved by his flock, and, when he came to the place where the ill-disciplined soldiers were assembled, every hat was raised, a path cleared, and the old man requested to address the people from the top of a hog-head, put there for the purpose.

His address, which abounded in good sense, was followed by a short prayer, wherein he prayed most strenuously for the safety of the two children whose loss the brave people were going to avenge. The old parson was a picture which all present seemed to contemplate with interest not unmingled with reverence. His long silver hair was lightly tousled by the summer-breeze around his thin, pale features, while, with his mild blue eyes upraised to heaven, he prayed that those who were to go forth to battle might go with God in their hearts, and prayer on their lips. There was a fervor and enthusiasm in his words and manner which passed for inspiration among the people; and, when he said, at the conclusion of his prayer, with an energy that came from the very depths of his soul, "where there is right, thou hast said there shall be might—then thou hast truly said we shall conquer"—the little band arose from their knees with a firm belief that what they had heard were the words of truth; and, at the command of Lovell, who had been for many years their General, they divided themselves into parties, each of which chose a leader. The young men separated from the aged, and, without a moment's hesitation, simultaneously elected Albert to lead them wheresoever he would. He would have declined the honor on account of his extreme youth, for most of his division were older than himself; but the general cry of "none but Albert," compelled him to take the command, which he did with becoming pride and diffidence. The father then stepped forward, and thanked them for the honor they had conferred on him through his son. His few words were, "that he looked upon him as the only child now left to him. May God guide and protect him! may he never shrink from the duty you have chosen him to!" Here he was interrupted by Foolish Joe, as he was most commonly called, who advanced from behind a group, where he had observed the whole proceedings, and, stripping up his tow-cloth trousers, pointed to a large defect in the calf of his leg, and exclaimed—"He shrink! Why, with that same knife tha

slew the Indian, he killed the she-bear while her teeth were in this leg! He shrink: no! Who killed the wolf in her own hole!—Albert! and Albert never shrunk from bear, panther, or wolf!" His comrades already knew what poor Joe had told them, and it was that which in all probability decided them so unanimously in their election of Albert. Lovell now proceeded to give instructions, after which the little army were dismissed till the beat of the drum.

From the green the soldiers diverged to their own homes to assist the women, who were seen flying to the church, filled with consternation and terror, where it was deemed prudent that they should remain with their most valuable property, to be guarded by the men during the night. They presented a sad picture: their despondent faces were more gloomy than the starless night, that soon closed around. In the evening the soldier-parson, in his military array, read a chapter from the Bible by the light of a burning pitch pine-knot; and, after exhorting them to bear up under their trials, he offered up a prayer for their temporal and spiritual welfare. Next followed a heart-rending scene of husbands embracing their wives, and children their parents, each fearing that they might never meet again. After this painful scene was over, the doors and windows of the church were barricaded, and, the sentinels being posted for the night, most of the little army laid down upon the grass, close to the church, with their arms in their hands.

While the soldiers slept, the two Captains were to be seen a little apart from their men in earnest conversation, the younger asking and receiving instruction from the elder for the anticipated attack. Captain Lovell was well acquainted with the Indian mode of warfare; and, after developing his plans, he impressed upon Albert the necessity of the greatest caution in dealing with the enemy, who were as cunning as they were courageous.

The ardent youth longed for the hour when he could rush upon the savage horde, and he begged Lovell to permit him to lead his followers in search of them; but the Captain, stopping short, and grasping Albert firmly by the arm, replied, "young man, you know not what you ask! Should you venture into yonder grove before the daylight dawns, not one of you would escape. I have fought the Mohawks, and lived with the Narragansetts—they are all treacherous. I tell you, Albert, be not rash: the Indians are two to one of us: they would lure you on till on a sudden they would rise from the bushes on every side, and every soul of you would be butchered."

"I fear I shall not be able to restrain my comrades," said Albert. "Had you been among them after the church was closed, it would have made your eyes glisten to have heard the earnestness with which they talked of and wished for action—they cannot bear restraint—"

Before Albert had finished the last sentence, Lovell was lying with his ear close to the ground, where he remained for a few minutes, when he

suddenly started to his feet, and grasped his rifle. Albert saw in this sudden evolution—aquainted as he was with such movements—enough to convince him that little time was to be lost, and, had not the Captain held him by force, he would have rushed to his brave boys to have made them ready.

"Keep cool—keep cool!" repeated Lovell; "we shall have notice from the outposts when they are near at hand. I know they come, but I have placed trusty fellows at those points at which I rightly supposed they would attack us. Now I entreat you not to let one under your command move till the guns of the sentinels are heard. Yet, I would have them all awake and ready, and, when the signal is given, rise and meet the foe; therefore, go carefully to each man, and impress upon him the necessity of a strict observance of the order. I need not tell you that every gun that is not already loaded, must be, and such as were loaded over night should be reprimed." This our young soldier had previously impressed upon his followers.

Captain Lovell then took the hand of Albert, and, pressing it affectionately, said, "you are chosen by nearly half of my little forces to be their leader. I trust you will prove yourself worthy of your father, by whose side I fought the Nianticks. He was as brave as a lion, and the idol of his company." Here Lovell again applied his ear to the ground, and informed Albert that the foes were numerous, and not more than a half-mile distant. Then, taking from his undressed leather belt one of his rusty pistols, he presented it to the young man, saying, "this was your grandfather's. In his last moments, after he had been struck with the tomahawk of one of this same accursed tribe, he gave it to me. I know of no one into whose hands I can better place it than yours. Go, Albert: bear in mind by whose hand that grandfather died. Remember your brother and sister! and, should I perish, I trust you will not forget me!"

Albert stood for a moment struggling with emotion, then, placing the trusty pistol in his belt, he pressed the hand of his commander, and hastened to prepare his young volunteers for the momentarily-expected attack. A deep silence succeeded the interview of the two officers, which was only broken by the click of the pans as the soldiers shut them on the fresh priming.

The winds were hushed, and the vast forests of majestic pines stood in awful silence, as if breathlessly expecting a fearful conflict. Presently a sound as if the breeze was slightly stirring the distant foliage was heard approaching nearer and nearer, till those who were not aware from what it proceeded looked up, expecting to see the nearest tree-tops waving to and fro; but the flash and reports at the outposts told that it was the savage horde that came almost with the speed of the wind upon the encampment, expecting to surprise the whites—uttering the war-whoop and the most finnish yells. But the whites, instead of being found sleeping and in confusion, were fully prepared for the encounter, and repulsed them with

steady valor. It was about two o'clock when the attack commenced; the clouds that had spread such universal gloom over the camp in the early part of the night had now separated, allowing the light of the stars to fall on the scene of carnage.—Although the light was so far unfavorable to the whites as to show them more plainly, yet it discovered the painted savages who before would have been invisible.

For a long time it seemed doubtful which could conquer. Albert and his enthusiastic followers fought like tigers; they rushed impetuously on the foe, strewing the ground with the dead wherever they went. The brave boy, elated with the success of his little band, and seeing the chief of the Indians, sprang forward with his comrades at his heels, and, with about a dozen others, was surrounded. They soon discovered their predicament. Aware that no quarter would be given, were they disposed to ask it, they plied their weapons with almost supernatural strength; but they must inevitably have been overpowered by the superior numbers of the savages had not some of the strongest of the villagers come to the rescue, wielding their heavy ploughshares with both hands, and felling three or four of the enemy at a time. The savages, seeing the power of the assailants, began to give way, till at length the whole body retreated into the deep shadow of the lofty wood, where they had great advantage over the whites, whose pale faces showed them to the unerring aim of the Indian rifle or their gleaming tomahawks.

It was not the policy of the veteran Lovell to follow the retreating foe; but the sanguine spirits of Albert's band led the way, and there was no alternative but for the more prudent to assist them or see them perish. The first was of course adopted, but the villagers soon found that they were fighting at great disadvantage, and were firing at random. The two captains meeting, they were about to propose withdrawing their suffering army, when Foolish Joe came with the fleetness of a deer, bearing a lighted pitch-pine torch, which he applied to the dry underbrush. The blaze spread like wild-fire, the flames shot up the tall pines, bathing the forest and the foe, the mountain and the sky, in one lurid glare.

Our brave fellows were once more inspired with hope, and, from some one of Albert's followers crying aloud the names Henry and Lucy so enthusiastically, they were at once adopted as an universal watchword—a wild spirit of revenge awakened the latent energies of the assailants; the consequence of which was that the Indians were driven across a deep stream, where they could only maintain the fight with fire-arms and stones. By this time day began to dawn, and many of the muskets and rifles had become so foul as to be rendered useless. Among those of the whites who retired from the scene of action, a little down the brook, to cleanse their fire-arms, was Albert. In descending the bank to the edge of the stream, he was accosted by the chief of the savages, who in the coolest manner possible, said to him, "you get

your gun washed first, you shoot me—me get mine washed first, I shoot you." Here, indeed, was a case of life and death, and for life did they work—the hour for one or both had come: the rifles were washed, loaded, and aimed, simultaneously. But by the dispensation of Providence Albert was destined to be the victor. The ball from his rifle struck the guard of the chief's, mangled the hand, and, entering his brain, he fell a lifeless corpse on the sand.

Albert again joined his men. The news of the death of the Penobscot leader, while it put new hopes into the hearts of the whites, filled the savages with doubt; yet they fought bravely, and the action might still have continued some hours, had not an honest and grateful friend of Albert's taken an axe from one of his dead comrades, and felled a couple of trees across the stream, some way above where the conflict was in its full fury, by which means he enabled a division, headed by the zealous parson, to cross the rivulet, and attack the Indians in the rear, most of them were slain; a few who took to flight were pursued, and one who stopped to kill a prisoner, who lay bound about a mile from the brook, was cut down by the huge sword of the parson, before he could accomplish his purpose.

The good old man cut the thongs with which the prisoner was bound, and took him to Albert, and, presenting his young prize with one hand, and his sword with the other, he said, "Victory is ours, and I resign my commission." The young captain, unheeding the priest's sword, caught the dear boy in his arms, pressed him to his heart, while the tears of joy and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, as he turned his full blue eye to heaven to give thanks for the mercy of God in restoring to him his half-famished brother. Some of the young men bore Henry in their arms, while the rest of the living gathered up the dead, and returned triumphant to the church.

Shall I follow them?—no, I will not; and yet I have a lingering curiosity to look on the scene of wretchedness which must follow even the most triumphant victory. The criminal upon the gallows, at the moment he is about to be dropped into eternity, becomes an object of more interest than at any other period during his whole life-time.—Thousands of every age and description—both male and female—gather around his elevated situation, eyeing him with breathless interest. 'Tis our nature to seek the most appalling sights of woe; any thing for excitement. Of this we have sufficient proof in the numbers which had collected to witness the meeting between the living wife and dead husband, and the wounded son and the shrieking mother. The very heart's-blood of many of the spectators seemed to flow with that of the bleeding soldier and the tears of his friends, yet they would still look till nature gave way to un-satisfied curiosity, and some fainted and fell upon the floor with their eyes still bent toward the horrifying sight. It is said there is no shade without light; and the joy that beamed in the hearts of

those, and the friends of those, that returned in safety, presented a brilliant contrast to the mourned and mourning beneath the roof of the village church. Yet that contrast was to be enhanced, and a mother's breast to heave, with emotions too strong to be controlled; even now her eyes were strained to see some one afar off. How eagerly she watches! She stands amid an hundred, yet is not one of them. Her senses, mind, feeling, life—all, all, save her earthly frame, are centered in that form borne in the arms of him who approaches the church-door; she tries in vain to move forward; at length the lost Lucy is clasped in the arms of her mother, who sinks in the agony of joy upon the floor. Albert, Henry, and Eastman, are all here, with many others whose sympathies are intensely interested in this ray of sunlight among the clouds of sorrow.

But who is he that stands there apparently unconscious of all around? 'Tis Foolish Joe, he who had restored the child to the once afflicted family. He heeds not the delight he has imparted—he heeds not the groans of the dying—his expression is vacant. The last night's exertion, mental and bodily, together with the emotions occasioned by this last act of humanity, had been too powerful for his weak intellect, and the star of reason, that had only dawned in the meridian of his life, was extinguished for ever.

UNPUBLISHED STANZAS OF LORD BYRON.—The following stanzas are going the round, purporting to have been copied from an original manuscript of Lord Byron.

"YES, WE HAVE PARTED."

Yes, we have parted! never more
Shall our discovered journeys meet:
Time's wave has left upon the shore
No records of our mutual feet,
When, hand in hand, together we
Went onward by Life's sparkling sea!

Thou has forgotten—I have sought
Another from the tender prize
Of feeling, sympathy and thought
That had their language in thine eyes—
To marvel now if we forget
We ever loved or ever met.

And still there flew some halcyon hours
Along the billows—still there breathed
A sweet, soft atmosphere of flowers
That round the shrines of home were wreathed,
Alas! the halcyon and the gale
Can speed not to my distant sail!

Afar upon the voyage of life,
I take my chosen course alone—
I cannot tell what storms are rife,
Or where my vessel may be thrown:
Yet now a lovelier light appears
Than that we quenched in parting tears!

EXPERIENCES OF A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

THE AGE OF WINES.—The glorification of any kind of wine, which has been kept for a certain term of years in barrel or bottle, is a piece of humbug, that deserves immediate expostion. Good wines will ever attain perfection a few years from their birth; and like the other beautiful god-sends of sunny climes, rapidly deteriorate when past their climacteric. No wine drinker, with any pretension to taste, cares for port that is more than seven or eight years old; and much wine, even at that age, turns tawny, acquires an acidity in place of the valued astringency, and becomes decidedly gout-creating and stomach-turning. The temperature of the cellar materially affects the ripening of various wines; a damp lodgment assists the maturation of most heavy-bodied articles of imbibition—bottled port wine may be speedily ripened by having cold water occasionally thrown over it. Brown Sherry and Madeira are frequently boiled into refinement, particularly in the United States; newly bottled wine is made to deposit and improve in flavor, by being dipped in water, and placed for a few hours in the sun. Madeira, from its acidity, keeps better than any other kind of wine, excepting Maccabee and other Roussillon wines, now of little note. Claret wine will not keep, unless for vinegar. Champagne, the Mousseaux, is at its best when about two years old: M. Moët, of Epernay, has kept some of the finest quality of Sillery or still Champagne in his cellars above a dozen years, but the temperature of the vaults is carefully regulated to about 54 degrees Fahrenheit—and, after all, the quality of the wine is only *retained*, not improved. Hock, and most of the Rhine wines, should be drunk before the delicacy of the aroma has been destroyed by age. Sherry will not bear exportation from its native clime without an addition of the strongest alcohol; and requires to be severely brandied, if not exposed to immediate sale. How then can age improve its virtue?—Wines ought not to be published until they are ripe and drinkable—but let us not be longer humbugged about the excessive age of the various fancy wines, *supposed* to be unspeakably superior and valuable. Let us, if we must regard the age of wine, look to the vintage, and nothing else. It is hard to refrain from laughing, when we see a venerable old codger cocking his half-closed eye toward a glass of thin rhubarb-colored mixture, devoid of smell or taste, and smacking his lips as if in ecstasy, because his father bottled this nastiness eighteen or twenty years ago. When he tells you that it must be good, because he knows it to be old, shame him from his heterodoxy, by praising the flavor of old women as well as old wine—reverence the juiciness of tough old ducks and bucks, and ancient, and therefore venerable, pickles and pine-apples, and other forgotten tenants of the store-room. Old wine! stuff! Old physic is a preferable article.

NEVER LAUGH AT A GHOST STORY!—If, in the sufficiency of your hardihood, you positively disbelieve the existence of spectres, be assured that you are one in a thousand. I speak in the confidence of experience. The birth of the

pedagogue hath not yet fogged every spectre from the grave-yard. Every personage, in every rank of life, from nine to ninety, has seen or known somebody who has an interview with a ghost of an aunt, grandfather, or sweetheart. The majority of the company present at the recital of a ghost story, may take the tone of some daring unbeliever or pretender, and smile at the "ridiculous idea;" but, satisfied in secrecy of the truth of the creed, they are certain to despise the unbeliever. Boswell has left us an apothegm of Johnson's in favor of the ghost-seers; Dom Calmet the expounder of the bible, has given us a history of vampyres; Walter Scott has written a volume on apparitions, and the calculating Colton, in his *Lacon*, although he gives a chapter against the probability of ghostly influences, has upset his theory in a note wherein he acknowledges their existence. The Christian religion is based on supernatural appearances. Frightened people will not think of the necessity of miracles in the days of darkness, and their inutility in these times of mental refulgency. It is somewhat strange that spectres will insist upon dragging iron chains across the grave-yards; how are these poor wretched ghosts supplied with the mineral clogs? or, are they but the ghosts of chains! Why will the spectres wrap their fleshless bones in white sheets on frosty or blowy nights, when by their supernatural powers, they might obtain the ghost of a comfortable overcoat, or watch-cloak? Would not the respective coffins be a more fitting and enduring garb? By the way, how is it, that despite the general dampness of the grave and the clammy mud of the grave-yard, particularly on wet evenings, that the spectral sheets are always white and pure? who supplies the ghosts with clean linen? Some of the spectres are more domestic in the habitudes, I allow; but do they do not always exhibit a lamentable ignorance in the choice of locality? Your thoroughbred-out-and-out-top-sawyer of a ghost, always possesses himself of some diabolical hole in a battered time-eaten castle, or inhabits a garret or cellar in a wretched tenement of the worst description. Are ghosts bashful in their supernaturalness, or are they ashamed of their tomb toilet, that they continually sneak along crazy galleries and down back staircases, avoiding the well-aired passages and comfortable parlors of the domicile, wherein they might settle happily down in somewhat like enjoyment? If grinning ghosts and sheeted spectres will revisit the glimpse of the moon, let them behave in accordance with the spirit of the times, and attend to the amelioration of their race; let them cultivate the decencies and proprieties of human nature if they assume its shape. Instead of moping in the dark dullness of the miasmatic burying ground, let them take a midnight frisk in a fragrant flower garden. Why should not our public squares become conservative ghost walks at night! There is but a nameless difference between moonshine and gas-light. I commend these ideas to the due consideration of the supernatural hosts, and I trust that the spirit of the next schoolmaster who defuncts, will officiate as missionary, and inculcate the wisdom of my word. Let him report progress in the retrayce of our sanctum

during the next moonlight midnight, and evince his appreciation of our proposals by smoking a choice principle with ghostly dignity and grave bearing. We shall expect the honor of a call, and prepare our spirits accordingly.

THE POETRY OF PUNCH MAKING is as little understood by the millions who tiddle the delicious beverage as the difficulties of an epic. Very tolerable whiskey punch may generally be obtained at the various respectable taverns, but a few private punch brewers can mix an article worthy suction. Many tasteless wretches squeeze the juice of the lemon into the punch, instead of slicing thinly off a small portion of the rind or peel. It is good to rub a lump of fine sugar over the outside of the fruit; this process will absorb a sufficiency of the essential oil of the lemon, which is better than any of the interior acid for whiskey punch. But the chemist's article, called essential salt of lemons, is but the salt of sorrel, and is a poisonous affair, although frequently used to give an acid flavor to punch. Remember that the water should boil for whiskey punch, but not for rum or brandy punch; let it be as hot as possible, but if it attains the boiling heat, be assured that your punch will not cream. The rind of a Seville orange is an agreeable addition to whiskey punch. George IV. of England, whose opinions in matters of taste have never been surpassed, patronised a potent but pleasant punch, which was long the fashionable tiddle at the symposiums of the elite, and is favorably known as the Regent's punch. One bottle of Hockheimer, two bottles of W. I. Madeira, three bottles of Mousseaux Champagne, a quart of the finest Cogniac, a bottle of Curacao, a pint of old Jamaica spirits, two bottles of Seltzer water, four pounds of bloom raisins, with the rind and peel of several lemons and Seville oranges. Use white candy instead of sugar, and strong green tea in the place of water. This glorious concoction is a cold tiddle, and should be strongly iced previous to its imbibition. Green tea is a splendid addition to the punch drinker's materials and adds nothing to the expense. After the house keeper is done with the teapot, and every portion of strength that hot water can draw from the leaves has been extracted, the searching power of any strong alcoholic spirit will bring forth nearly as strong an infusion. A very delicious and sensible mixture of good punch may thus be made—Place in the bowl twelve tolerable sized lumps of white sugar—not the pale brown steam refuse generally used in taverns; pour in a pint of hot, but not boiling water, and finely triturate the saccharine. Cast in the peel of two lemons, cut thin and fine with a sharp knife; squeeze in the juice of the fruit also. Then mix a half pint of old Jamaica spirits a quarter of a pint of fine flavored brandy, a wine glass full of old bottled porter or stout, and an *ad libitum* quantity of arrack. Let each ingredient be well stirred in separately; let the bowl be warm before mixing and if all the liquids were placed before the fire previous to their introduction to the bowl, the punch would be warmer and therefore better. If the arrack is good, a slight dash will flavor a good sized bowl of punch; wherever this article is not to be obtained, dissolve a scruple of

benjamin seed in a pint of rum, and you will have a capital succedaneum. There are various additions that may be used, and, to some taste with great effect. A small lump of butter is said to *soften* the punch, but I never found any punch come hard to me. The insertion of a table spoonful of currant jelly, the substitution of shrub for the Jamaica spirit, the use of capillaire instead of sugar, and sherry in lieu of the malt, are sickly alterations unworthy the man of taste. A veteran palate would prefer the use of green tea instead of the aqua pura, but incipient punch drinkers discourage the innovation. There is much tact requisite in the skilful cutting of lemon peel for punch; if it is cut too thick the white pith imparts an unpleasant bitter to the punch; if too thin, the minute cells on the surface, which contain the essential oil of the fruit, are cut through, and the scent and flavor lost.

LOVE LETTERS are dangerous articles to write, and a man of sense avoids their transmission. In every amour, from the secret *liaison* to the honorable courtship, there is a chance of exposure in consequence of a break, and love-letters however well written, must sound ridiculous to all but the parties concerned. How contemptibly small these arrows of Cupid appear in the printed evidence of a breach of promise case, with the italicised words, capitals, points, and dashes of the printer! Many of the fair enslavers are so proud of their conquests that they cannot help showing in confidence the tender epistle to some half dozen particular friends, newly-married cousins and schoolmates. Love letters frequently betray the secret of a snug affair, and involve the scribbling twain into purgatorial difficulties. Avoid them if you wish to prosper.

VEGETABLE SOUPS of all kinds are bad things whenever you expect to swallow a large quantity of wine. The combination of the vicious vegetable acidities results in a regular fermentation, not over pleasant in a well filled stomach. To a hearty dinner-eater, who cares not for more than his regular allowance of sherry or Champagne, these light soups are an agreeable substitution for the heavy *potage* formerly served up as the first or *lightest* course. Turtle or Moch Turtle, Oxtail, Giblet, or Gravy Soups, are ridiculous things to eat, when you know that you have justice to do other things of equal value. Light soups for a large dinner, and *vice versa*. B.

The old Russian custom of the bride, on the evening of the wedding day, taking off her husband's boot, in pledge of obedience, is still retained in some parts of the country, as also that of the husband depositing in one boot a sum of money, and in the other a small whip. If the young wife happens to hit first upon that containing the money, she keeps it—if not, her husband gives her two or three light cuts with the whip. Hence, no doubt, has arisen the universal opinion abroad, that the low born Russian makes known his love for his wife by the application of chastisement.

From the Louisville Journal.
THE PARTED YEAR.

The parted year hath passed away unto that dreamy
land,
Where ages upon ages sleep, a mighty slumbering
band,
And, like a blood-stained conqueror grown weary of
renown,
Hath yielded to the new-born year his sceptre and
his crown.

Hushed now should be each tone of glee, unquaffed
the sparkling wine,
While Love and Grief bow hand in hand to Memo-
ry's sacred shrine,
E'en haughty Pride should humbly bend down from
his lofty steep,
And from the banquet laughing Mirth should turn
aside and weep.

Unwearied Thought with solemn brow droops o'er
the heart's deep urn,
And traces on its glowing page the past will ne'er
return,

While Fancy from her starry light returns with
mournful eye,
And, folding up her rain-bow wing, stands meekly
pensive by.

Hark! the low winds are sighing now o'er the de-
parted year,
And gathering in dim autumn leaves to strew upon
his bier,
While the tall trees stand leafless round unstirred by
summer's breath,
Like mourners 'rest of every hope above the couch of
death.

But now the sepulchre of years hath closed its por-
tals o'er,
The form of the departed year in silence as before,
And the New Year with stately tread steals slowly
o'er the earth,
Robed in the garments of his state, a monarch from
his birth.

Could we but lift the mildewed veil o'er buried ages
cast,
And bring to light the darkened things that slumber
with the past,
Sad mysteries, undreamed of now, one glance would
then unfold,
And many other mournful things, too mournful to be
told.

The cold, the dead, the beautiful, e'en now they si-
lent pass,
Like floating shadows, one by one, o'er Memory's
faithful glass,
And Hope and Love start fondly up to greet them as
of yore,
But something whispers unto each, be still, they are
no more.

Time, ceaseless Time, we know not when thy wait-
dering began,
The dreamy past is sealed to us, the future none may
scan;

We only know that round thy path dark ruins have
been hurled,
That 'neath thy wing Destruction rears his altars o'er
the world.

E'en Science from his eagle-height, so little can
foresee,

He silent turns abashed away, if we but ask of thee.
And if to Eloquence we turn mute is her silver
tongue,

As if upon her spirit's lyre the dews of death were
hung.

Still onward, onward, thou dost press with slow and
measured tread,
Peopling with cold and lifeless forms the cities of the
dead,

Throwing around the young and fair the shadow of
thy wing,
And stealing from each human heart some loved and
cherished thing.

Yet deep, deep in each thrilling heart one fount re-
maineth still,
Which hoary Time nor icy Death hath power to
touch or chill:

It is the holy fount of Love, whose waters hallowed
lie,
Filled from that everlasting source, the well-spring
from on high.

We cannot stay thy foot-steps Time! thy flight no
hand may bind,
Save His whose foot is on the sea, whose voice is on
the wind,

Yet when the stars from their bright sphere like living
flames are hurled,

Thy mighty form will sink beneath the ruins of the
world.

AN EXTRACT.—Alas! how little do we ap-
preciate a mother's tenderness while living.—
How heedless are we, in youth, of all her anxie-
ties and kindness. But when she is dead and
gone; and when the cares and coldness of the
world come withering to our hearts; when we
find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few
love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in
our misfortunes then it is that we think of the
mother that we have lost. It is true I had al-
ways loved my mother, even in my most heed-
less days; but I felt how inconsiderate and how
ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted
as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led
by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a
mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow.
"Oh my mother," exclaimed I, burying my face
again in the grass of the grave, "Oh! that I
were once more by your side; sleeping never to
wake again on the cares and troubles of this
world."

Extract from

ROB OF THE BOWL: A LEGEND OF ST. INIGOE'S.

By the Author of *Horse-Shoe Robinson*—Published by Lea & Blanchard.

The festival of St. Therese, Blanche's birthday, so anxiously looked for by the younger inhabitants of St. Mary's, and scarcely less heartily welcomed by the elder, at length came round. Toward sunset of an evening, mild in temperature and resplendent with the glorious golden-tipped clouds of the October sky, the air fraught with that joyful freshness which distinguishes this season in Maryland, groups of gay-clad persons were seen passing on the high road that led from the town to the Rose Croft. The greater number, according to the usage of that day, rode on horse-back, the women seated on pillars behind their male escort. Some of the younger men trudged on foot, and among these was even seen, here and there, a buxom damsel cheerily making her way in this primitive mode of travel and showing by her merry laugh and elastic step how little she felt the inconvenience of her walk.

It must not be supposed from this account that the luxury of the coach was altogether unknown to the good people of the province. Two of these vehicles were already within the dominions of the Lord Proprietary; one belonging to his Lordship himself, and the other to Master Thomas Notley, of Notley Hall, member of the Council, and sometime, during the Proprietary's late visit to London, the Lieutenant General of the province. They were both of the same fashion, stiff, lumbering, square old machines which had been imported some twenty years past, and were often paraded in the street of St. Mary's with their bedizened postillions and footmen, to the no inconsiderable enhancement, in the eyes of the burghers, of the dignity and state of their possessors. The bountiful foresight and supreme authority, it may be said, of the Lady Marion had procured the aid of both of these accommodations for the service of the evening, and they were, accordingly, now plying backward and forward between the Port and the Collector's, for the especial ease and delectation of sundry worshipful matrons whose infirmities rather inclined them to avoid the saddle, and also for the gratification of such favorites of the good lady, among the younger members of the population, as she vouchsafed to honor by this token of her regard. By the help of these conveniences a considerable number of guests had been set down, at the scene of festivity, a full hour before sunset—this early convocation being in strict conformity with the social usages by which our ancestors were accustomed, on occasions of jollity, to take time by the forelock.

The fame of the preparations at the Rose Croft had attracted, in addition to the invited guests, all such mere idlers as the humbler ranks

of the towns-people supplied. These were chiefly congregated about the principal gateway, drawn thither by their desire to witness the coming of the visitors and to gratify that inquisitive love of observation at the display of holiday finery, which furnishes so large a fund of marvel to those whose lot excludes them from participating in its exhibition. This crowd was composed of serving-men and maids, idle apprentices and vagrant strollers, of both sexes, with a due admixture of ragged, bare-legged boys, who drove a business of some little gain, by taking charge of the horses of such as dismounted at the verge of the enclosure that surrounded the dwelling. In their estimation Willy of the Flats, ordinarily a comrade of the idle craft, but now elevated into a character of some importance on a theatre of higher honor, was a personage at the present moment of no mean consideration, and he did not fail to let his consequence be seen and felt by his old compeers. His rough shoes were greased to give them a more comely exterior, his linen, new-washed, was ambitiously displayed upon his breast, and his dilapidated garments, put in the best condition by their weather-stricken service would allow, were ostentatiously freshened up with knots of parti-colored ribands which, especially upon his veteran beaver, flared in streamers, and audibly fluttered in the zephyr that played across his brow. His fiddle, which was soon to be called into active employment, was as yet suspended to the kitchen wall in its green bag, and he strutted, in vacant leisure, across the lawn in the presence of his envying cronies at the gateway, with a vain-glorious and self-gratulating step, that showed, at least, how complacently he viewed his own exaltation, even if he did not win as much worship from the spectators.

"Troth, Michael Mossback," he said with a significant twinkle of the eye; "but we will make dainty work of it to-night—our junketing shall be spoken of on both sides of the bay, come this many a long year. The quality themselves do not often see the like,—and the simple folks that have had the luck to be let in, will not forget it, or I am mistaken, till the young down turns into old bristles. It is like to be a most capersome and I may say melodious merry-making. You had no light hand, Michael, in the ordering of it."

"You may make Bible oath to that," replied the gardener; "and you would never be fore-sworn. Order it, I did, truly—the out-door work, the kitchen work and the hall work. Here was the trimming of hedges to make all smooth at the bank side, and the setting out of the lawn—not a straggling leaf shall you see upon it; then the herbs for the kitchen, and the flowers for the hall!—Faith it was a handful of work for a week past. If it had not been for Michael there would have been but tame sport to-night."

"Oh, but you have a great head, for such monstrous contrivances, Master Michael: you

are a gardener of gardeners! Adam was of the trade before you,—but he had no jig-muster to set out, I trow, in his time:—his noddle could never have compassed it—or his five wits would have buzzed till he grew blind,—and then all his children would have given up the trade for ever after. Oh, was it not lucky for us that Father Adam was put to the ordering of a jig-muster?”

“Out, you beet-face,” exclaimed the gardener, half angrily; “go put your gibes upon them that have an ear for such cracks! Why dost thou stand grinning there with thy flaunting ribbands, when there is work for thee elsewhere? Look to yon gaping herd of beggars at the gate—they will presently so crowd the way that no one may enter. Look to it, until you are wanted in the hall, and you shall earn your penny-fee and broken victual the better for it.”

“Out upon thee, Michael, thyself, for a churl, a cockle weed! I eat no broken victual, I trow, at thy hand: he would have scant fare who waited on thy charity. A crowder has as much worship as a spade-lifter any day in the year—so, cock your nose at some one below you!”

“A jest for a gibe, Willy,” returned the gardener good humoredly; “a jest for a gibe! Play turkey cock and swell to your heart’s content!—and when you have let off your spite go to the gate where you are wanted. Go, friend Willy,—I would not vex you, in faith.”

The fiddler, after this short and ruffling encounter, having regained his equanimity, and not displeased at the chance of showing his importance to the loiterers about the gate, went to the post assigned to him; where, with a self-complacent tone of admonition, he addressed the assemblage, consisting of some dozen auditors, with a discourse upon the behaviour expected of them on this interesting occasion both by himself and the master of the feast.

Prominent among those upon whom this instruction was bestowed, was one who had ever regarded Willy with singular deference: this was a lean and freckled lad, just on the verge of manhood, whose unmeaning eye, relaxed fibre and ever present smile denoted a stunted intellect, whilst his unoffending inquisitiveness gained him admission to the skirts of all gatherings, whether festive or sad. His restless foot and characteristic thirst for knowledge habitually impelled him to seek the most conspicuous post of observation, and he was now, accordingly, in the foremost rank of Willy’s hearers. Wise Watkin, (for by this name he was familiarly greeted by young and old,) notwithstanding the parsimony with which nature had doled out to him the gift of wit, was remarkable for his acquaintance with all classes of persons, and for a certain share of cunning in picking up the shreds of whatever rumor might chance, for the time, to agitate the gossip of the town: he was still more remarkable for his inordinate admiration of the fiddler.

Willy had just concluded his lecture of ad-

vice to his cronies, when his attention was arrested by the rumble of wheels heard at a distance, and by a cloud of dust which was seen rising in the neighboring wood through which the road lay from town.

“Hearken, neighbors,—his Lordship’s coach!” he cried out. “We shall have it here anon, stuffed with people of worship. Take ranks on each side of the road—quickly, I beseech you! I will see you all cared for at the feast. Now remember, at my signal, thus,—hands to your caps, lads,—and wenches, sink:—do it comely and altogether.”

“Ranks, ranks!” exclaimed Wise Watkin, who, with officious alacrity, began to push the crowd into the array indicated by the fiddler. “Heed Willy, and do as he bids. I warrant you, he knows what will please the gentle-folks—hands to your caps!”

The motley ranks being formed according to the fiddler’s direction, awaited the arrival of those for whom this formal salutation was designed.

Instead of the Proprietary’s coach, a few moments disclosed a cart with a little thick set, shaggy pony attached to it, coming at high gallop upon the road. On the bench above the shafts was described the jolly figure of the landlady of the Crow and Archer, in the identical suit of green and scarlet in which we have heretofore noticed her, playing the part of chariotteer. Beside her sat the terrified Garret Wessel, who, of too light bulk to maintain a solid seat, jolted fearfully to and fro at every spring of the vehicle. The pony had manifestly taken the speed of his journey into his own discretion, and, with the shank of the bit gripped between his teeth, and head curved side wise, set his course doggedly for the gate, in obstinate resistance of the dame, who, with both arms at stretch, reddened brow and clenched teeth, tugged at the reins, to turn him into a road that led, by a circuit, toward the rear of the dwelling, whither she was now conveying sundry articles of provision which she had undertaken to supply for the feast.

“For the Lord’s sake, friends, stop the beast!” shouted the treble voice of the vintner as soon as he perceived Willy’s corps—“stop us for the love of mercy!”

As the crowd gathered to arrest the runaways, a waive of the hand from the dame suspended their purpose. Her mettle was roused by the contumacy of the pony; whereupon, in disdain of the proffered aid, she gave loose rein to her beast, and, at the same time plying her whip across his flanks, whilst her forlorn help-mate, with eyes starting from their sockets, shouted aloud for help, flew through the gateway with increased velocity,—a broad smile playing upon the face of the dame as she cried out to the lookers on,—“Never heed the babe, a gay ride will mend his health.”

The address of the landlady in safely passing through the narrow way, elicited a general

burst of applause, which rang in shouts until she had fairly got the better of the self-will of her four footed antagonist, and had halted him, panting, at the back of the house.

"By my gossip," exclaimed Willy; "it was no such great mistake to set down dame Dorothy's tumbrel for my Lord's coach! If it had been a coach and six it could not have made more dust or better speed."

"It could not, on my conscience!" shouted Wise Watkin, in a shrill response to Willy's laugh.—"There's a tickle to the ribs!—that fiddler Willy should take dame Dorothy's cart and bow necked Bogle for my Lord's coach!"—and with this reflection he joined still louder in the chorus which echoed the general merriment, not doubting that the laugh was occasioned by Willy's mistake.

Mean time the company continued to arrive. The coaches came with new freights, and fresh parties on horseback alighted at the gate. The Collector, more than usually precise in apparel, stood at the door receiving the frequent comers with all that particularity of observance which so strongly marked the manners of the past century; and group after group was ushered into the hall. Here Mistress Alice, in sad-colored, silken attire, plain and becoming in its fashion, gave welcome to her visitors; whilst the Lady Maria, in character of what might be termed the patroness of the revel, took post by her side. The neat little figure of the Proprietary's sister received a surprising accession of bulk from the style of her dress, which was according to a mode yet new in the province. Her hair, laid flat and smooth upon the crown of the head, was tortured into a sea of curls that fell over either ear to the point of the shoulder, and to the same depth upon the back, fringing her brow with light and fleecy flakes—the whole powdered to a pearly, brownish hue, and inlaid with jewelled bands. Her gown, both body and skirt, was of rich, flowered tabby, whose coruscating folds rustled with portentous dignity, as the lady moved slowly from place to place. This derived still greater increment of stateliness from a stomacher and huge farthingale, or hoop, made after a fashion which the queen of Charles the Second, nearly twenty years before, had brought from Portugal and introduced to the wondering eyes of the merry court dames of England. The glory of this array gave a world of condescension to the deep and awfully formal courtesy with which the benevolent spinster made her salutations to the freshly arriving troops; who, in their turn, it was obvious, were duly impressed with the grandeur of the accost, and did full homage to the claims of the lady as the presiding genius of the ball.

Blanche Warden, with a playfulness that vibrated between the woman and the girl, abandoned the reception of the guests to the elders of the family, and gave herself up to the guidance of her prevailing humor, as she appeared, at one moment, in the hall smiling amidst the

congratulations of friends, and at another, skimming across the lawn with a dozen of her school-mates in the random flight of their wild fancies. Her dress was characterised by the simplicity of a maiden as yet unambitious to assume the privileges of womanhood. It consisted of a boddicer of light blue velvet accurately fitted to her shape, and laced across the bosom with silken cords, the tasseled extremities of which depended almost to the ground; short white sleeves looped to the shoulder by bands of the color of the boddicer; a skirt of white lawn sparingly trimmed with blue, and divested of that cumbrousness of volume which belonged to the costume of women of that day; and a low white slipper disclosing a foot and ankle of faultless proportions. Her neck and shoulders, of matchless beauty, were given uncovered to the evening breeze; and her glossy hair, constrained above her brow by a fillet of blue ribband, fell in rich volume down her back. No jewel or gem contributed its lustre to grace her person; but a bouquet of choice flowers planted on the upper verge of the boddicer, and a white rose nestling among the braided tresses on her forehead, better than carcanet or chain of gold, diamond clasp or ear-ring, consorted with the virgin purity and artless state of the wearer.

For a time, until the thickening shades of twilight and the keenness of the evening air began to admonish them of the comfort of the house, many of the guests, attracted by the unusual mildness of the season, loitered about the door or strolled across the grounds. Near the brink of the cliff which overlooked the river might have been seen Captain Dauntress amusing a group of idle comrades. Here and there, a priest from the Jesuit House of St. Ignace, in his long cassock, diversified the general aspect of gay costumes, with a contrast grateful to the eye. The Proprietary, with the buxom old host, Mr. Warden, and the aged Chancellor, essayed to make merry with some venerable matrons who, with a sagacious presentiment of rheumatic visitations, were effecting a retreat toward the chimney corner of the parlor. Talbot played the gallant among a half score of maidens, who flitted along the margin of the cliff with a clamor that almost amounted to riot, whilst in his wake, Master Benedict Leonard, as gaudy as a jay, strutted swaggering along, apparently but to indulge his admiration of his kinsman or to discharge some shot of saucy freedom among the maidens.

With the lighting of candles the first notes of Willy's fiddle were heard in a bravura flourish summoning the dancers to the hall; and here the ball was opened, according to prescriptive custom, with the country-dance, which was led off by no less a personage than the Lady Maria, attended by the worshipful Collector himself as her partner, the couple affording, both in costume and movement, the richest imaginable portraiture of that "ancientry and state" which so wonderfully pleased the fancy of our progeni-

tera. Other dances of the same character, mingled with jigs and reels, succeeded, and the company soon rose into that tone of enjoyment which the contagious merriment of the dance diffuses over all such assemblages. Cards, at that day, even more than at present, constituted the sober resource of the elder and graver portions of society of both sexes; and accordingly, by degrees, the Collector had drawn off to the parlor a respectable corps of veterans, who, grouped around the small tables, pursued this ancient pastime with that eagerness which it has always inspired among its votaries, leaving the hall to the unchecked mirth of the dancers.

"We heard it said that Master Cocklescraft, of the Olive Branch, was to be here to-night," said Grace Blackiston, as she encountered Blanche in the dance. "He told father Pierre that he was coming; and I have heard it whispered too, that he has brought some pretty presents with him from abroad. I do not behold him yet, and here is the evening half gone. Oh, I do long to see him, for they say he dances so well. Is he not coming?"

"He has been bidden," replied Blanche, "though not much with my will: I care not whether he comes or stays away."

"Ha, Blanche has no eye but for Master Albert," said the merry maiden, as she turned off and addressed herself to a school-mate who stood near; "yet a good dancer is not to be scorned now-a-days, even if the Secretary were a better. And if he were a better, he does n't dance so much that we should content ourselves with him. The Secretary has not been on the floor to-night, but must needs be tracking and trailing father Pierre about the room. I do believe he does so for no purpose but to win sights of Blanche Warden. I wonder if the durlard can be in love? It looks hugely like it."

The Secretary had, in truth, not yet mingled in the dance, but from the beginning of the evening had loitered in the hall, apparently watching the sports, and now and then, communing with father Pierre, who, though a priestly, was far from being a silent or grave looker-on. The benevolent churchman enjoyed a commanding popularity with the younger portions of the society of the province, and took so much pleasure in the manifestation of it, that he was seldom absent from such of their gatherings as the course of his duty would allow him to attend. For the same reason he was generally to be found among the assemblages of his children, as he called them, rather than mingling in the graver coteries of those of his own period of life. On the present occasion he had scarcely quitted the dancing apartment during the evening, but stood by, a delighted spectator of the mirth that sparkled in the faces of the happy groups, and heard with glee, almost equal to their own, the wild laughter that echoed through the hall.

"They will presently begin to think Master Albert Verheyden intends to set himself up for a philosopher," he said, as the Secretary en-

countered him on the skirts of the dancers, the eye of the priest beaming with a good-natured playfulness. "It is not usual for a squire of dames to be so contemplative. My son, have you given over the company of damsels to consort with an old priest in so gay a scene as this?"

"Father, I would dance if there were need; but there is not often an empty space upon the floor nor lack of those who seek to fill it. It pleases me as well to hold discourse with you."

"Ah, benedictus! my son, it is not at your time of life that you may gain credence for such self denial. More than one of the maidens has put the question to me to-night, how this should come to pass."

"Reverend Father, though I will not deny I love the dance, yet my nurture long made me a stranger to it; and now, since my fortune has brought me into the gay world, I scarce may conquer the diffidence I feel to exhibit myself in such unaccustomed exercise."

"It is an innocent pleasure, son Albert, and a graceful. There is healthful virtue in these laughing faces and active limbs. St. Ignatius forbid that I should commend an unseemly sport! but it hath ever been my belief that the young men can find no better instructors in the gentle perfections of charity and good will than in their sport-mates among the maidens,—and so I preach in mine office: nor, truly, may the maidens better learn how to temper their behaviour with the grace of pleasing—which hath in it a summary of many excellences, Master Albert—than in the fellowship of our sons. Now, away with thee! There is Blanche Warden, who has sent her eye hither a dozen times, since we have been speaking, to ask the question why I detain thee from thy duty. Ah, blessed Thersa! daughter Blanche does not suspect I am chiding thee for that very fault. Go, my son; it were shame to see you so little dainty in your company to prefer the casscock to the petticoat. Go, go!"

The lively gesture of the priest and his laughing face, as he dismissed the Secretary from his side, attracted the notice of Blanche, who, as Albert Verheyden approached her, saluted him with

"I am right glad, Master Albert, that father Pierre has seen fit to bestow upon you such chiding as, with a will, I would have given you myself. I looked to you to help me through my ball to-night, and made sure of it that you would lead out some of the maidens to dance; for there are many here that have not yet had their turn:—there's Mistress Hay, the Viewer's sister,—she has sat there all night, unregarded by mortal man. Ah, Master Albert, you are no true friend to desert me in my need."

"Fair Mistress Blanche," replied the Secretary with a downcast look, "I stand under your displeasure, and acknowledge my undeserving. Indeed, my dull brain did not perceive your straits. I waited for your bidding. You will

pardon me that, being trained to obedience on your command, I did not now presume to move without it. I will away and lead forth the Viewer's sister on the instant."

"Nay, stay now! I have saved you that errand. Captain Dauntrees, upon my petition, has proffered his hand, and, you may see, they are now standing on the floor ready to begin. You shall find other duty."

"To dance with you, gentle mistress, an' it like you."

"How can it but like me, Master Albert? Oh, but I do affect this dancing! And yet, truly, I much better like it as we have danced many a time at the Rose Croft, on a winter's night, with our handful of cronies, and sister Alice to touch the spinnet to a gay tune, and you to teach us these new over-sea dances. These were pleasant hours, Master Albert, and worth a world of our stately birth-day junketings. Was it not so?"

"I love not the crowd," returned the Secretary with a lively emotion; "but these fire-side pastimes! you may praise them with your most prodigal speech, and still fall short of their just meed. We had no holiday finery there to make proud the eye, nor glosing speech to set up perfections which we did not own, nor studied behaviour to win opinion by; but what we were we seemed, and what we felt we said. There is more virtue in these hearth-side communings than you shall find in a hemisphere of shows."

"Ah, Master Albert, you have seen the gaudy world on the other side of the water, and can speak of it with assurance. Our little, unfurnished province hath but scant pleasures for you: it is a make-believe to praise our homely hearths."

"Now, by the blessed virgin Therese! I speak, Mistress Blanche, the very breathings of my secret heart, and tell you, though little I can boast of acquaintance with that gaudy world, nothing have I seen, dreamed or tasted of worldly pleasure,—nay, nothing have I, in the wildest flight of fond imagination, ever fancied of human happiness, that might exceed the rich delight of those household scenes you speak of."

"Were they not happy!" exclaimed Blanche, kindling into a rapture excited by the fervor of the Secretary's earnest and eloquent manner. "We owe so much of it to you, Master Albert. Until you came into the province, we sometimes had a weary hour at the Rose Croft: now, my father finds it weary when you are away. I do not,—because I may surely count that it shall never be long until you are here again.—Sancta Maria! did we not stand here to dance? and, look you, our turn has past all unheeded. Truly, they will say we were both distraught! We will to the foot again and take another turn."

It was as the maiden had said. In the engrossment of their conversation they had been passed by in the country-dance. As they now went to the foot to bring themselves into place, Blanche whispered, "I rejoice the Skipper is

not come to-night: his shrewdness has taught him, notwithstanding my father's good will, that there is but little relish for his company at the Rose Croft."

"You reckon without your host, Mistress Blanche," replied the Secretary. "There is the Skipper outside of the window; and not well pleased with his own ruminations, if I may judge by his folded arms and thoughtful eye."

Cocklescraft had been in the porch, looking in upon the scene, some moments before he was observed; a crowd of domestics having so pre-occupied the same station as almost to shield him from the notice of those within. Whilst Blanche and Albert now danced, he had planted himself in the door. His countenance was grave, his attitude statue-like, and his eye sharply followed the motions of the maiden. His dress, somewhat outlandish but still within the license of that period, was of a Spanish fashion, profusely decorated with embroidery and set off by jewels of exceeding richness. It was too ambitious of ornament to be compatible with good taste, and manifested that love of finery which is the infallible index of a tawdry and sensual nature. The thoughtfulness of his countenance denoted an abstraction, of which he was obviously not conscious at the moment, for he no sooner caught the glance of Blanche than his whole bearing underwent a sudden change; his eye sparkled, his lip assumed a smile, and he became at once, in appearance, the gay and careless reveller.

"God save the Rose of St. Mary's, the beautiful flower of our New World!" he said, as he approached the maiden with what she could not fail to note as an over-acted effort to assume the cavalier. "Viva la Padrona, tutta bella, tutta bona! The damsels of Portugal will teach you the meaning of that speech, pretty mistress. St. Iago! but you have a gallant company to-night," he added, as he cast his eyes around; in doing which he recognised Albert Verheyden with a scarcely perceptible nod of the head, and then turned his back upon him. "By your leave, Mistress Blanche, I would dance with you at your first leisure: the next dance, or the next,—I am thine humble servant for as long as you will. Shall it not be the next dance, lady?"

"I will tell you anon: I know not whether I may dance again to-night, Master Cocklescraft," replied the maiden coldly.

"There spoke the same tongue that refused my mantle! Your cruelty, mistress, exceeds that beauty which all men so boast of in this province. I would that I might bring you to look upon me with compassion. Not even a dance with the queen of our feast! A poor, rough-spoken sailor meets but little grace in a lady's favor, when white-handed lute-players and ballad-singing pages stand ready at her call. It is even as you will! damsels have the privilege of denial all the world over, and I am too much of a gallant to trouble you with an unwelcome suit—"

"I will dance with you, Master Cocklescraft,"

said Blanche anxiously, as she saw the chafed spirit of the Skipper working in his face notwithstanding his effort to disguise it; whilst, at the same time, she feared that his peevish allusion to the Secretary might have been overheard; "call on me for the next set, and I will dance with you."

"Now by the light, I thought your goodness would relent! 'Tis not in your nature to be unkind. Gracias! I am at your feet, Senora—I shall be on the watch. Scotch jig, reel, or country-dance, they all came pat to me. I can dance the bransle, cinquepace, or minuet—the corant, fandango, or gailliard. You shall find me at home, mistress, in every clime. Meantime, I will seek our host, the worshipful Collector. I have not seen him yet."

This unusual familiarity in the address of the Skipper, and the importunate and even offensive freedom of his manner were the result of an endeavor to conceal a discontented temper under the mask of gaiety. He had brooded over the incidents connected with his late visit to the Rose Croft, until he had wrought himself into a tone of feeling that might engender any extravagance of behaviour. The coldness of the maiden, we have seen, he imputed to causes altogether independent of her good will or aversion; and he was, therefore determined to persevere in his aim to win her favor—an enterprise which, in his harsh and rude estimate of the proprieties of conduct, he did not deem in any respect hopeless. He made sure, in his reckoning, of the friendship of the Collector, from whom he had experienced those manifestations of good feeling which a hospitable and kind hearted man flings around him almost at random, but which Cocklescraft's self-flattering temper magnified into indications of special regard.

The agitation of these topics had thrown him into a perplexed thoughtfulness which alone was the cause of his tardy appearance at the ball; and now that he had arrived, the same rumination kept him vibrating, in a moody abstraction between total silence at one period, and an unnatural exhibition of mirth at the next, giving to the latter that garish flippancy of manner which was so annoying to the maiden.

The cordial and frank civility with which the Collector recognised the Skipper among the guests, unfortunately contributed to confirm him in the opinion of Master Warden's favor.

"Why, Richard Cocklescraft," said the host, upon looking up from the cards which had been absorbing his attention, and discovering the Skipper, "art thou here among the grey beards? Why should you flock to the old fowl when the young are gathered in the hall? There is no gout in your toe, I warrant. Get thee back, man—we will have no deserters here! You promised to bring a blithe foot for a jig, Master Cocklescraft; art jired of the sport already?"

"In truth, worshipful Master Warden," replied the Skipper, "I have, but within this half

hour, arrived at the house; 'tis not long since I left my brigantine, where matters on board detained me."

"Ha, and you have not danced to night? Then you owe Blanche a turn of duty. Go quickly back, Richard, and foot it with my girl. I have praised your leg, man, and said enough to put you on your mettle. Back to the hall, Master Cocklescraft, and say to Blanche I sent thee for a straight-backed comrade to hold her to the pledge of a reel."

"I am already bound to that pledge, and the time is at hand to make it good. I but stole away for an instant to pay my duty here," replied the Skipper; and taking heart from the familiar greeting of his host, returned to the dancing apartment with lighter step and more cheerful face.

Blanche took the earliest moment to perform her engagement, hoping by this alacrity to acquit herself of her obligation in a manner least calculated to occasion remark, and soonest to disembarass herself of her partner's importunity. The dance, on her part, was a reluctant courtesy, and was accordingly so manifested in her demeanor, in spite of her resolution to the contrary. Cocklescraft, however, was too much elated to perceive how ill he stood in the maiden's grace. Scant encouragement will suffice to feed the hopes of a lover; still more scant in a lover of such a temperament as that of the heady seaman. His vanity was quick to interpret favorably every word of civility that fell from Blanche's lips; and the little that escaped her during the dance seemed anew to brighten his hopes and inspire the zeal of his pursuit.

When the engagement was accomplished the maiden quickly escaped from her distasteful suitor, by retiring from the hall and mingling with other companions.

The guests were now summoned to supper. In a wing of the dwelling house the tables were loaded with dainty cheer, more to be remarked for its capacity to please the palate, than for the enticements which modern epicurism has invented to gratify the eye. An orderly division of matrons in damask and brocade, escorted by quaint cavaliers in periwigs, moved forward at a measured pace to make the first onslaught. These were followed by active beves of youthful revellers who rushed pell-mell to the scene of assault.

In the housekeeper's apartment which looked into the supper-room, sundry women, intent upon supplying the tables, might have been seen ministering their office with scarcely less clamor than that which echoed from the consumers of the feast. Here, in a post of usurped control over the domestics, busy in rinsing glasses, cleansing platters, adjusting pasties, and despatching comfits, was the merry landlady of the Crow and Archer whose saucy, laughing, and not unhandsome face, grew lustrous with the delight afforded by her occupation. Full as she was of the appropriate business of her station,

she still had time to watch the banquet and make her comments upon the incidents which transpired there.

"Ho, Bridget Coldcale! Bridget, this way look you!" she exclaimed, as with napkin in hand, and eye glistening with delight, she beckoned to the thin and busy housekeeper. "If you would live and laugh, pray come this way and take a peep at the table. Who should we have here, as pert and proud as if she was the lady of my Lord, but our gossip, Dolly Cadger? Think of it,—the dame herself, in her own true flesh and blood among all these gentlefolk. Marry! Master Anthony Warden was in straits to choose comers when he went to the mercer's shop to find them. What a precious figure the sea-tortoise makes with her yellow camblet, blue sarnet, and green satin! And that lace piner stuck upon her head, with great lappets flaunting down like hound's ears! I cannot but laugh my sides into a stitch—it is such a dainty tire for a mercer's wife. It all comes, you may swear, bran new out of the mercer's pack—for the poor man had never the soul to deny her; there shall be a twelve month's bragging on the top of this. Good lack! yonder is Dauntrees, like an humble bee, beside the Viewer's sister! The old potguzzler is never a man to flinch from his trencher. Master Ginger, I know the measure of thy stomach of old! I have warmed thy insides for thee!"

"For the blessing of charity and the love of good works, Dame Dorothy, some drink!" cried Willy, the fiddler, who had just stolen from his post and elbowed his way into the housekeeper's room. "Some drink, beautiful mistress! my throat is as dry as a midsummer chimney; swallows are building nests in it: my lips are dusty from long drought, and my elbow is not able to wag for want of oil. Quick, good dame, or I shall crisp! Ha, the piper's benison upon thy head! that is smooth and to the purpose," he exclaimed, after tossing off a glass which the dame presented him. "Now, worthy hostess, a bone to gnaw, for I am fearfully empty and like to cave in! speed thee, dame: the dancers will be calling before I am filled."

"So,—Willy, set you down and comfort your stomach at your leisure; there will be no haste to leave the supper-table this half hour," replied the landlady, as she laid a plate before the fiddler, furnished with good store of pasty; "take your time and make a belly full of it, child—thou hast earned thy provender. I warrant you, Willy, you never had a merrier pair of legs to 'Hunt the Squirrel,' than our old Captain gave thee to-night."

"Haw, haw!" shouted Willy; "Captain Dauntrees is a king of Captains, dame. Troth, he hath put a new spring in Master Warden's old floor. I would have given a piece of eight out of my own pocket, Mistress Dorothy—that is if I had so much—to have seen thee on the plank no-night footing it to 'Hunt the Squirrel' with the Captain, or to 'Moll Pately,' or some such

other merry frisk as I could have made for you: it would have been as good as a month's schooling to some of our gentlefolks."

"Me on the floor, indeed!" ejaculated the dame, with an affected laugh. "Faith, I might be there as well as some that crow under a hood, and the ball suffer no shame neither. But Master Warden doth not drop his favor so low as a vintner's wife; he must needs stop short with the mercer. Willy, didst think before, that the publican was of less worship than the pedler? Hath Dame Cadger better reason to hold up her head than Dame Weasel? Speak the truth, man, honestly."

"Master Perry Cadger hath done with peddling more than a year past," replied Willy; "he is now a 'stablished mercer, with freehold in the town and trade in the common: and they do say, Mistress Dorothy, that he makes money over-hand; marry, he will be worshipful anon; money makes worship, dame, all the world over."

"May be it doth; but I would fain know, hath not Garret Weasel as goodly a freehold in the town, as old a trade in the common, and as full a pouch a Perry Cadger? better, older, and fuller, on my word! Now, where is that same mortal, my husband?" inquired the dame, looking around her; "as I live by food, there he is at the chimney-check, fast asleep in the midst of all this uproar! The noddipeake is of too dull a spirit for such a place as this. Wake him up, Willy! Garret, man!" she screamed, in a tone which instantly brought him to his feet; "if thou'rt weary, put Bogle in the cart and get thee home to bed; Matty will bring the cart back and wait for me."

"I sleepy!" returned the husband, in a husky voice, and with a bewildered drowsy eye which he endeavored to light up with a laugh; "good woman, if you wait here until I grow sleepy, you will be a weary loiterer,—that's all I have to say. Sleepy, dame! If a man but wink his eye in the light, you would swear to a snore. Adsheart-likens! I have been, in many a rouse, wife, as you well know; day-dawn is my twelve of the clock; chanticleer hath crowed himself hoarse many a time before he could get me to bed. I'll see the out."

"Oh, chops, chops! here's an honest night's work for you!" drawled out Wise Watkin, who had, ever since dark, occupied a station at a window as a spectator of the dancing, and now had pryingly thrust his head into the housekeeper's apartment; "here be eatables and drinkables, wet and dry, to set any stomach a laughing! Why how now, Willy!" he ejaculated, with a chuckle, as he discovered the fiddler regaling himself in the room, and advanced toward him with the skulking step of a dog that is doubtful of his reception; "you know where the fat and the sweet are, I warrant you. Oh, Master Willy, you are a wise fiddler! their worships do well to make much of you. Have you never a crust for Watkin?"

"Out, you dotterel!" shouted Mistress Cold-cake, in a key that thrilled through the frame of the simpleton, and turned him precipitately toward the door. "Hav'nt we idlers enough in our way without you? Here, take this and be gone among thy cronies," she continued, as relenting she gave the witless intruder a plate of provisions. "And as for you, Willy, the young folks are gathering again in the hall, there will be a message for you presently."

"I stay for no message," replied the crowder, as he rose and shook the crumbs from him, and, with jaws still occupied, withdrew from the apartment, followed by the admiring Watkin.

Upon the lawn in front of the house, Albert Verheyden had erected a bower, which sheltered a rustic altar dedicated to St. Therese, over which the name of Blanche had been wrought in large letters, formed by a number of suspended lamps, which threw a softened light for a considerable space around. Hither, after supper, Mr. Warden, with a small party of his guests, had strolled, in the interval before the sports of the evening were resumed. Cocklescraft had watched the opportunity, and now, somewhat elated with wine as well as buoyed up with hope, had tracked the Collector's footsteps until he found him separated some little space from his company.

"Well met, Master Warden!" was the Skipper's accost, so familiarly whispered in the ear of his host as to produce a slight movement of surprise. "Well met, Caballero! I have a word for thy private ear; this way, if you please. It is somewhat cool, so I will to my purpose, roundly, in seaman's fashion."

"Speak what thou wilt, but quickly, Master Cocklescraft, and in plain phrase: I shall like it the better."

"Master Warden, then, without mincing the matter, I would have your leave to woo our beautiful maiden, your daughter."

"Who,—what,—how?" interrupted the Collector, in a voice that spoke his astonishment.

"Your daughter, Mistress Blanche; ay, and have your good word to the suit: I love her like a true son of the sea—heartily, and in that sort would woo her."

"What is it you ask?" again spoke the host with increased surprise.

"I have gear enough, Master Warden; no man may turn thy heel on me for lack of gold."

"How now, sirrah!" interrupted the Collector, as in this brief space the storm had gathered to the bursting point: "You would woo my daughter?—woo her?—my Blanche? Richard Cocklescraft, hast lost thy wits—turned fool, idiot; or is thy brain fevered with drink? You make suit to my daughter? You win and wear a damsel of her nature! Hear me. Thy craft is a good craft—I do not deny it; an honest calling, when lawfully followed! a brave calling! but thou sail'st on a false reckoning when thou hopest to find favor with my girl Blanche. Thy rough sea-jacket and thy sharking license on the

salt sea mates not with daughter of mine:—the rose leaf and the sea-nettle! You venture too largely on your welcome, sirrah!" he said, as his anger began to show itself in his quickened speech, above his effort to restrain it. "Master Skipper, there is insolence in this. Hark you, sir! if you would not have me disown your acquaintance and forbid you my house, you will never speak again of my daughter."

With this brief rebuke of the Skipper's aspirations the host retreated hastily, and much out of humor, into the house, leaving his guest in a state of bewilderment at the sudden and unexpected issue of the interview. For a moment the seaman stood fixed on the spot, his lips compressed, his hands clenched, and his eye directed to the retiring figure of the Collector. At length, beginning to find breath and motion, he muttered, "So, it has come to this! he has been playing the hypocrite! It was but a holiday welcome, after all! I shall note it for future remembrance. A sea-nettle! By Saint Anthony he shall find me one! And that sharking license he spoke of: he shall taste its flavor. This girl hath been trained in her dislike. Oh, it is his sport to see me foiled! I am brought here express to the ball by his persuasion,—nay, command; I am capressed with courtesies, and even challenged to romps with the maiden by his own lips. Who so free in his admission here as I?—Richard Cocklescraft, forsooth! One would have thought we had been fellow thieves in our time; there was such crouching in his phrase: and then, at last, when frankly I tell him my purpose, I am to be huffed and hectored of the ground with bullying speeches! He must bounce me as if I were a cowardly boy. Oh, wind and wave and broad-sea sky! it was not in your nursing I learned the patience to bear this wrong. Thou'rt not too old yet, Anthony Warden, to be taught the hazard of rousing a Bloody Brother! And as for thee, gay maiden, dream on of thy bookish ballad-singing, Master Albert! I have a reckoning to settle with him. It will be a dainty exploit to send him, feet foremost, into the Chapel for a blessing. Luckily, Sir Secretary, you owe me the worth of an unsatisfied grudge! Softly—Master Verheyden himself! we meet at a fortunate hour."

The soliloquy of the Skipper was interrupted by the approach of the Secretary, who entered alone into the bower and paused a moment before the little altar. A light tap on the shoulder made Albert aware of the presence of Cocklescraft, and turning round to confront the person who gave it, he was immediately greeted with the accost, "I have a word for your ear, sir;—if you be a man you will follow me out of this broad light. What I have to say is better told where no one may observe us; follow me, sir."

"You are somewhat too peremptory," replied the Secretary, as he stepped after the Skipper toward the cliff: "I follow, though I think more courtesy would befit your station. I

have once before marked and reprov'd your rudeness."

"I have no courtesies to waste on thee," said Cocklescraft, sharply; "my business is with thy manhood. You have the maiden to thank that I did not bring you to instant account for that insolent reproof you speak of. I come to deal with you upon it now. Art thou a man? Dar'st thou meet me to-morrow, at noon, at Corawaley's Cross?"

"I dare meet you and any or all who have right to claim it of me," replied Albert, promptly. "in the way of honorable quarrel, if such be the meaning of your challenge. And although I am ignorant of your degree, and may question your right to defy me to equal contest, yet honored as you have been under this roof, I shall rest content with that as sufficient pledge of your claim to my attention. You shall find me, sir, punctual to your summons."

"I scorn the shallow claim," returned the Skipper, "to such honor as they who inhabit here may confer. The master of the Olive Brance need not vail his top to a clerkish spinner of syllables, even though the minion's writing-stool be found in my Lord's own ante-chamber. I shall see you to-morrow at noon, at the Cross."

"To-morrow at noon," replied the Secretary, "you shall not complain of my absence, Sir."

"It is well! So good night, Master Secretary!" rejoined the Skipper, scornfully, as he bowed to his antagonist and set forth to seek his boat which lay in waiting beneath the bank.

The Secretary turned toward the dwelling, somewhat disturbed by the novel situation into which he had been so unexpectedly thrown, but resolved to conceal the disquiet of his mind and preserve the same outward composure which had marked his deportment during the previous portion of the evening.

"Who lurks there?" he demanded in a stern voice, as he perceived the figure of a man stealing off from his path immediately in the vicinity of the spot where the interview with Cocklescraft had terminated, "Who is it?" he added, checking himself and speaking in a gentler tone, "that plays hide and seek here on the lawn?"

"Nobody," returned a voice from the shelter of the shrubbery, "nobody but me, honorable Master Verheyden: me, Watkin," continued the half-witted lad, as he came visibly into the presence of the Secretary. "Hav'n't we had a famous junketing? Oh, what I have eaten and drunk this blessed night! and what dancing, Master Verheyden! was there ever such fiddling? Willy is a treasure to the quality, I warrant you. Where have you such another?"

"You should be looking on at the dancing," said Albert, anxious to ascertain from the lad if he had heard any thing of what had just passed between himself and Cocklescraft. "How comes it, Watkin, that you are away from your post?"

"Oh, bless you, Master Verheyden, I have

more on my hands than you would guess in a week's striving. Now, what should Mistress Coldcale say to me when I had gobbled up my supper, but, 'Watkin, take this trencher and this pot down to the bank side, and there feed the seamen of Master Cocklescraft's boat, which you shall find at the landing below the garden. And so, truly, there I found the hungry tarpaulins: and they did eat, Master Albert, like fishes, and drink like wolves. It is Mistress Blanche's birthday, says I, so we will have no hungry bellies here, comrades. And they laughed, and I came up the bank as I went, running almost out of breath to see fiddler Willy strike up again. And that's the way I fell pop upon you Master Secretary."

"It was a lucky speed, Watkin; now get thee gone!" said Albert, as he slowly bent his steps toward the hall and mingled again in the bustle of the scene.

As midnight drew near the elder guests had all retired; and at last even the most buoyant began to yield to that weariness of limb, by which nature has set her limit to the endurance of social pleasure, no less peremptorily to those in the prime of youth than to such as wane in their days of decline.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SINGOURNEY.

"Tell me a story, please," my little girl
Lisp'd from her cradle. So I beat me down,
And told her how it rain'd, and rain'd,
'Till all the flowers were cover'd, and the trees
Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood,
And people dwelt, a fearful deluge roll'd;
Because the world was wicked, and refus'd
To heed the word of God.

But one good man,
Who long had warn'd the wicked to repent,
Obey, and live, taught by the voice of Heaven,
Had built an ark and thither, with his wife
And children, turn'd for safety. Two and two,
Of birds and beasts, and creeping things, he took,
With food for all; and when the tempest roar'd,
And the great fountains of the sky pour'd out
A ceaseless flood, till all beside were drown'd,
They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure.

And so the mighty waters bare them up,
And o'er the bosom of the deep they sail'd
For many days. But then a gentle dove
'Scap'd from the casement of the ark, and spread
Her lonely pinion o'er the boundless wave.
All, all was desolation. Chirping nest,
Nor face of a man, nor living thing she saw,
For all the people of the earth were drown'd,
Because of disobedience.

Nought she spied,
Save wide, deep waters, and dark, frowning skies,
Nor found her weary foot a place of rest,

So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
Sole fruit of her drear voyage, which, perchance,
Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
With drooping wing the peaceful ark she sought.
The righteous man that wandering dove receiv'd,
And to her mate restor'd, who, with sad moan,
Had wondered at his absence.

Then I looked
Upon the child, to see if her young thought
Wearied with following mine. But her blue eye
Was a glad listener, and the eager breath
Of pleas'd attention curl'd her parted lip.
And so I told her how the waters dried,
And the green branches wav'd, and the sweet buds
Came up, in loveliness, and that meek dove
Went forth to build her nest, and thousand birds
Awoke their song of praise, while the tir'd ark
Upon the breezy breast of Arrarat
Repos'd, and Noah, with glad spirit, rear'd
An altar to his God.

Since, many a time,
When to her rest, ere evening's earliest star,
That little one is laid, with earnest tone,
And pure cheek press'd to mine, she fondly asks,
"The ark and dove."

Mothers can tell how oft,
In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
From a seal'd lip, and tenderly hath blent,
With the warm touching of the sacred tale,
A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,
Now in the rosy mesh of infancy,
Fast bound, shall bare the billows of the world,
Like that exploring dove, and find no rest,
A pierc'd, a pitying, a redeeming hand
May gently guide it to the ark of peace.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

It would appear that nothing but the heavy progress of time—nothing but the selfish torpor of middle age—enables us to calculate the mighty ebb and flow of our spring-tide of life, or analyse the clouds and sunshine of "the April climate of our years." How little do the young appreciate the value of their youth!—that brief season of vivid impressions when mind and heart, and body are alike healthy,—alike untouched by the corruptions of mortal nature;—when the eye sees with its own sight,—the bosom swells with its own emotions;—when the love of God, and of his creatures is warm and bright within us,—when the scorn of the scorner has not reached our ears, nor the iron of adversity entered into our soul. Rumors of wrong, and evil, and suffering assail us; but we reject a lesson that finds no echo in our experience. Nay, so unreal is the picture of human affliction, that we look forth and hail those shadows imparted to the imaginary landscape of life by the homilies of the old, and the still more frigid lessons of written wisdom, as only intended to set forth with brighter lustre the glittering points of joy and prosperity sparkling at intervals upon its

surface. "Despair" seems a mere figure of speech; "anguish" a poetical expression; and "wo" the favorite rhyme of a plaintive stanza. Ah! bitter experience!—gnawing, clinging, cleaving curse of mortal sorrow!—wherefore must thou come with thy realities of the grave and the worm, the pang of absence, the sting of disappointment, to prove that the sun can shine in vain, and the spring breathe forth its heavenly breath only to deepen the winter withering within our heart of hearts!

Caroline Wyndham at seventeen was the happiest creature in the world; the buoyant spirits that brightened the lustre of her beauty were the result of health, prosperity, and good humor. Her father had died so early in her own life that the deprivation was unfelt; and her mother (herself a creature of impulse) was consoled for the loss by the endearments of this only daughter, a girl of singular loveliness and promise. Caroline had, therefore as fair a chance of being spoiled, as too much tenderness and tending usually afford to a human "angel" with blue eyes, glistening ringlets, the foot of a fairy, and the voice of a siren.

The only child of a widow in easy circumstances is predestined, indeed, to darlinghood. The same passionate tenderness that clings to its infancy for consolation, watches over the gradual unfolding of the bud, the luxuriant bloom of the perfect flower, as if no other blossom grew amid the gardens of earth; and if ever an all-engrossing partiality were excusable, it was in the instance of Caroline, who was as variously and lavishly endowed as the princess of a fairy tale. Even the one thing wanting (a deficiency calculated to waken all a mother's anxieties) passed unregarded amid the multitude of her good gifts: she was portionless. Mrs. Wyndham was aware that a rapacious heir-male was looking eagerly to her jointure, derived from an estate rigidly entailed, which she had brought forth no son to inherit; and that a paltry pittance of two thousand pounds, the savings of her frugality, was all the dowry of poor Caroline. But what signified this want of fortune to a girl so fascinating, so admired, so courted?—whose smile was "an India in itself,"—whose price "above rubies."

It is true that more than one manly cheek was already seen to flush, and more than one manly voice heard to tremble on the approach of her light footsteps; and Mrs. Wyndham, self-secure of a rich and illustrious son-in-law whenever it might suit her to relax the tenacity of her maternal embraces, and part with a companion so beloved, abstained from the lessons of worldly wisdom bestowed by modern mothers upon their children. She was rather anxious to delay than hasten Caroline's choice, in order that she might keep her yet a few years longer wholly her own;—steal by night like a miser, and gloat upon her treasure when all other eyes were sleeping; watch every passing cloud upon her countenance, to secure her from the trivial vexations of life;—guard her, pray for her, idolise, adore, caress,—luxuriate, in short, in all the raptures of a mother's fondness. At best, it is a grievous trial to relinquish to another's guardianship the sole object of our tenderness.

Caroline's heart, mean while, was of too pure

and delicate a texture to be easily excited. She had already frowned upon the suit of one titled admirer ; and was readily induced to accede to her mother's opinion that Sir William Wildair was a mere fox-hunter, and Lord Martingale a man of unsettled principles. But, alas ! when Arthur Burlinton arrived with his regiment at Dover, where the Wyndhams were passing the bathing season, and, having contrived to be presented to their acquaintance, professed a sudden faith in the infallibility of the mother, and bent a knee of adoration to herself, Caroline began to conceive the possibility of a second object of attachment. She was still submissive, still dutiful, still tender to her mother ; but, in spite of remonstrance and prohibition, made no secret of her growing predilection for the handsome young devotee.

At first, indeed, the prohibition was moderately expressed. It appeared impossible to the doting parent that her Caroline could cherish a wrong thought or blameable inclination ; and the acquaintance was suffered to proceed from liking to love, from love to infatuation, ere she uttered a decisive negative. Conviction, loud words, angry admonitions, and hard menaces came together ;—but they came too late.

"Arthur Burlinton has not a shilling," exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham.

"He has a liberal mind," rejoined Caroline.

"Arthur Burlinton has not a grain of interest to push him forward in his profession," said the mother.

"He has talent and energy," observed the daughter.

"Arthur Burlinton is a man of low connections !"

"He has the feelings and sentiments of a man of honor."

And the spirited girl blushed while, for the first time, she ventured to oppose a mother's authority.

Mrs. Wyndham now attempted a different mode of persuasion.

"My child," said she, "you have been tenderly and delicately reared. Think what it would be to me leave you exposed to the privations of penury, to the uncertain destinies of a soldier's wife !"

But Caroline's heart was bright with the sunshine of youth ; and though, at her mother's bidding, she looked forth into futurity, she could regard no privation as afflicting connected with the fortunes of the beloved Arthur. Penury was a mere word to a creature reared in the lap of luxury ; economy a pleasing branch of minor morals ; and as to the perils of a military career, her notion of warring armies was purely historical ;—the dragons of that epoch seemed made to grace the splendid pageantry of reviews and parades.

In short, her heart beat so quick whenever Arthur Burlinton's name was mentioned, that she had but little philosophy at her disposal for the consideration of their mutual prospects. She went, indeed, while listening to her mother's appeal ; and Mrs. Wyndham argued wonders from her tears, without suspecting that they flowed from the consciousness of having already entangled herself in a solemn betrothment with the

object of her mother's repugnance. Dreading a still more express and sacred prohibition, she even consented to fulfil the engagement by a secret marriage ; Arthur having assured her that the mother who had dealt toward her with such undeviating indulgence, could not and would not withhold her benediction from a vow already solemnised.

And so far he was right in his calculations. Mrs. Wyndham *did* consent to bless the penitent bride ; she *did* extend her hand in pledge of peace to her unwelcome son-in-law ; she *did* even hasten to slay the fatted calf, and make merry in honor of these ill-omened nuptials. But there was a touch of bitterness in her voice, and a glance of anguish in her eyes throughout all these rejoicings ;—it was plain that she was only laboring to spare the feelings of her rebellious girl. Within a few weeks she sickened, died, was buried, without any ailment beyond the secret pang, betraying—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child.

Perhaps of the three, Arthur Burlinton was most to be pitied. He knew himself to be the active cause of Caroline's disobedience, the passive cause of Mrs. Wyndham's untimely end ; and whenever he sat watching the tears that stole down the cheeks of his wife, seemed to note anew that mournful wave of the dying mother's head, which was ever present in the daughter's memory. His means were too small to afford to the delicate Caroline those luxuries or rather necessities of her station, which the loss of her cheerful home now rendered doubly necessary ; and, worse than all, his own parents were still living, and far more bitterly incensed by his improvident marriage than the mild and affectionate woman whom it had hurried into the grave. The letter in which they acknowledged the avowal of his rashness was, in fact, of too harsh and sordid a nature to be shown to his wife.

She was aware that her Arthur's father was a man of mean extraction, engaged in commercial life in a manufacturing town ; that he had placed his handsome son in a hussar regiment in the hope that he would achieve greatness, and have greatness thrust upon him, both professionally and matrimonially ; but she did not know that on learning Arthur's alliance with a portionless girl instead of the heiress anticipated by his cupidity, he had rendered a curse for a blessing, and forbidden the young couple his house.

For some time Captain Burlinton managed to persuade his wife that the peremptory nature of his military duties alone prevented him from introducing her to his family ; and she, who was so accustomed to the endearments of family affection, vainly sighed after those unknown parents who, she trusted, would some day or other deign to replace her own lamented mother. But she was not yet fully sensible of the importance of that bereavement. It is in the day of our humiliation, rather than in the triumph of our pride, we turn our hearts to God ; it is in our season of sorrow, rather than in the fulness of prosperity, we miss the tender hand that sheltered our infancy from harm, and wiped away the transient tears of youth.

When herself on the eve of becoming a mother, when "fear came upon her soul," she recollected the possibility that the little being about to see the light might see it motherless; and wept anew for that kind parent who would have loved and sheltered her babe for her sake. Then, for the first time, a terrible sentence seemed whispered in her ears.—"That tender mother is in her grave;—and thou, even thou, didst lay her there!"

Fortunately, her evil auguries were premature; she survived to press a living child in her living arms. But even the joy of that most joyous hour was damped by the same morbid self-upbraiding. While she listened in ecstacy to the feeble wail of her infant, and felt her heart grow big with rapture beyond the relief of tears, beyond the expression of words,—the thought glanced into her mind that—"Even so *thy* mother rejoiced in thy birth; thy mother, whom thou didst hasten to the grave!"

It was in vain that Arthur attempted to combat this afflicting notion. Whatever evil awaited her, Caroline's first impulse was to recognise the blow as a chastisement for her disobedience; and from the period—and it came but too soon—when poverty made itself apparent in their little household, she seemed to feel every privation, and every humiliation as a sacrifice due to the memory of the departed. She struggled, indeed, against such evils as operated against the comforts of Arthur and his child as well as against her own; labored diligently, and laid aside all the dainty repugnances of her gentle breeding. She felt that no task could be degrading to the hand of the mother or the wife; learnt to limit her hours of rest, to habituate herself to activity; and, but for that one corroding reminiscence of filial rebellion, would have been happier than in the days of her more brilliant fortunes.

Arthur was a man of simple tastes, of high honor, of intellectual pursuits, of equable temper; and, above all, of the most generous and ample devotion to herself; and with such a companion, how could his wife be otherwise than happy, and proud of her destiny?

A second year brought a second child, to diminish their stock of comforts and amplify their sense of happiness. But although Caroline was patient and cheerful throughout all her domestic vexations, her husband had no longer fortitude to mark the wasting of her beautiful form, the sharpening of her lovely features. He saw that she was overtaken, feeble, and sinking under the excess of her exertions; and hastily penning a letter to his father, described in vivid colors the weakness and sufferings of his wife, and asked but for as much pecuniary aid as would afford her an additional servant.

He was refused! "A woman who could break the heart of her mother to gratify her own selfish predilections, deserves to reap the punishment of her disobedience," wrote Mr. Burlington to his son.

"And he is right!" ejaculated Caroline, who was not only present at the arrival of the letter, but as usual too near her husband's heart to be kept in ignorance of its contents. "My mother forewarned me against the miseries of poverty and want! It is but just that I should fulfil the

denunciation incurred by my ingratitude.—He is right."

In one point, however, poor Mrs. Wyndham's prophecies proved utterly erroneous. She had foretold that amid the humiliations of poverty, domestic disunion would be engendered; that Arthur, deprived of the diversions and enjoyments of his bachelor life, would become discontented and fractious; that love would be imbibed into hatred by the potent drug of disappointment. But of this, at present, no symptom appeared; and it was perhaps the deep humility of poor Caroline, the touching and gentle penitence with which she kept holy the memory of her mother, and amid all her trials preserved the reminiscence of her filial rebellion as the darkest and worst, that rendered him doubly apprehensive of inflicting a single thorn upon a heart already deeply lacerated. His tenderness, so far from abating, increased with every comfort he was compelled to renounce for her sake; and a stranger might have detected each additional mortification by the augmented vigilance of his attention to her wishes.

"We must be cheerful, love!" Caroline would exclaim, suddenly rousing herself from a reverie of deep despondency in which the brilliant picture of her prosperous youth had arisen like a phantom from a tomb: "we must not wither the hearts of our girls by the premature spectacle of affliction. The eye of a child should gaze upon nothing but gladness; its ear should drink in none but joyous sounds; its little heart should not be chilled under the shadow of sorrow. Arthur, do you remember how gay I was when you first knew me?—do you remember how impossible I found it to believe in the reality of misery?—My mother (my poor mother, whom I destroyed) suffered no trouble to approach me. She chose that my youth should be bright as the summer sunshine; that my heart should cherish her image congealed only with remembrances of tenderness and enjoyment. Let it be so with our children, Arthur. Let us shut up our miseries within our own bosoms; let them not already suspect the existence of grief and pain. Smile, dear Arthur, smile;—in spite of all our trials, we have riches and joys, and compensations beyond the common lot of men;—strong mutual affection, unswerving mutual confidence, and fervent trust in the mercies of Heaven. So long, dearest, as I can hold your hand in mine,—so long as I see those approving eyes bent upon all my doings,—so long as I can lay down my head to rest and hear your breathing in the dead of night, mingled with the murmurs of my children—I dare not commend my destiny to the interposition of Providence. I have still blessings to be thankful for, of which I must not peril the loss by seeming thanklessness. Let us be cheerful, Arthur; let us smile and be cheerful!"

But a period now approached in which to smile or be cheerful was beyond the efforts of a father and a husband. War was declared!—and just as habits of strict economy enabled them to limit their wants within their narrow income, and provide for the necessities of four living beings out of a pittance that had barely sufficed the luxuries of one, the prospect of leaving three of the number friendless and des-

titute, darkened for the first time the hopes of professional advancement. The big, round drops rose on the forehead of the father of the little family, when he contemplated those perils which could only abbreviate for himself the bitterness of a blighted career, but which might render his wife a widow—his children fatherless. His two girls were now old enough to comprehend and report the rumors of the barracks; and it was not many days after intelligence arrived that the regiment was among the first destined to foreign service, that little Caroline echoed the dreadful tidings in her mother's sick room.

Mrs. Burlington had been for some weeks an invalid, and this blow was too much for her enfeebled frame. Delirium was added to indisposition; and the gallant soldier, who felt the impossibility of turning a deaf ear to the summons of honor, even though it claimed him from the bed-side of a dying wife, had the misery of imprinting his parting kiss on lips unconscious of his departure; on lips which, amid all their feverish debility, refrained not from incoherently repeating, "Even as *she* threatened, so let it be!—The curse is upon me.—No parental blessing hallowed our union. She said it would destroy her, if I wedded with a soldier.—I murdered my mother;—and now I must die broken-hearted, and atone the crime."

She did not, however, die;—no, not even when, on the gradual restoration of her reason, she found she could no longer clasp that hand in hers,—no longer sun herself in that approving smile,—no longer, in the stillness and the darkness of night, listen for the light breathing of the bosom she loved, and feel that a strong arm of defence still secured her against all earthly enemies.—Now all was silent—all blank—all chill—all hopeless. She had nothing left but two helpless children weeping for their father, and the bitter memory of her own filial ingratitude.

"I must struggle against this overpowering weakness," faltered poor Caroline, when she remembered how ill she had been,—how friendless and destitute she was. And she rose from her sick bed, and wrestled with her despair; and by dint of fixing her eyes resolutely and trustfully upon a single bright speck far in the gloomy distance—upon the blessed moment of Arthur's return to her arms after the long desolate period of absence,—she managed to keep the life-blood warm within a heart which sorrow had well nigh transfixed to marble.

Children are sorry comforters in the house of mourning. They ask for the dead—they ask for the absent; they recall the past, and conjure up endless associations which wound as with an unseen weapon. Caroline could no longer endure even the mention of her husband's name; and yet there was no hour of the day in which these unintentional tormentors did not hazard some conjecture respecting "poor papa," or an inquiry into the nature and dangers of military duty. "Mother, mother!" the helpless mourner would murmur amid the prayers, "very heavily do I atone for my disobedience to thy will;—very bitterly do I experience the 'anxieties of a soldier's wife.' Intercede for me, mother, that I may be released from this one overwhelming trial."

Ill indeed can we appreciate the ordering of our own destinies! A time was approaching when she would look back upon that period of suspense as one of comparative happiness; when the bitterest struggle of her terrors would seem preferable to the dull, dead, sullen torpor of her despair. Despatches came which set every heart in motion throughout the kingdom; many with the convulsive throb of affection—few with a tremor of emotion equal to hers. The blow was decisive;—the worst was over at once. Captain Burlington was reported among the slain. Her mother's manes were fully appeased—she had nothing more to suffer. Arthur was gone,—KILLED,—dead! Oh! could he indeed be dead—that bright, that buoyant,—animated,—noble soldier? "Yes, many an officious voice already hailed her as a "*widow*," *she*, who had so rejoiced, so gloried, so triumphed in the name of wife!—Poor—poor Caroline!

The rich have hosts of comforters. Watchful eyes surround the silken canopy, and sympathising hearts wait on the affliction of the prosperous. Burlington's widow and orphans wept unheeded. A surly landlord alone intruded upon their wretchedness; and in the depth of her despair, the mourner found that it was by her own exertions her children must be arrayed in the outward tokens of sorrow. There was an officious murmur buzzing in her ears of "respect to the memory of the dead; and she recollected that the world demanded vain formalities of attire in evidence of that hallowed feeling.

"Behold now, and see!—was there ever sorrow like unto her sorrow?"—Her own,—her only!—he for whom she had sacrificed her earthly prosperity, her self-respect, her first and paramount duty of filial obedience—gone—gone for ever! dead—in the crush of battle, without one tender word from those he loved, without the consolations of religion—the hallowing blessing of his parents. His very grave was amid those of undistinguished multitudes,—unconsecrated by priestly prayer—by the still more holy tear of kindred affection! "Surely, I have now expiated all," said she, meekly folding her hands upon her bosom. She was too wo-struck for tears, too friendless to look for human consolation.

Yet Caroline dreamed not of death as a refuge from her miseries. She knew that she had no right to long for the quietude of the tomb; that her children called upon her, with an unsilenceable voice, to arise and gird on her strength, and fight for them in the harsh warfare of the world; and, moreover, she had recently become aware of a startling fact;—she was about again to become a mother. A shiver of agonising delight agitated her whole frame at the thought. Julia and Caroline were the images of herself, and had been doubly endeared to their poor father by that resemblance. But the little being still to come might perhaps resemble *him*;—perhaps recall in its living features that beloved countenance which, she now wasted hour after hour in striving to recall in unimpaired lustre to the eye of memory, and which some busy fiend seemed intent on obliterating from her recollection. The first tears that burst from her eyes

after reading that dreadful gazette, sprang forth at the hope thus mercifully presented.

The new trials and duties by which Mrs. Burlington was now unexpectedly surrounded, inspired her with a desperate resolution. She determined to throw herself on the mercy of Arthur's obdurate father and mother, lest she should die, and leave his children homeless and helpless pilgrims in the wilderness. She went to them,—humbled herself before them—appealed to them as from her husband's grave; confessing her own fault and praying that it might be hers to atone it by the utmost anguish of mortal suffering, provided her innocent children were exempted from the sentence.

The hearts of the two old people relented; they consented to receive the friendless creature beneath their roof. At first, indeed, they bore her presence with reluctance; but there was no resisting her silent, patient, unrepining sorrow. It was useless to upbraid her. They saw that her self-recklessness was severe and unceasing; that two only thoughts occupied her mind—the memory of her affiance toward her mother, the memory of her tenderness toward her husband. She had no longer any care for her children. Their destinies were secured; she had solemnly bequeathed them to the protection of Arthur's parents;—to the still holier keeping of their heavenly Father and her own.

It is written, that there shall be joy in the darkened chamber of travail when "a man-child is born into the world;"—eager congratulations are heard—and even the mother's feeble voice has an inflexion of triumph. But there were deep sobs by Caroline's couch when the grandmother, in broken tones, announced that a son was added to her orphans; and her own accents had a sort of stern solemnity when she replied,—"Let his name be called Arthur, in memory of the dead."

From that hour, however, her strength strengthened, and her courage grew firmer. "I am now the mother of Burlington's boy," she would sometimes say, in an exulting voice. And then her exultation melted into tears, as she hung over the nestling infant, and strove to trace its father's features in its face; and unconsciously looked round, as if expecting to meet the triumphant smile of fatherly tenderness with which the gratified husband had greeted the birth of his elder children. "He has no father!" ejaculated the poor heart-riven widow, as she clasped the little tender being closer into her bosom; "but I will love him so that he shall never feel himself an orphan. And *who*—who will love and cherish *me*? I destroyed my own fond mother; and Arthur was taken from me in retribution of the crime."

Let no one presume to say "I have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs;" dark as the night may be, the avenger has storms in his hand to deepen a thousand-fold its murky obscurity. The chances of war, which deprived poor Caroline of the father of her children, now began to operate fatally on the fortunes of the elder Burlington. The branch of commerce in which his funds were vested was affected even to utter ruin; and he and his aged wife, now reduced to

a narrow provision, were chiefly dependent on the labors of the daughter-in-law so long rejected, so humbly submitted to their arbitrary will.

A nursing mother, a grieving widow, she still found leisure to supply to them the ministry of the servants they could no longer command; and to bear uncomplaining the utmost irritation of their peevishness. "They are Arthur's parents," whispered she to herself; "to work for them is a duty he has bequeathed me. Other duties I have outraged,—let me not be remiss in this." If her spirit flagged in the execution of her task, it was enough for her to contemplate awhile the sweet face of her boy, and it seemed as if her husband's soul were shining out from his eyes, and inciting her to industry. "God will at length forgive me," thought poor Caroline. "If I labor diligently to honor *his* father and his mother, my days will be long in the land, to watch over my orphan children."

The summer came again;—the second that had put forth its unheeded blossoms since Arthur last culled and placed them in her bosom; and Caroline persuaded the old man whom bankruptcy had now released from his duties, to remove with her to a small cottage on the coast, near to the well known spot where she had first beheld his son. They dwelt there together, if not without repining, without upbraiding. The old people blessed her with their tenderest blessings; and the children grew and grew, and promised to do honor to their father's name.

One evening, a glowing afternoon in June, when the beauty of the earth seems shining on the eye of affliction as if in mockery of its tears, the little family was assembled in their one lowly apartment: Caroline with her infant upon her knee, the elder girl rehearsing in the ear of her grandfather one of those beautiful lessons of scriptural wisdom to which the bereaved turn yearningly for consolation. It was the Raising of Lazarus!—and when the gentle child came to the words, "Lord! hadst thou been here, my brother had not died," the scalding tears dropped from the widow's eyes upon the little face that smiled up into her own. A strange object had attracted the infant's eye;—even the figure of an officer who stood transfixed at the open door.—A cry of madness burst from Caroline's lips.—The girls called loudly upon the name of their dead father.—The aged people alone were self-possessed to see that it was no apparition, but a breathing form of flesh and blood that stood before them.

"Caroline, my blessed wife!" cried the hoarse voice of the happy Arthur. "My wounds and imprisonment alone caused me to be reported among the slain. I have returned to you rich,—promoted!—Nay,—turn not your face from the infirm veteran who comes to be nursed and caressed among you, and to leave you no more!"

It were vain to describe the delicious agony of that meeting;—the transition of such sorrow to such joy is not a thing for words. Even Caroline could only murmur in thanksgiving, "My prayers are heard!—Heaven and my mother have accepted my sacrifice, and pardoned my transgression."

"TIME."

Original.

In answer to the Stanzas in page 43

What tho' all cooq'ring Time with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er a weeping land,
And bids each moment steal some dear delight.
What tho' each swift wing'd hour by his behests,
Some charm attracts, some new-born joy arrests,
Some blessing robs from mortals in its flight?

Yet while that hand, with ever toiling care,
Deforms with death and change the vari'd year,
Still many a heart-felt joy to him we owe;
Each soul transporting ecstasy that springs,
From renovation's cheerful smile he brings,
And joys, while yet he kills, existence to bestow.

He bids each charm, which since Creation's birth,
Revolving still, has bless'd the joyful earth,
Bedeck'd by him a novel look assume,
Adorn'd with every fair, and youthful grace,
By Heaven's own hand impress'd in nature's face,
When Spring unfolds her gay luxuriant bloom.

See! still his hand each fleeting charm renews;
Still hangs the glim'ning twig with pearly dew,
And still their lustre lightly sweeps away;
Still faithful brings, the sweet return of dawn;
Still gilds with golden ray, rock, hill, and lawn;
From radiant noon, till gently falling day.

And when soft Evening comes, in crimson vest,
Display'd by him, her glories shine confest,
In all the pomp of Sol's departing beams;
He lights the glowing firmament on high,
And pours the moon-beam on the raptur'd eye,
Where, thro' the grove, its twinkling lustre gleams.

Thus sweet vicissitude of night and day,
"Spring-time and harvest," autumn's rich array,
And gloomy winter's cold and dreary change,
Some charm of novelty in turn possess,
By sweet variety impower'd to bless,
And form for man, an endless varying range.

'T is TIME, the oblivious drop on grief can pour;
And steal from mem'ry, many a painful hour,
Which brooding sorrow, fondly would retain.
Oh! grateful think! how oft his healing balm,
Pours o'er the wounded soul, a pleasing calm,
Where reason's boasted powers might strive in vain!

EMILY.

IT SNOWS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"It snows!" cries the school boy—"hurrah!"—and his
about
le ringing through parlor and hall,
While swift as the wing of the swallow, he's out,
And his playmates have answered his call;

It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy—

Proud wealth has no pleasure, I trow,
Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy,
As he gathers his treasures of snow;
Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
While health, and the riches of Nature are theirs.

"It snows!" sighs the imbecile—"Ah!" and his breath

Comes heavy, as clogg'd with a weight:
While from the pale aspect of Nature in death,
He turns to the blaze of his grate;
And nearer, and nearer, his soft cushioned chair
Is wheeled tow'ards the life giving flame—
He dreads a chill puff of the snow burdened air,
Lest it wither his delicate frame;
Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
When the fear we shall die, only proves that we live!

"It snows!" cries the traveller—"Ho!" and the word,

Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard—
Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
For bright through the tempest his own home appear-
ed—

Ay, though leagues intervene, he can see;
There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table pre-
pared,

And his wife with her babes on her knee.
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we loved dearest are safe from its power

"It snows!" cries the belle—"Dear how lucky!" and
turns

From her mirror to watch the flakes fall;
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek
burns

While musing on sleigh-ride and ball;
There are visions of conquests, of splendor and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day:
But the tidings of floe, on this storm beaten earth.

Will melt like the snow flakes away;
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden for bliss,
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

"It snows!" cries the widow—"Oh, God!"—and her
rights

Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eye,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care,
'T is night and her fatherless ask her for bread—
But "He gives the young ravens their food."
And she trusts, till her dark hearth adds horror to
dread,

And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows—
'T is a most bitter lot to be poor, when it snows!

Absurdity.—With all the experience of the
vicissitudes of fortune and the decline of empires,
to think our own immortal.

From Burton's Magazine.

THE UNWEDDED BRIDE.

A TRUE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY EERA HOLDEN, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the early history of the colony of Virginia, that Edward Farnsworth came from Lincolnshire, England, to settle upon an immense inheritance of landed property, which descended to him as the eldest of "the House of the Farnsworths." His father was one of the most reputable as well as most wealthy men of the old world, and was eminent in his day for the high political trusts reposed in his hands. By the laws of entailment—a law which has for centuries disgraced the statues of the mother country—Edward, junior, the eldest son of the "House of the Farnsworths," came into possession of almost all the family property, which thus rendered him, when he came to Virginia, one of the richest men in the colony.—It was long subsequent to the French encroachments upon the ancient colony when he arrived, but it was at a period when the events were in agitation which produced the sanguinary struggles that proved the patriotism of many of the most noble men Virginia ever claimed. The immortal Washington, with his wisdom-guided compeers, had given her a dignified stand, ranking her high among the colonies of the western world. They had early developed those principles which gave a constellation of true patriots to the war of the American revolution. Mr. Farnsworth soon caught the spirit of the days in which he lived, and amid the fearful issue which ultimately drove back the misguided authority of monarchical power, he was ever found where duty and patriotism demanded his ready service. He was a courageous and distinguished officer of the revolution, and shared the victory and glory of one of the most fearful battles of that eventful fight.

Edward was the favorite son of this patriot sire. He was a remarkable young man, and as the father looked to him to support the future dignity of his house, and the high renown of the family, every advantage which influence and wealth could impart were freely extended to prepare him for his future greatness in the "House of Farnsworths;" and, accordingly, he was sent over the waters to complete his education at the university of Oxford. He had scarcely finished his education, when the mournful intelligence was sent him that his patriot sire had, from his labors in the Congress of the new world, been followed to the tomb, mourned by the American nation, as one who had freely offered up his time and treasure in the sacred cause of universal liberty.

From the early history of the colony of Virginia, the ancient family of the Musgraves had been planted upon her territory. They had preceded the Farnsworths in settling themselves upon their plantation, which was in the immediate neighborhood of the immense possessions of the former.—

From the first, the two families were intimately knit together in the bonds of social intercourse.—They formed, we may almost say, one family, for the members of each participated in the pleasures and enjoyments of the other. Helen Musgrave was the only daughter, but the third child, of the Musgraves. The two sons had become settled in life, the wealthy parent having given them their portion of the family wealth, and Helen was looked to by both parents as the heiress of all the other property, excepting the mother's life estate, if she should survive her husband. This feeling was fostered much by the education of their early lives; and it was, therefore, with great gratification that they early discovered a growing affection between Helen and Edward, whom they looked upon as evidently deserving of her hand, heart, and fortune. In fact, long before Edward returned to America from the university of Oxford, it was well understood that she was betrothed to him.

Soon after this, on coming into the full possession of his immense estate, he purchased the desirable spot known as the "Oaklands," and built one of the most charming cottage ornaments which Virginia could boast, as the future home of himself and the adorable Helen.

Edward was not only a most excellent young gentleman, but highly appreciated. His wealth, the high pedigree of his family, and above all, the great good sense, the estimable qualities of his mind, superadded to a warm heart and a most finished education, made him a young gentleman of high consideration among his fellow men. He was elevated to represent his district in the popular branch of the legislature of Old Virginia, the year he could take a seat by his age; and in the year but one afterward, so great was the admiration of his virtues and talents, he was sent to the upper house, a political elevation, which, at that day, in dignified and elevated Virginia, was as high an estimate as could have been tendered to his eminent qualifications by his fellow-citizens. In a word, we may say, that few men ever won and enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-men to so great an extent as Edward Farnsworth, and in no trust reposed in his hands did he betray his constituents or disgrace himself—a remark which we wish we could in conscience make respecting mere of those who are entrusted with public duties in the days in which we live.

CHAPTER II.

It has been well said, that "great minds often have great weaknesses." It was the spring of the year, if our chronicler has written it correctly, about the first of May, when Edward Farnsworth was returning from the "Oaklands," with his fast and most intimate friend, Wortley Allison.

"Well, Wortley, our nuptials are fast approaching."

"Not so fast, Edward, as I could wish them, were I the happy man."

"You think so, no doubt, Wortley, but you have

never approached so nearly to this fearful bend in the stream of life."

"No, Edward, that's very true; but I would soon turn voyager on the crystal lake of matrimony, if I could win the heart of one so justly loved and admired as Helen Musgrave."

"That may be so, Wortley; but you know nothing of what you are talking about; and I have long lacked courage to ask even you a question, which is all the world to your friend. Wortley, smile not in derision, when I ask if you think Helen loves me for myself alone?"

"My life upon it, Edward, she does."

"I'm glad you think so, and I would not have you think that I think otherwise. It was a foolish whim that crossed my mind, Wortley, and I beg you will never bestow upon it a second thought."

"Indeed, Edward I shall not, for I do not think it was worthy of a first one."

"Well, Wortley, I thank you for your pleasure, for I feel it is well deserved."

Great preparations were made for the nuptials. The union of two such houses as these was no ordinary occurrence. No nuptials had at that day been solemnized in Virginia, that had ever been looked to in their approach with so much interest, both in consequence of the universal esteem in which the parties were held, and the distinction and extent of their respective families.

The good ship *Atlantis*, at that period in our commercial intercourse with Liverpool, employed mostly as a merchant ship, on its return to America, brought over many of the relatives of both houses, who had determined to visit their friends in Virginia, and have the double pleasure of attending the wedding and visiting their relatives beside.

Among those who thus came in the *Atlantis*, was Eleanor Churchill, a sweet little cousin to Helen Musgrave, by her mother's side. Eleanor Churchill was at that witching time of life "sweet seventeen," when she arrived. She was five feet six inches in height, of symmetrical form, with blue eyes, auburn tresses, and a face of "roseate hue and pearly white;" of winning manners, well educated, intelligent, open-hearted, frank, generous to a fault, and in short, one of the sweetest girls which the imagination of even the poet can conceive. She soon became a very great favorite wherever she went, and none appeared more delighted with her than her own relatives.

It was a matter of course that so pleasant an event as a visit from so many kind relatives from over the water would be hailed with much hilarity and rejoicing. Magnificent levees rapidly followed; all the Musgraves and the Farnsworths displaying no little rivalry to see which should eclipse the other.

On Tuesday evening, the mansion of the Musgraves was thrown open to an immense crowd. It was not only one of the largest levees, but one of the most brilliant, that had ever occurred at the mansion of Pleasant Ridge. All the world was there. The rich, the intellectual, the refined, and

the beautiful, the sweetest of the sweet maidens of Virginia; but of them all, Eleanor, the handsome, vivacious, fascinating little sylph, who had recently come from the high courts of fashion in the old world, was the universal theme of admiration.

It was late ere the immense throng withdrew, and when they did, the beautiful Eleanor gracefully encircled her arm within the proffered one of Edward, who waited upon her to her carriage, to drive home with his mother, with whom he insisted she should pass a few days, at "the villa of the Farnsworths."

When Helen retired to her room that night, she discovered that she had unintentionally retained upon her finger the brilliant diamond ring which Eleanor usually wore, and which she had sportively placed upon the wedding finger. In the morning about twelve, Helen ordered her carriage, and drove to the villa.

Edward was still there, to welcome his betrothed one. After the pleasant salutations of the morning, Helen, gently taking Eleanor's snow-white hand within her own, said, "My dear, did you not miss your brilliant? let me restore it to your hand."

"Why, Helen, if you hav'n't put the ring upon my wedding finger! That's an omen! Now I shall supplant you," half uttered she, as she skipped like a fairy across the room, and commenced playing, "Whilst with village maids I stray," accompanying the piano with her sweet but plaintive voice.

"There are stranger truths than that uttered in jest," said Edward, as the servant brought in the cards of the Misses Wingate, which put an immediate stop to the conversation.

The Wingates belonged to the dignified and wealthy families of Virginia. They never gave a party without its being a jam of the caste, fashion, and beauty of those days. All the world was there, and since the charming Eleanor was to be "the lion," (or "hones," perhaps we ought to say,) of the occasion, Edward told her he thought it far better that he should go with her early, and without first calling for Helen, as had previously been arranged. The carriage was ordered, and they accordingly drove to the Wingates. When they arrived, they found great numbers already there. Many had not yet had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Eleanor, and Edward found himself much occupied in introducing his fair charge, as she hung upon his arm, passing around amid the gay assemblage, as they poured into the brilliant saloons of the Wingates.

The evening began rapidly to advance, when Julia Wingate passed Edward, who was still bearing the "observed of all observers" upon his arm, remarking as she went, "Pray, where is Helen? Did you call for her?"

"No, we did not," said Edward; "but I must send the carriage for her at once."

"You will go in it, Edward," said Eleanor.

"It will make no difference, Eleanor, if I do not; and, since it is so late, I think I will not."

The carriage soon arrived within the court at

the mansion of the Musgraves. The footman announced that Edward had sent the carriage for Helen.

"Is Edward there, mother?" asked Helen.

"The footman, my dear, says he could not leave the party, there were so many to introduce to our charming cousin."

"Mother," said Helen, I do not feel so well as usual, and I beg you would go to the Wingates without me."

"If you are not well, Helen, let the carriage go back without either of us, for I cannot go unless you do."

"Then, mother, let us both go; perhaps I shall feel better when I get into the air."

As the nuptials between Edward and Helen were to take place early in the following month, of course the wedding was the theme of conversation among many of the most intimate acquaintances of Helen, at the party.

"How I envy you, Helen," said her intimate friend, Josephine Wingate, smilingly.

"You need not," said Helen, "for the nearer I am to this important event of my life, the sadder I grow."

"That's for joy," retorted Josephine; "sure I am, it can be for nothing beside."

"What would I give to be the wife of him who is not only the handsomest man in this assembly, but the one of all others who is best qualified to fill here the office of gallant to the most charming belle from the high courts of fashion and etiquette in the old world?"

It was quite late ere the levee began to dissolve, when Edward, having been exclusively devoted to the fair Eleanor, the beautiful, vivacious and charming attraction of the evening, gave the other arm to Helen, and they walked to their carriage to return to their respective homes. They alighted but a moment at the home of the Musgraves, and then Edward and Eleanor re-entered the carriage to depart for the villa of his worthy mother.

As the outer door turned upon its hinges, and Helen and her mother walked into the little back parlor, they threw themselves upon the couch, Helen remarking that she never felt so depressed at a party in her life, as she had that evening.

In the morning, a note came from Edward, asking Helen if she would join in a party that had just been concluded on, to visit the Virginia Springs, the spot of most fashionable resort at the time, "I will call at eleven to-day, with my carriage, for you, Helen." Helen returned a note, saying she did not feel well enough to go that day on so long a journey of pleasure, but urged Edward to go with "our cousin, by all means." Immediately on the receipt of this note, Edward drove to the home of Helen, and stated that he would not go on the party of pleasure, if she did not go with them. But Helen made the sweetest entreaties that he would, averring that it would not be gratifying to her if he did not.

"What shall I do," said Edward to himself, as he left the mansion, after a few hours' stay; "must

I go without Helen; and yet how can I test the affection of her who is to be mine for life, if I do not go? Yes, I will go, though Wortley did laugh at me for my doubts. No, no, I do not doubt Helen, I doubt myself, and I'll go with our friends to the Springs, to get rid of my foolish whims, amid the gay pleasures of that fashionable spot."

All readers who have visited fashionable resorts, know well enough the "sayings and doings" of such places, and it is therefore unnecessary to recount here the monotonous occurrences of the pleasure-party. Eleanor was, of course, the "foreign lady of distinction," whom all sought to become acquainted with; and if Edward had no other motive than a mere gratification of his pride of gallantry, to be the constant attendant of such a lady might have been allowed to that self-approbation of which all men in fashionable life are susceptible.

Eleanor, in the happy enjoyment of the most congenial temper, embarked with unreserved cheerfulness in the pleasures of chastened and elevated conversation. Surrounded, as she often was, by many of the first minds of Virginia, it was surprising to witness the familiarity with which she spoke of the charms of the ancient classics, or of the people, scenes, manners, and history of the modern states of the old world; and yet she appeared free from the burden of thought, and evinced the fluency of her colloquial powers through the extent of the subjects which came up for conversation. Edward, however, in the midst of the gaieties that surrounded him, was occasionally depressed with meditations, as unlike those which had come over him at other critical periods of his life, as was the builder of the temple of Ephesus unlike the mad incendiary who destroyed it. He wrote to Helen on the morning but one after they reached the Springs, saying that he would go up for her if she felt inclined to join the party.—"Pray, say you will come, Helen, to witness the unbounded admiration with which our charming cousin is welcomed here. She is regarded as the most accomplished and beautiful lady who has ever been the wonder at the Springs, or has ever visited these shores."

"Mother," said Helen, after she had perused the letter of Edward, evidently with great emotion, "see how kindly Edward speaks of our sweet little cousin. He wants me to go down and witness the homage of all hearts to her beauty and accomplishments; but, I cannot tell how it is, yet I never felt so averse to joining in a pleasure party; and I know I should cast a shade over their pleasures if I went. I cannot go, mother;" and she seated herself at her escritoir, to tell Edward so in a hasty note.

The reader can better conceive than we can describe the emotions with which Edward received the letter of one whom he loved to admiration, and to whom he was to be so soon united in the bonds of matrimony. He felt that he had assumed a part from which the better feelings of his nature rebelled, and this, too, on the eve of his

wedding-day. "Have I planted a pang of distress in the bosom of the angel of my affections! O! I will wipe away every glimmer of distrust by a life of entire devotion to my Helen. And yet gracious God! I may have gone too far in this masquerade of my feelings. What if?—No, no, I must not recede, for then I should acknowledge my suspicions, and consider myself unworthy of the sweetest angel that ever lavished love on so fastidious and foolish a heart."

"Why, Edward," said Eleanor, entering the apartment unobservedly, "how gloomy you look—are you unwell?"

"Only sad, that, with your buoyant spirits, you had absented yourself so long."

"Is that all, Edward?—well, I hope the piano is not so much out of tune as your face appeared to be when I came in," she remarked, as she seated herself at the piano, and commenced a sweet melody, running in these words:

From stem to stem the wild bee sips
Its honey from the bloom,
And robs the blossom's leafy lips,
And revels in perfume,
But when the flower yields its dyes,
He comes not to its cup,
But leaves the heat of parching skies,
To drink its sweetness up.

O! this is Love, that beauty knows,
Which tends it for a while,
Then round a newer image glows,
And wears another smile:
When youth is rife with maiden charms,
The heart no claim denies,
But when distrust the soul alarms,
It joys in other eyes.

"I pray you, Eleanor, sing some more sportive air. I believe I do need a little rousing of my spirits this morning."

"Excuse me, coz, for a short time, as I promised to step into the parlor of the Perleys," said Eleanor, as she skipped across the room like a sylph, singing in most merry mood as she went:

I do not well know, and I never could tell,
Why gallants so oft are untrue,
Why always some evil the suitor befo,
Who doubted the maiden he knew.

And, in a short time afterward, as she returned she skipped in, singing, more light-heartedly than before, if possible:

How sweet is the valley, and green in the glen,
Where the cottage of Ellendale stands,
Where, away from the wiles and the praises of men,
Lives the lass of the wild forest lands.

"I like that song, Eleanor; sing it to the close, will you?" said Edward.

"Oh, I do not recollect it all now, and this verse only recurred to my memory while the Misses Perley and their mother were portraying the romantic situation of their cottage house at Ellendale,

to which they insist we must accompany them, on their return home on Thursday morning, to pass a week with them."

"I would go, Eleanor with all my heart, but you know our nuptials are to take place on Monday week, and it would not be possible for us to reach home in season to prepare."

"Well, that's true; I did not think of that.—How I should like to go to Ellendale with the Perleys. Let me manage, Edward. I will write to my dear Helen, and I know she will put off the wedding a week on my account. Don't object, Edward," seeing that he appeared quite averse to this proposition, added the light-hearted girl; "I will tell Helen that I make you go with me to the Perleys, and all will be right;" and so saying, before Edward had a chance to utter scarcely a word, she had written the note, and despatched a servant with it to the post-office.

It would be impossible to picture the emotion with which the devoted Helen opened the note from Eleanor. She read and re-read its contents, and yet she doubted that she had read them right. "Come with Eleanor to the Perley's and the wedding must be put off!" She re-opened the note, and read it again—"Not a line from Edward. We were to be wedded on Monday week. Well, Eleanor says she 'made him go.' He would not have gone, if she had not over-persuaded him.—No, I know he would not; and yet, why did they not think to postpone their visit to the Perley's till after the nuptials, and we might all have gone together to Ellendale?" And she sunk down upon her couch, every fibre of her system convulsed with the deepest emotions, at the extraordinary contents of the note she had so often read.

On the morning following, she received a letter from Edward, corroborating what Eleanor had written, making a thousand apologies, laying all blame upon Eleanor, who had persuaded him to do what he must ask her to forgive. Helen appeared more solemn on the perusal of Edward's letter, but it was obvious that it was the calmness of deep disappointment, at so unexpected a delay in the most important event that could occur in her life.

CHAPTER III.

Ellendale was all the romance and beauty that the Perleys had described, and Eleanor enjoyed herself much, as she did every where. All was gaiety and hilarity. But Edward was unhappy, and although he attempted to stifle his feelings, at the end of the second day he begged that his kind hostess would permit him to leave Ellendale.

"Eleanor must not go so soon," said Mrs. Perley, to which the daughter warmly responded.

"Then," said Edward, "I will go and prepare for the wedding, and return for Eleanor, as she is to be bridesmaid."

"That must do, Edward, if you will go;" they all exclaimed at once; and the servant in a few moments brought his carriage, and he was on his way to the home of his adorable Helen. He drove

at once to the mansion; but, as he crossed the threshold, he felt as if a spell were upon him, and as he entered the little back parlor, he found Helen, with his letter from the Springs upon her table, but she instantly attempted to conceal it, by placing over it the book which she had in her hand.

"I could not stay, longer, Helen, as you did not join our party at the Springs."

"Why, Edward, where is Eleanor? did she not come with you?"

"No, my Helen, the Perleys would not let her leave so soon, and I have come without her, to seek forgiveness for having staid so long. It was all the fault of Eleanor, Helen."

"So she wrote me, Edward, and I must forgive her for doing so, for our charming cousin is the attraction that wins all hearts," added Helen, in a half-suppressed tone.

"But, Helen, you desired me, or I should not have gone; and now let us think no more of that, but prepare for another event."

"Perhaps," quickly replied Helen, "Eleanor may have another Ellendale to visit."

Edward felt the rebuke in the depth of his soul, for he knew it was deserved; but rallying his afflicted feelings, he said that he would ask Wortley to see that all should be ready for Thursday evening week, "if you do not object, Helen!" he added, glancing at the face of her who was the world to him, as he felt conscience-struck that he had not taken the most justifiable steps of late toward the sole object of his affections.

It was now only eight days to the wedding, and although all things had been once arranged, still, now that the nuptials had been postponed, the great numbers of friends were to be re-advised of the evening upon which it was to take place.—The intervening time was expended, as the reader will conceive, in those steps which always precede a wedding, and which it will be of no importance to allude to here. This was a coming event that had been looked to with great interest by the vast number of friends of both Helen and Edward, and the beautiful, the wealthy, and the elite of Virginia were on the wings of expectancy for the brilliant and happy nuptials between two of the most respected houses of the "old dominion."

Thursday night came, and the halls of the Musgraves were thrown open to as brilliant an assembly as ever convened in Virginia. At an early hour, they commenced pouring in, from all the surrounding region, and many from a considerable distance, filled with the most joyous anticipations, to witness the bestowal of the heart and the hand of the pride of her sex in Virginia, upon one who was equally admired for his elevated talents, and manly virtues.

Helen Musgrave was that night to be given away in marriage. One of the most beautiful damsels of the fair daughters of a region which has been celebrated for the perfection of its "angels of life," and the richest heiress in America was to become a bride. Decked in her bridal dress, the chasteness and beauty of which were outvalued

only by the symmetry of her person, the mildness of her lovely face, and the gentle modesty of her deportment, she was at last prevailed upon by her most intimate friends, to come from her dressing room, and mingle with the brilliant throng. It was by much over-persuasion that she did so, as her heart, now that the great event of her life had arrived, was not at all in unison with the gaiety of the throng that she must pass among, to become the "observed of all observers."

"Where is Edward, dearest Helen?" inquired Josephine Wingate.

"Gone for Eleanor, sister," quickly replied Margaretta Wingate, who had before understood that fact from the mother of the bride-to-be.

"When did he go, Helen?" resumed Josephine.

"On Tuesday morning, my dearest Jose," said Helen, and as she locked arms with her to walk into the back parlor, she added with deep emotion, though with an evident attempt at concealment, "I hope she has not again run off with him to the Springs. *He was to have been back yesterday eve.*"

The guests were all too busy with each other, in seeing and being seen, to think much of the unexpected absence of Edward, in the first part of the evening; but as the evening began to wane away, his absence alone became the theme of every heart, although, from the deep struggle that was evidently raging in the bosom of Helen, all appeared anxious to avoid any inquiry.

"Why I do not doubt they are at the Oaklands," said Miss Ellison.

"Yes, Helen, Wortley will go up to see, and hurry them down," added Josephine.

"No, no," said Helen, "they will be here soon; they must be."

Wortley, however, stole from the throng, and rode to the Oaklands. It was an hour afterward when he returned; and, the first moment he could catch the eye of his sister Anna, he walked toward the window with her, to impart the mysterious intelligence which he heard at the Oaklands, that Edward had been persuaded by Eleanor to ride upward of forty miles out of their way, to visit the Churchills, at Bloomingdale; and when they turned from the window, they saw Helen turning away also, quivering with emotion. She made a convulsed effort to appear calm to the company, and looked in the arms of Josephine and Anna, her most intimate female companions, she passed from the great saloon; and when she reached the large hall of the entry, she begged them to return, and permit her for a little time to retire to her room, to let her maids re-adjust some portion of her bridal dress, which was unpleasant in its fittings.

Hour after hour had now passed away, and the evening was far advanced. Anxiety and disappointment were depicted upon every countenance. The noble and high-minded mother of Helen sat in the midst of taste, fashion, and beauty, with a frowny smile upon her lips, her heart ready to burst with fearful anticipations. None could tell aught of their forebodings; and some even thought of retiring in the bitterness of disappointment, at the ex-

traordinary absence of one whom all loved and admired. At that instant, a carriage drove into the court-yard, when Edward and Eleanor passed into the front hall in great haste.

"I know you will forgive me, Jose," said Eleanor, catching her friend in her arms. "I ran away with Edward, to Bloomingdale. It's all my doings; but Helen will forgive me, in her joy at the return of her Edward. Where is my dearest Helen!—We will now atone for all. Let us fly for the bride to the nuptials." And so saying, she ran up the front stairs to the room of Helen, accompanied by Josephine and Anna, with the quickness of thought.

Joy and gladness now beamed forth from every countenance, and all hearts were beating high for the return of the absent one, and in the bright anticipations of the happy termination of all their forebodings. The immense throng was one unbroken scene of pleasure and merriment, which was alone interrupted by loud laughs from above, causing many of the most familiar friends, accompanied by Edward, to run up stairs, in the buoyancy of their feelings, and in their anticipation of felicity, to meet the sweet smiles of the almost bride, at the return of him who was to make her his for life.

"Helen, dearest girl, open the door," said Eleanor; "we are all here in waiting for the bride."

No answer was made from within.

"Now, Helen do not keep us longer in suspense. Pray, do not pay our long delay in jest, though we do deserve it. I alone am to blame. Edward is guiltless."

"She serves us right," said Edward; "but," he added, raising his voice, "it is your Edward that asks forgiveness, Helen. She that could never chide, will forgive one who feels that he ought to ask for pardon."

Still there was no answer. Many of the party had clustered about the door, with light hearts and merry faces.

"Force open the door," said Eleanor; "cos is carrying her joke too far." Edward placed himself almost unconsciously against the door, which yielded to the pressure, and the party rushed into the bridal chamber.

"Forgive and forget, dearest Helen," said Eleanor, as she clasped Helen in her arms, at the same instant impressing a kiss upon her snow-white face, when she uttered a convulsive scream, that thrilled to the very soul of all, and fell insensible on the floor, exclaiming, "O! God! HELEN IS DEAD!"

The unwedded bride sat by the side of the bridal bed, not one bracelet of the bridal dress had been removed; the smile of forgiveness, playing upon her lips, but her pure spirit had gone to Him who doubts not the constancy and love of the pure in heart.

It is impossible to describe the scene of anguish that ensued. The imagination of the reader alone can draw that picture, nor would it be in the power

of any delineator to portray the remorse of Edward. It is not many years since he occupied one of the highest offices in the gift of the people of his native State; and he never returned from his public toils, without visiting the grave of his departed bride, whose memory yet appears as fresh in his heart, as though his head were not silvered o'er by the whiteness of years. He expects to meet his Helen in heaven, and speaks with unbounded joy of the forgiving smile that played upon her sweet lips, as she reposed upon the wedding bed, on the night of his brideless nuptials, in proof to his spirit that she will be his angel in the world that shall never pass away!

Eleanor, the heretofore light-hearted and joyous Eleanor, returned to her native land, "with a broken spirit and a contrite heart," betook herself to a convent; and it was within the last two years, that she bequeathed an estate, left her by her brother, one of the most wealthy merchants of London, to found an Orphan's Asylum, where those whom the world looked coldly upon, might have a home of comfort and of joy.

Original.

THE SORROWS OF LIFE.

BY J. W. MCCAKEY.

On sunny morn the blackest clouds oft roll,

And darken the fair canopy of heav'n;

Thus comes affliction o'er the happy soul,

'Tis sorrow is the greatest joy oft giv'n.

O! who can tell the grief which fills that breast,

In whose fond thoughts some lov'd one long hath dwelt?

As poverty advanced, who closer prest?

When friends forsook, who greater friendship felt?

Who knows its grief, when death with ruthless hands

Removed that friend from such delightful bands?

O! who can tell the pangs that pierce the heart,

When toss'd upon the raging sea of life?

Some son hath lost sure reputation's chart,

And stands expos'd to all the stormy strife.

Who, when the winds are high, no compass hath

To guide him onward in his trackless way,

And while the tempest wreaks its utmost wrath

Shines not from hope one solitary ray,

Whose bark is toss'd upon the treach'rous rock,

And sinks at last from that severest shock.

Who hath not felt these sorrows? who can say

No thorn hath pierc'd him in his pleasant path,

No hill hath rose upon his level way,

No chance compell'd to use sweet patience's staff

Since this wide globe from darkest chaos sprung,

And man first seen the glorious matin light:

Since in their spheres the morning stars hath sung.

And all the angels shouted at the sight,

Man oft hath felt affliction's chast'ning rod,

The direful vengeance of offended God.

TIME, THOU CHEAT OF HUMAN BLISS.

AS SUNG BY MR. WILSON, IN THE OPERA OF "AMILIE."

Music by Rooke.

Andante con moto.

Time, time thou cheat of human bliss, we'st soft

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/8. It contains a single measure followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is also a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/8, containing a continuous melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/8, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

balm is on thy lips thy bliss Time, time what bringest thou to me,

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/8, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is also a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/8, containing a continuous melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/8, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

What what is my heart's destiny. Time, time thou cheat of human bliss What

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/8, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is also a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/8, containing a continuous melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a time signature of 2/8, containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

bringest thou to me? Time what bringest thou to me -- Time, Time, thou

cheat of human bliss, W'ho's soft balm is in thy kiss, thy kiss. Time, Time, what

bringest thou to me? W'hat bringest thou to me, W'hat, what is my heart's des-tiny,

cres *p* *ritard*

Time, what bringest thou to me, W'hat, what is my heart's desti-ny?

ritard

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is indicated by 'cres' (crescendo) and 'p' (piano). There are also 'ritard' (ritardando) markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line.

From "Hood's Own."

OUR VILLAGE—BY A VILLAGER.

Our village, that's to say not Miss Mitford's village,
but our village of Bullock Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards
two elders, and a withy;
And in the middle there's a green of about not ex-
ceeding one acre and a half;
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows,
six ponies, three horses, five asses, two fowls, se-
ven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar
sort of common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three gan-
ders, two dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and
twelve geese.
Of course the green's cropt very close, and does fa-
mous for bowling when the little village boys
play at cricket!
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great ackass, is
sure to come and stand right before the wicket.
There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and
workshops, pig-styes, and poultry huts, and such
like sheds;
With plenty of public houses—two Foxes, one Green
Man, three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and
six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckon'd the best, as the only one
that for love or money can raise,
A postillion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white
horses and a ramshackled "neat post-chaise."
There's one parish church for all the people, whatso-
ever may be their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing cold, lit-
tle Methodist chapel of ease;
And close by the church-yard, there's a stone mason's
yard, that when the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore, and marble urns
and cherubims very low and reasonable.
There's a cage, comfortable enough; I've been in it
with old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike,
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale,
gin, or anything else you like,
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them
but the upright post;
But the pond is kept in repair for the sake of Cob's
horse as is always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a
chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters
and shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept
by the widow of Mr. Task,
But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of
every thing' you ask:
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like
flies, about the old sugary cask.
There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'
inside as out,

For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of
sales and election placards all about.

That's the doctor's with a green door, where the gar-
den pots in the window is seen;

A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead
geranium, and a tea plant with five black leaves
and one green.

As for holyoaks at the cottage-doors, and honey-
suckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle;
But the tailor's front garden grow two cabbages, a
duck, a ha'porth of penny-royal, two dandelions
and a thistle.

There are three old orchards—Mr. Bushy's the school-
master's is the chief—

With two pear-trees that don't bear, one plum and
apple, that every year is stripped by a thief.

There's another small day-school too, kept by the re-
spectable Mrs. Gaby,

A select establishment, for six little boys and one big,
and four little girls and a baby;

There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange odd
chimneys that never smokes,

For the rector don't live on his living like other chris-
tian folks:

There's a barber's, once a week well filled with rough
black bearded shock-headed churls,

And a window with two feminine men's heads, and
two masculine ladies in false curls,

There's a butcher's and a carpenter's, and a plumber's
and a small green-grocer's and a baker,

But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there's a sexton
that's a coal-merchant besides, and an under-
taker;

And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village
can't compare with the London shops;

One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats,
Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops,

And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a
bit behind her betters,

Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-
catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the
post-office for letters.

Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end
to end, save and except one more house,

But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall
—and that's the village poor-house!

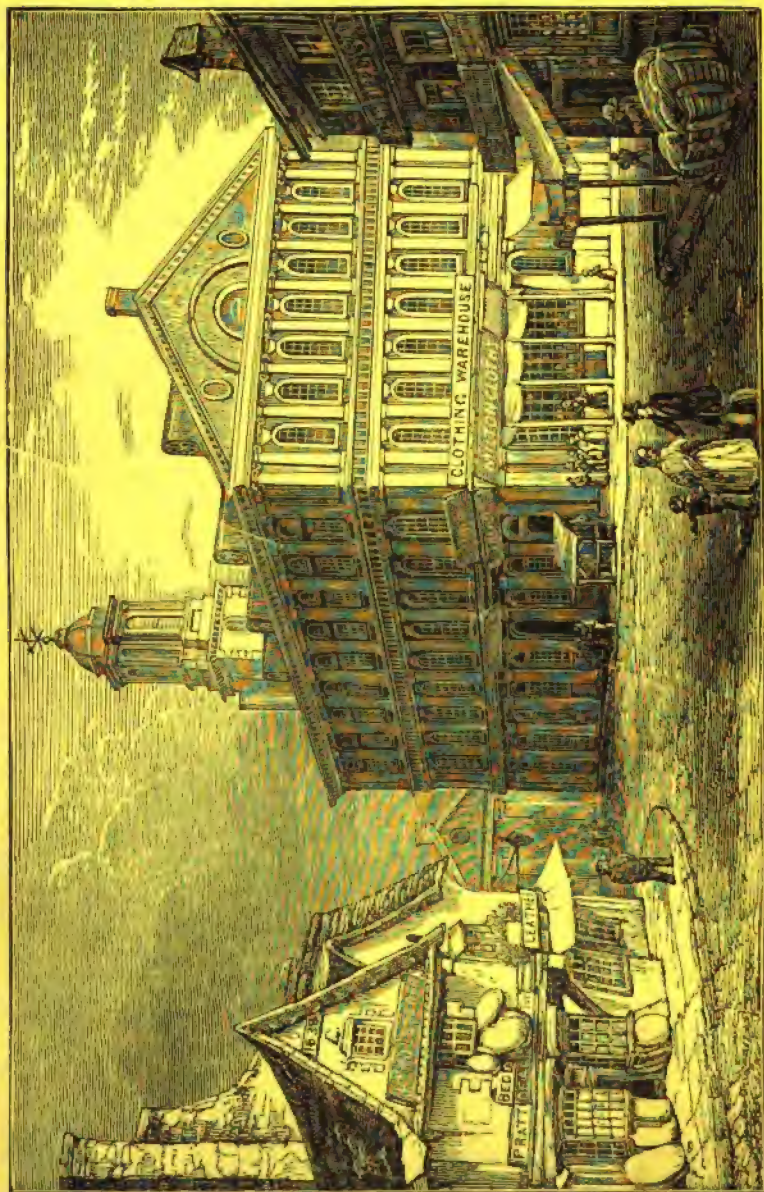
Life is a strange gift, and its privileges are
most mysterious; no wonder when it is first
granted to us, that our gratitude, our admiration
our delight should prevent us from reflecting on
our own nothingness, or from thinking it will
ever be recalled. Like a rustic at a fair, we
are full of amazement and rapture, and have no
thought of going home, or that it will soon be
night.

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ASTOR AND
TENNENT

2

1



Faneuil Hall, Boston.

FANEUIL HALL—BOSTON.

Original.

FANEUIL HALL is famous in American annals. It derives its name from Peter Faneuil, the *founder*, who died March 3d, 1743. He possessed a large estate, unbounded charity, and a liberal public spirit, which last, induced him to present to the town of Boston the stately edifice, for the accommodation of the inhabitants at their public meetings. It is a building of good proportions, and convenient size; plain and unprepossessing in its architecture. The great hall is nearly eighty feet square, and about twenty-eight feet high. It is decorated with an original full length portrait of its noble founder, by Colonel Sargent, and another of Washington by Stewart. The cupola affords a fine view of the harbor below. The destroying and all-defacing hand of time, has in some respects *modernised* the building, and the hum of business is now heard, where once rang out those thunder peals of indignant resistance to tyranny and of self devoting patriotism, which roused the spirit and nerved the arm of the citizen soldier. This is not as it should be. The ruthless hand of *improvement* (?) should never be suffered to overturn its foundation, or to remove one stone consecrated of liberty and hallowed by circumstance.

It was not only the "Cradle," but it was the *birth place* of American freedom. The spirit of prophecy, as well as a deep hatred of oppression and love of liberty haunted this immortal forum. Here our patriotic sires predicted the triumph in which the struggle would end, and actuated by that high and holy *principle*,—which lighted up like a star, the night which seemed to close around the destiny of their country—gave birth to the noble resolve, that—"all men were created free!"

We ought not to claim this edifice as being peculiarly ours. It belongs to the whole world. Hereafter when centuries have elapsed and the earth has grown hoary with age, that consecrated spot will be pointed to, and every eye be turned to the place where were conceived and originated, those doctrines and sentiments which then shall have triumphed and shed their benignant influence over the globe. Let it stand an enduring monument of our greatness, and when the destroying hand of Time shall have swept it from existence, and its last crumbling fragment be mingled with the dust, let nations gather around it and lament its fall.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

Honored be woman! who sweetly discloses
In life's rugged pathway such heavenly roses!

Gracefully weaving love's fortunate band,
While in the Grace's most winning attire,
She carefully watches the bright, genial fire
Of our purest emotions with skillful hand.

Ever from the bounds of reason

Stray the restless powers of man:

In the raging sea of passion

Plunge his thoughts, devoid of plan.

He grasps the future with emotion,
Never is his heart at rest,
Beyond the farthest planet's motion
He seeks what ne'er can make him blest.

But with mild looks, whose sweet magic enthral him
To the straight path of duty 'tis women recalls him,
Warning of dangers, which threaten in view!
With useful employment wild fancies expelling,
Quiet she rests in her beautiful dwelling,
Daughter of nature, still faithful and true!
Man to conquer still is striving,
Wild destruction spreading round!
Some end pursuing, yet ne'er arriving
Through life unsatisfied is found,
Daily his own works o'erturning,
Never rests the eager strile;
Ere one passion ceases burning,
Another rushes into life!

But woman, with glory less brilliant and contented
Gathers the flow'rets each moment presented,
Cherishing gently their fragrance and bloom;
In her limited circle moves free in her motion,
To knowledge more true is her spirit's devotion;
To her, fancy's flowers yield their sweetest perfume!
Strong and proud, himself sufficing,
Man's cold heart is never moved,
Another's sympathy by prizing,
To seek the bliss of being lov'd!
He cannot know the rapturous feeling
Confidence and love impart,
Life's hard contest ends in steeling
Harder still his rugged heart.

But the pitying bosom of woman resembles
The Æolian harp, which so easily trembles
At Zephyr's soft breathings, its chords passing
through.

Her heart swells with pity when misery viewing,
The accents of woe, her compassion renewing—
Glistens her bright eye with heavenly dew.
Man, in his proud and high dominion,
Makes strength usurp the throne of right;
With the sword he rules opinion,
Governing by force and might!
His passions no repose e'er finding,
Wildly rage unchained and free:
Where peaceful streams were gently winding,
Rushing torrents we may see!

But, with the soft magic of gentle persuasion,
Sweet woman can sway the mild sceptre of reason.
Allay the fierce tempest when wildly it blows;
Instruct warlike powers foolish hate to relinquish;
In each various being the good to distinguish,
Thus bringing together the deadliest foes!
Then honored be woman! who sweetly discloses,
In life's rugged pathway such heavenly roses!

MRS. CHALONER'S VISIT.

A SKETCH.—BY MISS LESLIE.

"I have pleasant news for you, my dear," said Mr. Gilmore to his wife, as he came in to dinner; "your old friend, Mrs. Chaloner, is in town."

"What, Cornelia Adderley that was?" exclaimed Mrs. Gilmore. "We were certainly intimate enough when girls, our families living for several years next door; but since Cornelia married and removed to a remote part of Virginia, we have lost sight of each other. We corresponded for awhile at first, but our letters gradually became less frequent, and at last ceased entirely, for you know I was married myself soon after Cornelia, and then I lost all inclination for letter-writing; as is generally the case, I believe, with women that are settled in life, and have no longer any thing to write about."

"Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "you will no doubt be glad to renew your friendship with the elegant Cornelia Adderley, whom I recollect as an uncommonly fine girl. You know we heard of the death of Mr. Chaloner eight or nine years ago. She has been spending most of the winter at Washington, having had business with Congress on account of a claim of her late husband's against the United States. She is here with some friends from the south, and they leave town for Boston in a few days."

"But who told you all this?" asked Mrs. Gilmore.

"Herself," was his reply; "I stopped in at the United States Hotel, to inquire if Mr. Atkinson had yet arrived, and I saw her name on the book. So, believing it to be that of our old friend, I made her a visit and introduced myself;—Mrs. Chaloner and her party have a private parlour at the hotel. I was glad to find that she recognised me even before I mentioned my name, notwithstanding the lapse of more than sixteen years. You know her marriage took place about three months before ours."

"How long will Mrs. Chaloner remain in town?" asked Mrs. Gilmore.

"Only two or three days. Of course you will call and see her this afternoon, and show her all possible kindness during her stay in Philadelphia."

"I am just thinking how that is to be managed. What a pity she did not arrive in town a month ago, and then I could have had her at my party."

"That would have been nothing," said Mr. Gilmore.

"Nothing—my dear, how can you talk so? What better could I have done for Cornelia Chaloner, than to invite her with all my other friends?"

"Friends!" exclaimed her husband; "why will you persist in calling a crowd of several hundred people your friends?"

"So they were," said Mrs. Gilmore. "You know very well it was not a general party."

"Is it possible you were acquainted with even the names of all the people I saw here that night?"

asked Mr. Gilmore. "I know not what you call a general party if that was not one."

"Well, it was *not*," resumed the wife. "A general party is when we ask every body with whom we are on visiting terms; and invite by families, even when some of the members are not exactly such as we like to show to the élité of our circle. For instance, I did not ask Mrs. Lilburn's sisters, though they live in the house with her, nor Mrs. Laidley's neither; nor Mrs. Wilkinson's cousin Margaret; nor Mrs. Bramfield's two step-daughters, though I had all three of her own; nor the Miss Herberts' aunt; nor Mrs. Danby's sister-in-law; nor Mrs. Ashton's neither; also, I invited nobody that lives north of Chestnut street. Now, if I had not taken care beforehand to have it understood that I was not going to give a *general* party, I should have been obliged to invite all these people."

"In other words," observed Mr. Gilmore, "a general party is one in which the feelings of all your acquaintances are respected; whereas they may be offended with impunity if your crowd is designated as select."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Gilmore, "I am sure there was crowd enough; notwithstanding that I left out every body whom there was no advantage in having. Not half the ladies even saw the supper-table; at least no more of it than the tops of the sugar temples and pyramids. And when the dancing commenced, there was only room for half-cotillions of four people in each. And the sleeves were all pressed flat, as every body was jammed into one mass; and the blood of some was torn to tatters by catching in the flowers of others. The heat was so great that all the real curls came out, and hung in strings; and numbers of ladies caught violent colds from passing nearly the whole time on the stairs and in the entry, for the sake of coolness."

"And you regret that your friend Mrs. Chaloner was not here to enjoy all this?" said Mr. Gilmore.

"Enjoy?" returned his wife. "Was it not a splendid party? Think of the sum that it cost."

"You need not tell me that," said the husband. "Rather too large a sum to be expended by persons in middle life for one evening of pain—pleasure I am sure it was not to any human being."

"Middle life!" repeated Mrs. Gilmore; "you are always talking of our being in middle life, even before strangers."

"So we are. And even if we were to expend five times the sum on one evening of foolery and suffering, I doubt if we should still be admitted into what is termed high life."

"You know well enough," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "that I have friends at whose houses I have met with people of the very first rank and fashion—people, who treated me so politely when I was introduced, that I did not hesitate to call on them previous to my party, as a preparatory step to sending them invitations."

"But did they come when thus you called on them?" asked her husband, smiling.
 "Nonsense, Mr. Gilmore," replied the lady, "they all sent very reasonable excuses and sincere regrets."

"Well," resumed Mr. Gilmore, "we have discussed this subject often enough. But what is it all to the widow Chaloner?"

"Why, I don't know exactly what to do with her—I cannot give another party this season."

"Heaven forbid that you should!" ejaculated her husband.

"Well, as to inviting a small select company to meet Mrs. Chaloner, as some people would, that's quite out of my way. I give one great party every season, and then I have done my duty, and my conscience is clear till next season: having paid off my debts to all that have invited me to their parties, and laid a foundation for future invitations next winter."

"Notwithstanding all this," said Mr. Gilmore, "my advice is that you invite Mrs. Chaloner for to-morrow evening, and ask fifteen or twenty agreeable people to meet her."

"Well then," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "we must light up the parlor, and have ice-creams, and other such things, and hire Carroll to help Peter band them round. All this would cost as much as one of Van Harlingen's new style pelerines, and I am dying for another of them. There is one that is worked all round in a running pattern—"

"Never mind the running pattern," interrupted her husband, "but endeavor to devise some way of evincing your pleasure at meeting again with one of the most intimate friends of your early youth. I remember her as a very handsome and agreeable girl, and she is now a most agreeable woman, and handsome still."

"Have you any idea what her circumstances are?"

"Not the least."

"How was she dressed?"

"I did not observe."

"That is so like you. I am sure if I were to buy all my things at the cheap stores, where they keep nothing but trash, and have them made up by cheap mantuamakers and milliners, you would be none the wiser. I do not believe you would know the difference between a bonnet from Gaubert's or Pintard's and one made in the Northern Liberties."

"I am certain I should not," replied her husband; "but let us now postpone this discussion and go to dinner."

In the afternoon, as they proceeded together toward the United States Hotel, the subject was renewed by Mrs. Gilmore saying—"As to my troubling myself with any extra evening company after having given my party, that is entirely out of the question."

"Then invite Mrs. Chaloner to dinner," said Mr. Gilmore, "and ask the Roxleys, and Harmons, and Lyeters to meet her; they are among the pleasantest people we know."

"I cannot undertake all that," replied the lady; "the trouble and expense of the dinner would far exceed that of a small tea-company."

"In this instance I am willing to pay the cost," said Mr. Gilmore, "for I expect some gratification in return for it."

"You talk of your own gratification," said Mrs. Gilmore, "and yet you refuse to make poor Mary Jane happy by giving her the superb silver card-case that she saw at Bailey & Kitchen's the day she got her last ear-rings, and that she has been longing for ever since. But, to make an end of all this arguing, the cheapest way of entertaining Cornelia Chaloner is—"

"Cheapest!" said Mr. Gilmore, indignantly.

"Yes, to be sure," pursued his wife. "Is it not our duty to consult cheapness in all unnecessary expenses. You know that we have a large family, and now that Mary Jane has come out, our bills for articles of dress and jewellery are of course very much enhanced."

"I know that perfectly," replied Mr. Gilmore; "she ought not to have come out for at least two years,—seventeen would have been quite time enough."

"There was no possibility of keeping her in," remarked Mrs. Gilmore. "But, as I was saying, the cheapest way is to invite Cornelia Chaloner to stay at our house while she is in town; and she will no doubt consider it a greater compliment than if we made a dinner or tea-party for her. It will look as if we desired only the pleasure of her society, and were unwilling to lose any part of it by sharing it with others."

"I am not certain though," said Mr. Gilmore, "that she will find *our* society (if we give her nothing else,) a sufficient compensation for what she will lose by resigning that of the friends with whom she is staying at the hotel."

"How you talk!" replied Mrs. Gilmore. "Have you no idea of the delight of calling up recollections of our days of girlhood, and of discussing once more our former lovers?"

"It will not take *you* very long to get through your old sweethearts," observed Mr. Gilmore,—"myself and the two midshipmen make three."

Before the lady could reply, they had reached the door of the United States Hotel, and were immediately conducted to the parlor occupied by Mrs. Chaloner and her party. They found her alone, and expecting them, as Mr. Gilmore had told her he would bring his wife to see her that afternoon. She received Mrs. Gilmore with open arms, and both ladies seemed very glad to meet again after so long a separation; for they had been extremely intimate at so early an age that the characters of both were still unformed.

Mrs. Gilmore examined the dress of her friend with a scrutinising eye, and wondered how a woman could look so well in a plain black silk; and wondered, also, why any one with such a profusion of fine hair should wear a cap, and why it should be a little close cap simply trimmed with white ribbon. Yet she now felt rather glad that Mrs. Cha-

loner had not come to town a month sooner. "After all," thought she "poor Cornelia would not have been much of an ornament to my party; for I can easily see that her style is always very plain. To be sure, as it was not a general party, I need not have asked her. Yes, yes—I see clearly that it is not worth while to invite any of my friends to meet her either at dinner or at tea."

However, Mrs. Gilmore earnestly pressed Mrs. Chaloner to remove to her house, and pass with her the two days she was yet to remain in town. Mrs. Chaloner, who, though she was very pleasantly situated at the hotel, imagined that she might spend two days still more agreeably with one of the most intimate friends of her youth, was soon prevailed on to accept the invitation. She was engaged to go with her party to Fairmount that afternoon, and to the theatre in the evening; and it was arranged that she should remove to Spruce street at an early hour next morning. All being satisfactorily settled, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore took their leave.

By the evening post Mr. Gilmore received a letter requiring his immediate presence in New York on some business of importance, which would most probably detain him there several days. He was therefore obliged to set out next morning in the early boat, lamenting that he was thus prevented from participating in the pleasure of Mrs. Chaloner's visit, and desiring his wife to do all in her power to make it agreeable to that lady; so that she would have no occasion to regret leaving the hotel, and her own party.

"I shall treat her just as I would a sister," replied Mrs. Gilmore;—"but make haste, my dear, or you will be too late for the boat."

"Mamma," said Mary Jane Gilmore, who was not yet fifteen, "ain't you going to dress yourself and sit in the front parlor all day with Mrs. Chaloner?"

"Not I indeed," replied Mrs. Gilmore; "you know as I am never at home to morning visitors, it is not my way to sit up dressed in the parlor, and therefore, as of course I would not put myself out of my way for so old a friend as Cornelia Chaloner, she must take me as she finds me; that is in the nursery, where I can be at my ease in a wrapper. As for having such parlors as ours littered with sewing, that is quite out of the question. And besides, they are so much darkened by the window curtains that there is no seeing to thread a needle, or to read a word even in the annuals that lie on the centre table."

"But she might look out of the window," observed Mary Jane.

"She could not see much through the muslin blinds," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "they are worked so closely all over; and I won't have them rumpled by drawing aside."

"It is well pa's not at home," remarked the daughter.

"I am very glad he is not," resumed Mrs. Gilmore. "He and I have such different views with regard to entertaining company, and he is always

so hard to counteract. However, Mary Jane, you must constantly bear in mind that it is the duty of all children to consider their father superior to every man in the world."

"Yes, mamma," replied Mary Jane; "but you know very well that pa' has a great many queer notions."

"Undoubtedly he has," answered the mother; "and he is in every respect the reverse of myself. But remember always that it is your duty as a child, to be blind to his faults, however great they may be."

About eleven o'clock, Mrs. Chaloner came to the door in a carriage, with a small trunk containing a change of clothes. "Dear me!" said Mrs. Gilmore, "who would have thought of her being here before twelve, at the earliest. When I urged her to come directly after breakfast, I had no idea that she would take me at my word; nobody ever does. Run down, Mary Jane, and show Mrs. Chaloner into the back spare bed-room till she gets her bonnet off, and then bring her into the nursery. I shall not put myself the least out of my way. If visitors will come, they must take me as they find me."

Accordingly Mrs. Chaloner was ushered into the nursery; a long narrow room in that part of the house denominated the back building; with a low ceiling, low windows, and a door opening into a sort of balcony or veranda. This apartment always presented a most disorderly appearance, and the furniture (which was very plain) had been much abused by the children. But though it was the constant abiding place of the successive Irish nurses, it was in the nursery that Mrs. Gilmore spent most of her time; there she sat in the full enjoyment of extreme *déshabille*, except when in an exuberance of finery she went out for the purpose of shopping, or of making visits by leaving her card; her professed devotion to her children never preventing her, during the season, from spending the first part of every evening at her toilet, and the last at a large party.

"My dear Cornelia," said Mrs. Gilmore, "I am delighted to see you. But how late you are; Mary Jane and I have been anxiously expecting you ever since breakfast. Do take a seat on the couch. Nelly, shake up the pillows,—the boys have been on them with their feet. You find me just going to dress the baby; a thing I always do myself, before Nelly carries her out walking. You were right to bring your sewing. You must make yourself quite at home, and neither use ceremony nor expect any. Mary Jane, are you going out this morning?"

"To be sure I am," replied the daughter, "I shall begin dressing immediately."

"Well then, I must get you to leave cards for me and yourself at Mrs. Warden's, and at Mrs. Morley's, and at Mrs. Clarkson's, and at Mrs. Simmons's; and to stop at Madame Pintard's and hurry her with my bonnet."

"Pintard won't be hurried," said Mary Jane.

"Besides, I have visits of my own on hand, and no time to stop at all those places."

"Mildness of voice and deportment, my dear Mary Jane," proceeded Mrs. Gilmore sententiously, "and strict compliance with the wishes of a parent are peculiarly becoming to all young ladies who desire—"

But before her mother had time to finish the sentence, Mary Jane had flounced out of the room, shutting the door violently.

"A perfect child of nature," observed Mrs. Gilmore. "She is, as yet, incapable of self-control, and is considered *brusque*. But *brusquerie* sometimes succeeds quite as well as manner. Mary Jane takes extremely. The other night at Mrs. Dellinger's she was constantly surrounded with gentlemen. She is but fifteen, and her father thinks I brought her out too soon. But there was no such thing as keeping her back."

"So I should suppose," thought Mrs. Chaloner. "Come now, Nelly, give me the baby," proceeded Mrs. Gilmore; "I have all her things ready. You see, my dear Cornelia, (for I make no stranger of you,) Nelly washes and dresses the baby every morning; but when she is to be carried out, I always prepare her myself; and while I am doing so, we can talk of old times, quite at our ease. Do you remember Maria Wilford's Christmas ball?—Nelly give me the pincushion. Hush baby—hush."

"I remember it very well," replied Mrs. Chaloner. "It was eighteen years ago."

"I wore a *crêpe lisse* looped up with daffodils, over a primrose-colored satin," pursued Mrs. Gilmore—"There now, baby, hold still till I pin its petticoat; hush, darling, hush.—She always cries when I dress her.—Yes, as I was saying, I wore that night a pale yellow *crêpe lisse*; the sleeves were in bouffants divided with rouleaux of primrose-colored riband, finished with rosettes, and Frank Edwards said to me very gallantly—Baby you must not cry so.—Be quiet now till I put your frock on.—What was *your* dress, Cornelia?"

"Indeed, I have no recollection," replied Mrs. Chaloner; "but I remember that the ball was a very pleasant ball, and that a very amusing incident occurred."

"I found nothing there that amused me so much," said Mrs. Gilmore, "as seeing Mrs. Denham in the same eternal black velvet that she had worn every where for three winters. But, as I was telling you, Frank Edwards said to me—Baby hush, or mother will whip her.—See now, stop crying, and look at its pretty pink cloak."

The baby did stop; and did look at its cloak, which was of embroidered merino, lined with white silk.

"And, Cornelia," pursued Mrs. Gilmore, "don't you remember the day when a large party of us went down to the Navy-yard to see a ship or something, that there came on a sudden rain all in a moment; and before we could get to the carriages, my chip hat was completely ruined! It was perfectly new, and you know it was trimmed with

pearl-white riband, and a wreath of cape jessamine.—There now, baby's quite ready.—Come, darling, shake a day-day before it goes."

After the baby had shaken a day-day and departed, Mrs. Gilmore went to the glass to arrange her disordered wrapper, to smooth her still more disordered hair, and she had thoughts of putting on a clean cap, but concluded that as her husband was not at home to insist on it, and as she should see nobody that day, it was not worth while. She talked all the time to Mrs. Chaloner, sometimes of her children, and sometimes of what she called old times, but in reality these reminiscences adverted only to the dresses she had worn on certain occasions in her girlhood, and to the compliments paid her by the persons she denominated her beaux. And such was her volubility, that Mrs. Chaloner, though a woman of excellent conversational powers, had seldom an opportunity of speaking at all.

Mrs. Gilmore, (who, notwithstanding her passion for dress and parties, professed to be *au-fait* to all the petty details of housewifery, and was one of those very common characters that exercise the closest economy in some things and the most lavish extravagance in others,) sat down to piecing together some very old calico for a servant's bed-quilt, saying to Mrs. Chaloner "this is not very pretty work to bring out before a visitor; but you know I do not consider you as a stranger."

In a few minutes the street door was thrown violently open, and a "rabble rout," was heard ascending the stairs. Presently in rushed five boys just from school, and shouting for bread and molasses. But they all stopped short, and started at the sight of Mrs. Chaloner.

"Never mind, my dears," said their mother; "it is only Mrs. Chaloner, an old friend of mine. My dear Cornelia, I am sorry you have no children,—you know not the pleasure of them."

The boys, having recovered from their surprise, now clamored with one accord for the bread and molasses; and Mrs. Chaloner thought that, like Mary Jane, they certainly wanted *manner*. Mrs. Gilmore mildly requested them to go and apply to Phillis for it. "You know very well," said one of the boys, "that Phillis always drives us out of the kitchen, and says she won't be plagued while she's getting dinner. We are afraid of Phillis."

"I wish you were half as much afraid of me," murmured their mother. However, she went down to supply their demands, saying as she left the room, "I do not ask you to take any thing by way of luncheon, my dear Cornelia, lest it should spoil your dinner."

The boys all ran down after her, and in a short time returned; their faces and hands very much smeared with molasses. From that time till dinner, the nursery and the balcony resounded with noise and riot; the mother sometimes raising her voice in vain attempts to check them, but generally contenting herself with remarking to Mrs. Chaloner that "boys would be boys,"—an indubitable truism. "Their father," said Mrs. Gilmore, "inclines to be rather strict with the children: which

is the reason that I am rather indulgent. And therefore, when he is away, they always break out. But I like to see them natural, and I have no idea of cooling their affection by abridging their little pleasures. And I must say they all absolutely doze on me. Come here, Willy."

"What for?" said the urchin, who was just then busily employed in unwinding and tangling one of Mrs. Chaloner's cotton-spools.

"Come, and kiss mamma."

"No, I won't" was the reply.

Mrs. Chaloner now endeavored to give a turn to the conversation, by inquiring after one of their former friends, Helen Harley.

"Oh! she married William Oxford," replied Mrs. Gilmore.—"Only think, her wedding dress was a plain brown *gros des Indes*; some said it was a *gros de Suisse*. Just imagine, a bride in brown. But Helen was always eccentric. My dear boys, let me request that you will all go down and play in the yard."

Her dear boys took no heed of the request, but persisted in acting naturally by scampering in and out of the balcony, (sometimes through the door, but generally through the windows,) prancing on the couch, and throwing its pillows in each other's faces, overturning chairs and stools, and trampling on their mother's sewing. One of them being pursued by another with the hearth-brush, fell over Mrs. Chaloner, and seized her silk dress in his molasses-daubed hands to assist himself in rising. Another, with similar hands, snatched her reticule to pelt his brother with, and scattered its contents all over the floor. But it were endless to relate their pranks; none of which were the least amusing, though all were extremely annoying. They played at nothing, and there was no meaning in their fun. It was nothing but senseless running, shouting, and scrambling. Beside which, they were all ugly, and had remarkably foolish faces. Mrs. Gilmore said that all her children took after herself; and Mrs. Chaloner saw no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion.

Dinner was at last announced; Mary Jane made her appearance, and the ladies descended to the dining-room, where they found the boys (who had run down *en masse* before them) already squabbling about their seats.

Mrs. Gilmore requested Mary Jane to place herself between James and Joseph, to keep them apart; but that young lady refusing, her mother said to Mrs. Chaloner "My dear Cornelia, will you oblige me by taking a seat between those two young gentlemen, who are apt to be a little unruly when they sit together." Mrs. Chaloner complied; and the boys were all the time striking at each other behind her back.

"We have a very plain dinner to-day," said the hostess. "When Mr. Gilmore is at home, he and I, and Mary Jane, do not dine till three, and the child en have an early dinner by themselves, at one o'clock, on account of their going to school again at two. But as he is absent, and I do not consider you as a stranger, I did not think it worth while

to have two dinners prepared.—What shall I help you to?"

The two youngest boys now cried out to be helped first, and as their mother knew they would persist, she complied with their demand, saying "My dear Cornelia, I am sure you will excuse the poor little fellows. Children are always hungry, and we can have no comfort with our dinner unless we pacify them first. Any thing, you know, for peace and quietness."

The children soon devoured their meat, and while the ladies were still eating theirs, the pudding was called for and cut, and the juveniles were all served with it by way of keeping them pacified. Little Willy, thinking that his brother George had rather a larger piece of pudding than himself, fell into a violent tantrum, screamed, and kicked, and finally by Mary Jane's order was carried from the table by the servant-man. And the mother rose up, and begged to be excused while she went out to quiet the poor little fellow; which she did by carrying with her a much larger piece of pudding. —Mrs. Chaloner silently wishing that the children were less natural, or rather, that their nature was better, or that she was considered more of a stranger.

"It is always so when papa is away," said Mary Jane. "But mamma is rightly served, for not having two dinners as usual."

When the uncomfortable repast was finished, and peace restored by the boys going to school. Mrs. Gilmore retired to her chamber, having informed her guest that it was her custom and Mary Jane's, always to take an afternoon nap in their respective rooms, and "I suppose," said she, "you would like to do the same." Mrs. Chaloner was not inclined to sleep, but she had no objection to the quiet of her own apartment, and she expressed a desire to take a book with her.

"Except a few annuals," said Mary Jane, "we have no books but those in papa's library; (neither mamma nor myself having any time to read,) but I will take you there to choose one. I believe he has the Waverly novels and Cooper's, and others that I hear people talk about."

When they reached the library, they found the door barricaded by a table, on which a woman was standing while she cleaned the paint; and looking in, they saw another scrubbing the floor, half of which was floated with water. The books were all in disorder, having been taken down to be dusted; and it was found that Mrs. Gilmore had seized the opportunity of her husband's absence to have his library cleaned. "To go in here is impossible," said Mary Jane, "but I will bring you one of the annuals from the centre-table in the front parlor."

The annual was brought, and Mrs. Chaloner retired with it to her apartment: but having read it before, she did not find it very amusing.

In the evening it rained, and Mrs. Gilmore said that she was glad of it, as now she need not dress; and as her husband was away, there could be no danger of any of his visitors dropping in. Also that

it was not worth while to have the parlors opened, as they had been shut up all day. So they spent the evening in the eating-room; and Mary Jane Jane wisely went to bed immediately after tea; longing as she said, to get her corsets off. The younger boys slept about the sofa and carpet, and screamed when any one touched or spoke to them; the elder ones racketted over head in the nursery. The baby was brought down, and kept worrying about the table, in the arms of Nelly, till nine o'clock, that it might sleep the better during the night. When the justly-fretting infant could be kept awake no longer, either by waiting it up and down, showing it the lamp, jingling a bunch of keys in its ears, or shaking a string of beads before its closing eyes, it was undressed on the spot, crying all the time, having been thoroughly wakened in the process; and it was finally carried off by Nelly, whose dismal chant as she rocked and sung it to sleep, was heard from above stairs for half an hour.

Mrs. Gilmore now seemed so very tired and sleepy, that her guest (who was tired also,) took her leave for the night, and repaired to her chamber. This apartment, though called a spare bedroom, was used by every member of the family as a receptacle for all sorts of things; and Mrs. Chaloner being (unfortunately for her) considered no stranger, nothing had been removed with a view to her accommodation. While she had sat there reading in the afternoon, at night when she was preparing for bed, and in the morning before she was up, and while she was dressing, her privacy was continually invaded by the nurse, the other servants, and even Mrs. Gilmore and Mary Jane coming to get various articles from the closets, bureaux and presses. This chamber was unhappily on the same floor with the dormitories of the boys, who began their career at daylight; chasing each other along the passages, and enacting a general wrestling-match so close to Mrs. Chaloner's door that they burst it open in the *melée*, and fell into the room while she was engaged at the washing-stand.

There was another spare bed-room, superior in every respect to this; but Mrs. Gilmore did not think it worth while to be so ceremonious with her old friend Cornelia Chaloner as to place her in the best of the two chambers.

As soon as the mother and daughter met in the morning—"Mary Jane," said Mrs. Gilmore, "I have been thinking of something—Miss Nancy Risings has not yet made her weekly visit, and as we may be sure of the infliction between this and Sunday, suppose we kill two birds with one stone; and have her to-day with Mrs. Chaloner."

"Never were two people more unsuitable," replied Mary Jane; "Miss Nancy is the most stupid woman on earth."

"No matter," said Mrs. Gilmore, "am I responsible for her stupidity? It will be a good opportunity of getting at once through the bore of her visit; at least for the week. Mrs. Chaloner has seen too much of the world not to know that she

must take people as she finds them; and as she does not seem the least hard to please, I dare say she will get along well enough with Miss Nancy, who *must* be tolerated, as your father, in his foolish kindness, will not allow her to be affronted away. So we will send for her to come to-day, and no doubt the poor old thing will be highly pleased with the compliment, as I dare say it is the first time in her life she ever was *sent for* by any body."

Miss Nancy Risings was an old maiden lady who lived alone, on a very small income derived from a ground-rent; and to make it hold out, she was in the habit of visiting round in seven or eight families with whom she had long been acquainted. After the death of Mrs. Gilmore's mother, whom she had visited once a week for twenty-five years, Miss Nancy transferred her visits to the daughter, and as it was really an object of some importance to the old lady to spend every day from home, Mr. Gilmore insisted on her being received by his family; and she was not in the least fastidious as to the mode of reception.

Accordingly Miss Nancy Risings was sent for, and by the time breakfast was over, and the boys prevailed on to go to school, the old lady arrived; and she and their other guest were ushered into the back parlor; Mary Jane having protested to her mother that it would be too bad to condemn Mrs. Chaloner to another day of the nursery, particularly as she had Miss Nancy in addition.

The two visitors were now left alone. Miss Nancy had her knitting, and Mrs. Chaloner her sewing. Mrs. Chaloner kindly endeavored to draw her into conversation, but in vain; for Miss Nancy had no talent for talking, or for any thing else. She had read nothing, seen nothing, heard nothing, and she knew nothing; and her replies were little more than monosyllables. Mrs. Chaloner, as the morning was fine, had intended going out; but down came Mrs. Gilmore and Mary Jane full-dressed for shopping and card-leaving.

"As by this time, my dear Cornelia, you must feel quite at home here," said Mrs. Gilmore, "I need make no apology for leaving you with Miss Nancy Risings, who is a very particular friend and a great favorite of mine. Make yourselves happy together till dinner-time, for I doubt if we can get home much before." And out they sallied, leaving Mrs. Chaloner to feel very much as if caught in a trap. But her good-nature prevailed; and having by this time learned to consider her visit as a salutary trial of patience, she proceeded with the heavy task of entertaining the unentertainable Miss Nancy.

At noon, the boys rushed home and behaved as usual. Mrs. Gilmore and her daughter, being very tired with running about all the morning, put on undresses to come to dinner in; and the dinner-proceedings were the same as the day before. Early in the afternoon Mrs. Chaloner took her leave, and terminated her visit; having, as she truly said, some purchases to make previous to leaving town next morning for Boston. Mrs. Gilmore professed great

regret at the departure of her dear Cornelia, and hoped that whenever she came to Philadelphia, she would always make it a point of staying at her house. Mary Janne expressed much disappointment at Mrs. Chaloner leaving them before evening; and she really felt it, as she knew that it would now fall to her lot to get Miss Nancy through the remainder of the day.

We need not inform our readers with what satisfaction Mrs. Chaloner found herself that evening again at the hotel, and in the society of the refined and intelligent friends with whom she was travelling to Boston to visit a brother who had married and settled there.

Mr. Gilmore did not return for three weeks, having extended his journey to the far east. The first thing he told on his arrival at home, was that he had been at a wedding the evening before he left Boston, and that the bride was Mrs. Chaloner.

Great surprise was expressed by Mrs. Gilmore and Mary Jane, and they were still more amazed to hear that the bridegroom, Mr. Rutledge, was a southern gentleman of large property, and of high standing in every respect. Having become acquainted with Mrs. Chaloner at Washington, he had followed her to Boston, as soon as Congress broke up, (it was one of the long sessions,) and had there prevailed on her to return with him as his wife. They were married at her brother's, and were going home by way of the lakes, and therefore should not pass through Philadelphia.

"How very extraordinary, Mary Jane," said Mrs. Gilmore to her daughter, as soon as they were alone; "who could have guessed the possibility of that plain-looking little woman making a great match. I remember hearing when she married Mr. Chaloner that he was by no means rich; and I knew nothing about the people she was travelling with, therefore I did not see the necessity of putting myself the least out of the way on her account. Still, if I had had the smallest idea of her so soon becoming Mrs. Rutledge, the wife of a rich man and a member of Congress, I should certainly have dressed myself, and received her in the front parlor instead of the nursery, and had nice things for dinner, and invited some of my best people to meet her in the evening—"

"And not sent for Miss Nancy Risinga," interrupted Mary Jane. "Well, mamma, I think we have made a bad business of it, and, to say the truth, I was actually ashamed more than once to see the way things were going on. As to the boys, I am glad papa is going to send them all to that Boston boarding-school; the farther from home the better for themselves and us; it will be such a relief to get rid of them."

In the next private confabulation between the mother and daughter—"Only think, Mary Jane," said Mrs. Gilmore, "your father tells me that the family Mrs. Chaloner was travelling with, is one of the very first in Boston, quite at the head of society, immensely wealthy, and living in almost a palace—such people as we never had in our house."

What a pity we did not know who they were; we might have derived so much éclat from them. What an opportunity we have lost! If Mrs. Chaloner had given me any reason to suppose that her friends could be persons of that description, I would have invited them all in the evening, and strained every nerve to get some of our fashionable people to meet them; and I would have had Carroll and Truellar both; and ice-creams, and blanc mange, and champagne, and all such things—but how was I to suppose that little Mrs. Chaloner, with her plain gown and cap, was likely to have had such acquaintances, or to make so great a match. I wish I had not treated her *quite* so unceremoniously; but I am sure I thought it could never be worth while to put myself the least out of the way for her."

"You see, mamma," said Mary Jane, "in this, as in many other instances, you have over-reached yourself. Your plans never seem to come out well."

"I believe," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "your father's notions of things are, after all, the best, and I shall pay more regard to them in future. Mary Jane, be sure you tell him no particulars of Mrs. Chaloner's visit."

From Blackwood's Magazine.
DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,

And it never comes again;

'Tis a vision of light, of life and truth,

That flits across the brain;

And love is the throne of that early dream,

So wild, so warm so new,

That in all our after years I deem,

That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,

More turbulent by far;

'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,

For the theme of that dream is war;

And we toil in the field of danger and death,

And shout in the battle array,

Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,

That vanisheth away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,

'Tis a vision of gold in store—

Of sums noted down on the figured page,

'Tis counted o'er and o'er;

And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,

As a refuge from grief and pain,

Till our limbs are laid on the last dark bed,

Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave

In the path which we all are treading?

Is there nought in that long career to save

From remorse and self-upbraiding?

O yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright,

That the being to whom it is given,

Hath bathed in a sea of living light,—

And the theme of that dream is Heaven.

THEATRICAL EXHIBITIONS.

Original

Various writers have undertaken with great vehemence of expression, and apparent confidence in the rectitude of their positions to prove the usefulness of theatrical exhibitions. As all the sentiments we have seen advanced appear to be inconsistent with reason and experience, perhaps a few observations thereon may have a tendency, if not to convince their judgment, at least to prevent the weak from being imposed upon by specious assertions—arguments they cannot be called.

It has been asserted that "the ideas which any object presents to the mind depend upon the previous state of the mind," &c. If this be admitted in its full extent, it will unquestionably follow, that the tendency of objects presented to the view, is merely to give operation to the powers of the mind; that the cognitive faculties being called into action by the presentation of objects, the reflections produced will be regulated, entirely, by sentiments previously imbibed: hence it would appear, that the nature of objects or scenes exhibited, is perfectly immaterial; that all scenes are equally good, the enlightened deriving instruction, and the depraved new accessions of depravity, from all; that the same ideas would be suggested by a farce and a sermon, by a funeral procession and a military parade, by the brazen discordant din of war, and the melting sounds of the hymeneal song. This is, indeed, extending the system of equalisation to the moral world; and, amid the general renovation, it is strange if the distinction between the best and worst of *books* does not fall to the ground. If the principle be just, this conclusion is inevitable; but, if the principle be false, the inferences deduced from it must be evidently fallacious.

In examining this position, as no argument can be formed without some principles, we shall assume such as we believe the advocates of the theatre themselves will not controvert.

Every effect is produced by some cause, and every effect is proportional to the efficacy of the cause producing it. Where several causes are combined, the effect is influenced by all, and partakes more or less of the tendency of each, according as they may generally predominate. The tendency of a discourse, whether it be read or spoken, is to inculcate sentiments similar to those contained in that discourse. According as the previous preparation of the mind supplies a cause, conspiring with, or counteracting that tendency, will the effect be more or less evident. Where, of two contrary tendencies, one predominates over the other, although the effect of the latter be apparently lost, yet, like two opposite mechanical powers, the effect of the former is proportionably diminished. Hence we conclude, that where the mind increases its refinement, or enlarges its knowledge, by the worst of books or scenes, it must be by the principle of good previously implanted in it, counteracting the natural tendency of the book or scene, and producing an opposite effect, although in a degree diminished by the reaction of the scene. For the same reason, we conclude, that where the

tendency to depravity is so strong in the mind as to outweigh the moral tendency of the best books or scenes, the effect will be less than where their natural tendency conspires with the predominating cause.

It has been frequently acknowledged, that the scenes in the boxes, pit, and gallery of the theatre, are of an odious nature; and those on the stage, far from the brightest examples of purity. These, to the idle and vicious, we have been told are *neutral*, leaving them just where they were (although a dollar is given for the desirable neutrality); and to the wise—"they are *INESTIMABLE*." (!) With regard to the former we shall take the liberty of differing in opinion with those who make the assertion, for reasons already explained, especially as the assertion, that "a depraved mind will desire new accessions of depravity from the best of books," and doubtless from the best of scenes, sufficiently contradict it. For how the mind can be vitiated by the best, and remain uninjured by the worst, is not easily conceived. With regard to the latter, we are left entirely in the dark in what manner this "inestimable" advantage is to be derived from the obscene jests and hideous oaths of the motly assembly of a theatre, or from the "tricks played upon a foolish old father by a wanton mad-cap girl." In this we are left to draw our own conclusions, and to find by our own ingenuity, how this "inestimable" prize can be gained.

It is true that amid this inundation of folly, dissipation and vice, the virtuous may sometimes meet with themes of moral contemplation—they may behold with abhorrence, the prostitution of abilities, and learn to direct theirs to nobler and better purposes—they may see to what a monstrous degree human nature may be debased, and learn to avoid those gratifications which assimilate the human to the brute race—they may make some improvement from farcical representations and comic buffoonery, bad as they are, *not* from their immoral tendency—but in spite of it. But if the time and money spent there might be employed to a greater advantage elsewhere, this, even in its most favorable point of view, must be considered as an evil, not by virtue of the evil directly incurred, but by virtue of the superior good which it indirectly excludes. That an assembly, where vice is tolerated, and where obscenity triumphs uncontrolled, is the most favorable to the increase or preservation of virtue, of all possible society, is a supposition, the absurdity of which is too manifest to require demonstration.

Although in some instances, the effect of visiting the theatre may be such as above attributed to it, yet, we are far from believing it to be generally the case, that even such as may be willing to be classed among the virtuous, leave the theatre without being, in some degree, infected by the vices surrounding them.

* Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too often, warts, and filth arise,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It is not the object of the theatre to represent vice in its native deformity; this would be too

disgusting to the spectators; but to decorate it with the charms of eloquence or the attractions of pleasantry—thereby rendering it dangerously fascinating to that numerous class of the visitors—the giddy, the thoughtless, and the vain.

The play-house, it has been said, is the "world's epitome," but we believe it to be a very imperfect one. Without doubt, there is an extensive collection of the vices and follies of the world to be found there. We may there behold the vices, the ambition, and the perfidy of kings, represented in such glowing colors, and so embellished with the cosmetic powers of poetry, as to enamor us with the actions, for the poet's sake; there we may see riot, dissipation and debauchery, enlivened by the intermixture of wit, till we forget their turpitude, whilst we enjoy their drollery;—these on the stage. Among the audience we may hear oaths and obscenity, until the ear, accustomed to wonted sounds, listens, if not with pleasure, at least without disgust. But it is to the *habitations* of these votaries of licentiousness, that we must repair, to behold the miseries which vice and folly introduce into the circles of domestic life; *there*, we may see the world as it is; *there*, we may come, if not in contact with vice, at least in sight of it, without danger of infection; *there*, we may behold objects to which the dollar and two or three hours might have been applied to much better advantage than in procuring the liberty of listening to the vulgar jests with which the theatre resounds, and of inhaling the infected vapors from a thousand lungs.

The theatre has been recommended as a mode of obtaining knowledge; and we are told that the *press* is another vehicle used for the same purpose.

If the press never gave us any thing good, we would be for *annihilating* printing; and if it can be shown us what good the stage is now doing, we will throw aside our "scruples and prudence," and enter with them the walls of the theatre, to listen to the lessons of morality and decorum.

The miserable buffoonery and low farce which now reigns in the theatres, are a sufficient answer to all the theatrical moralists who have ever written. It is not what *ought* to be, but what is the effect of any particular cause, that we are to regard.

Does not the stage afford an idle and pernicious mode of life to many persons of good natural abilities, who might be usefully employed? Does it not engross the time and money of many indigent persons? Does it not give the mind a disrelish for the best and most important things? Is it ever made the "*powerful engine*" of doing good? Is it not, and has it not always been, the *most* powerful engine of ridiculing the wise and virtuous of every age? Was it not by the medium of the theatre that the buffoon Aristophanes succeeded in vilifying, and finally destroying the most enlightened sage of the heathen world,—the great, the truly philosophic Socrates.

The rake who is debauching innocence, squandering away property, and extending the influence of licentiousness to the utmost of his power, would (*if fairly represented*) excite spontaneous and universal abhorrence. But this would be extremely inconvenient; since raking,

seduction, and prodigality, make up half the business, and almost all the reputation of men of fashion. What then is to be done. Some qualities of acknowledged excellence must be associated with these vicious propensities, in order to prevent them from occasioning disgust. In this manner, in dramas of the highest popularity, the worthless libertine is represented as having at the bottom some of those qualities which reflect most honor on human nature; while, as if to throw the balance still more in favor of vice, the man of professed virtue is delineated as being, in the main, a sneaking and hypocritical villain. Lessons such as these are not likely to be lost upon the ingenious feelings of a young girl. For, besides the fascinations of an elegant address and an artful manner, the whole conduct of the plot is an insidious appeal to the simplicity of her heart. She is taught to believe by these representations, that profligacy is the exuberance of a generous nature, and decorum the veil of a bad heart; so that having learned in the outset of her career, to associate frankness with vice, and duplicity with virtue; she will not be likely to separate these combinations during the remainder of her life.

The actions on the stage are called "*holding the mirror up to nature*,"—which is, in some degree, true. But then, as we have before intimated, they take special care to select some of nature's *worst* specimens for this exhibition. They rake society to the very dregs to produce objects for the entertainment of eyes, perhaps hitherto unsullied by scenes of vulgarity and vice—they show nature naked, in short, to many who would otherwise only have seen her clad in the decent dress of civilized society. We repeat,—a familiarity with vicious scenes is scarcely ever profitable. Man does not want to be taught how bad he may be. He who generally finds himself above par, will soon think himself privileged to grow worse—and he who continually looks into the *mirror* reflecting nothing but bad faces, is not unlikely to deem himself handsome enough while he has a single feature better than the rest.

The theatre has been likened, by Dr. Cunningham, to a large hospital, and "one great point at which the physicians who have the management aim, is to prepare the patient for the reception of their drugs, by the removal of some impediments which his nature or his habits may have introduced. Among which are, his *prejudices about the character of God*; his *respect for virtue*, and his *hatred for vice*, as such: in males, the *spirit of charity*; in females, *love of modesty*." Mark the process:—a company of intellectual physicians is engaged, who make use of all the artifices of dress, action, and elocution, to instil the necessary doctrines. And who are these physicians? Are they found among the virtuous citizens of the country—among our intelligent and high-minded statesmen? No! they are almost without exception persons devoid of the semblance of a character, and many of them are the dregs and scum of mankind. They fatten on the vices of society, and are fed with the life blood of immortal souls. Yet these are the men, whom many of our city dignitaries, and wise, churchgoing editors delight to honor. For

the signal benefits they have conferred on the world, public dinners are given, and services of plate presented, as though, like our heathen ancestors, we thought it necessary to propitiate the evil spirits by the most costly offerings.

But let us return; these lecturers violate the dignity of the Most High, by *taking his name in vain*, and by *swearing at his laws*. Nor is this enough—they not only thus tear God from his throne, but they place an idol in it. *Love* is made the divinity of the place. One of them, for instance, thus addresses a procurress:

"Thou angel of light, let me fall down and adore thee."

They demand the homage for this idol which should be rendered to Heaven. "Men," says one of these priests of Venus, "are generally hypocrites or infidels; they pretend to worship, but have neither faith nor zeal: how few, like *Valentine*, would persevere unto martyrdom!" Woman, indeed, according to this theology, is the real heaven. We find a worshipper of this altar, in a fit of devotion, thus addressing a female:—

"There's in you all that we believe of Heaven—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

It has joys also so exquisite as its command, that the happiness of Heaven, in some concentrated or condensed shape alone can equal them. It was of a single kiss, for example, one Bellamour pronounced, "*Eternity* was in that moment!" "My soul," says a very high authority among them, "despairs to be forgiven, unpardoned, love, by thee."

To lessen the *hatred of vice*, they adopt two methods. They make the most amiable qualities its inseparable *allies*; and they make it *successful* whenever it takes the field. If, for instance, the personage is debauched, they give him generosity; if a spendthrift, good humor; if a liar, good temper; if vindictive, successful courage. The spectators naturally both learn to value the *bad qualities* for the sake of the good ones associated with them; and to deem *success* an unequivocal proof of *merit*.

As to *modesty*, it generally falls a victim to the singular property of the place:—as soon as a female enters the building, however she may blush at home, she rarely or never is seen to blush here—any thing may be said or done in their presence. The pen of decency appears from that moment to have set upon them, and to color the cheek with its glowing hues no longer. And this is of no momentary continuance. It has a permanent influence. The eye for ever after is apt to confound or mistake every object it sees.—Licentiousness, for instance, is mistaken for "spirit," and a "reformed rake," is coveted as "the best husband."

Another end which is accomplished in this edifice: Our city authorities appear to think, that of all aristocracies that of virtue is the worst, and therefore hasten to blot out those distinctions which used to separate the good from the bad. In this establishment, accordingly, all sorts of people are huddled together—the good and bad are equally welcome, and meet

here to laugh and cry in company. Vice soon begins to hold up her head, when she finds herself exalted to the same rank with virtue; and virtue learns to despise herself, when she is reduced to the same level with vice. Fellow citizens, therefore, of this unnatural republic, they soon shake hands.

"The theatre a school of virtue!" exclaims an eloquent female writer, "yea, he who first assumed the office of instruction in the garden of Eden, when he said to Eve, ye 'shall be as gods,' fills the Presidential chair in this 'school,'" and he has lost none of his ability to teach, as too many of his pupils can testify. He is carrying on the work by day and by night while professing Christians are sleeping over the subject, or indirectly aiding his designs. It is a fact beyond all question of a doubt, that without the patronage of those who are considered the virtuous and respectable part of society, the theatre would inevitably go down. If left to the care of its legitimate supporters, who alone *ought* to find pleasure in its polluting representations, it would not live one year. There must be some cords to bind the disjointed fragments together, and these are supplied by the class of which we speak. When they enter the theatre, whether they believe it or not, they are on a level with all who herd there, from the third tier to the pit, for they know before they enter the place the character of the company, and have no right to despise their chosen associates.

A word or two more and we are done: Professor Griecom, of New York, in a report on the causes of vice and crime in that city, makes the following statement:

"Among the causes of vicious excitement, in our city, none appear to be so powerful as the theatre amusements. The number of boys and young men who have become determined thieves, in order to procure the means of introduction to the theatres and circus, would appal the feelings of every virtuous mind, could the whole truth be laid before them.

"In the case of the feebler sex, the result is still worse: a relish for the amusements of the theatre, without the means of indulgence, becomes too often a motive for listening to the first suggestions of the seducer, and thus prepares the unfortunate captive of sensuality for the haunts of infamy, and a total destitution of all that is valuable in the mind and character of woman."

The following fact is worthy of being considered by the friends and patrons of theatres:—

"During the progress of the most ferocious revolution which ever shocked the face of heaven, theatres, in Paris alone, multiplied from six to twenty-five. Now, one of two conclusions follows from this: either the spirit of the times produced these institutions, or the institutions cherished the spirit of the times; and this will certainly prove that they are either the parents of vice, or the offspring of it."

The infidel philosopher, Rousseau, declared himself to be of the opinion that the theatre is in all cases, a school of vice. Though he had himself written for the stage, yet when it was proposed to establish a theatre in the city of Geneva, he wrote against the project with zeal and

great force, and expressed the opinion that every friend of pure morals ought to oppose it.

Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Johnson, observes: "Although it is said of plays that they teach morality, and of the stage that it is the mirror of human life—these assertions are mere declamation, and have no foundation in truth or experience. On the contrary, a play-house and the regions about it, are the very hot heads of vice."

Tillotson, after some pointed and forcible reasoning against it, pronounces the play-house to be "the devil's chapel," and "a nursery of licentiousness and vice," and "a recreation that ought not to be allowed among a civilised, much less a Christian people."

Coillier solemnly declares that he was persuaded that "nothing had done more to debase the age in which he lived, than the stage poets and the play-house."

Sir Mathew Hale, having in early life experienced the pernicious effects of attending the theatre, resolved, when he came to London, never, to see a play again, and this resolution, he adhered to through life.

Even the heathen philosopher, Plato, understood the mischievous tendency of theatres: "Plays, he says, raise the passions and pervert the use of them, and are of course dangerous to morality."

We wish not to be considered an enemy to recreation—as such, or that we undervalue that which is afforded by fine acting. As to the first, we know that recreation is necessary to man. And as to theatrical representations, we can scarcely conceive any thing more calculated to display the genius of man, or to captivate his imagination. Such is the gratification they bestow, and such the benefit which, if consecrated to a right end, they might impart, that we could most heartily wish the wise and virtuous would bend all their faculties to discover whether it is impossible to render that innocent and useful which is so delightful. C. B. B.

LOVE'S GIFTS.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

We've learn'd to live without each other,

Tho' once we thought the lesson vain:
The pangs of wounded pride I'll smother,
And send thee back *Love's gifts* again!

First take the *chain*, whose links are broken
(Like our affection's sever'd chord);

Once 'twas of firmest love the token.

But proved as frail as—woman's word!

Take next the *ring*, that bound me to thee
(It ne'er shall clasp my finger more);

Light were *Love's* bonds when first I knew thee,

But now—that silken slavery's o'er!

Take too, the *lute*, whose strings have spoken,
And echo'd to love's gentle song;

Now, like thy faith, those strings are broken,

And discord dwells their notes among!

Take back *thine* in *age*, falsely smiling

With the same look as in the hour,
When first, *Love's* sunny light beguiling,
My dazzled senses own'd thy power!

Take back the *tress* of silken braiding,

Its glossy texture charms not now;

Take back each spell *Love's* falsehood aiding,

The whisper'd word and murmur'd vow!

Yes! take *all* back! each bauble treasured

Like relics, in some sainted shrine;

By *gifts* alone, if truth were measured,

I had not mourn'd the loss of *thine*!

We've learn'd to live without each other,

Tho' once we deem'd the lesson vain:

The pangs of grief *Love's* pride shall smother,

And smiles shall light my brow again!

SUNSET.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Here let us lie, upon this primrose bank,
And give our thoughts free way. Our thoughts are
fair;

For Heaven is fair, and Earth all round is fair;

And we reflect both in our souls to-day.

Art thou not joyous? Does the sunshine fall

Upon a barren heart? Methinks it is

Itself the sweet source of fertility!

In all its golden warmth it wraps us round;

Not us alone but every beast and bird

That makes the breathing forest musical:

Nor these alone; but every sparkling stream,

And every hill, and every pastoral plain;

The leaves that whisper in delighted talk,

The tranquil air, with its own self at play—

The clouds that swim in azure-loving Heaven

And loving Earth—and lingering between each,

Loth to quit either; are not all alive,

With one pure unalloyed consummate joy?

Let us rejoice, then, beyond all the rest;

For how shall wisdom show itself so well,

As in administering joy unto itself?

They who disdain the merry, are not wise;

And they who step aside, when mirth comes by,

And scorn all things which are not bought with pain

Are—fools, good cousin. What else can they be,

Who spurn God's free given blessings? I am one

Who prize the matron Summer in set smiles,

And give my heart up to her rose-crowned hour.

And art thou—or so thou wilt be, child,

When that the orb of *Time*, now in its dawn,

Hath ripen'd the young *even* with liberal thought.

Keep this in mind; and now we two will watch

The Day go downward toward the glowing West

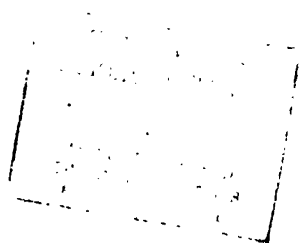
And when the gold grows pale, and evening airs

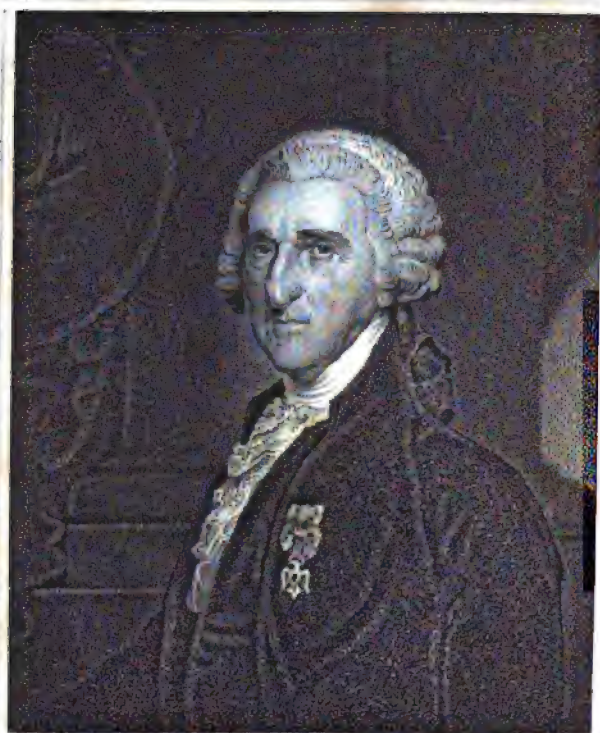
Come murmuring o'er the meadows, we will drink

The balmy ether—the nectar-breath,

Which Earth sends upward, when the Lord, the Sun,

Kisses her cheeks at parting.





THOMAS M. KEAY.

Published by S. C. Atkinson.



IT AND SENTIMENT.

e
 ble
 e risen
 oon our honours ?

MARCH.

[1839.]

duties of the office necessarily devolving
 on, as his principal resided on his estate in
 ty of Sussex, nearly eighty miles from N.

great was the reputation that Mr. McKean
 d even in his youth, by his industry and
 that before he had attained the age of
 one years, he was admitted as an attorney
 in the Courts of Common Pleas for the
 of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex, and
 the Supreme Court. In 1756 he was ad-
 to practice in the court of his native county
 ter, and soon after in the city and county of
 lphia. The same year the Attorney Gene-
 o resided in Philadelphia appointed him his
 to prosecute the pleas of the crown in the
 of Sussex. In 1757, he was admitted to
 of the Supreme Court of the province of
 ylvania. The unexampled success of the
 lawyer, naturally occasioned some envy

among his professional brethren, but this was but
 an additional spur to his industry, and increased
 his assiduity in the pursuit of legal knowledge. In
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THOMAS M. KEAY.

Published by S. C. Atkinson.



OR

GEMS OF LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Whoe'er amidst the sore
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Display's distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen
Sprang from the dust; or where had been our honours?

No. 3.]

PHILADELPHIA—MARCH.

[1839.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

Few of the men who have adorned the political firmament of the American republic possess stronger claims to distinction than Thomas McKean. Living in turbulent and tempestuous times, beset with trials and difficulties, frequently assailed by the ambition, the envy, and the malice of powerful individuals, and the flattery or hatred of different parties, he served in public stations of government for the long term of fifty years, during which he uniformly retained the well-merited confidence of his fellow citizens.

Thomas McKean was born on the nineteenth of March, 1734, in the township of New London, county of Chester, and the then province of Pennsylvania. His father, William McKean was a native of Ireland, and was united in marriage, in this country to Letitia Finney of the same county. They had four children, Robert, Thomas, Dorothea, and William.

After the customary elementary education, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, the two eldest sons were placed under the tuition of the Rev. Francis Allison, D. D. a man, who for more than forty years supported the ministerial character with dignity and reputation. When Thomas—with whom we have more immediately to do—had completed the regular course of instruction adopted in the celebrated institution of Dr. Allison, he entered the office of his relation David Finney, Esq. at New Castle, Delaware, as a student at law. Some months afterward, at the age of sixteen, he engaged as clerk to the prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas;—a situation which enabled him to learn the practice, while he was studying the theory, of the law. In about two years from this time, his assiduity and good conduct procured him the appointment of deputy prothonotary, and register for the probate of wills, &c. for the county of New Castle, which he retained until he was twenty years of age;—the

whole duties of the office necessarily devolving upon him, as his principal resided on his estate in the county of Sussex, nearly eighty miles from N. Castle.

So great was the reputation that Mr. McKean acquired even in his youth, by his industry and talents, that before he had attained the age of twenty-one years, he was admitted as an attorney at-law in the Courts of Common Pleas for the counties of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex, and also in the Supreme Court. In 1756 he was admitted to practice in the court of his native county of Chester, and soon after in the city and county of Philadelphia. The same year the Attorney General, who resided in Philadelphia appointed him his deputy to prosecute the pleas of the crown in the county of Sussex. In 1757, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the province of Pennsylvania. The unexampled success of the young lawyer, naturally occasioned some envy among his professional brethren, but this was but an additional spur to his industry, and increased his assiduity in the pursuit of legal knowledge. In the same year, he was elected clerk of the house of assembly, an honor of which he was unapprised until he received information of his appointment from Benjamin Chew, Esq. the then Speaker. In 1762 he was selected by the legislature, together with Caesar Rodney, Esq. to revise, and print, the laws passed subsequently to the year 1752.

In this year Mr. McKean first embarked on the stormy sea of politics, which he afterward braved for nearly half a century. In October, 1762, he was elected a member of the assembly from the county of New Castle, and was mutually returned for seventeen successive years, although, during the last six years of that period he resided in Philadelphia, and had frequently, through the medium of the public papers, communicated to his constituents his desire to decline a re-election. On the

day of the election in October, 1779, he attended at New Castle, and in an eloquent speech gave satisfactory reason for peremptorily declining to be considered as a candidate for re-election. A committee, however, of six gentlemen instantly waited upon him, and insisted that he would recommend the names of gentlemen whom he considered qualified to represent the county, and what may appear strange in this age of scrambling for office, the men selected by Mr. McKean were elected by nearly a unanimous vote of eighteen hundred electors. This fact alone speaks far more for McKean, than volumes of eulogy.

In 1764, he was appointed by an act of the legislature, one of the three trustees of the loan office for New Castle county for four years; which trust was renewed in the years 1768, and 1772. Two years after the war between France and Great Britain, in 1763, the famous stamp act had been passed, and the assembly of Massachusetts Bay proposed to the legislative assemblies of the other colonies, to appoint delegates to a general Congress, to consult together on the existing circumstances of the colonies. Of this illustrious body Mr. McKean was a member from the counties of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex in Delaware; it assembled at New York in October, 1765. Their proceedings discovered a spirit of decision and firmness totally inconsiderable with a state of servitude. On the whole, however, this body possessed much less fortitude than the succeeding Congress of 1774.

On the tenth of July, 1765, Mr. McKean was appointed by the Governor, sole notary, and tabellion public for the lower counties on Delaware, and in the same year he received the appointment of Justice of the Court of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions, of the Orphan's Court, for the county of New Castle. In November, 1765, and February term 1766, he sat on the bench which ordered all the officers of the court to proceed in their several duties as usual, on *unstamped paper*; this was accordingly done, and it is believed that this was the first court in the colonies, which established such an order. In 1769, he was selected by the assembly to proceed to New York to obtain copies of all documents relating to real estates in the counties of Delaware, prior to 1700; he so faithfully discharged this duty, that the copies thus procured were established, by law as of equal authority with the original records. In 1771, he was appointed by the Commissioners of his majesty's customs, collector of the port of New Castle, and in October, 1772, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Owing to a change of ministers in the British cabinet a powerful opposition was formed in this country. Mr. McKean, as he had done in 1765, took an active part in the preparatory measures, which led to a meeting of Congress, and was elected a delegate from Delaware, although, a short time before he had removed his residence permanently to Philadelphia.

On the fifth of September he took his seat in this august assembly, of which he became an in-

valuable ornament, and from that day his country claimed him as her own. He was annually elected a member, until the first of February, 1783, having served in the great national council during a long uninterrupted period of eight years and a half.

Two remarkable circumstances of this epoch are peculiar to the life of Mr. McKean. The first is that he was the only man who was without interruption, a member of the Revolutionary Congress from the time of its opening, in 1774, until after the preliminaries of the peace of 1783 were signed. The other circumstance is, that while he represented the State of Delaware in Congress until 1783, and was in 1781 President of it; yet from July, 1777, he held the office, and executed the duties of Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. Each of these States claimed him as her own, and for each were his talents equally exerted.

On the twelfth of June, 1776, he was appointed a member of the committee to prepare and digest the form of confederation to be entered into between the colonies;—on the same day a draft was reported, which was agreed to, on the fifteenth of November, 1777, but they were not signed by a majority of the representatives of the States, owing to some difference of opinion—until the ninth of July, 1778. Mr. McKean was particularly active and useful in procuring the Declaration of Independence in 1776: nevertheless, although his name is subscribed to the original instrument deposited in the office of the Secretary of State; he does not appear as a subscriber, to the copy published in the Journals of Congress. Alexander J. Dallas, Esq. in the course of the publication of the laws of Pennsylvania, addressed a letter on the nineteenth of September, 1796, to Chief Justice McKean requesting to know why such variance existed. The following is an extract of the reply.

"My name is not in the *printed* Journals of Congress, as a party to the Declaration of Independence, I was then a member of Congress for the State of Delaware, was personally present in Congress, and voted in favor of the Declaration on the first of July, 1776, and signed the Declaration after it had been engrossed on parchment, where *my name, in my own hand writing* still appears. Henry Wisner, of the State of New York was also in Congress, and voted for Independence."

In the year 1776, Delaware was represented in Congress by Cæsar Rodney, George Reed, and Thomas McKean. Mr. Rodney was not present when the question was put, in a committee of the whole on the first of July, Mr. Reed voted against it, but Mr. McKean true to his country and principle gave his vote for Independence. The report of the Chairman of the committee was not acted upon until Thursday the fourth of July. Every State but Pennsylvania had voted in favor of the measure, yet it was a matter of importance to procure a unanimous vote. Mr. McKean without delay dispatched an express at his private expense for Mr. Rodney, who was then in Delaware. That gentleman without a moment's delay hastened to Philadelphia, and was met at the door of the State House

by Mr. McKean, as the members were assembling on the morning of the fourth. They entered the hall together and took their seats, and in a few minutes the great question was put. When the vote of Delaware was called Mr. Rodney rose and briefly expressed his conviction that the welfare of his country demanded the Declaration of Independence, and voting with Mr. McKean secured the vote of Delaware. Two of the members of Pennsylvania being absent, that State united in the vote by a majority of one.

Mr. McKean was President of the Convention of deputies from the committees of Pennsylvania held at Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, and was one of the committee with Dr. Franklin and two other deputies, which drafted that Declaration. On the twenty-fifth of June he delivered it to Congress, in the name of the Convention. The regiment of associations of which he was colonel, had in the preceding month, made the same declaration. A few days after the Declaration of Independence he marched at the head of a battalion to Perth Amboy, in New Jersey to support General Washington, no direct engagement, however, took place at that time.

In the year 1777, Mr. McKean acted in the double capacity of President of the State of Delaware, and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. He industriously devoted himself to the discharge of the duties of Chief Justice until the year 1799. While in the office of Chief Justice, an abortive attempt was made to impeach Mr. McKean, together with his associates before the general assembly, for an alleged illegality in punishing Mr. Eleazer Oswald by fine and imprisonment for a contempt of court. Much noise was made by the pretended friends of Oswald, and the real enemies of Mr. McKean, but it ended by the determination that as the law stood the right of interpretation belonged to the judges.

The amendment of the Constitution of Pennsylvania was an object of high importance and general interest. 1781 a majority of the legislature determined in favor of calling a Convention. The Convention was composed of the first talents that Pennsylvania afforded, and Mr. McKean rendered himself conspicuous in its proceedings, and the force of his knowledge was felt and justly appreciated.

In 1799 Mr. McKean was elected Governor of Pennsylvania. His election was the result of a warm conflict between the two great parties which were then but assuming those distinct ranks into which for many years the people of our country continued to be divided.

In 1807 and 1808 an unsuccessful attempt was again made to impeach him as Governor. It originated in party malice, and the exasperation of designing and ambitious individuals, who found him too independent to submit to their interference, and pretended superintendence of public affairs. The defence of Mr. McKean offers a bright contrast to the report of his accusers, and will well repay the perusal. Toward the close of the year 1803 he was strongly solicited to become a candidate for

the office of vice-President of the United States. Mr. McKean declined the honor, both on public and private considerations. On the twenty-sixth of September, 1781, he received the diploma of Doctor of Laws, from the college of New Jersey. In the following year he was invested with the same distinction by Dartmouth college in New Hampshire, and on the second of May he was elected a member of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of agriculture. He was also a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the founders of the Hibernian Society.

In person Mr. McKean was tall, erect and well proportioned. His countenance displayed in a remarkable manner, the firmness and intelligence for which he was distinguished. In the month of July, 1763 he married Mary the eldest daughter of Joseph Borden, Esq. of Bordentown, New Jersey, who died in February, 1773, leaving two sons and four daughters. On Thursday the third of September, 1774 he was again united in marriage to Miss Sarah Armitage, of New Castle, Delaware;—five children were the offspring of the last union.

At length led with honors the venerable patriot arrived at the *ultima linea verum*, and departed to the "generation of his fathers" on the twenty-fourth of June, 1817, aged eighty-three years, two months and sixteen days. His remains were interred in the burial ground of the first Presbyterian church, Philadelphia.

Thomas McKean outlived all the enmities which an active and conspicuous part in public affairs, had in the nature of things created, and posterity will cherish his memory, as one among the most useful, and able, and virtuous fathers of a mighty republic.

Original.

THE BANISHED GRIEF.

BY THOMPSON WESTCOTT.

How bright o'er the mind breaks the radiance of gladness,

And dazling with brilliance bids sorrow begone,
Far off 'midst the gloom flies the demon of sadness,
And weeps that his mission of malice is done.

Then Pleasure's bright dream of the heart takes possession,

And revels where lately the cank'ring grief preyed,
And soul soothing joys spring fast in succession,
And bright beams the sunshine where late there was shade.

Then Fancy her visions spreads forth to enrapture,
And Hope whispers tempting they soon will be true,

No more shall love sicken, no more shall grief eap-ture,

And life's pleasant feelings to sorrow subdue.
Then with faith in her word, let us try to believe it,
And think that no longer shall flourish our woe,
For a heart stocked with pleasure can never receive it,

In Joy's pleasant pasture no nettle can grow.

THE ERRING FATHER.

BY MISS F. S.

The fashionable establishment of Madame C. never produced a more lovely pupil than Isabella Rivers, and it could boast, that the *élite* from many of our first families, had there received their highest polish. Gifted with a fine natural disposition, good talents, and a lovely person, Isabella prepossessed all in her favor: from the head of the establishment to the youngest scholar, every one regarded her with affection. She had been placed there by her father when very young, and had now reached the age, when her companions were generally introduced into society; yet, there seemed no prospect to her of leaving the establishment. Her father had written to her occasionally, and given her permission to pursue any study or accomplishment she wished. He lived in the Southern States, and seemed unsettled in his residence; his letters were sometimes from one place, sometimes from another. He generally paid the bills of Madame C. though at irregular intervals, and all the little wants of Isabella were supplied. She seemed to possess no other relative in the world, for no other over had any communication with her. Beloved by all, she was generally happy, yet there were moments, during the vacations, when all had retired to their happy homes, that she experienced a desolation of feeling as if she only were alone in the world. When any of her schoolmates received testimonials of affection, she thought how delightful such things would be to her. All the delicious sentiments awakened by the ties of kindred, of father, mother, sisters or brothers, were stifled in her heart, and she groaned to find some being on whom to bestow them. She often perused and re-perused letters of her father, and dwelt with delight on every kind expression. Even the common place "Dear Isabella" at the commencement, awakened a thrill of joy in her heart. She looked forward with delight to the day when he would send for her, and she too would have a home, and some dear face to light up with joy at her approach.

The latter years of her life had been cheered and made happy by the attachment of one of her companions, which promised to be more durable than school girl friendships usually are. Emma D'Arcy was a kind and amiable girl, who loved Isabella with the fondness of a sister. She prevailed on Madame C. to allow Isabella, to accompany her home to pass the holidays. When they arrived at the summer residence of the wealthy Mr. D'Arcy, which was a noble mansion, situated on the banks of the Hudson, all the family rushed out to receive the happy Emma. Isabella beheld her pressed to the heart of a fond mother, and received with joy by a numerous tribe of young brothers and sisters, she then felt more sensible the loneliness of her own situation, but the kindness of Mrs. D'Arcy chase away these sensations, and made her feel as if she also was admitted one of that happy circle. The ancestors of Mr. D'Arcy had emigrated from France during the persecution

of the Huguenots, and for many generations, his family had been known as one of the most respectable in this country. Mrs. D'Arcy was a kind, indulgent mother, and her chief happiness consisted in having her numerous family around her. When Emma had arrived from school never to return again, as her education was considered sufficiently finished to allow her to appear in society, Mrs. D'Arcy thought she could not indulge the young folks too much, to compensate for the deprivations they must have endured whilst from home; she therefore promoted every scheme of pleasure in her power. Her eldest son, Theodore, was also then at home. He had finished his studies, and the honors he had received gladdened the hearts of his parents. The young ladies found him a delightful auxiliary in their schemes of amusement. He accompanied them in their rides, and gave them lessons in managing their horses, or sometimes rowed them to the beautiful isles in the vicinity, where they had many a happy picnic.

There were several families in the neighborhood of equal standing and wealth, which formed an agreeable society; besides many transient visitors who resorted there during the heat of the summer. Every thing conspired to wing the home with pleasure. The beauty and talents of Isabella—the gay good humor of the light-hearted Emma, made them agreeable additions to a country circle. Theodore also, handsome and manly, found himself of no small importance. However, these days, so delightful to Isabella, must end. The time approached for a separation—the vacation was over—and she was obliged to return. They parted with mutual regret, anticipating, however, a reunion when the D'Arcy family arrived in New York for the winter.

Soon after the arrival of Isabella at Madame C.'s, one morning she was summoned to the parlor and informed a gentleman wished to see her. When she entered, she beheld a tall and manly person, still handsome, though his hair was tinged with gray, and his face deeply furrowed. As he beheld the fair and graceful form of Isabella advancing toward him, through the spacious apartment, with diffidence, though devoid of *gaucherie*, he involuntarily exclaimed, "My child,"—she paused, overcome with surprise and emotion.

"My father," was all she could utter.

"Yes, my Isabella," said he, advancing and embracing her, "it is your father! He beholds, and finds he has too long been separated from you!" He gazed at her with pride and affection, while she thought he was all her imagination had pictured. He seemed surprised to see her so tall, she whom he had ever considered a child. The more he saw of her, the more his long dormant affection revived. Business had required his presence in New York—his stay must be short. It had not been his intention to take Isabella with him, but she so earnestly entreated he would allow her to accompany him, and his own inclination prompting him—he consented. He only hesitated, he said, fearing he had not a home sufficiently agreeable for her, he had

hoped, before she was old enough to live with him, to establish her his housekeeper in a comfortable and settled manner. He informed her he had resided, of late, in the vicinity of New Orleans, and he would write immediately to have his house put in order for their reception.

Isabella was obliged to make her preparation to depart in a few days. She wrote a hurried letter to Emma, filled with expressions of everlasting attachment, and the hope of meeting again.

It was a clear bright day, in autumn, when they sailed from New York. A fair, though gentle breeze wafted them down the bay; all nature looked smiling and lovely. As Isabella leaned on the arm of her father, she felt as if new she was with her natural protector, and whatever misfortune befel her, shielded by him it would lose all poignancy. To his care and kindness she had a natural claim, and she felt in return, all her affection would be devoted to him. She was grateful at having an object on whom she could lavish the overflowings of her affectionate heart. Imagination pictured a charming cottage, a delightful home, where they should enjoy all the sweets of domestic life. The remembrance of the friends she left behind, sometimes cast a shade, but the hope of meeting again soon reconciled her.

They arrived at New Orleans after a short and pleasant passage. They proceeded immediately to the residence of Mr. Rivers, about three miles from the city. Isabella was ushered into a small and rudely built house. A new board nailed here and there over the widest apertures occasioned by time and neglect, showed that some efforts at repairing had been made, though many and smaller ones remained, which admitted the free passage of the elements. The walls of the little parlor were covered by a paper, which appeared to be stained with the rains of many seasons. The furniture was scanty, and showed signs of neglectful usage.

"I fear," said Mr. Rivers, "your imagination has deceived you, in its picture of our dwelling. I would it were better; but the workmen have not fulfilled my orders."

"I shall be happy," replied Isabella, "wherever you are, my father."

He gazed at her a moment with an expression of regret and sorrow—sighed deeply, and walked to the window. In a few moments he turned to her again, and said, cheerfully, "Well, in a few days we must choose some better furniture, and make things look more comfortable. The first thing I will do is to procure a piano, to amuse you in this lonely retreat.

Days and weeks passed away, and still no change was made in their habitation. Mr. Rivers, at first, spent much time with Isabella, but he soon became so immersed in business, that she saw very little of him. He usually returned late at night, dull, dispirited, and overcome with fatigue. He arose late in the morning—hurried through his breakfast—mounted his horse, and rode to the city. Isabella continued to amuse herself very well at first, for every thing was new to her. The luxu-

riant vegetation, and the brilliant hues of the flowers, attracted her, but she found it very dull to admire them alone. The garden was in a sadly neglected state, and the huge weeds which had sprung up in the rich soil, seemed to have acquired complete possession. The country, entirely level, was a narrow strip, bordered one side by the Mississippi, and on the other by an impassable morass. Isabella often sighed for one view of the hills and dales of the North. The few books she had brought with her, were soon read and re-read, until they no longer afforded interest.

One day she ventured to remind her father of his promise of procuring a piano for her, and hinted at the dullness and loneliness of her life. He answered gloomily, in a low tone, something about being short of money, and he was sorry she was not contented. He then abruptly arose and retired to his room. Isabella reproached herself most bitterly for her inconsiderate words. "Ah!" said she, "I now know what distresses my father; he is embarrassed for money, and perhaps is hardly able to supply the comfort I now enjoy, whilst I am adding to his troubles by murmuring and asking for that which is entirely out of his power to procure."

The next morning, Isabella endeavored by her cheerfulness to obliterate the remembrance of all she had said the preceding night, and to disperse the cloud on his brow. She flattered herself she had succeeded, for his manner was more kind than usual. He kissed her as he left her, and promised to return early. He was true to his word: before the sun was down he was with her at home. He also brought some new publications he had procured for her amusement. Tears started to her eyes as she received these unwonted proofs of attentions. He appeared in unusually good spirits, and exerted himself to entertain her. No one could be more agreeable than Mr. Rivers when he chose. He possessed a great store of information, which he had acquired in a desultory sort of manner.

Never were a father and daughter more happy together, when they were interrupted by a heavy step on the balcony. A tall dark looking man appeared at the open door. His dress, which had once been costly and fashionable, now appeared a little *passé*; his frock coat was richly adorned with braid, but gave him the air of what is expressively designated *shabby genteel*. His black eyes and hair—his florid complexion, set off by a huge pair of whiskers, united to a tall well formed person, would make him pass with some for a fine looking man. Certainly nature had done much, but his whole exterior and manner had a vulgar, swaggering air, which made him very repulsive to Isabella.

"Ah! Rivers!" exclaimed he, as he entered, "have I found you, my boy, at home; but I don't wonder, since I see you with this pretty bird here."

Mr. Rivers had risen on his entrance, and appeared much disconcerted at the sight of his visitor.

"Allow me to introduce my daughter," said he, "my friend Mr. Wilding," turning to Isabella.

"Ah! your daughter!" said Wilding, advancing and taking her by the hand, "you and I, Miss Rivers, must be better acquainted, for your father and myself have long been sworn cronies."

Isabella could not help drawing back from his advance. His bold rough manner and vulgar assurance frightened her, but as her father called him his friend, she endeavored to receive him politely. He, however, did not seem to regard her manner. He soon turned to her father, and commenced a conversation with him, so much interlarded with slang, that it was nearly unintelligible to Isabella. The few phrases he addressed to her, were uttered with the air of a man who imagined himself a great favorite with the ladies. Mr. Rivers called for wine, and Isabella was astonished at the quantity that disappeared before them. At length, Wilding departed, smiling and bowing to Isabella, with a condescending air, as he took leave.

"I am sorry Mr. Wilding has found his way here," said Mr. Rivers, in a sort of apologising tone. "I suppose he is an acquaintance who would not please you much; however, he is a good hearted fellow, a firm friend of mine, and we are for the present connected in business."

The cheerfulness of Mr. Rivers did not last long; he soon resumed his usual course of life. His manners became every day more gloomy; he passed less time at home than usual, and when he did return, he was usually accompanied by Wilding. Many were the dreary hours Isabella passed, waiting for her father. It was generally midnight, and often morning before he returned. Sleep was banished from her eyes, by the insecurity of her situation. She had heard many shocking stories of the exploits of the lawless people, who came down the river on rafts. They were the terror of the neighborhood, and the negroes, too, who had fled from their masters, often prowled by night to procure plunder. In the slightly built house which she inhabited, Isabella knew that bolts and bars were no protection from the midnight plunderers. Two negro women and a half grown boy, were all their domestics, and they slept in the kitchen, detached from the house. Many were the hours she passed listening to every sound, as the night wore away, hoping to hear her father return, or dreading the outlawed depredator.

Mr. Wilding became a more frequent visitor. He directed his attention and conversation chiefly to Isabella, but the more she saw of him, the more her unfavorable opinion became confirmed. Combined with the coarseness and vulgarity which first struck her, he displayed, in his conversation with her father, such recklessness of all restraints, religious or moral, that she wondered how her father could listen to him a moment, and there appeared a dark and hidden malignity about him, which made her shudder. He, however, had acquired a complete influence over Mr. Rivers. Isabella endeavored to show him her dislike to his attentions, but he heeded not her discouragements; all was at-

tributed, by him, to maiden diffidence. He would often ride there and pass hours with her, whilst she, dull and dispirited, wondered what stratagem he could find in her society.

One night Isabella sat in her lonely dwelling, waiting for the return of her father. It was later than he usually came home, but she felt too timid to sleep, for the wind had risen and was blowing with great violence; every blast seeming to come on with redoubled force. She closed the doors and windows, but still the wide crevices of her apartment admitted every gust. The candles flared, and often seemed to be almost extinguished. The day had been mild, and Isabella felt the chilling effects of the wind more sensible. Once, during a momentary cessation of the gust, the sound of rude music and uncouth shouts were heard from the river, and she knew one of those boat loads of half savage looking being, whose strange appearance often filled her with alarm, by day, was then passing. All the dark tales she had heard now came to her recollection. She strained her ear, and at every sound she fancied they had landed, and were approaching the house. The shouts and the music passed on, nothing more was heard but the renewed howling of the angry blast. She endeavored to turn her thoughts from such fearful subjects, and rely more firmly on the protection of that Providence who oversees all. At length she thought she heard a step ascending the balcony; she endeavored to convince herself it was fancy, but the sound approached the room. She fixed her eye on the sashed door, which opened on the balcony, in an agony of apprehension, and beheld the face of a man, whose dark eyes were glaring on her. Her worst anticipations appeared now to be realised. She retreated to the further end of the room, whilst every pulse beat with agony by the intenseness of her fears. The door opened—a rough-looking man, wrapped in a large coat, entered the room. He paused—a pause in which Isabella endured an age of suffering. He surveyed the apartment with a scrutinising gaze.

"Where is Mr. Rivers?" at length said he.

"He is not here!" replied Isabella.

"We shall see," said he, taking one of the candles, and going to the next apartment. Another man had entered and followed him: They both explored every room in the house; no place was left unvisited. After they had investigated every corner, they returned to the sitting room.

"Sure enough," said one, "he is not here. Well, we must search somewhere else; but don't be frightened Miss," added he, as he observed the alarm of Isabella, "we don't want to harm you; we only had a little business with Mr. Rivers."

They then departed, and Isabella listened to their retiring footsteps with returning confidence, too confused by her fears to think distinctly; she sat motionless in the same spot, long after the departure of her fearful visitors. The wind had died away, and the beating of her heart seemed the only sound that broke the profound stillness of the night. At length she heard a carriage approach-

ing—it stopped—the steps were quickly let down. Could it be her father, or was it the return of those dark looking men? She was agitated by hopes and fears, when much to her astonishment, Wilding entered, alone.

"Where is my father?" exclaimed Isabella.

"Your father cannot come," replied he, "he has sent me to conduct you to him."

"Cannot come!" said she in alarm, "Good heavens! what has happened! Is he ill? Where is he?"

"He is well," answered Wilding, "but circumstances prevent him from coming here. He is obliged to leave New Orleans unexpectedly; he will explain all when he sees you. Be quick! you have not a moment to lose; throw your traps in a trunk, as soon as possible, and go with me."

"It cannot be!" said Isabella, "my father would not send for me, by you, at this time of the night!"

"Will this convince you, then," said he, handing her a note, in which, though hardly legible, she recognised her father's hand. It ran thus:—

"It is necessary for me to leave here with the utmost secrecy and despatch. Mr. Wilding will conduct you to me. When we meet, I will explain all."

R. R.

Amazed and bewildered at the mysterious events of the night, Isabella could scarcely obey the injunctions of her father. However, hurried and assisted by Wilding, she succeeded in making some preparation to depart, though hardly conscious of what she was doing, until she found herself seated in the carriage by the side of Wilding, and was rapidly driven toward the city. They proceeded in silence—Isabella was as if in a horrid dream—sometimes doubting she was going to her father, and fearing Mr. Wilding was conveying her, she knew not whither. When they reached the suburbs, Wilding ordered the coachman to stop, and open the door. He then informed Isabella they must alight there. She obeyed, and they proceeded through the most unfrequented streets and lanes until they reached a wharf. Two sailors were waiting there with a boat. Wilding placed Isabella in it, then seated himself by her side. The boat was pushed off and rapidly rowed a short distance down the river, until they reached a ship which was at anchor. They were soon on board, and descended to the cabin. Much to the relief of Isabella, she there found her father. She sprang forward to meet him, but he covered his face with his hands, and leaned his head on the table, at which he was seated.

"Oh! Isabella, my child!" said he in an accent of despair, "to what have I brought you!" and his head sank lower, as if entirely overcome.

"My father?" said Isabella, approaching him, "what has happened? what is the meaning of this mystery, this secret flight—tell me, I beseech you, the worst!"

He answered only by deep-drawn sighs and groans, which seemed to proceed from the very

extremity of suffering. At length he suddenly raised his head, and said in a frenzied manner.

"Isabella! you will hate me, but the truth can be concealed no longer—your father is a villain! and now, now he is obliged to fly from the offended laws of his country. Your father has committed forgery!—is discovered—and—"

But Isabella lay senseless at his feet. Struck to the heart, as he raised her young fair form, in which purity and innocence seemed to have found their dwelling. He almost wished those eyes—

— "From whose pure ray

Dark vice would turn abashed, away"

would never more unclothe, that she might never revive to become the associate with crime, and be familiar with the evil he had brought upon her. She continued several hours in a death-like stupor. When she recovered, she found herself in the berth of a miserable little state-room—a negro woman watching beside her. The recollection of the past night rushed upon her—she then felt the full misery of her lot. Was it indeed her father! the father she had adored—whom she had allowed her imagination to picture as all that was good and great! who had with his own lips made a confession so dreadful. Were all her youthful hopes—her day-dreams ended thus! She felt she could have borne anything but disgrace—but ignominy! All other misfortunes seemed light in comparison, for then at least hope would have been left, but now the flowers of life seemed crushed at once. Nothing to a young person, just entering life, is more dreadful than disgrace, and to find that being, whom a romantic imagination had pictured as possessing every excellence, wanting in integrity.

She prayed for resignation, and felt composed. She sought her father, and found him sunken in the lowest depths of despondency. She spoke to him calmly, but the sight of her only added to his distress. However, the soft tones of her voice at length whispered balm to his crushed spirit. His misery found relief in words.

"Oh! Isabella!" said he in incoherent accents, "to what a lot have I brought you! I, who ought to have sheltered you from evil—your innocence—your virtues—are all a reproach to me. Little did I once suppose I should have fallen so low, but I have gone on, step by step, until my ruin is complete."

Wilding was the companion of their voyage: indeed his fate seemed linked with theirs. At first the evident fate of the father and daughter seemed to awe him into seriousness, but he soon resumed his noisy merriment, under pretence of raising their spirits. It appeared, however, to Isabella, a resource to drown the whispers of his own conscience, to hide under an assumed recklessness and open manner, thoughts too dark to be revealed. His manner to her was changed: he no longer treated her as a pretty plaything, it was an amusement to coax and tease alternately, but he addressed her with more respect, though still with evident admiration. Indeed it was impossible for the rough-

est and most hardened nature, not to feel the influence of the mild virtue of Isabella. He saw she was a being more refined and exalted than any with whom he had ever associated.

After a short voyage, they arrived in Havana, where, under assumed names, they resided in an obscure situation, until they could decide upon their future plans. Isabella observed with regret, that Wilding continued his addresses to her, in a more decided manner than before, and also that his influence over her father was more unbounded. She often expressed to her father her dislike to him, and begged that they might separate. She could not endure that he should be their companion in their wanderings.

"Why, Isabella," said Mr. Rivers, one day, "do you dislike Mr. Wilding so much? It is a very ungrateful return for the high opinion he entertains of you! you wrong him if you attribute my errors to him! No," added he with a sigh, "I alone am responsible for my misdeeds. His manners are certainly not the most polished, and may not please your taste, but that ought not to blind you to his good qualities. He has been my firm friend, and will still stand by me, outlawed as I am. He stops not to weigh the consequences, when to serve a friend is in question. You will never find one more warm-hearted—more devoted in his attachments, than Wilding, and one it would give me greater pleasure to see the husband of my dear child."

"My husband!" exclaimed Isabella, in amazement, "sure you are not serious, father?"

"Certainly I am," answered he turning away from her astonished gaze, "and if it is the first time the idea has occurred to you, I beg you will think seriously of it; my health is precarious, and should I die, where would my Isabella find a protector?" He turned toward her—took her hand—tears were in his eyes.

"Oh! my father!" said Isabella, much affected, "let not my future destiny disturb you! Trust in that Providence who protects all—but to marry him I never can consent."

Just then Wilding entered, and put a stop to the conversation.

The next day, Mr. Rivers sought Isabella in her own room. He informed her that Mr. Wilding had made proposals, and most ardently desired her to accept his hand. Isabella desired her father to take from her a decided negative, in what terms he pleased.

"Reflect awhile, Isabella," said he, "this is a subject on which you must not so hastily decide—you are prejudiced against Mr. Wilding: I feel convinced, if you knew him better, you would regard him with other feelings. I own he has faults, but he has never had many advantages, he has been thrown among rude associates—his regard and admiration for you are so great, that your sweet and virtuous influence will make him all you wish."

"Ah! no!" replied Isabella, "I feel convinced he has run a long course of dissipation and vice,

but I entreat you, urge me no longer on a subject so disagreeable to me."

"Indeed you are unjust to Mr. Wilding," said Rivers, "and consider you are excluded from all other society; we must live a life of obscurity and concealment: he must be our companion wherever we go, for not even to please you, can I separate from him. You can never have an opportunity for a better choice; think of this, my dear girl, and let prudential considerations influence you, if nothing else. I will leave you now, to reflect on all I have said, and hope soon to hear you have decided as I wish."

He was retiring, but Isabella called after him.

"Stop, father, my determination is already made. No time, no reflection will ever alter it! I cannot marry Mr. Wilding! I entreat you will tell him so immediately."

"Oh, Isabella," replied Mr. Rivers, smiling, "a lady's mind may change! I will leave you until to-morrow, when I will hear your final decision. You will not, my child, thwart your father's plans for your happiness?"

"My happiness!" exclaimed Isabella,—but her father had left the room, leaving her disturbed and uncomfortable at his words.

The next day Mr. Rivers entered the room with a smile on his countenance, and an assumed appearance of ease. There was a restlessness and anxiety about him which showed he had undertaken a task which he tried to persuade himself was easy.

"Well, my child," said he, "our plans are all arranged: we are to sail in the next ship for France, and in that delightful country we are to find some sweet retired spot, which you shall choose, my dearest, and there we will spend our lives, devoting ourselves to your happiness. Mr. Wilding will not listen to deferring your marriage until we arrive there, as I wish, but insists on its taking place before we leave here."

"Our marriage!" said Isabella, "then it appears you have not informed him of my determination!"

"No, no," replied he, "I did not repeat your idle words of yesterday—you spoke before you had given the subject sufficient reflection."

"Well, then," said she, "I hope you will do so now, for my determination is unaltered."

"No, Isabella," replied her father, "I cannot, indeed I cannot!"

"Then," replied she, with glowing cheeks, "I must perform the disagreeable task myself!"

"What would you do," said Mr. Rivers, stopping her in alarm, "would you ruin me and yourself? Oh! Isabella! you who have been so dutiful and obedient hitherto, why do I find you so untractable on a subject so important to us both? You must, you must marry Mr. Wilding! there is no alternative! You know how completely I am in his power—he will listen to no denial—he insists on it! you must marry him! I know your opinion of him, and I have long endeavored to prevail on him to relinquish his suit, but I cannot; I

am lost without him! I have nothing—obliged to fly my country—we have no other resource!”

“Oh! my father!” said Isabella, “is it pecuniary considerations, which tie you to him? do not suffer it! I have youth—health—strength; there are a thousand ways we can live, independently of him; the most menial drudgery will be preferable to me!”

“No, no!” replied he, “it cannot be, you know not the many ways I am entangled with him!”

“Is this, then, your friend on whom you relied so much?” said Isabella, “is this the way he ungenerously uses the power he has over you?”

“He is my friend still,” he answered, looking confused, “he will do any thing to serve me, but he must have his reward. Your hand is the price he demands for the services he has rendered me, and still has the power to do. You must consent, my child—your father’s fate depends on you! I would not urge it if I was not convinced it is the only resource from greater misery to us both. Come, my dearest, consider it inevitable, and let your consent be a cheerful one!”

She wept in uncontrolled despair. Mrs. Rivers was moved by her evident distress.

“My dearest child!” said he, embracing her, “if this is indeed so repugnant to you, you shall not consent! let what will happen, you shall not sacrifice yourself for me! I will endeavor to find some way to escape from a lot so disagreeable to you!”

He then kissed her—beggd her to compose herself, and left the room. Isabella felt much relieved when she found herself alone. Hope dawned through the storms which beset her.

Several weeks passed away without any new occurrence. Isabella confined herself to her own room as much as possible, to avoid Wilding. Her father continued to put him off from time to time, while he was endeavoring to find a way to get Isabella out of his power.

At length one day, he came to her with an open letter in his hand, and his countenance expressed much satisfaction. “Well, Isabella,” said he, “every thing is arranged; I have provided an asylum for you, where you will not be molested by Wilding. This is a letter from my youngest sister, Mrs. Belmore, in answer to one I wrote to her, informing her partly of your situation, and requesting her to receive you under her protection, until I can provide a home for us together. You are surprised to hear of a relation so near, for the first time. I will relate to you an outline of my life, and perhaps you may find some circumstances to excuse my many errors. Yes, Isabella, I feel you cannot retain any regard for one who has acted so unlike a father to you. Do not interrupt me—I know what you would say—but until I saw you, I thought, or cared very little for your future destiny—but now you have been with me, too late I feel the charm of your society, and your affection. There was a time when my aspirations after virtue were as pure and as sincere as your own Isabella, but they were all destroyed by the influence of those around me.

Too weakly have I yielded, and the want of firmness of character, I now perceive has been my ruin! My father and mother placed all their happiness in fashionable life, and she brought up a large family of children to follow in her footsteps. To marry off her daughter well, and secure a fortune for me, her only son, was the aim of my mother’s life. When I returned from college, I found she had succeeded, step by step, in establishing herself in those circles, where alone she thought happiness was to be found. By dint of making new acquaintances, and cutting old ones, she had raised herself. Whilst at college, I had formed an engagement with a lovely, intelligent girl, who had no fortune. My mother soon influenced me to break these ties. By flattering my vanity, and instilling a taste for fashionable society, she soon prevailed on me to offer myself to a girl of fortune. I was accepted, and we soon commenced a life of reckless extravagance. My wife thought her fortune entitled her to every indulgence that wealth could procure, and I, finding no happiness at home, sought it in other scenes. I was soon the prey of those, who vampire-like, live on the weakness of others. My family, perceiving how it would end, interfered; they were afraid, they said, I would lose my respectability, for that was the height of their morality—but it was too late. I blindly rushed on in the path they had placed me. They remonstrated warmly—I resented it! an open rupture ensued. Soon after you were born, Isabella, your mother fell a victim to imprudent exposure, in the pursuit of pleasure. Too soon after your birth, ruin stared me in the face. My father then came forward—he offered to settle my affairs provided I gave every thing into his hands and accepted a clerkship in his counting-house. I refused—and he cast me off! I placed you at Madame C.’s unknown to them, determined they should have no influence over you, and gathering the remains of my wife’s once splendid fortune, concluded to try my fate at the South. Since then I have had various success, sometimes flattered by fortune, sometimes threatened by ruin. I went to New York on business, and saw you, Isabella: your sweetness and goodness awakened long dormant feelings. Visions of domestic happiness, yet to be mine, began to arise. I could not resist your persuasion, I brought you with me to New Orleans—I determined to break from my vicious associates, and live for you alone. I had before this entered into some speculations with Mr. Wilding, and every thing promised success; but all at once he informed me the result was unfortunate. I was in despair. He suggested to me the project of forging the name of a person who had once obtained some funds of mine, and unjustly withheld them. I started from the project at first with horror, but he represented in so plausible a manner, that it was only taking what was justly my due, that I at length listened to him. It was for your sake I then wished riches, that we might fly from scenes where I had too weakly mingled with a set of unworthy associates. We were discovered, and fled: Wilding

has since taken measures to hush up the affair, for fear that he, too, may be implicated; and by paying well, he will probably succeed. Mrs. Belmore is my youngest sister; she was a warm-hearted girl of fifteen when I left home, she is now a wealthy widow. What changes have taken place in her character I know not; however, her letter is kind; she offers you a home until I can arrange one for you. A gentleman, she says, a friend of her's, will shortly sail from here, who will take charge of you to Philadelphia, where she will meet you."

"But, father," said Isabella, "will you not be exposed to the malice of Mr. Wilding, if I leave you?"

"No," he replied; "other objects will soon engage his attention, when he finds you are no longer in his power."

With secrecy and dispatch Mr. Rivers arranged every thing for the departure of Isabella; and one evening, when Wilding had sallied out to his nightly orgies, he conducted her to the ship, which was to sail the next morning. He placed her under the care of the gentleman his sister had named, and parted from her with a burst of feeling he could not control. He knew not how closely she was entwined around his heart, until they were obliged to separate. He embraced her again and again, and called her by every endearing epithet; for she had awakened those pure and holy feelings, which a long association with immoral companions had almost crushed.

A fair wind soon blew them to their destined port. Mrs. Belmore was waiting for Isabella, and immediately conducted her to the country, where she resided during the summer. A large and gay party were assembled there. Mrs. Belmore was kindly disposed to her niece, but she was accustomed to flattery, and surrounded by those who were willing to administer it; they therefore engaged her attention, and she almost forgot the retiring Isabella. There was much riding and walking; every one was occupied by their own pursuits, and there happened to be no one who felt disposed to soothe the lacerated feelings of the broken-spirited girl. Isabella had written to Emma, informing her of her arrival at Mrs. Belmore's. Emma wished her to pass part of the summer with her. At length Isabella received a letter from her, informing her that Mr. D'Arcy was in Philadelphia, and would return in a few days. Emma urgently entreated her to join him, and accompany him to their house. Mrs. Belmore made no objection, and Isabella gladly accepted the invitation.

When she arrived there, all the family welcomed her in the most affectionate manner. The warm-hearted Emma ran eagerly to meet her. Mrs. D'Arcy received her with motherly kindness, all the younger ones quickly gathered around their former favorite, whilst Theodore's eyes expressed a welcome too profoundly felt for words. Isabella could only reply to all these demonstrations of kindness by her tears: her heart was deeply touched, and the first evening passed, in that happy circle,

in more comfort than she had long knew. Emma was impatient for a *tete a tete* with her friend, and they retired early to their room.

"Oh, my dear Isabella," cried Emma eagerly, as soon as they were alone, "I have so much to tell you."

"Well, dear Emma," replied Isabella, "pray commence, I am impatient to hear it."—But Emma let down the curtain, then moved the light, and seemed to find a thousand things to do before she began her tale. Isabella again urged her to commence.—

"Oh, it is nothing—it is nothing after all," said she, smiling and blushing; "you will think me very foolish, I dare say."

"Ah!" said Isabella, laughing, "I can imagine, an affair of the heart! Do, dear Emma, tell me all about it."

"I have nothing to tell, indeed I have not," said she, looking down, "only there is *such* an interesting person visiting in the neighborhood, that is all I assure you: now do not suppose him a declared lover of mine, for he is not,—indeed he is not."

"Not yet, perhaps," said Isabella; "but who and what is he? Let me know all,—do, dear Emma."

"He is an Englishman," she replied, "residing here for the recovery of his health—Colonel Mordaunt, Charles Augustus Mordaunt: what a romantic name, is it not, Isabella!—In our school-girl, novel-reading days, we could not have imagined anything more delightful. How much better it sounds than Jonathan Goodman! Poor soul! father and mother may like him as well as they please, but they cannot compare him to Colonel Mordaunt;—so interesting—so Byron-like."

A strain of music was just then heard beneath the window. They both paused to listen: Emma whispered, "It is he—so like him: how different from Jonathan, he has no music in his soul." A guitar and a fine manly voice performed several serenading airs: it ceased, the minstrel departed, and the girls retired to their pillows. Emma talked Isabella to sleep, descanting on the perfections of her admirer.

The next morning was bright and clear,—all nature seemed shining with fresh charms. As Isabella walked on the piazza, and surveyed the noble scenery, the majestic Hudson and its lovely banks, she felt something like the happiness of former days springing up in her heart, and her spirits were soothed by the kindness of the family, who endeavored to outvie each other in attentions to her: Theodore proposed a ride—he had a fine horse, one he knew would just suit Miss Rivers; Emma pleaded some household occupation as an engagement, and declined joining them; one of her younger sisters gladly supplied her place, and they mounted in fine spirits. When they returned Emma met them with her round face more radiant with happiness than usual, and the bloom on her cheek of a deeper die. She accompanied Isabella to her room, where she went to disrobe from her riding-dress, and informed her Colonel Mordaunt

had born with her all the morning, and was extremely agreeable. "But you will see him this evening," added she: "Miss Dormer, your old acquaintance, has sent us an invitation to a small party, and he will be there. Caroline Dormer is looking her prettiest, to fascinate him, but I do not think she will succeed."

At sunset the carriage was ordered to convey them to Mrs. Dormer's. When they arrived, the company were some of them enjoying the long summer twilight, strolling on the piazza, or about the beautiful grounds of the place. The D'Arcy party proceeded to the drawing-room, and, after paying their respects to the lady of the house, seated themselves there. The eyes of Emma were cast in every direction, to discover the object most interesting to her; whilst Isabella was engrossed by several former acquaintances. At length Emma, with heightened color, pressed the hand of Isabella, and whispered, "There he is, on the piazza, leaning against the pillar where the jessamine is entwined. Look now through the window, over old Mrs. Harrel's head—I dare not look myself—Caroline Dormer is talking to him." Isabella looked as Emma directed. What a shock awaited her! Willing stood before her! Yes there he was, leaning against the pillar where the jessamine grew, conversing with Miss Dormer. It was he, but changed; he was paler and thinner, for he had suffered from a severe attack of the fever, common at Havana. His dress also changed the *tout ensemble* of his appearance: he was habited in black, of the finest materials and of the first fashion, though devoid of dandyism. He was leaning with rather a languid air, and without any of that noisy vulgarity which once distinguished him. He evidently had a guard on every word and action, while he endeavored to personate the character he had assumed. Isabella's eyes were fixed, as if by a spell; she could not take them from the object most unwelcome to her sight. Emma had turned away her head, and perceived not the astonishment and dismay of Isabella, who continued with her eyes fixed on him in speechless silence.

CONTINUATION IN NEXT No.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

"What is life ?"

I asked the question of a sprightly youth; He smiled, and briefly answered, "Happiness!" The very image of the thing he looked! A laughing eye—a brow unknown to care—A cheek whereon was written rosy health—A step elastic as the nimble fawn's—These he possessed.—A garland twined his brow, Bessing the rose, the hyacinth, the fair Soft lily, and the strong oak leaf—emblems Of health, of strength and innocence. 'Twas morn; 'Twas Spring; the dew drops stood upon each leaf, Pilecid, quivering in the early light That stole through thickly wooded grove and bowers The busy songsters caroled forth their lays,

Or gayly skimmed the flowret-studded plain: All, all was mirth and mellow sunshine—all Alike responded to the youth's reply.

"What is life ?"

I asked again the words but not of youth; They fell upon the ear of one whose lock Bespoke a care-worn heart; meridian life Had left its traces on his brow; he spoke, And answered with a voice that told his soul— "It is a round of sorrow, cares and strife— Of disappointed hopes—duplicit— Of shameless, wrong and unrequited good— Of heart aches. Yes!" and then he knit his brows, And gave a look that said, "Disturb me not!" "Yes, this is life!" And so he passed along. Spring's rosy days were gone, and it was noon— A Summer noon—and busy bustling crowds Choked up a narrow mart; and officers Of justice (so they called them) hurried past, And all responded to the voice I'd heard!

"What is life ?"

With listening ear I waited the reply Of one whose venerable locks proclaimed The afternoon of life. 'Twas Autumn, and The leaves was falling fast and thick around, Yellow and withered by the biting frost. The busy squirrel, conscious of the task Prescribed by stern necessity, bounded From tree to tree, and garnered up his store, With haste prophetic of the coming storm. The lurid sun was sinking in the west, Shrouded in gloom; and the tall forest trees, Through whose half-naked boughs its lingering rays Still struggled, cast a sombrous shade around. A thoughtful melancholy sat upon The brow of the gray-headed man, and lent An air responsive to the general gloom. He sighed, and calmly gave me this reply: "It is in youth all hope and happiness, To dream of scenes of coming, lasting bliss, And, in the sweet deception, gain the boon Reality itself could never give. In manhood, 'tis to find we've been deceived— To find that man no brother is to man— That all the objects of humanity Concentrate in three words, *low selfish gain!*— And then ourselves become the thing we hate! In age, 'tis to reflect on by-gone days With many a keen regret, and sigh for hours No more to be recalled, or wisely look Into the future, and prepare for rest!" I pondered o'er the past—I looked around, And all proclaimed the truth of what I'd heard.

JACQUES.

When men of sense approve, the million are sure to follow: to be pleased, is to pay a compliment to their own taste.

LOCKS AT LOCKPORT.

The Erie Canal must ever remain an evidence of the consummate enterprise of the citizens of the State of New York. In the march of improvement, rapidly as Pennsylvania, has swept on, the Empire State still claims the palm. A commendable feeling of state rivalry, may prevent many from readily granting her claims, but every man must reflect upon this immense achievement with a just glow of national pride.

The Erie Canal commences at the city of Buffalo, at the Little Buffalo Creek, two miles above the entrance of the canal, from Lake Erie, or perhaps—with greater propriety, it may be said to commence at Bird Island, Black Rock Harbor at the foot of the lake, and to communicate with Buffalo, by a short branch. From Black Rock it extends eastwardly to the Hudson river at Albany, 313 miles. From Bird Island it follows the margin of the Niagara river to the Tonawanda Creek. Entering the creek which has been raised by a door to its level, it ascends the stream to Pendleton; thence turning southeast it runs to Lockport, a distance of twenty-six miles, by the canal from the Hudson river at Albany. It is not the intention of this sketch to follow the canal in its windings, but merely to designate the location of the *Locks at Lockport* thereon.

One half the distance from Pendleton to Lockport, is by a cut through lime stone rock, at an average depth of twenty feet, which occupied nearly four years of assiduous hard labor, at an immense expense to the contractors, but eventually to the State. Part of this cut is apparent on the face plate (opposite) the canal at this point descends from the upper to the lower terrace of a mountainous ridge, through a natural ravine. The locks are five in number, each falling eleven feet, and nine inches. When a boat passes up the canal the lower gates are opened, and the boat glides into the lock after which the lower gates are shut. A sluice communicating with the upper part of the canal, is then opened, and the lock rapidly fills with water elevating the boat on its surface. Thus alternately till the last lock is filled to the highest water level when the boat passes on its way. This, however, is common to all locks, of which most readers are aware. The scenery in the vicinity and above the locks is beautiful in the extreme, which serves much to beguile the tedium of the way and the monotony of a journey by canal boat to the adventurous traveller.

The gates of nearly all locks are double, resembling folding doors. They meet each other in most cases at an obtuse angle, and the pressure of the water serves to keep them firmly in contact. In China inclined planes are said to be used instead of locks, along which the boats are drawn up, and let down. They have also been introduced in Europe, and have been used on the Morris Canal in New Jersey.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

Original.

LINES, TO THE MEMORY OF R. F. S.

Shall I forget thee while there's life
Within my young and ardent frame,
My bosom burns with feelings rife,
Nor hesitate to name.

As falls the leaves beneath the blast,
Of autumn's withering power,
So fell my young and ardent friend,
In youth's gay happy hour.

Tho' death has now decreed that we
Must meet on earth no more,
Yet on the scroll of memory,
As brilliant as before,
Shall be the hours that we have spent,
When pleasure's sunny beam,
Shone brightly from her firmament,
Now vanished as a dream.

How sweet upon my lonely hours,
The cadence of thy voice,
Would steal in magic minstrelsy,
But can I now rejoice?

For he, the loved one of my youth,
On earth has ceased to be,
And thus I pledge in friendship's truth,
This tribute to his memory.

J. S. C.

Philadelphia, 1839.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY MISS. HANNAH F. GOULD.

O tell me the form of the summer's soft air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair,
It breathes on my lips, and it fans my soft cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often I speak.
I feel it play o'er me refreshingly and light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I've no sight.
And music—what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell,
While thrilled to my heart with the deep-going strain,
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.
Now what the bright color of music may be,
Will any one tell me? for I cannot see.
The odors of flowers that are hovering high,
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly,
Are these shining angels, who come to delight,
A poor little child who knows nothing of sight?
The face of the sun never comes to my mind:
O tell me what light is, because I am blind!

Reproaches and injuries have no power to afflict either the man of unblemished integrity or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable: the man who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.



Locks at Lockport, New York.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TALES ILLUSTRATING THE PASSIONS.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

LOVE.

There was pageant and revelry in the city of Pampeluna. There was splendor and glitter in the court, and the streets, and the churches. The air resounded with acclamations; the porches and the porticoes were thronged with a merry population, in their holiday array; and the buz of many voices, in eager conversation, rose above the crowd that swayed hither and thither, in the squares and open spaces. The bells of all the churches rang out; and eye and ear were told, by every sight and every sound, that it was a high festival in the ancient capital of Navarre.

To the monarch of that small mountain state, the ambassadors from France led, on that day, a beautiful and long-sought bride; and every eye, in court and city, raised the eager lid to gaze upon the future queen as she advanced. Every eye, in court and city, however, after having gazed on the proud beauty, and marked the features which might well become a prince's bride, turned with feelings of deeper satisfaction to the countenance of their own native princess; and found in its calm bright sweetness a loveliness more harmonious to their hearts—a beauty of gentler promise and more endearing aspect.

"Handsome indeed she is!" exclaimed every one who gazed on Isabel of Valois; "handsome indeed she is, but not so beautiful as our own princess."

With equal interest, but very different feelings, Blanche of Navarre also gazed upon her brother's bride, as Isabel advanced through the halls of that palace where Blanche herself had so long dwelt, the first woman in the land. But with no envious thought did she thus gaze—with no feeling of malice toward her who was destined at once to take upon herself the first place in that realm. But it was with feelings of keen, intense anxiety for a brother's happiness; with thoughts, too, of some apprehension for her own future fate. Blanche of Navarre was no longer to rule in the house of her ancestors; her word was no longer to be law among the courtiers of her brother; her will was no longer to be the only guide of all her actions; her fate, her time, her comfort, were no longer to be decided by her own voice: for into the halls of her infancy had come a being, upon whose will the happiness of almost every moment must depend; upon whose virtue, tenderness, and generosity, the peace and quiet passing of her future years could alone be founded.

She gazed, then, upon the beautiful bride, and saw that she was lovely. She was willing, she was anxious, in that loveliness of feature and of form, to see the loveliness of spirit and of heart; she was willing to believe, that in that dark liquid eye shone forth the virtues of a noble race; she was willing to believe, in that arching lip was pictured the high and dignified mind within. But yet, she could not but feel that there was a flash-

ing brightness in the glance as it roamed around, marking with unshrinking firmness each gazing face of the crowded court, and noting with quick accuracy every one of those empty ornaments and trifling embellishments, on which the calm and unoccupied spirit may rest in a moment of idleness, but which, in a moment of agitation and emotion, are, to the feeling and the sensitive heart, but as bubbles on the waves to the mariner in the tempest. She could not but feel, that in that lovely lip sat a haughty and a scornful curl—firm, proud, determined; all unlike the quivering diffidence which Blanche had pictured to her fancy, in the timid bride seeking her strange husband's court.

No timidity, indeed, was there; and so proud was the carriage, so scornful was the air, that Blanche of Navarre, as she saw the future queen advance to meet her promised husband, felt her heart beat quick, lest she should see her brother treated with indignity by the bride whose hand had already been dearly purchased. But no! she met him with smiles, she received his welcome with grace; and Blanche's heart grew calm, in the hope that her fears misled her in her interpretation of the fair stranger's demeanor.

The first object of all attention was, of course, the princess herself; but in the train of Isabel of Valois, and among all the gay and glittering eavaliers, of which it was composed, appeared one who, in form and feature, carriage and apparel, stood forth without compare in all the court, either of Navarre or France. Francis, count of Foix, was the name the ambassador gave him, as he introduced him to the Navarrese king; and, although the eye of Blanche had before marked with wonder, not unmixed with admiration, the appearance of that princely noble, no sooner was he named than her brow slightly contracted, her fair lip lost its smile, and she bowed with cold and stately haughtiness as he advanced and was presented to herself. The count was not abashed, but maintained himself with graceful ease; and there was something in his whole demeanor, during the festivals and ceremonies that followed, which won upon even those prepared to frown on all his actions; which dazzled where it could not blind, and gained a smile from the lip even while censure was strong at the heart.

There is a race of men who fancy that some bright and brilliant qualities, some noble deeds, some graces of demeanor, some powers of language or of thought, some grandeur of conception or energy of action, not only compensate a life of ribald looseness, but even give a splendor and dignity to vice and crime. Such has been the character which Francis, count of Foix, had established for himself, in the world of his day. Brave to a fault; graceful, as we have said, in person; full of high powers abused, and talents cast away, he had devoted himself to pleasure, and, in pursuit thereof, had acknowledged no barriers, and spurned at every check. His life hitherto, young as he was, had been but a tale of moral duties violated; of passion, excess, and licentiousness. Infidelity in love had been his

boast; the ruin of woman's peace, his pastime; and the wine-cup and the dice, and loose companions, and wild exploits of evil, made up a history chequered only by some occasional trait of a noble spirit—some deed of generosity, or benevolence, or courage.

So dangerous and hateful had become his name, that the monarch of his own land had willingly found an occasion to send him forth into another country; praying devoutly, that Spanish jealousy might never suffer the wild and reckless youth to return to the court of France again. And now, in the small kingdom of Navarre, he prepared to renew the same course which had won for him so evil a reputation in his own land.

On the third night after his arrival, he sat late with several of his followers, who had accompanied him from France, and with one or two of the young Navarrese nobility, congenial to tastes and habits, but less advanced in systematic vice than the gay cavalier who had now come among them. They talked of pleasure, and of joy, and of excited passion; and many a bright thought and sparkling fancy followed the cup as it circled round the table, and gave a zest and a grace to the idle, and the loose, and the vain tales which formed the great mass of their conversation. They had drank deep, when one of the Navarrese, bowing his head over the full cup, said, with a smile,—"To your next conquest, fair Count of Foix; to your next conquest!" The others around laughed gaily, and took up the toast, bowing their heads to the count, and drinking to his next conquest. The count filled his cup, and replied, "Willingly, lords, willingly! To Blanche of Navarre!"

The brows of the Navarrese were suddenly contracted, and they turned their flashing looks upon each other. At length, one whose renown in arms saved him from the insignificance of vice, replied boldly,—"Sir Count of Foix, we welcome thee to our land as a distinguished stranger, skilled in the arts of love and the science of pleasure, well known for noble and for knightly deeds, courteous, and gay, and liberal; and we are willing to give all free scope to your pleasant fancies: but you know not our feelings, here in Navarre, to one whom you have just named. She is our native princess, and has grown up among us, under our own eyes, and amidst the love of all: smile not, sir count, for we will bear no trifling with her name. She has the love of all—of good and bad alike. But it is that pure and nobler which to the good is natural, and which, in the bosom of the bad, plants at least one good thing. Speak not of her with one vain hope or idle expectation. Her every thought is virtue; and the high spirit that dwells in that bright form is pure as a saint in heaven. We see all her actions—we know all her deeds. Is there sorrow—is there misfortune in the city or the land, there is Blanche of Navarre to be found, comforting, consoling, aiding. Is virtue, is honor, is noble generosity heard of, the voice of Blanche of Navarre is raised to give it praise. Is wrong committed, or

injustice done, here is the tongue to plead for the oppressed, however mighty the oppressor; here the lip to call down punishment on the evil-doer, however great, however favored, however high. Is there, on the contrary, evil or vice; in whatever glittering robes arrayed, concealed under whatever specious form, though voiced with music and garlanded with flowers, sure is it to shrink from the face of Blanche of Navarre, as the birds of night fly from the keen eye of the searching day. I say to you, Count of Foix, smile not! Well do I know that my lip is all unfit to speak the praise of purity like hers; but I tell thee boldly, that, although in the late plague she sat beside the dying wretch, foul and fearful in all the livid horror of the pestilence, and bent her bright head over the bed of misery and of death, as well in the lowest cabin as within the palace walls, without one look of disgust or apprehension—I tell thee, she would shrink from thee and thy loose words as from toad, or adder, or any other noisome thing."

The count's cheek had grown flushed, his brow had contracted, and his eye had flashed; but such angry signs had passed by ere the other had done speaking, and he was ready to wear a smile, as he answered,—"Nevertheless, Don Ferdinand, I again say—to Blanche of Navarre! Never was woman born that might not be conquered; and I will either conquer her, or she shall conquer me. It is not alone for her beauty, though I own that never yet have my eyes beheld loveliness so unblemished as hers—those perfect features, which the brightest dream of the Grecian sculptor never equalled; that calm, radiant eye, shining forth from its black lashes, like some bright, tranquil star pouring its peaceful light through a dark summer night; that cheek, where the ruddy hue of health, softened by delicate nurture, blooms like the bosom of a garden rose; that splendid form, where grace and rounded softness are ennobled by princely dignity and worthy pride—it is not alone for all this blaze of beauty, though well it might set a world again on fire; but it is because, as thou hast truly, though not courtteously shrunk, she has already shown that *she would shrink from me as from some noisome thing*. For this do I say, that I will conquer her, or she shall conquer me; and I drink again to my next conquest, Blanche of Navarre! Ay! well I marked her," he continued, proceeding, after a little pause, ere any of the others could reply,—"ay! well I marked her, when the ambassador but named my name, draw down the corner of that lovely lip, and spread wide the scornful nostril! But she knew not Francis of Foix. However, let no broils, good friends, mar our fair revelry. Here is to all our loves, past, present, and to come: may they be many as the blades of grass which shall cover us when we be dead, or the cups of wine that we drink while we are living! Here is to all our loves, and to yours especially, Don Ferdinand de Leyda. Methought I caught a pair of bright, black eyes yesterday, in the court, following thee where-soever thou didst turn. And,—ha! Don Ferdinand, was I not right?—a certain lady with a swan-

like throat, robed in dark purple, and with many a gem in her hair and in her girdle?"

Although the brews of the Navarrese still remained somewhat contracted, harmony seemed sufficiently restored, and the revel was prolonged for many an hour. At length the guests began to separate, but the Count de Foix detained Don Ferdinand de Leyda for a moment in the vestibule; and, when they were alone, he said.—"Don Ferdinand, my good friend, you have this night said things which—as we know each other well and of yore—you must feel sure cannot pass by as idle wind. Let us not involve others in our quarrel, but let us meet, with a single page on either side, when, where, and with what weapons you will."

"To-morrow morning at daybreak," replied Don Ferdinand, calmly, "with pointed lances and our two swords, if it so please you, count. Then, for the place, let it be down in the meadows, on the other side of the river. You knew the Tafalla gate?—go forth by that: my windows look upon the road, and I will soon overtake you. With one page, you say?—good night." And so they parted.

The sun shone bright through the long casements of the old palace of Pampeluna, chequering with misty light the pavements of its lordly halls; and from these casements could be seen, clear and distinct, the ring of mighty mountains, with their snow-covered tops, which swept round the capital of Navarre. Between them and the city lay, backing in the morning sunshine, that beautiful basin, with its richly cultivated slopes, known in all later times by the name of the Cup of Pampeluna; and glittering as it passed the city, which it half surrounds in one of its graceful bends, flowed the sweet Arga.

Blanche of Navarre had risen early from her couch, and had watched the wandering sun pour his first light from the pinnacles of the eastern hills into that mountain cup, in the centre of which rose up her brother's capital. She gazed from the windows in somewhat thoughtful, somewhat melancholy mood; for, in the short space of three days, she had been taught that her brother's palace was no longer to be a happy home for her—that her brother's bride looked not on her as a sister—and that jealousy of the power she had so willingly resigned, and envy of the love she so well merited, were the feelings that reigned in a heart which she had fondly hoped to find open to nobler and better affections. As she gazed, her eye lighted on what she imagined to be nothing more than some grooms exercising their master's horses; but in a few minutes she saw them turn, and spur at full charge against each other.

Even then she thought it no more than some wild youths, as was very customary, breaking a friendly lance in the meadows below; and she only wondered that they had not chosen the ordinary tilt-yard for the scene of their exploits. At the end of about half an hour, however, she heard a number of busy feet, passing along in the neighborhood of the chamber in which she sat, toward the apartments which had been assigned to the French am-

bassador and the noble gentlemen who had accompanied him, and many voices speaking in a low, quick tone. The first tidings which she obtained concerning the cause of those sounds, was from one of her own women, who ran in with an important face of wonder, exclaiming.—"Oh, lady! do you know that the Count de Foix has been killed by Don Ferdinand de Leyda?"

"God forbid!" replied Blanche.—"God forbid! He was sadly unprepared to die;" and she hastened out from her own chamber to the public apartments of the palace, to ascertain the truth of her maiden's story. The room she entered was that prepared for the morning meal of the royal household; and from some of the attendants present she learned that the count was not killed, though dangerously wounded. "He has been carried to his chamber, lady," replied the man, "and the surgeons are even now busily engaged extracting the lance's head, which has broken off in his shoulder."

"What has become of Don Ferdinand?" demanded Blanche. "Is he unhurt? for I have heard that this Count of Foix is famous for his skill in such encounters."

"He, too, is badly wounded," replied the man; "but they have borne him to his own house, and he is attended by surgeons there."

"Thus do bad men slay each other," said Blanche. "Some idle dispute, or licentious brawl, has, doubtless, brought them thus to the gates of death when they are least fitted to meet another life. God spare them this once! and perhaps the warning of pain and sickness may not be thrown away."

While she yet spoke, her brother and his bride, with several nobles in attendance, entered the hall. At the tidings of the evil which had befallen the Count de Foix, the young monarch expressed some sorrow, in courteous tones, toward the French lords around him; but, to the judgment of Blanche of Navarre, the grief of Isabel of Valois exceeded the bounds of that commiseration which her brother's wife might well display toward the libertine noble of her own land. She vowed that, if the count died, she should hate Navarre; she called him the flower of courtesy and knighthood; and she declared her purpose of visiting his sick chamber. The young king bore it all with patience; for his beautiful bride, in all her proud loveliness, had at once assumed that mastery over him which weak minds ever yield to the strong when passion raises its voice against resistance. He marvelled not at the interest she expressed; he felt neither jealousy nor anger; and he ventured only to suggest that his fair bride would, when she visited the wounded man, take with her his sister Blanche. Isabel heard him with a flashing eye and an angry spot upon her fair cheek, but she dared not resist his will, so gently expressed; and bowing, with a scornful smile, to Blanche, she prayed her, in ironical terms, to give her the pleasure of her fair company after the meal was over.

No scornful word ever embittered the lips of Blanche of Navarre, and for her brother's sake she yielded at once. When the time came, followed

by several others, they sought the chamber where the count lay ill; and those two fair girls approached the couch of sickness; but oh, with what a different air—and, oh, with what different feelings! They both spoke to him, but they spoke not alike; the words of Isabel were mingled of lightness, and grief, and tenderness—those of Blanche were calm and gentle, but tending to better thoughts. She read no homily, but she spoke with the voice of purity, and wisdom; and, while she told him that she sincerely wished his recovery, the last words of consolation which she addressed to him were such as awakened in his mind deep thoughts. She told him, that illness and wounds were not always misfortunes, and that often the sickness of the body wrought a cure in the diseases of the mind.

Thus saying, she turned to leave him; and Isabel of Valois, though she would fain have lingered, was obliged to follow also for very shame. When they were gone, the Count de Foix, upon his solitary couch of pain, fell into deep and somewhat curious meditation. He thought of the words that Blanche had spoken,—“that often the sickness of the body wrought a cure in the diseases of the mind.” How could that be? he asked himself; and, as he thought of the words, the tone, the look, the surpassing loveliness of her who had spoken them, came back upon his mind, like the beautiful objects of some splendid dream, and made the simple sentence that still rung in his ear seem like the words of prophecy. He paused and pondered; and, as he thought, the pain of his wound, severe as it was, was almost forgotten in the new and thrilling interest that grew upon his heart. He compared her, mentally, with the proud beauty who had stood beside her; and he could not but feel that, in the pure, bright lustre of her virtuous calmness, her loveliness acquired a dignity harmonious with itself, and far, far surpassing the haughty consciousness of her brother's wife.

He felt, too, that to take aught from the brilliant purity would be to rob her beauty of one half its splendor: he felt that—far beyond every thing that sweet lines or lovely coloring can produce—there shone, through every movement and through every look, the effulgence of a noble and a generous heart—the brightness of a gentle, innocent, unsullied mind. He asked himself, whether, even were it in his power, he would profane that sweet tabernacle with one evil thought? and still, as he pondered, her words came back into his ear, and again he asked himself, “could the sickness of the body really work a cure in the diseases of the mind?”

He put another question to his heart,—“Was the state in which he had so long lived a disease of the mind, or not? Was the prostitution of great talents and high qualities, unequalled powers of mind and body, and a heart once pure and virtuous—was it, or was it not, a malady?”—And the thoughts which such questions produced were painful, were agitating, were terrible. He strove to cast them from him, and to think as he had thought before. He strove to think of Isabel of Valois, and her too evident partiality; but still by her side, as

fancy gave her picture to his eyes, rose up the brighter form of Blanche of Navarre, and outshone the other in the light of innocence and beauty. With the night came fever—the tamer of the strong spirit, the breaker of the wild imagination—and bowed him to its will. He struggled against its power during the livelong night; and, with a wandering mind and throbbing brain, tossed to and fro upon the couch. Morning found its great strength enfeebled; his strong sinews without power; his muscles relaxed; his face wan and pale; his eye dim and haggard. The support of the corporeal frame was gone from the spiritual being; and, like a rider who has lost the power of governing the wild horse that carries him, his mind was carried away to thoughts he had ever shunned, and his heart rested on many a painful, many a reproachful memory.

During the morning, the king, with his bride and his sister, came to visit again the sick chamber of the wounded man; but how different was now the effect produced on the mind of Isabel of Valois and Blanche of Navarre! The one saw with surprise, and with somewhat of disgust, the ravages which one day of sickness and agony can produce in the most graceful form and the most beautiful countenance. She no longer saw the same Count de Foix—the handsomest of a handsome court: she only beheld, a wan, sick man, writhing in a bed of pain; and her eye, which had been attracted by beauty alone, now turned away displeased.

Very different were the feelings of Blanche of Navarre. She beheld a man, whose vices she had condemned, while she had admired his higher qualities, stricken down in the midst of his pride and of his levity; brought, by the events of a single day, to the brink of the grave; suffering in body, and, as she suspected, suffering also in mind; and all that was gentle and tender in a gentle and tender heart, rose up to her lips to give comfort and consolation to him for whom her voice had before known nothing but reproof and reprobation. Strange though it may be to say, there was something in the manner with which the count met the first look of Isabel of Valois, which, to the mind of Blanche, gave hope of better feelings rising in his heart. It was no longer the glance of bold and too familiar admiration: oh, no! his brow grew somewhat contracted, and his dark eye turned away. To herself he listened, and to her words of kindness, with apparently very different feelings,—with, surprise, with attention, with gratitude; and when they were about to quit his apartment, he added,—“Lady, I thank you for your speech of yesterday; and I do begin to think, that the sickness of the body may sometimes work a cure in the diseases of the mind.”

“Think so! oh, think so, my good lord!” replied Blanche; “and should you find, that in your mind or heart there be some malady, take now the time when its cure can be wrought; and forget not, when you are restored to health, the salutary thoughts which visit us all in sickness.”

The proud lip of Isabel of Valois curled with a scornful smile, as she turned away; and she was

scarcely out of hearing, when she exclaimed, speaking to her husband,—“ Our sister Blanche will preach, and Francis of Foix will listen, as long as he is in sickness. Doubtless he will promise to become a Capuchin till he is well ; but then his fair preacher will find that he will leave the gray gown with her, and be as merry a libertine as ever.”

It might have been with many a man as Isabel of Valois predicted ; it might have been so with the Count of Foix, himself, under many circumstances. Returning health might have brought returning passions : strength, in its bold security, might have laughed at past warnings ; and evil habits, broken but by a short interruption, might have resumed their iron and irresistible sway over a heart full of fire and impetuous feelings. But there were many, many events occurred to lead the mind of Francis of Foix into a new train ; there were many, many motives combined to give a fresh bent, a different object, to all his feelings. The first of those motives was love ! Isabel of Valois visited him no more, but Blanche went twice to see him, with her brother, during the severer part of his malady ; and her kindness and her gentleness—kindness and gentleness so pure, so noble, so chaste, that even vanity itself, man’s vanity, the most impudent and deceitful of all liars, could not mistake and dared not falsify her feelings—implanted in his heart the first germ of real love which that heart had ever known. Though full of strong passions, hitherto it had not known love. The seeds that fell upon it had been of lighter things, which grew up like shrubs upon a rock, blossomed for an hour, and faded away.

But now, a stronger tree had taken root : passion—eager, ardent passion, rising from veneration, esteem, and admiration !—and how that tree was nourished by sweet sympathies, fostered by close intercourse, and even rooted more firmly by the storm and tempest of adverse circumstances, is now to be told.

In the course of time he became convalescent ; and, as soon as he was permitted, proceeded to offer his thanks to the Queen of Navarre. She was surprised to behold the beauties and graces of his person restored, though he could not yet move without support ; but his illness had reached the stage when it only added deeper interest to that excited by his noble presence and handsome form. The admiration of Isabel of Valois returned ; and she determined, that all the many weeks which the surgeons affirmed must be passed in tranquillity and repose, ere the count could be pronounced well, should be spent in her society. She had no scruples, and but small diffidence ; and, if there were evil passions in her heart, she hesitated little at the means employed to gratify them. She was not without art, however ; and Blanche of Navarre was often called upon to sanction, by her presence, the long interviews between the Count of Foix and her brother’s wife.

Blanche shrank from being present : not that she suspected actual evil in the thoughts or wishes of the Queen, but she deemed her conduct toward

Francis of Foix—covered though it was by some idle idea of distant relationship—still bold, rash, and unwomanly. Of the count, too, she had many doubts. She hoped, she trusted, that a change had come over his feelings and his thoughts ; she fancied that she saw the change in every word and action ; but still she feared, and still she doubted.

Was there, also, in her bosom a doubt as to what might ever become the feelings of her own heart toward him ? There was ! and wisely she shrank from putting into the hands of one who might misuse it, the slightest power over her future peace of mind. She had done her duty to him, as one fellow-creature to another ; she had done more than most would do ; and now she sought to avoid a man whom she had first reprobated, then pitied, and now feared. Nevertheless, she was, almost daily, forced to be present, while Francis of Foix spent long hours with Isabel of Valois, during the days of his convalescence : and her presence was to him a blessing and a safeguard.

The comparison was always before him of good and evil, and that comparison was too powerful to leave judgment to hesitate. Love, too, was on the side of judgment, for love grew daily more powerful over his heart ; and, as he gazed upon Blanche of Navarre, sitting by the side of Isabel of Valois, he fell into deep fits of musing, which the latter loved not. What was the subject of his musing ? How he might win that radiant creature to return the love he felt ; how he might change the cold and frigid courtesy, which now clothed all her words toward him, to that warmer confidence which alone can be the nurse of affection ; how he could show her, how he could prove to her, that she alone of womankind possessed or ever had possessed his heart.

Strange, too, and full of thoughtful marvellings, was the picture of his own feelings to his own eyes. How changed, how wonderfully changed they were ! He found that there was another passion, different, far different from that which he had hitherto confounded with love. He found that there were feelings deeper, more intense, more noble, than woman had ever awakened in his bosom before ; he found that selfish gratification was not the object, idle admiration not the spring of love. He gazed on that beautiful being, and he felt passion in its most ardent form ; but, as he touched her hand to lead from the hall to the banquet-chamber, a thrill—a strange and timid thrill—passed unwonted through his frame ; and he, whose lip had never wanted words to tell a tale of love, now hardly dared confess to his own heart how love had mastered all its powers. He gazed upon her, but he spoke not the feelings that were busy in his bosom. He dared not speak them—he dared not let them appear : he felt that he must first blot out from her memory many a tale of wild passion, ere he could talk of love to her pure ear. He felt not alone that for worlds he would bring no stain upon that bright creature, were it even in his power ; but he began, for her sake, to regret that there were stains upon himself. She had taught him to think virtue beauti-

ful: she had taught him to think it a part of excellence.

The qualities which he had before prized, both in himself and others, had now sunk low, low in his estimation; and endowments, of a more noble and elevated character, were gradually rising up to be wondered at and admired.

He who, in the pride of haughty success, had thought all the world, but more especially woman, born but to bow to him, and yield to his pleasure; now undervalued all his own powers, judged himself too harshly, and thought himself all unworthy of her regard who had wrought such a change in him. Habit, evil habit, indeed, was potent with him, as with other men; and, as we have said, with the return of buoyant health, custom might have resumed her hold upon him: the fascinations of Isabel of Valois might not have been employed in vain; the vanity and the passions of the man might both have been excited, when he felt himself courted by one so high and so beautiful; and strong evil might have again triumphed over the first weak effort of virtue.

But that bright, dangerous queen had, unwittingly, placed the antidote beside the poison. In her proud consciousness of beauty and of grace, of wit, of talent, and of courage, she never dreamed that the calm and quiet princess of the small mountain state, the mild and unassuming Blanche of Navarre, could ever become her rival where she stooped to please; and all that she could wish to do was undone, before she perceived that she had counteracted herself. At length, however, she saw—and saw with anger—that when she spoke, Francis of Foix turned the head away, or answered sometimes coldly, sometimes abstractedly; while, on the contrary, when the voice of Blanche sounded in his ear, an instant smile spread radiant over his face, his eyes were filled with new light, and his whole soul seemed moved to answer her. He talked of virtue, too; he praised those calm and gentle qualities which throng round woman in her household duties, and grace her more than gems.

Nay, more! He seemed to feel the virtues that he praised, and to have learned abhorrence of the vices which he censured. From time to time, with flashing eyes and scornful lip, Isabel sneered aloud at words of purity from such a tongue as his; called up, in angry sportiveness, his errors in the past; and asked, how sermons sounded from the lips of so virtuous a man?

Twice he was silent; but at length, urged too far, replied,—“Lady, what you say is true. I am often ashamed, thinking of the past, to speak of the new feelings that I experience at present. The time was, when I should have scoffed to hear such thoughts expressed by men far worthier than myself; but now, when I venture so to speak, it is in all humility, and with deep regret, that to the ordinary errors of man’s youth, I have added others with deliberate folly.”

The queen laughed loud and tauntingly; but the liquid eye of her he loved beamed brightly on him: and he was repaid. The time came, however, when

Isabel of Valois could not laugh. His indifference—far from calming what at first was, perhaps, but an idle passion, entertained but for the purpose of trifling gaily through an unfilled hour—only added fire and eagerness. She learned to love intensely, when she began to feel herself despised; and angry jealousy took place of dangerous coquetry and evil trifling.

She watched, with keen eyes, every action, both of Francis of Foix and Blanche of Navarre: but Blanche was still calm and cold toward the gay noble of another land. She might, indeed, feel her heart glow with generous pleasure, to believe that an ennobling change had come over his soul; that the worst passions had been crushed down for ever; and that all the high and splendid qualities which his mind possessed, were now likely to stand forth free, bright, and unencumbered, on the strong basis of virtue. She might, indeed, acknowledge, too, that all those graces of person which are, in truth, but the outward symbols—though sometimes forged—of graces of the mind, did not pass unheeded by an eye that loved to contemplate every beautiful and every perfect thing in the wide creations of nature and of art. She might do more: she might confess that when she gazed on that speaking countenance, and that graceful form; and heard eloquent words flow from those manly lips; and marked that no light jest nor doubtful thought now found utterance there, but only high-toned feelings, clothed in powerful words,—a thrill, a happy thrill, would spread through all her frame, as her heart told her that she had a share in this.

Perhaps she might have gone further still: perhaps she might have owned, that her heart beat high to see that his thoughts, and words, and actions, were all addressed to her. Nevertheless, she still doubted—she still feared! The words of her sister-in-law still rang in her ears; “that with returning health and strength Francis of Foix would again become what Francis of Foix had been.” She asked herself, could he resist temptation, opportunity, habit, the jest of old companions, the seduction of new charms.

She asked herself all this: and she looked into her own heart, and saw that she could never love one of whom she was not sure; or—if, to her mischance, she did love such a man—that his first evil act—that the first word or thought which degraded him from the high throne of her esteem, which removed the image sanctioned by love from the shrine of her heart, would ruin sanctuary and all, and leave her not a wreck of happiness behind.

Such feelings, such consciousness, such thoughts, made her throw a thick veil of cold and distant reserve over the warmer sensations of her heart: made her treat him who so deeply interested her, as a mere calm acquaintance—the distant cousin of her brother’s wife; and it was but rarely that some noble thought, or princely action; some bold and public recantation of former errors; some calm and tranquil reply to those who scoffed at virtue, brought about by sickness, won from her a bright and encouraging smile, which afforded a hope,

though distant, and, like a far-off beacon to the weary mariner's eye, promised success to his efforts, and pointed out the only course.

It was in vain, then, for some time, that Isabel of Valois watched and suspected. No sign betrayed that Blanche's heart was touched; no word, nor look, nor action, showed that she gave aught like encouragement to a passion which each day became more apparent.

At length, one evening in the lustrous twilight of that splendid climate: in the bright moment—for it is little more than a moment—between the sinking of the golden day and the rushing conquest of the deep night, Blanche of Navarre stood gazing from the window upon the last rays of the setting sun, as they lingered, with blushing love, upon the high summits of the western hills. Her heart was at war with itself, and yet the warfare was not painful. She felt a tenderness creeping over it which she would fain have banished; she felt that her power over her own thoughts was failing, and she would fain have recovered that power. But, even while she struggled with her own feelings, the voice of the enchanter Hope took part against her, and told her, that to yield to that mighty power which every heart must one time know, was better than to resist. As she thus thought, and gazed forth upon the evening sky and varying mountains; and as the deep loveliness of that bright scene in the calm twilight hour sunk into her soul with bland and softening influence, a step sounded near her. Ere she could turn and see whose form it was that crossed the windows of the hall, her heart had told her, and it beat quick and high. The next moment Francis of Foix was by her side, but for a time some overpowering feeling seemed to tie his tongue: his wonted eloquence was gone: his daring courage at an end. He trembled like a girl; and the heart which never had known a fear, now beat even quicker than hers beside whom he stood.

"Lady," he said, at length, "I have dared to seek you; and yet, now that I am here, I scarcely know how to express my thoughts."

There is a peculiar skill in woman to master, even in moments of deep emotion, the outward display of feeling, and to conceal the inward struggle of the heart's mutinous garrison from every eye but God's. Blanche of Navarre felt as if each moment she should have sunk to the ground; yet she stood firm, and in her aspect calm, as if the bright tranquillity of her former years still reigned undisturbed within. She even so far conquered agitation as to say, in a low, quiet voice,—“There is nothing, I should suppose, that the Count de Foix can have to say to Blanche of Navarre which should trouble him to speak.”

“Lady,” he replied, “did Francis of Foix feel as once he felt—were he the vain, conceited being which once he was—did he believe that every woman was to be a slave to his will, or that he had powers to conquer and persuade even to virtuous love, he might speak boldly. But, alas! now—now, how is he changed! Though there was a time when he dared all, and every thing for far less

worthy objects, now he scarcely dares to name his wishes or his hopes, though on them depends the happiness of all his after life.”

He paused, and looked up for some word or sign of encouragement, but Blanche answered nothing. There was a dewy brightness in her downcast eye, however—there was a slight tremor in her snow-white hand, as it rested on the stone-work of the window, which afforded hope; and Francis of Foix continued: “Lady, I know that I am unworthy. It is you who have taught me that I am so: and, oh! Blanche, when I tell you that I love you—that I love you better than life, or any thing life contains, think not that it is the lip of the idle libertine that speaks; for that love, that deep, intense love, has taught me also the love of virtue; the love of virtue has taught me to abhor vice, to hate even myself—to hate what I have been. But, oh! Blanche, know me—in pity know me but as I am! Forget the past, forget the follies and vices of other days—see me but as you have made me; and, oh! give me hope, in order that hope may give me strength and encouragement in the way of right.”

Blanche started: the words he spoke both suggested a fear of the permanence of the change, and a means of trying its reality.

“Do you mean, my lord,” she said,—“do you mean, that if Blanche of Navarre can give you no hope of ever obtaining her hand—for I will not affect to misunderstand you—do you mean, that if she can give you no reward, no encouragement, you may fall back into the errors of your former life!”

Francis of Foix paused thoughtfully for a moment. Old habits and deep acquaintance with the wayward, the capricious, the weak, the vain, and the vicious part of womankind, suggested to his mind for a single instant that Blanche might seek and find a good excuse for yielding to her own inclination in his favor, if he admitted that he might relapse into evil should she deny him. But the nobler spirit which her love had enthroned in his heart rose up instantly, and trampled the demon under foot. He paused, and gazed in her face; then, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, “No, Blanche, no!—God forbid that I should use any persuasions toward thee but the true ones. No! Pure, and beautiful, and good, and noble, if I cannot win thee by truth, I will ever live or die in wretchedness without thee. No! If thy heart can never be mine; if the errors of my early years have inspired thee with abhorrence that thou canst not conquer; if some happier man have won the jewel that I cannot win; if cold indifference even place its icy barrier between thee and me;—still, Blanche of Navarre, still thou hast conquered, thou hast convinced, thou hast humbled, thou hast amended! Thy memory would keep me pure if thy love were denied; and the light which has shone upon my soul from thee and thy virtues, should never go out again till the cold earth of the grave were cast upon my breast.”

Blanche trembled very much, and she was several moments ere she could reply; but at length she said, in a low and faltering tone, “I fear, Sir Count,

I very much fear, that resolutions taken under the influence of passion are rarely more permanent than those formed during the reign of sickness. I can promise nothing, my lord, and dare say but little till I am more assured. Suffice it," she added, after a moment's pause, and lifting her eyes for a single instant to his countenance,—“suffice it, that I love no one, that my heart is free, and,” she added, hesitating,—“and it may be won; but it must be won by upright honor and pure virtue. One word more I may say; think not that the past will linger in my mind if the future be contrasted brightly with it. He who conquers his vices must ever be, in the eyes of Blanche of Navarre, more worthy than if he had never erred; for he gains a victory over a great enemy.”

“Enough! enough! enough!” he cried; and, as he spoke, hope, like the fitful flame, once more blazed up with a brighter light than ever it had before cast upon the future. “Enough, enough!—oh! dearest Blanche, you have spoken enough! Too well I know your nature—too well, by sad comparison with others, do I know the beauty and candor of your heart—too well, far too well, to doubt for one single instant, that those words, calm, and gentle, and noble as they are, imply a promise and a hope, a boon, a consolation, an encouragement. I have risked all to tell you the truth. I have risked all and gained all, and now I know that success with you depends upon myself. Forgive me if I speak too boldly—forgive me if I speak too rashly; but yet I know and feel, and dare to avow I feel, that on myself and on my own conduct, whereof I entertain no doubt, depends my chance of winning you—of winning happiness, of winning love; love, such as my heart has never known—love, such as my heart never, till lately, hoped for. Henceforth, dearest! most beautiful, most noble, most pure! henceforth I journey through life like a pilgrim; with, high before his eyes, raised on some blue mountain's cloudy brow, the shrine to which all his efforts, all his wanderings, tend,—raised far above himself, but still the object of his aspirations and his hopes; to reach which nothing is required but strength, and fortitude, and resolution, and which nothing can debar him from but folly, vice, or weakness.”

He took her hand in his—her unresisting hand—and, raising it calmly to his lips, he added, “Blanche of Navarre, beautiful and beloved! princess of a sovereign house as thou art, thou mayest think it bold that Francis of Foix has raised his eyes to thee. But, lady, I tell thee, and tell thee true, that never sovereign of thine house, however warlike be his name in story, has gained a greater conquest than thou hast. I do not speak in pride, and, if I do, it is in pride of my humility. I say not that thou hast conquered Francis of Foix, for that were vanity; but I say, that thou hast conquered a stubborn human heart, pampered with pride, nourished with much success, strengthened with idle fame, panoplied in iron habits, and leading on a host of follies, vices, and mistakes, to war against one bright and beautiful being, armored

alone in virtue, and weaponed solely with right. I say it in humility—as the chained captive, as the vanquished and the humbled; and when I kiss this lovely hand, it is but as the conquered and the abased, bowing the head before the potent rod which has brought him into subjection to a nobler and more generous power. For ever, for ever. I am thine and Virtue's! and if, in future life, I ere forswear this fealty by word or deed, trample me under thy feet as a faithless renegade. And now but appoint me trials, that I may undergo my proof, and walk on with hope to happiness.”

Again and again he kissed that small fair hand; and it might well be seen that passion had lost nothing of its fire by being purified from the dust and ashes that kept it mouldering with a dull, foul, lowly flame. Now it blazed high, clear, bright, and open, and only gained intensity from being concentrated upon one point.

Blanche of Navarre felt all that she had done, felt all that she had said; but yet, with agitation and alarm, there was mingled a hope and an expectation, and a thrill of joy—of joy, how bright, how glorious, how ennobling! joy springing from the elevation, from the brightening, from the beautifying of the character of a being that we love; joy born from the thanksgiving of triumph over evil; joy lighted up by feeling ourselves beloved, with threefold and most ample love, for having given back virtue to a noble heart—for having restored the bright deity to a worthy shrine.

All this she felt, and felt it in its utmost intensity—nor any the less for the apprehensions that accompanied it; for the human heart, even in the brightest and the best, values certain joy less than when it is doubtful and in expectation. Again and again he kissed her hand; but, as he did so, at length she started and withdrew it: not that she feared aught from him, for, mingled with the passionate energy with which he pressed it to his lips, there was deep deference and respect; but at that moment a shadow seemed to pass across the further side of the hall. In the dim twilight of that evening hour, and in that vast Gothic chamber, the eyes of Blanche could not discover who it was that crossed toward the opposite door; but she, standing at the window, with all the light which yet lingered in the evening sky forming a back-ground, bright when contrasted with the gloom within, was but too well seen at that moment when Francis of Foix pressed his lips upon her hand.

The eye of Isabel of Valois was upon them; and all the rage of disappointed passion, mortified pride, and wounded vanity, took possession of her heart at once. The action of that rage upon herself need not be dwelt on here: its effects upon her conduct toward others, is what we have to deal with. She passed a sleepless and angry night; and, by the following morning, rose determined to wreak her hatred on Blanche of Navarre by any means that offered. But, though she was prepared to go to the most extreme lengths that hate and anger could dictate, her mind was too shrewd and piercing not

to see that she must conceal her wrath to sate its appetite more completely.

From the first moment she had set her foot within her husband's kingdom, her husband's sister had been the object of her hatred and her envy. She had seen that the admiration of his people and his court followed Blanche of Navarre in preference to her; and that had been cause of enmity enough. The place which Blanche had held in that kingdom, and that palace, became another object of jealous anger. All this had rendered her treatment of that fair and noble girl any thing but like the fruit of sisterly love. Now, however, when, added to all the rest, she saw that Blanche had borne away from her the love of one on whom herself had fixed too deep and dangerous an affection, strange to say, her conduct became changed. While rage flashes forth, deep hatred often clothes itself in smiles; and such was the garb which hers assumed, the better to conceal her purpose.

On the morning after that on which all her jealous suspicions had been confirmed by what she had seen, she greeted Blanche with gay and affectionate demeanor; and none, of all the court, could divine what caused the unusual paleness of her cheek, for the queen seemed both well and happy. At the great assembly of the Navarrese nobles, in the evening, she singled out Don Ferdinand de Leyda, who, now recovered from his wounds, had returned to court, and lived there on terms of friendship with his late opponent. She conversed with him several times in a low tone, and, with many a gay smile and sportive gesture, seemed holding with him some light and pleasant communion on matters of revelry or amusement. Still, toward Blanche she continued the same demeanor; and Blanche, who knew not what hatred is—except the hatred of evil—felt the change with pleasure, and looked forward to the coming hours with brighter hopes.

It was on the third evening after, when the sun had gone down, and all the town was ringing with the revelry which, at that time, in Navarre, accompanied each high festival, that the queen announced to her fair sister her intention of going forth, disguised, among the rest, and mingling with the merry-making of the time. She asked the company of her husband's sister, too; and, when Blanche shrunk back, and steadily refused, Isabel of Valois informed her, boldly, that the king himself was to be of the party; and, though unwilling and surprised, the princess at length yielded. She had scarcely made her preparations when she was joined by the queen and several others, all already masked; and in one she thought she recognised her brother. An injunction, however, was given to keep silence till they had quitted the palace; and, issuing forth into the streets, they mingled with a multitude of other groups, all full of gayety, and mirth, and song.

They wandered on for some time; but Blanche at length grew uneasy, for the mask she had taken for her brother soon belied his appearance by his voice. Isabel of Valois, however, hurried forward toward the great square, where the multitudes of

the Navarrese capital seemed all gathered together; and there, in the press and the crowd, Blanche and the queen were suddenly separated from the rest of the party; and the queen, seizing her arm, exclaimed,—“Come hither, come hither! if thou lovest me, dear sister, come hither! There is some one I would fain avoid;” and, linking her arm through that of Blanche, so as to prevent the possibility of her escaping, she hastened on, turned through the long arcades, and darted forward into a doorway which stood open.

Blanche tried to stay her; but still she hurried onward, saying that she knew her way, and that the passage which they followed would but bring them into the back street, whence they could return at once to the palace. Blanche desired nothing farther, and followed quickly on; when, to her surprise, the queen pushed open a door, and she found herself in a moment in a blaze of light. The glare, following the darkness, blinded her for a time; but the next instant she perceived that she was in a high gallery, raised above a large and splendid hall. It had been built for musicians, but there were none there at the moment; and below, seated at a table, was a gallant assemblage of the young nobles of the land, with Don Ferdinand de Leyda at their head, and Francis of Foix sitting on his right hand. Though concealed by the pillars that supported the roof, Blanche would instantly have darted back again out of the gallery; but Isabel of Valois held her firmly by the arm, without uttering a word, and even advanced still further toward the front. None of the guests seemed to see them; but, at that very moment, Don Ferdinand de Leyda filled the golden cup by his side, and, bending his head, with a light smile, to Francis of Foix, he said,—“My noble lord count, when we last met here, we had a foolish quarrel on your drinking to your *next* conquest—Blanche of Navarre.”

The queen turned, and Blanche could perceive her glorious black eyes gazing upon her through the mask with a gleam of triumph and satisfaction. But Don Ferdinand went on: “At present, my lord, I rise to drink to your permanent friendship, now cemented by generous blood, as well as generous wine; and, as you have lain a wounded man amidst fair and compassionate ladies, I suppose I may add to my toast, your *last* conquest—Blanche of Navarre!”

Blanche's strength failed her; and she would have sunk to the ground, had not the firm hold of the queen supported her.

Francis of Foix turned to reply: and, though she trembled in every limb, she listened eagerly for his words. Though he spoke not so loud as the other had done, the full, rich tones swept up to where she stood; and she heard him clearly say,—

“Willingly, good friend, do I drink that part of your toast which wishes our permanent friendship! But if you would drink my last conquest—lords and nobles of Navarre, drink to my conquest over myself! When last we met around this board, I, in the mad vanity of my idle conceit, declared that I would conquer Blanche of Navarre, or she should

conquer me—and now I tell you all, the conquest has been hers! Ay! and, though I love her more than life, no knight in Navarre shall couch a lance more willingly than I, against the breast of any one who says that she is aught but purity itself!”

The nobles who surrounded him gazed on him for an instant as he stood before them; and then, as if by one consent, each started forward and grasped his hand in turn. But Blanche of Navarre had not seen that action; for, at the words which came so balmy to her heart, the queen had stamped her foot, with angry vehemence, upon the gallery, and, dragging her forth into the passage, cast off her hold, and left her to find her way back alone.

In terror and apprehension, Blanche hastened on, and regained the square; but there, amidst a multitude of strangers, excited by gayety and good companionship, wild with revel and drunkenness, she, a solitary woman, hurrying on with a terrified air, was stopped at every turning, agitated by rudeness and impertinence; and, when at length she reached the palace-gates, she found them closed; and the attendants refused to give her admittance till she had unmasked her face and discovered who she was.

With a burning cheek and a throbbing heart, she sought her own apartments; but she had not long reached them, when a message from her brother called her to his presence. The queen was hanging upon his bosom, bedewed with false and hypocritical tears; and he instantly poured forth upon Blanche's head a torrent of reproaches, for misleading his young wife in regard to the customs of the land. Blanche now found that she had been deceived, and that her weak brother had been deceived also. He had neither been present, nor had ever heard of any of the proceedings of that night, till the queen, coming home, in answer to his angry reproof, had given him a false statement of the whole, casting the blame of all upon his sister.

Blanche heard him to an end, and then told him the truth. But the queen rose up in indignant passion, exclaiming, that if he chose to sit there and hear his bride calumniated, she, at least, would not remain to be traduced and insulted to her face; that he might believe which he pleased—her, or his sister Blanche; but that the prolonged absence of his sister, after all the rest had returned, might well show him which tale was most worthy of credit. For her part, she said, she never spoke aught but truth; and she would stay nowhere where her truth was doubted. She was ready, she added, to return to her native land; and, in quitting Navarre, there was none that she should regret but him, her husband: and she wept again, with well-dissembled grief. She then quitted the apartment; and Blanche saw, with bitter pain and many an apprehension, that her brother's mind was completely under the dominion of a false, fiery, vicious woman.

It was not her part, however, to say aught against her; but she defended herself. She reminded him, that from youth they had been brought up together; that he had seen, and must have remarked, all her

actions, must have known, and learned to trace, the sources of all her thoughts, even from the sweet, undisguised days of infancy, to the more mature, but not less candid days of womanhood. Through life, to the eve of fraternal affection she had opened her bosom, like a flower expanding to the summer sun; and she now called upon him to say, whether ever yet in life he had discovered one deceitful thought, one subterfuge, one falsehood.

He owned that he had not; he owned that he knew her to be truth itself; and yet, he felt sure, he said, that his bright queen—his lovely Isabel—was true and virtuous also. There must have been some great mistake between them—some extraordinary error; one of those misunderstandings which so often produce bitterness and enmity between people formed by nature to love and esteem each other. He besought Blanche, then, to let him mediate between her and the queen; and, though at first he had been all wrath and indignation, his whole desire was now—the desire of weak minds—to restore harmony between people who could never assimilate, and to purchase tranquillity by unworthy concessions.

Blanche was silent, and left him to act as he thought fit; and on the following day he descended with his queen, who now assumed all the airs of sullen and offended pride, and appeared to hold high her own forbearance, in tolerating the presence of the person whom, in truth, she had greatly injured. For a time the king felt inclined to take the part of her whom he had loved from infancy, whom he had never known to swerve from truth, and whom he now felt to be in the right; but the artful woman to whom he was bound played upon his passions, made use of his weaknesses, led him to tolerate her injustice, made him a party to her errors; and, once having done so, armed his vanity against his innocent sister, in defence of the wrong he committed or suffered.

Thus, day by day, new insults and new mortifications were poured upon the head of Blanche of Navarre. In the face of the whole court she was neglected and ill-treated. She was reproved for faults she did not commit; her actions, her words, her very thoughts, were misinterpreted. When silent, she was called sullen; and, when she spoke, she was scoffed down with scorn. She bore, with unanswering patience, the daily torture to which she was subjected; but she grieved for her brother, even more than for herself. She grieved to see a nature, good, though weak, perverted and debased; she grieved even to know that the time must come when his blinded eyes would be opened, and opened but to misery. And yet she could not but feel bitterly the personal evils of her situation. Often her heart would swell with indignation, and she would long to pour forth the severe truth which rose to her lips; often her breast would throb with anguish, and she would long to weep for those insults which her generous nature refused to retaliate.

She had one consolation, however, during all her sorrows: Francis of Foix continued at the court of Navarre; and his presence was to her a blessing.

It was not alone that, every day, she saw him still walk with noble firmness in that right path into which her love had led his footsteps; but it was, also, that every pang which was inflicted upon her but increased his tenderness and affection,—that every insult which was offered to her but made his devotion more deep and more apparent. His eyes would flash at each harsh word addressed to her; his lip would quiver at the scornful glance which she did not return; and his voice would soothe, console, and support her, when open neglect, or rude uncourteousness, was all she met from those who should have loved and cherished her.

To Blanche, this was all a blessing and a consolation; but, to Isabel of Valois, the sight of that unconcealed tenderness was like swallowing molten fire. At one time, she thought to point out to her husband the love which she too surely felt to exist, and induce him to drive forth from his court, with ignominy, if not with vengeance, the object of her own criminal passion. But then, her heart failed her: the very opposition that she met with, made that passion more intense; and, with rage mingling with her love, she suffered Francis of Foix to remain; while a thousand vague, wild schemes for ridding herself of her rival, chased each other, day by day, through her brain. At one moment, her mind rested on the darkest and most unscrupulous means of delivering herself from the presence of her she envied, hated, and feared; and, had the poisoned cup been near at hand, or could the dagger have been used without great risk, fair Blanche of Navarre might have passed away from earth by some unknown fate. But Isabel could use no such means without risk to herself. She had none around her on whom she could thoroughly depend; and a knowledge of her own baseness made her fear to confide in any one: the base, because she doubted them; the virtuous, because she feared them. She pursued her plans, however, with the pertinacious virulence of a malignant woman; and the weakness of her husband rendered him her constant tool.

At length she succeeded. It was one morning early in the bright summer, while the cool gray of the dawn still mingled with the warm and golden promises that were poured forth from the kingly gates of the East, when Blanche of Navarre was awakened from calm sleep, and told that she must prepare to depart from the dwelling of her fathers. She arose to obey; and, ere the world was yet awake, she was placed in a litter, and carried rapidly toward the distant mountains. Her brother's hand was to the order for departure, which was shown her, and she made no resistance. She asked to see him, indeed, but was refused; and all attendance, but that of one woman, was denied. Thus was she carried onward toward that valley where, in days of yore, the steel-clad paladins of Charlemagne fought and fell before the weapons of a treacherous foe—toward that valley, famous in story and in song, where Orlando died, and left to the vague poetry of tradition a mighty shadow, and a dim but immortal fame.

Half-way between the pass of Roncesvalles and the city of Pampeluna, stood then one of those old Gothic castles which may still be seen throughout the course of the various valleys which they were built to defend against the incursions of many an inimical state around. Blue and high the mountains rose round about it; while, perched on a rocky hill, starting up in the midst of a narrow valley, it commanded a view of the passes on every side, and guarded the spot where the various roads met. To this abode was Blanche of Navarre borne by those who escorted her; and the orders which were given, in her hearing, to the captain of the fortress, into whose hands she was delivered, showed her that she was thenceforth a prisoner, condemned unheard, and punished though innocent. The only thing that marked her brother's love, or her brother's consideration, was, that the apartments assigned to her were spacious and arranged with taste, for her convenience.

But Blanche had within her own heart the courage which springs from virtue; the calm power of endurance which arises from a conscience at rest. She was not one to yield herself to despair, nor to fret, with impatient passion, under bonds that she could not cast off. With mild determination she made up her mind to endure that which was allotted her, and with hope she looked up to Heaven, and trusted that a time of deliverance would yet come. From the windows of her apartments she gazed forth, and, instead of deriving gloom and melancholy from the aspect of the mighty rocks that surrounded her, their grand tranquillity seemed to sink into her soul, and to teach her to be unmoved, and firm, and peaceful, as themselves. The shadows of the clouds swept over their blue bosoms, the morning light tinged them with gold, and the evening purpled them with its rich parting hue: and such, also, seemed to be the course of her existence: the morning rose, and found her bright and calm; the evening set, and left her tranquil and resolved; the shadows of some dark cares would come across her mind; but its own serenity still returned, and the clouds passed away without leaving their traces behind them.

She thought, however, of Francis of Foix; she thought of him often, kindly and tenderly; she thought of all that he would suffer from her absence. She loved to let imagination picture his occupations, his thoughts, his feelings. It became a solace to her, an enjoyment, to be alone and think; and, in the perfect solitude wherein she lived, where no eye could see her, no scornful glance draw matter for a deriding laugh from the feelings of her heart, she would sit, and let the expression of those feelings pass as they would over the countenance, without one effort to repress them; now showing themselves in one dewy tear, now breaking forth into a bright smile of hope and confidence.

Thus passed the hours; till, at length, one day, when, in the midst of her musings, she had given way to all she felt, and a name—now the more deeply beloved from having been dwelt upon long in the solitary companionship of memory—the

name of Francis of Foix, trembled on her lips, her ear caught the sound of a quick-coming step, and, turning round, she beheld, in her very chamber, a man wrapped in a long pilgrim's robe. Her heart beat quickly, but the next moment he himself was at her feet.

"Blanche!" he said, "Blanche! do you forgive me for what I have done? Do you forgive me for having sought you here—for having risked the discovery of all the love I bear you, in order to free you from the unworthy thralldom in which you are held?"

"Can you doubt it?" she replied. "Oh, Francis! can you doubt that this is a moment of joy?"

He pressed his lips upon the small hand he held, and then replied,—"And yet, dear Blanche, do you consider all that must be, if you would now obtain your freedom by the means that I have prepared? Think me not ungenerous enough, think me not base enough, to seek to take the slightest advantage of the shameful persecution to which you have been subjected, in order even to obtain happiness for myself. I speak but because thy pure and virtuous name is now as dear to Francis of Foix even as to yourself; and I would not,—no, not for earth, and all that earth can give—by any act or deed of mine, bring, however unjustly, one stain upon that clear, unspotted fame. Hear me, therefore—hear me! If Blanche of Navarre flies with Francis of Foix, she must determine to become his wife as soon as they have together broken the bands with which tyranny has enthralled her. Safe, indeed, shouldst thou be, dear Blanche," he added; "safe, as a sister or a child, from word, or deed, or thought, that could offend thee, wert thou to wander with me, alone, persecuted, unprotected, throughout the world: and, were I as happy—had I been as wise, as many another man has been, thou mightest do so without fear of blame or of reproach. But Francis of Foix has made for himself an evil name, which ages of virtue will scarcely purify; and I fear,—oh! I fear to ask thee to fly with me, even from persecution and injustice, unless thy confiding heart can trust to the deep love thou hast inspired, and thy hand become mine as soon as we are free."

Blanche had turned pale, and then again red; and now she sat with downcast eyes, and a cheek once more bloodless and white as marble. It was not that she feared: it was not that she doubted any longer; it was not even that her heart hesitated in regard to its choice. She knew, she felt that she loved him: she knew, she felt that she was truly beloved. But it was the very depth of such feelings: it was the very strength of the passion in her heart: it was the very intensity of the emotion in her bosom, that blanched her cheek, and caused her knees to shake.

She had to make a solemn promise, on which the happiness or misery of all her future life depended: she had to risk peace, joy, existence itself, upon the faith and truth of him she loved. All the world of a woman's happiness was to be staked upon the resolution of the instant: that shrinking modesty of her nature was to yield, for the first

time, to acknowledge that she loved; every timid scruple was to give way, and she was to wed at once, without any of the sweet and gentle alleviations which the presence and comforts of friends, and many an old, habitual form and observance afforded, to soften the great change in woman's life and feelings. But it was no apprehension made her pause ere she replied: it was not timid delicacy nor hesitating reluctance; but it was that, at that moment, she felt and knew how deep, how strong, how all-absorbing was the love which had grown upon her heart. It was this that overpowered her; it was this that took away her speech; it was this that called all the blood from her cheek, and gathered the warm eddying stream into the filled fountain of her heart.

Francis of Foix saw, but comprehended not entirely, the agitation that she suffered. "Oh, Blanche!" he said, gently twining his arms round her, "doubt me not, doubt me not! Could you but tell the change that has taken place in my heart; could you but feel how deeply, how totally, how through every thought and feeling I am changed, you would not fear to trust me, even with the treasure of yourself. Let me show thee how I am changed! Let me tell thee,—let me dare to tell thee, that the time has been when the shameless renown of having triumphed over thy purity would have been no unwelcome sound to my ears. Yet now I pledge thee my honor and my soul, that I would sooner any one should call Francis of Foix a coward, than that one stain should rest upon Blanche of Navarre!"

"I know it, I know it!" she replied; "I have heard thee speak it when thou thoughtest that no ears heard thee but those of scoffers. I have heard thee, Francis, and my heart has thanked thee. I know that thou wilt love me; and I know thou wilt be true to me; I doubt thee no longer; I am confident in thine honor."

"Then why, why hesitate!" he said.

"I hesitate not," she answered, while the warm blood now rushed up into her cheek, and glowed on her brow; "I do not hesitate! It was agitation, but not doubt. It was deep, deep emotion, but not hesitation!"

"Then, thou lovest me!" he exclaimed, pressing her eagerly, but tenderly, to his bosom: "then, thou lovest me! thou art mine. Dear, dear Blanche! thou hast led me back from the depths of folly and vice, and then hast rewarded the effort with thyself. A vow will bind us at the altar—a vow, too often broken, too often utterly forgot.—But here, before thee, as I kneel in the sight of God, who sees us both, I take a deeper vow; to dedicate my whole existence unto thee, to make thy happiness my whole object, my whole care; not alone to repay thee for love, but to exceed all that thou canst feel or show; and prove to thee, that the heart of Francis of Foix, like the bright blade of a well-tempered sword, may have been dimmed for a while by the breath of evil, but is still unruined, strong, and firm as ever. My Blanche! my own! my only beloved!"

Blanche bent down her head upon his shoulder and wept; and ages of smiles were not worth that one moment of tears. But other matters pressed for thought; and her lover told her, that he was there with three resolved companions, habited as pilgrims to the shrine of St. Jago; that they had obtained hospitality of the governor of the castle, and that he had left his comrades below, to amuse that officer with story and with song, while he had obtained leave to wander round the ramparts of the castle. They were to repose there for that night: his train was within a few miles' distance, and if Blanche, he said, and her attendant, would be prepared by half an hour after midnight, he doubted not, either by corruption or by stratagem, to obtain the means of effecting her escape from the castle.

She promised; and, after a few moments more, given to the outpourings of affection, he left her, to pursue his scheme. Blanche could trust in the girl who had accompanied her thither; and, as soon as she entered the chamber, she told her all. Their preparations were speedily made; and long and heavy seemed the hours till the sun went down behind the mountains. Often, too, did they fancy that the weary marker of the march of time had fallen asleep upon his post, and believed that the castle clock had forgotten to strike the hours as they went by. The clanging step of the sentinels upon the ramparts and bastions, beneath the windows, seemed slower and more heavy than ever. The song of the warder in a neighboring tower, as he gazed over the moonlit country, and enlivened his watching with sweet music, seemed tedious and interminable; and all the lagging tardiness of long expectant moments hung upon them, till, at length, the bell tolled midnight. After that, silence soon fell over the castle; and they listened, fearful of speaking, even in a whisper, lest they should lose some sound given as a signal or a warning.

The windows were open, and the summer air breathed sweet and mild; but, in a moment or two after, borne on the wings of that light wind, came a sound from amidst the rocky passes which led away toward Pampeluna. It was the clanging of a horse's feet over the hard road cut along the bosom of the mountain. It came on with furious speed, as if bearing some hasty messenger, sent with important tidings. Now it was faintly heard in the far distance; now ceased entirely, as some crazy turning intervened; now was perceived again, as the wind rose and the steed approached. It came on; grew louder and louder; next sunk away, but not entirely, behind some bold rock or interposing hill; then burst forth again along the side of the nearest mountain, and ceased not, with measured clang, till a loud horn sounded at the gate.

Then creaked the porticulis up; down fell the drawbridge, and there were trampling feet and speaking voices in the court below. The heart of Blanche of Navarre sunk with disappointed hope! and imagination, too, as often cruel as she is kind, now leaped with apprehension to deduce a thou-

sand evils from those simple sounds. The absence of her lover from her brother's court, she thought—nor did she think wrongly—might, by this time, have caused suspicion. His steps might have been followed, his path observed; and messengers might have been sent to arrest him, or defeat his purpose. Hope, the most timid, though the most persevering of guides, put out her torch in terror; and Blanche leaned her head upon the table and wept.

At that moment, however, the latch of the door was gently raised, and Francis of Foix stood before her.

"Quick!" he exclaimed, "quick, dearest Blanche! not a moment of time is to be lost!—Give me your hand, beloved! Follow your mistress quick, fair maid. But first put on these pilgrims' gowns."

"Alas! alas! we are too late," replied Blanche; "there are people in the court below—some messenger is just arrived."

"I know it all," he answered, "I know it all! But the governor sleeps, well filled with wine: I have an order under his hand to give me exit by the postern, at what hour I please, accompanied by all my companions. The soldiers in the court are disputing whether they shall wake him: we have yet time, dear Blanche, so let us haste away."

Her heart beat high, her whole frame trembled; the inevitable step was to be taken; the last deciding act was to be performed which fixed her fate for ever; and, together with that consciousness—which at any time would have shaken her whole frame and moved her whole heart—were now combined danger and apprehension, the risk of disappointment, disgrace, misrepresentation, calumny.

Yet she hesitated not! She loved and was beloved; and the strong, ennobling passion, now, in the moment of difficulty and peril, supplied strength, and courage, and firmness, to the weak frame and timid heart. She cast the cloak around her; she drew the hood over her head; she gave her cold and trembling hand to Francis of Foix; and, with a quick but noiseless step, followed him, as he led the way along one of the corridors of the castle, and down the manifold steps which brought them to the lesser court. The moon, raising her broad, golden disk just above the dark masses of the distant Pyrenees, streamed full into the court; and, on the other side, appeared the forms of three men, partly concealed from the windows of the castle by the shadow of the high wall—partly exposed from a break therein, practised through the upper part for the purpose of giving exit, by some steps, to a demi-lune, thrown forward upon a projection of the rock.

The heart of Blanche of Navarre sunk with terror and agitation at the sight of every being she encountered; but Francis of Foix led her on, and she soon perceived, by the pilgrims' robes, that the three men she beheld were the followers of her lover.—Up those steps, toward the demi-lune, lay the path they were to take; and, as she felt herself emerging into the moonlight, she would have given worlds to

have brought the darkest cloud that ever covered the heavens over the bright planet whose beams she so dearly loved. As they crossed the demi-lune, she turned, for a moment, to glance her timid eye over the frowning fortress she was leaving, in hopes of seeing it all calm and still; but lights were moving about, from window to window of the keep, and, clinging closely to Francis of Foix, she hurried her pace even more quickly than his own.

At length they reached the sally-port, which first gave exit upon the brow of the rock, and thence, by a narrow and tortuous path, down into the valley below. The guardian of that gate came forward at their approach, read the order by the light of the lamp, and, seeing no restriction in regard to the number of persons whom he was to permit to pass out, threw wide the door, and let them go free. Oh! with what joy and ecstasy did the bosom of Blanche of Navarre thrill, when she felt herself standing on the edge of the crag, with the free mountain air blowing, unconfined, around her! Oh, with what joy did she hear the massy door clang to behind them, the key turn in the lock, and the bolts grate harshly in the stonework!

"Now on, as quick as possible—no time is to be lost!" exclaimed the lover, as he hurried her forward. "Horses are prepared below, dear Blanche: give me ten minutes now, and all Navarre shall never slay me."

Ere they had descended a hundred yards, however, the clear, shrill notes of a trumpet were heard from the summit above, followed by voices, calling, and commands echoing from man to man, along the warded wall. A few steps further brought them to a point of the rock which Blanche had often beheld from the windows of her own apartments, and from it she now could see the tall tower, wherein those apartments were situated, rising dark and giant-like, above the steep. She raised her eyes to the windows, but all was blank. No light shone out therein; and the apprehension which she had felt, lest her flight from that dark prison had been discovered, passed away. A moment afterward, through the windows of the antechamber came a bright flash; the next instant the whole suite of rooms was filled with light, and dark figures were seen crossing the blaze.

"We are discovered!" she whispered, "we are discovered!" But Francis of Foix only hurried her on the more quickly. A few steps further the rock ended, and the hill began to slope more gently into the valley; and the next moment, as their steps sounded along the path, the quick pawing of an eager horse's foot was heard, followed by a loud, shrill neigh.

"We are safe, dear Blanche! we are safe!" said her lover. "They have quick steeds and strong hands who tear thee from me now."

Round an old fountain, crowned with rude stonework, the waters of which had been drunk by many a passing generation, stood a number of horses and armed men; and on a light and easy jennet—with a heart beating like that of a fluttered girl, as he raised her for the first time in his arms—Francis of

Foix placed Blanche of Navarre, saying—"Thou art a fearless horsewoman, I know, dear Blanche; should we be pursued, and I be obliged to turn to defend the pass, ride boldly on with thy maiden, and one of my old and faithful followers, to whom I will give thee in charge. Fear not that I will do aught rashly; I will but give thee time to escape, and then follow with what speed I may. Long ere I be obliged to pause, however, we shall have come up with my brave men-at-arms; with them I would defend these gorges against the world."

All were soon mounted; and, guided by one who knew the country well, they rode quickly down into the valley. But, just as they gained the high road which led on toward France, they caught sight of a large body of horse, descending the steep declivity from the castle, with their dark masses, bristled with pennon and with spear, cutting strong upon the moonlight sky. The Count de Foix turned to his guide to consult.

"How far is it," he asked, "to where the two roads join?"

"Some quarter of a league," replied the man.

"And yon road to the right?" asked the count.

"It leads into the valley of Bastan," was the reply.

"That is guarded, I know," said Francis of Foix: "we must gallop on as quickly as may be."

They urged their horses into full speed along the mountain road, and reached the point where the highway from the castle joined the path they followed; but they reached it only a few moments before the body of horsemen from above. The fugitives were concealed, it is true, by the wide cork trees that spread along the slope; but the sound of their horse's feet, while galloping, had not escaped those who followed: and Blanche was near enough to hear the orders given for quickening the progress of the pursuers. It now became a flight and a chase: but the horses of the Lord of Foix were swifter than those that came after, though not perhaps, so strong; and, for nearly an hour, they hurried on with headlong speed, till at length they came to a spot where the road seemed cloven through the solid rock, and, for some hundred yards or more, a gigantic wall of gray marble rose on either hand, with nothing but a narrow torrent, dashing its foamy way along, between the road and the rock.

Francis of Foix was by the side of her he loved; and, as they entered that gloomy pass, he said,—
"Here I must make my stand! Ride on, dear Blanche! ride on, my beloved! and fear not for me. I go to lay my lance in rest for Blanche of Navarre; and, with that sweet name for my battle-cry, I would maintain this pass against the fiend himself. Ride on, my beloved! ride on; and, if you meet my men-at-arms, send them down to my assistance."

She obeyed at once; and, turning round, he drew up his men across the pass. Quick upon their steps came the pursuers; and when, by the moonlight, they saw how well the narrow way was defended, the word was given to level their spears

and hurled on, like a thunderbolt, against the small band of the Count de Foix, they strove to cleave their way through by one vehement charge. But it was in vain they made the attempt; Francis of Foix had snatched a lance from the hand of one of his followers, and, in that narrow tilt-yard, met the leader of the Navarrese spear to spear. The Spaniard went down at once before his lance, and was borne backward from his horse. Happy it was for him that so it befell him; for the charger, freed from the rein, dashed forward, missed its footing, and rolled into the stream.

Driven back with loss, two of their front rank killed, and several wounded, again and again the Navarrese returned to the charge. No words were spoken, no questions were asked, but all seemed understood and known; and, after their lances were shattered, with the sword, and the dagger, and the mace, they kept up the strife for nearly an hour.—At the end of that time, however, just as the Spaniards had drawn off for a moment, with the purpose of again renewing the attack, the sound of many horses' feet, coming onward from the French side of the pass, was heard; and many a merry Gascon tongue, shouting and hallooing as they came up, showed the pursuers that their efforts would be vain.

With lowering front, then, they withdrew; from time to time wheeling round, to see that they were not pursued in turn; but no such purpose was entertained by Francis of Foix, whose first questions were addressed to his newly arrived followers.—They informed him that they had met with a frightened lady and her waiting damsel, accompanied by old Gaspard of Cervolles; that she had bade them hasten down to the assistance of their lord; and that old Gaspard had come on with them, to show them where he was.

Francis of Foix could not find in his heart to speak harshly to his old retainer; but he blamed him mildly for having left the lady, and then rode on as fast as possible to seek her, leaving a party behind to bring away the dead and wounded of his retinue.

He came to the place where his followers had been stationed, but Blanche of Navarre was not there. He rode on to a spot where three roads crossed, and then paused, anxious and apprehensive. Dismounting from his horse, he obtained a light from the splintered fragments of a pine, and eagerly searched, upon every path, for the fresh marks of a horse's feet. At length he found them; but the road on which they were visible led not in the direction which he had purposed to take. He followed it instantly, however, and blessed the glimmering dawn of light, that now came gray and soft above the eastern hills. He met a shepherd, leading his flock to pasture upon the higher grounds, and questioned him regarding Blanche. The man said, he had seen such a lady and her attendant, but that they had passed him quickly; and he warned the Count de Foix to seek some shelter, as, from the appearance of the dawn, he

judged that there would be a storm ere the day was an hour old.

Francis of Foix spurred on, but he soon found the shepherd's warning true. The wind rose with sharp, fierce gusts; black clouds rolled over the morning sky; the thunder pealed among the mountains; the lightning flashed across the path; and, worst of all, the hail came down, like stones hurled from some battering-engine, upon the heads of the travellers below. Still, Francis of Foix rode on. Terror and anxiety took possession of his heart. Though the men-at-arms could scarcely sit their horses for the wind and the hail; though the lightning made the chargers start and rear as they proceeded; still Francis of Foix rode on, still he marked every object as he proceeded, still he gazed around in search of some trace of her he loved.

At length, cast in a heap upon the path, he found the pilgrim's cloak in which he had wrapped her; a few steps onward lay dead the jennet on which she had been mounted; and, spurring on with frantic eagerness, he drew not a rein till he beheld a little Navarrese village, seated sweetly in a rich wooded valley, surrounded on every side by mighty mountains. The storm, by this time, had passed away; there was a look of hope and cheerful existence in the village before him; and, trusting that Blanche might have found shelter there, he rode on, and questioned eagerly every one he met with in the place. But Blanche of Navarre had not been heard of; and there every trace of her ceased. In vain he sought, in vain he searched for her: no mark, no sign, no report of her passing could be found.

In a vast old Gothic hall, the pointed vault of which could scarcely be seen by the dim light which found its way in through the narrow and dusky windows, were assembled the States of Navarre, called suddenly together in the city of Pampeluna. The upper part of the hall, raised a few steps above the rest, was filled with the deputies of the States, arranged in a semicircle before the people who crowded the lower part of that wide, dim, and shadowy chamber. Guards and attendants kept the populace from pressing up the steps; but, from the throng, and from the eager manner with which the people clung round the various pillars that supported the wide roof, in order to obtain a sight of what was passing, it was easy to perceive that some event of great interest was expected to take place—some matter of deep moment was about to be discussed.

Presiding over the States, covered by a canopy, and seated on this throne, appeared the young King of Navarre, with that mingled expression of passion and irresolution in his countenance which spoke the feebleness of his character. His brow would now knit into an angry frown; his white teeth would close over his under lip, and his nostrils would expand: and then again, the fierce aspect of his countenance would relax, the lip would tremble, the eye would roll vacantly over the populace, and the brow would become smooth and care-

less. On his right stood the Chancellor of Navarre, with a roll of papers in his hand; and on the left, several officers of his household, his jester, and his page.

After some business of little importance had been transacted, which the people heard with evident impatience, and the States passed over with but small care, the chancellor took another step forward, a darker cloud came over his stern brows, the king raised himself sharply on his throne, every ear was turned to hear, every eye to see, and the low murmur of expectation died away into silence.

It was then that, in a loud clear voice, which was heard even in the most remote parts of the hall, the chancellor proposed to the States a decree, by which Blanche of Navarre and her children, to all generations, should be excluded from the throne of those realms, and from all right, share, or title, in and to the succession of her father, the late king. The chancellor assigned no reason for so harsh a sentence, and a murmur ran through the people and the States. There was much movement, too, among the populace in front; and the king, with a loud and angry voice, ordered the heralds and men-at-arms to enforce silence and tranquillity. One of the deputies, however, an old man with silvery beard and hair, rose up and asked what was the cause to be given for so severe a decree against their native princess; adding, that the records of the States of Navarre must never bear the trace of such an act without some just motive assigned.

"There are motives sufficient," said the chancellor, frowning. "First, there is the king's will, which to his good subjects should be law. Next, and I grieve to add it, there is her own evil and shameless conduct. Is it not well known to every one here present, that Blanche of Navarre, who so long held a high and esteemed place in the sight of all men, after having been removed from the king's court, in order to keep her from the first steps toward evil, has since withdrawn herself entirely from the shelter, which fraternal affection had provided for her, and has fled with her paramour, the Count de Foix, from the dominions and protection of her brother?"

More than once a loud and angry murmur had broken in upon the words of the chancellor; but those murmurs had come from the people—the States themselves were silent. At the words, however, "her paramour, the Count de Foix," there was again a movement in the crowd, in which the States also seemed to sympathise; and a loud voice from among the multitude exclaimed, "It is false as hell!"

The monarch started on his feet, and made an angry movement with his hand; but the chancellor interposed, and, pointing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, he said, "Let yon traitor be arrested, who has dared to give the lie to his sovereign's solemn declaration before the States, that Blanche of Navarre has fled with her paramour, the Count de Foix."

"It is false as hell!" thundered the same voice,

and a man, covered with one of those wild black robes common from time immemorial in the valley of Bastan, strode forward through the crowd, that yielded to him as he advanced; and, setting his foot upon the steps of the platform, and shaking his clenched hand toward the chancellor, he repeated, while the hood fell back and discovered his whole head and face,—"It is false as hell! Degraded king!—base and profligate churchman!—I tell ye both, it is false as hell! I, Francis of Foix, here give you the lie to your beards, and hurl back against yourselves the base and degrading terms which ye use to the pure, the noble, and the good!"

For a moment there was a pause of solemn silence; while the Count de Foix, with his arm still extended, and his hand clenched, his head thrown back, and his noble countenance flashing with generous indignation, remained sternly gazing on the chancellor and the king, as if seeking for new words in which to pour forth the hate and contempt which swelled within his bosom.

The king shrunk back appalled; and the chancellor, though of a bolder and more fearless nature, surprised and confused, remained in hesitating silence. At length, however, he made a sign to one of the officers, spoke a word in his ear, and then, turning to the Count de Foix again, he said, in a slow and not very distinct voice,—"Sir Count de Foix, your presence here to-day may well," and certainly does, surprise us much. We thought, and had good reason to think, that you had long quitted Navarre. We were led to believe, indeed, and, as we shall soon show, had every good reason to believe, that you had left this country, accompanied by the princess who has been so lately named. However, we shall soon have occasion to hear you at full, in justification of yourself, and in refutation of the charges against you."

As he spoke, his eyes wandered round the hall; and with his last words came a bitter and sneering smile. He then paused a moment, as if about to say something more—suddenly raised his hand, and exclaimed, "Now! now!"

At the word, half a dozen of the archers of the king's guard, who had mingled with the crowd whilst he was speaking, and forced their way forward, threw themselves at once upon Francis of Foix, and bound his arms tightly with a scarf.

"Noble Lord Count," said the chancellor, "you have most opportunely come to receive the just recompense of the great and splendid deeds which you have performed in the kingdom of Navarre.—The subjects of the king slaughtered by your hand; his sister seduced and carried off; his frontier fortresses visited in the habit of a spy; these, and many other acts which can be proved against you, well call for punishment; and, however high your rank, be you sure that neither station, nor renown, nor alliances with kings, shall shield your head from the blow of justice. Take him away."

"King of Navarre!" said the Count de Foix, before they hurried him from the hall,—"King of Navarre! hear me but one word. I am a sovereign

prince as well as thou art; thine equal in birth and blood: thy superior in renown. I tell thee, for what thou hast suffered this day, thou art coward as well as liar; and, if thou hast in thy poor heart one drop of generous blood, thou wilt know how to answer this defiance."

Time passed; hours rolled on; day after day went by; and, chained hand and foot, plunged in a dark and solitary dungeon, denied the attendance and the care, the luxuries, the comforts of high station, almost the necessities of existence, Francis of Foix passed the weary time, till he felt that death were preferable to the protracted agony of such a state. The rays of the blessed sun he never saw; the voice of man he never heard; all was silence and darkness, except when, at a stated hour, some scanty food was brought him, and a lamp to give him light during the meal. He felt all the privations of his situation keenly and bitterly. He felt the privation of wholesome food, pure water, change of raiment, light, exercise, and air.—He felt the privation of all the lovely sights and musical sounds which we enjoy in the wide world without knowing we enjoy them. He felt the privation, too, of all communion with his fellow-men, of all reciprocation of feelings and ideas; and the heavy weight of his own thoughts pressed him down into the earth.

But it was not these, nor any of them, that pained him most. There was a more grievous burden upon his heart than any of these—a more overwhelming load upon his mind. He thought of Blanche of Navarre; he thought of her uncertain fate, her dangerous situation, the hourly peril to which she might be exposed, the base imputation cast upon her name, the weak violence of her brother, the fiery passions of her brother's wife.

For himself he entertained no fears. The King of Navarre, he thought, dared never raise his hand against a great feudatory of the crown of France; but Blanche of Navarre might be the mark on which all the jealous vengeance of the queen was to be poured. Of her he thought; for her he feared; on her account he entertained these trembling apprehensions which he had never known for himself.

He was soon roused, however, from his dream of security. A court was held within the walls of the prison; an iniquitous tribunal was established to judge him: and he was tried and condemned with that mockery of justice under which the violent passions of a barbarous epoch too often concealed themselves for the attainment of their objects.—Astonished, though not daunted, he was led back to the dungeon in which he had been confined, and told that, with great mercy, the King of Navarre had determined to allow him two whole days to prepare himself for the awful fate to which he was doomed. In that short space of time, the design against his life could not be made known to any of his friends or relations; and, at it was intimated to him that his head was to be struck off within the walls of the prison, his fate might for years remain

unknown to all but those who acted a part in the tragedy about to be performed.

Still, with the thought of his own immediate fate, mingled, more painfully, the memory of Blanche of Navarre. Still, he thought of her more than of himself; of her grief, more than his own danger. If in the power of her brother, or her brother's wife, he doubted not that accurate tidings of her lover's sufferings and death would be conveyed, to aggravate all that they inflicted on her; and, oh! the dark uncertainty, the terrible apprehension, the deep sorrow, that he felt for her at that moment, when the last hours of life were ebbing from his fast, showed him, more strongly than ever, how intensely, how truly, how tenderly he loved her.

Still chained, still solitary, he lay in bitter thought, with every feeling that can shake and torture our weak nature, rackling his heart by turns. It was night; at least, it seemed to him that he was in that part of his long, dark, uninterrupted night, which, to other men, was covered with shadows, and passed in slumber. It was night, then, but he slept not; and, on a sudden, at that unusual hour, he heard the key turn in the ponderous lock, the huge bolts undrawn, one by one, and the door creak harshly on its hinges. A glare of light streamed into the dungeon; and, to his surprise, he beheld the beautiful, but impassioned and unprincipled Isabel of Valois, bearing a lamp in her hand, and totally alone. She closed the door behind her, and the lock was immediately turned, showing that some one waited concealed without; but for a moment she did not advance into the dungeon. Gazing on the worn and haggard countenance of Francis of Foix, she stood as if hesitating what course to pursue. But then, after an instant's pause, she took three steps forward, and, in a low, but distinct voice, which trembled with emotion, she said,—

"Sir Count, it is long since we have met; and how differently do we now meet to our meetings long ago!"

"Lady," replied the count, "I am here before you as a dying man. To-morrow, if I am informed rightly of the intention of your husband, or of yourself—for it is you, probably, who rule in Navarre—to-morrow, then, I am to end my days by the sword of an executioner; not the instrument of public equity, but the murderous tool of vengeance and injustice. Lady, I would willingly prepare myself to die; and, though I might have done with reverence and penitence, my confessor remind me of sins whereof I sought absolution, I would fain not hear them named by her who had a share therein."

The brow of Isabel of Valois grew dark, and her eye flashed; but, after a moment, the frown passed away, the fire of her eye went out, and a look of tenderness and sorrow came over her fine, but stormy countenance, like a sweet gleam of sunshine breaking across the tempest-cloud. She shook her head somewhat mournfully, and answered,—“Who led me to share in those sins, Count, of Foix!”

Francis of Foix felt and knew that her own fiery passions were the evil guides that she had followed; but he was too generous to retort the truth upon her.

"Alas! lady," he replied, "let us not think of such things at such a moment, but to regret them. Why you seek me, I do not know; but I beseech thee, in pity, disturb not the thoughts of a man who is preparing himself for death."

"I come, if thou wilt, to save thee from death," she replied; "I come to offer thee thy life: but it must be upon conditions."

The Count of Foix smiled bitterly. "Lady," he replied, "I never yet was found fearful of death, nor weakly clinging to this mortal being; yet I will not lightly cast my life away: but thy conditions must not be severe ones, for Francis of Foix holds his life as a jewel pleasant to possess, worthy of defence, and to be valued at a certain price; but that price is clear and ascertained. It is worth so much, and no more; and he is not such an idle spendthrift as to give one jot beyond the real value. May I crave to know what are the conditions?"

"These," answered Isabel; her brow again growing cloudy; at the little esteem in which he seemed to hold her offers. "Thou shalt renounce Blanche of Navarre; thou shalt never see her more; thou shalt acknowledge publicly——"

"Hold, lady! hold," exclaimed the count; "it is needless to add another word; it is needless to shame your lips, by giving them to utter one more unworthy demand. I will not renounce Blanche of Navarre—I will not promise never to see her more. God and my honor forbid! If I live, I will love her; and, dying, I will love her also. Through every hour of existence, from the present moment to the last instant of the doubtful future, I will think of her, I will love her, I will adore her. The memory of her love shall give me consolation and support even in the hour of death; and the moment when thy fell vengeance triumphs over my mortal life, remembrance of her shall enable me to set your injustice at defiance. Her love shall give me strength and courage, her virtue guide me up to heaven!"

Dark and fearful was the expression that came over the features of Isabel of Valois. Her beauty grew like the beauty of the fiend, where loveliness was clouded with hate and with despair. But that countenance, all powerful and expressive as it was, could not little convey all the fiery passions that struggled in her breast; for an instant she gasped for breath; and then, exclaiming,—"Thou hast chosen thy fate! be it as thou hast said!" she struck her hand against the door. It opened: but, before she quitted the dungeon, she once again turned to the Count de Foix, and, setting her white teeth fast together, she muttered,—"Thou scornest my kindness as thou hast scorned my love; but thou shalt know what my hate can do. They have told thee that thou art to die within these prison walls; but I tell thee, no! thou shalt die like a common malefactor, on the public scaffold. Not one pang shall be spared thee: the grinning populace,

the roaring crowd, the tall scaffold, the sword stained with the blood of traitors and of murderers, the hand of the common butcher—all that can make death shameful and terrible, shall fall upon thee; and, if in thine hour of death thou rememberest Blanche of Navarre, Isabel of Valois shall not be forgotten!"

He gazed upon her, as she spoke, calmly and sternly; and, on her part, after having paused for a moment in silence, with her bright eyes flashing, and her whole form enlarged with passion, as if seeking in vain for more words to give utterance to her hatred, she suddenly quitted the dungeon, and the door closed behind her. She stood in the long vaulted passage, where, on either hand, appeared manifold rows of arches, leading to many an abode of misery and horror, with the jailor who had accompanied her to the cell, holding up a torch to light her footsteps, on their way through those damp, mouldy corridors, and with the woman who had followed her thither, gazing up in her face, in order to read from the expression that it bore, what were the emotions which her visit to the prisoner had produced.

Isabel of Valois, however, did not advance upon the path to which the jailor pointed; and over her beautiful countenance she did not even strive to cast that ordinary veil which might shade or soften the picture of the wrought and agitated soul. The passions, the turbulent passions within her bosom, were, at that moment, incapable of concealment or disguise. The moment the door of the dungeon had closed behind her, she paused, and stood as if rooted to the ground, with her eyes bent down upon the damp gray pavement, and the deep lines of intense thought knitting her fair, splendid brow. Her left hand and arm fell dead and motionless by her side; and in the relaxed dropping of each long, slender finger, it appeared as if all power and sensation therein were at an end. But the right hand, which was rather raised, with the fingers, clenched tight, as when she had struck it against the door, remained contracted for several minutes, while the same strong passion which had moved her in the dungeon continued powerful in her heart.

After a time, however, the fingers opened, the hand fell slowly to her side; and, though the eye still remained fixed upon the ground, a change of expression came over the living picture of her face. The knitted brow again became smooth and sorrowful; the white teeth were no longer firmly pressed together; the proud nostril expanded, the lip quivered, and, clasping her hands together, she burst into a bitter flood of tears, only interrupted by convulsive sobs, which seemed to shake her whole frame.

This state continued for several minutes, while the attendant gazed on her with apprehension and anxiety, and the jailor cast down his eyes in surprise, at a scene of which he felt that he ought not to have been a witness. It next became evident that she struggled against her tears, and strove to master the agitation which produced them; and, as she found all ordinary efforts vain, she worked

herself up into fury at herself, for giving way to the weakness that overpowered her: she stamped her foot upon the ground; she struck her hand against her brow; and, exclaiming, "Fool! fool! fool that I am!" she turned violently to the woman, crying, "What stare you at, minion? Dare you comment on the actions of your queen? Follow behind me! Lead on, sir, with the torch, lead on! There is some gold for thee; but thou hadst better tear out for ever from the book of memory what thou hast seen this night—otherwise thou mayest find a surer and more silent dwelling than thine own dungeons. Lead on, I say! lead on!"

The prison and the palace are, in all ages of tyranny and of barbarism, in near companionship; and from the dungeons which Isabel of Valois had just visited, a long passage beneath the great square of Pampeluna, and a spiral staircase, led her back to the abode of her husband. As she mounted slowly, step by step, the Queen of Navarre had time to recall all her courage, to steel her haughty heart, and to efface the traces of agitation which her strongly excited passions had left behind. She paused for a moment, however, in her own apartments. She carefully washed the marks of tears away; she arranged her dress with studied grace and elegance; she called to her aid every art of fascination; and then proceeded to seek the weak prince who had placed his happiness, his honor, and his fame, in the hands of one so little worthy of the trust. He welcomed her with a glad embrace; for of late she had been rather a niggard of her presence, and had taught her husband to value her smiles, by making them more rare.

"Hast thou heard the tidings, my Isabel?" he said; "hast thou heard the discovery we have made?"

Isabel of Valois—like all human beings when excited by strong passions to pursue evil schemes—felt more than just apprehension at every sound and at every sight around her. Each change, each news, each step that she herself took forward, agitated her whole heart, lest some interposing hand should pluck her back from the course which she was determined to pursue; and the words of her husband instantly excited fear that some unforeseen event might throw a stumbling-block in her course.

"No, sir," she replied,—"no; I have heard no news, I have heard no tidings. Keep me not in suspense, my lord; tell me what has occurred."

"Nothing to displease nor harm thee," he replied, marking the change upon her countenance; "it is, merely, that my unhappy sister Blanche, that disgrace to our race and name, was seen yesterday in the neighborhood of Pampeluna by a priest who was passing through a small village not far off. It was said that she had sent a messenger to Don Ferdinand de Leyda; and, not an hour ago, I had him called to my presence, and asked if such tidings were true. He replied, that he had received neither letter nor message from Blanche of Navarre, but that he doubted not the tale of her being in the neighborhood was well founded. He promised, moreover—on my strict injunctions—that,

if she sought refuge with him or with his sister, who was ever her dear friend, he would bring her to my presence."

"I love not that Don Ferdinand de Leyda," burst forth Isabel of Valois, vehemently; "I love him not—I doubt his double-dealing promises. Once already he has deceived and disappointed me; and, if you trust to his word you will find that he has some specious under meaning by which he will break his engagement, yet keep his conscience whole. No, no, my lord: if you love Isabel of Valois, and would remove the stain from your house by punishing properly her who has incurred it, follow my advice."

"What wouldst thou have me do?" demanded the king. "I will do any thing in reason to please thee, Isabel."

"Thus, then, act, my lord," she replied; "and do it, not to please me, but for your own honor's sake. Deal not upon this Count of Foix as upon a private enemy whom you remove from your path in secret; but, judged and condemned as he is by public judges appointed to try him, let his execution be public, and in the face of day. Proclaim to all the land around, that on the day after to-morrow, at the hour of noon, Francis of Foix, condemned to death for having entered your dominions with the semblance of peace; for having gone into your frontier fortresses as a spy, and afterward having in arms attacked and slain your subjects in the execution of your orders, will bow his head to the block, and undergo the sentence of his judges. Let this be spread far and wide; and, my life for it, if Blanche of Navarre be within hearing of the tale, she will come forth from her concealment to save her lover from the sword."

"Perhaps it may be so," replied the king. "But yet, Isabel, I fear to delay the execution, or to make it too public. Many of the nobles already murmur; many affirm that Blanche is innocent; and I fear that, did the French king, who is even now upon our frontier, afford them any encouragement to deliver his vassal, the Count of Foix, they might rise in rebellion against their monarch's authority. You know not these proud Navarrese, Isabel; you know them not so well as I do."

"Out upon the king who fears his own subjects!" replied Isabel of Valois: "I trust my husband is not such. Out upon him, I say! Call in your troops, my lord; exert your courage; summon round you those whom you know to be faithful to you; and fear not but that the traitors will fall down and lick the dust beneath your feet. Fie on it! the French king gives them no encouragement. Is not Charles my own cousin, near to me in blood and in affection? and, had he been willing to espouse the cause of this Count of Foix, would he not have done it long ago, when all the count's followers and vassals were clamorous at the gates of Toulouse for assistance? Let it be proclaimed far and near, that the count suffers the day after to-morrow; and, without direct assertion, let it be insinuated, that the only means to save his life is the production of Blanche of Navarre."

"Well, Isabel," replied the king, "doubtless thou judgest wisely. Order all this as thou wouldst wish: but, also, take care; and ever remember that many eyes are fixed upon our actions, and that we must not dare to stretch authority beyond a certain limit."

"Dare!" exclaimed Isabel of Valois,—"dare!" and for a moment she gazed upon him with a glance in which the indignation and contempt of her fiery and haughty spirit struggled with artful wile, customary self-command, soft blandishment, and all the subtle coquetry, with which woman, weak in power, and denied participation of command, so often obtains unseen the authority from which man would exclude her, rules where she is supposed to be ruled, and tramples on the habitual tyrant of her sex. Art, however, conquered even passion. She cast herself upon the bosom of the king. She bade him think of his honor, where she consulted nothing but her own passions; she bade him consider the claims of justice, while she sought nothing but vengeance. She qualified every evil wish by some glorious name, and she persuaded him to what she would, while he fancied that she but strengthened him in his own upright principles. Her schemes were approved of, her wishes granted; her whole step and figure were animated by the thought of having in her power her that she hated with undivided enmity, and him for whom her love struggled with her wrath in such a way as to make that wrath but the more deadly.

The fatal morning arrived. The glorious sunshine of that bright land spread over the whole scene; and the awful scaffold, covered with cloths of crimson and black was raised before the windows of the palace. Guards and attendants took their places round about. The gazing crowd had gathered early, and filled all the square; and on a platform which was raised near the spot prepared for the coming tragedy, was seen a chair of state, destined for the monarch of the land, and already surrounded by various officers of his household. It was some time ere the king himself appeared; and when he did so, all eyes were, of course, turned toward that spot; but the dull and heavy frown upon his countenance seemed gathered there expressly to extinguish all hope of mercy from one who had passed his life in idle pursuits, and who had the weaknesses of a gentle mind without possessing any of the redeeming qualities. The trumpets sounded as he appeared. The heralds summoned the Count of Foix, in a loud voice, as if he had been a free agent, to appear and answer for the crimes laid to his charge; and in a moment after he was led forward to the front of the scaffold, and the accusation and the sentence read before his face.

He was very pale. The rosy hue of health, which he had regained after his wounds, had faded away under long imprisonment; and an ashy shade, different altogether from the pallor of apprehension, remained fixed upon his countenance. His eye was calm and steadfast, his step firm and proud; no quivering of the lip betrayed the smallest agitation, no tremor of the frame showed the slightest touch of fear, at his meeting face to face with The

Great Enemy. He stood calmly, with his manacled arms crossed upon his broad bosom, while the charge and the sentence were read; and his eye wandered over the people, as if he listened but lightly to a matter unworthy of attention, while the calumnies urged against him were repeated, and the iniquitous sentence which doomed him to the block was re-pronounced. When it was over, and the harsh and dissatisfied murmur had subsided, he addressed the people in a voice, clear but not loud, which penetrated to the utmost extremes of the great square, and was heard almost by every ear in the silent multitude.

"Ye have heard," he said, "charges that are false; and ye have listened to, and sanctioned by your presence, a sentence that is iniquitous, in itself, base in its motives, weak in its pretences, and alike unworthy of the monarch of a generous people, and the judges of a free and warlike land. But I am here, a stranger in the midst of you, with none to plead my cause, with none to defend my right: and, although I might well calculate upon some one from among the renowned nobility of this country standing forth to do justice to the wronged and the oppressed, yet I forgive even those who abandon me, in this my latest hour; and only beseech them to believe, that not only am I innocent of one foul charge brought against me, but that the sweet princess of your native land—the pure, the bright, the beautiful, the noble—is belied by the base accusations which have been spoken against her, by the very lips that should have maintained her honor, and have upheld her fame. Oh, Blanche of Navarre! Blanche of Navarre! that which weighs most heavily upon this heavy heart is, that my follies, or my vices—follies which thy wisdom has shown me, vices which thy virtues have done away—should have furnished thine enemies with a pretext for blackening the unspotted purity of thy angelic name. Oh, Blanche of Navarre! Blanche of Navarre! if there be one good and noble soul that hears me, they will tell thee, when I am dead, that with my last words, with my latest breath, with the ultimate effort of a spirit born for other worlds, I did justice to thy purity, and died defending thee from slander!"

There was a movement in the crowd beyond; there came loud voices and shouting tongues. The populace drew back, and opened a way toward the scaffold; and a hand-litter moved forward through the midst, preceded by a cavalier in the simple robes of peace, but followed by a long train of men-at-arms. The King of Navarre gazed eagerly upon the sight, with feelings well nigh approaching unto dastard fear; but his apprehensions were instantly relieved, when he recognised in the first of the train the person of Don Ferdinand de Leyda.

"Where am I!—whither have ye brought me?" said a voice from the litter, as soon as they set it down at the foot of the scaffold; at the same moment, a small fair hand from within drew back the curtains. It was the hand of Blanche of Navarre. Her eye first fell upon the multitude, who, silent as death, watched for some coming event; and, at the

sight of the wide sea of human faces that swept around her, she shrunk back again. But, the moment after, the scaffold and its dreadful apparel, the block, the executioner, the guards, met her eyes—with Francis of Foix, chained and bare-headed, in the front.

The multitude was forgotten; deep, overpowering love, was all that she felt; all that she thought of was fear for him she loved. She clasped her hands—she gazed at him one moment in breathless agony; then, darting forward, she passed the guards, who opposed her not, cast herself into his arms, and wept.

A loud shout of pity and sympathy broke from the people; but it was scarcely sufficient to drown a wild and angry cry which came from a tall window above the scaffold, at which, also, a beautiful but fiend-like face was seen glaring for a moment. There were swords drawn among the people also. The men-at-arms who had followed the litter pressed on and surrounded the scaffold; and the king, pale as death, faltered forth an order to stay the execution.

"What is the meaning of all this, Don Ferdinand?" he demanded, endeavoring to assume some portion of kingly dignity. "How dare you approach our presence in arms at such a moment?"

Ere Don Ferdinand could answer, another actor had appeared on that strange scene. Unveiled, uncovered, with her profuse black hair broken from its gatherings, and floating wild about her shoulders—her eyes flashing living fire, her lips quivering, her small hands clenched—Isabel of Valeis rushed from the palace and stood beside her husband. "Give the word, my lord!" she cried,—
"give the word! Strike off the traitor's head! What! will ye suffer him to escape, when one word will bring the sword upon his neck? Then I will speak: strike, executioner—strike! Traitor, do you not obey?"

But the king again held up his hand as a sign to forbear; and Don Ferdinand de Leyda answered: "Let me beseech you, sire," he exclaimed, "on no motive whatsoever, to suffer this matter to proceed. Give instant orders, let me entreat you, for the executioner to descend from the scaffold, lest the tumult go on to dangerous results."

The king followed his suggestion at once, and the movements which were taking place among the people subsided; though all pressed forward to gather, as far as possible, what was passing between Don Ferdinand and the king.

"You are in error, sire," continued the former, as soon as the executioner had withdrawn, "you are in error in regard to my having ventured to come armed in your presence. I am unarmed—I am without followers. These men-at-arms before you are the escort of your sister, the Princess Blanche, sent hither with her by your most noble friend and ally, the King of France. I promised you, sire, that if, on her return, she applied to me, I would bring her to your presence without an instant's delay. I have obeyed you, and have fulfilled my word; but I am charged by the Dauphin Charles,

who now holds the valley of Bastan with his forces, to demand at your hands, free and uninjured, his cousin, Francis, Count of Foix. He added, too, a threat, painful for a subject of Navarre to repeat, but it must be told. He says, that if one hair of the count's head has fallen, he will take the crown from off your brow before a month be over: that he will lay the whole land prostrate in blood and ashes, and not leave one stone of your capital city standing upon another."

The king turned toward Isabel of Valeis, with his lip and cheek as sickly as a withering flower. "Thou hearest, Isabel," he said,—
"thou hearest?"

"Coward!" she burst forth, with frantic vehemence,—
"coward and fool! If thou wouldst deserve the name of man, put on thine armor, mount thy horse, and then strike off the head of thine enemy! Put thy light sister in some holy house; set the head of this subtle traitor upon the gates to welcome his French allies; and then lead forth thy barons to fight for their native land!"

"Madam," interposed Don Ferdinand, before the king could answer, "the plan is a brave and goodly one; but, I fear me, it would not succeed."

"Why not?" cried Isabel of Valeis,—
"Traitor! why not! Thou tremblest for thy head;—I see it! Thinkest thou that all the nobles of Navarre be false and subtle as thyself? Traitor! I say, why not?"

"For this simple reason," replied Don Ferdinand, taking a roll of parchment from an attendant who had followed him: "the nobles of Navarre, assembled at my house last night, hereby declare that they are ready at all times to aid their king in just and honorable warfare; but they will not support him in unjust deeds, nor draw their swords to pander to the vengeance of a woman. Unless the Count of Foix be freed, and due compensation made unto him for what he has already suffered, not one of all the vassals of the crown will take the field against the power of France so long as the crown rests on the head where now it stands. When France shall have avenged herself against those who have injured and insulted her in the person of one of her high vassals, we will defend ourselves: but we will neither abet nor screen injustice; we will not participate in murder under any form; we will not oppress our native princess, nor hear her fair, her virtuous, and her honored name traduced, and then uphold the calumniator with our swords. Two hundred hands have put their names to this!"

"Hearst thou? hearest thou?" cried Isabel of Valeis; her whole frame writhing with the agony of her passion. "Oh, do one manly act, and strike him dead! or let me do it!" she exclaimed, snatching the dagger from her husband's belt, and springing on Don Ferdinand de Leyda. But the wary Navarrese was prepared; he took one step aside, as she darted forward, caught the uplifted hand, wrenched the dagger from it, and cast the weapon, with a scoff, into the crowd. "Madam," he said, "your justice is somewhat summary!"

She stamped, she tore her hair, she rent her

covering from her convulsed bosom; her eyes grew wild, the light of reason went out in them; and, with loud screams, and strange, incoherent blasphemies, she was carried away from that awful scene in the arms of the attendants. The moment that she was gone, Don Ferdinand de Leyda knelt at the king's feet.

"My lord," he said, "we believe that you have been deceived in many things. We pray you, for your own welfare, for the peace of your people, and the safety of your crown, instantly to command those bonds to be taken from the hands of the noble Count de Foix; to send him back in honor to his own country; and, as a compensation for the wrongs he has suffered, to grant him the hand of your fair sister, with such a dowry as the States of Navarre shall vote. See, my lord—see how fondly he still holds her to his bosom, even in those manacled arms. Let the chains be taken off; and, in pity, let the princess remain. Thus shall you merit the love of your people; thus shall you turn away the enmity of your mighty neighbor; thus shall you render your nobles invincible against your adversaries."

"If such be the wish of my vassals," said the weak king, "be it as you say, Don Ferdinand; I will do any thing to gain the love of my people. Nor do I doubt that I have been deceived in this matter, since you assure me that it is so. Let the Count de Foix be set free; and, as to my sister Blanche, I beseech you, let her repose with your sister, Don Ferdinand; for I would not take her back to the palace, till I have argued the matter with my fair, but somewhat hasty queen."

Don Ferdinand could scarcely repress the scorn that rose in his heart: but he bowed his head low, with all ceremonious respect; and the king, rising, seemed to hesitate whether he should retire or remain. A word from Don Ferdinand, however, induced him at once to withdraw; and the loud shouts which were bursting from the people, as they saw the guards removing the chains from the hands of the Count de Foix, only served to hasten the retreat of the king. With trembling hands, Blanche aided to unbind him she loved; and Don Ferdinand, passing onward to the scaffold, grasped him warmly by the hand. Francis of Foix cast his arms, alternately, round his friend and round her he loved; and, amidst the loud and gratulating shouts of the people, they led him down from the scaffold.

Repose and refreshment were necessary to all; and Don Ferdinand would not suffer his friend to agitate the fair girl, whose heart had been already so terribly tried, till she had obtained some rest in the apartments of his sister. At night, however, they all met again; and, in that same hall where, on his first coming to Navarre, Francis of Foix had spoken light and ungenerous words of Blanche of Navarre; in that same hall where, two months after, he had in her hearing recanted his error, avowed his love, and defended her fame: in that same hall, he held her to his bosom as his promised bride. The monarch had given his consent;

the nobles of Navarre had pledged themselves for the States; and, with Ferdinand de Leyda and his fair sister, the count sat down to meat, seated beside her he loved. For a time, the emotions of their hearts were too intense for aught but silence; but gradually, as their composure was in some degree restored, and as Don Ferdinand and his sister, with kindly skill, strove, by cheerful words and bland encouragement, to banish all the fearful memories of the past, Blanche was won from her silence, and was induced to tell—though the tale was, more than once, interrupted with tears—the story of all that had befallen her since she had parted with her lover in the mountains.

Oh, with what deep interest, with what intense emotion, did Francis of Foix listen to all that she had done, to all that she had suffered! How his heart beat, when she told him that the horse which she had ridden had been killed by the lightning, and the poor girl who had followed her nearly destroyed by the hail. She told, too, how they had found refuge in the dwelling of a hermit, among the hills, and how she heard afterward that her lover had passed while she remained there. Then she depicted all her anxiety, all her apprehensions, all her efforts to discover him, or to give him notice of where she was: and then she pictured for him all the agony of her mind, when some of the mountaineers whom she had sent to follow on his track, brought her the tidings of his appearance at Pampeluna, of the dreadful charges uttered against herself, of his arrest and threatened destruction. Then again, how proudly swelled the heart of Francis of Foix, as she displayed the deep, determined devotion with which she had resolved to risk every thing for him, and only hesitated between returning to Pampeluna and casting herself at her brother's feet, or speeding onward through the mountains, and appealing for aid and protection to the King of France.

By the advice of the old man who had given her shelter, she said, she had followed the latter course; and, on foot, accompanied by no one but the hermit—for her attendant was unable to proceed—she had gone on alone through the steep and rugged passes of the Pyrenees; had encountered danger, privation, fatigue, and pain; had passed through the rude scenes of the French camp; had been insulted by the ribald soldiery; had been driven from the door of the royal tent; but, strong in love, in virtue, in noble purposes, had persevered till she obtained admittance, and cast herself at the monarch's feet. She had told him all, she had no concealment from him; she had spoken to him as a daughter confiding in her father; and that noble king, though he justly and wisely obtained from the hermit such confirmation of her tale as he could give, believed her to the full, and instantly commanded his son to advance into Navarre, and see right done to all. He had directed him, first, to use gentle means; and, if possible, to secure his purpose by treaty with the nobles of the land. If that could not be done, he was commanded to use force.

and not to sheathe the sword till he had freed or avenged the injured vassal of the French crown.

The result was already manifest ; but still, upon all the details, Francis of Foix paused with deep and tender interest ; making her dwell upon each step she took, repeat, over and over again, each particular of her story, and tears, which no suffering of his own had been able to draw forth, now rose in his eyes, when he heard the sorrows, the difficulties, and the pangs, which, for his sake, had been encountered by Blanche of Navarre.

The tale of Francis of Foix, and her he loved, may now soon be ended. The King of Navarre fulfilled his word to him in all things, for he was no longer under the dominion of the unhappy woman whose violent passions had brought the fearful punishment of insanity upon her own head. Isabel of Valois was never restored to reason ; and, in less than two years, she died, exhausted by the fury of her ravings. Her husband married again, and, though he was still ruled by her he wedded, the sway was more mild, virtuous, and just. Francis of Foix led his bride to the altar, and bore her to his own sweet mountain territory, with joy, and pride, and hope. Blanche of Navarre had taught him the difference between false and real love ; and, in so teaching, had conferred upon him a blessing for which he was never ungrateful.

Their days passed on in happiness and peace ; one long lapse of sunshine. She ruled him not ; she attempted not to rule him : she had won him to virtue, and she was satisfied. But the love he bore her—the deep, true, ardent, intense, impassioned love which he felt for the only woman he had ever loved truly, ruled him, with unshaken power, through life. That which would give pain to Blanche of Navarre, Francis of Foix would in no shape do : that which would give her pleasure, it was his first wish to accomplish. But Blanche of Navarre and virtue were one : and he followed the dictates of honor and of reason, when he followed the dictates of love.

THE FAITHFUL PASTOR.

Original.

Respectfully dedicated to the

Rev. Joseph Lybrand, of the Philadelphia Conference,

BY HIS FRIEND SAMUEL W. STOCKTON.

The faithful Pastor daily walks with God,
In paths which "holy men of old" have trod,
His wish in all things is to please the Lord,
And be a living comment on his word.

To please the ear, or fancy's foolish whim,
And 'twixt religion and the world to trim,
Is far beneath his Godlike aim and end,
He to his God would be a faithful friend.

The living word is always his delight,
He meditates thereon, both day and night !
And if he wisdom lacks, full well he knows,
To faithful prayer, an answer God bestows.

Prepar'd to teach the way of life divine,
And in the world a bright example shine,—
He shuns not to declare, to all who hear,
The council of his God, nor doth he fear
"The frowns of men, or count their smiles," but
strives,

To mend their manners and reform their lives.

He counts all earthly good, but "dung and dross,"
And glories in the consecrated cross ;
He bears reproach, and contumely, and pain,
And suffers loss that he a crown may gain.

Not Demus like,—for filthy lucre's sake,—
His vows to God and to his brethren break,
In fear that poverty will be his lot,
And all the meanness of an humble cot,—
To be dependent on the Lord for pay,
And live from hand to mouth from day to day,—
Dreading the lowly walks of life to tread,
And from the rich receive his daily bread,—
But bears the lot assigned, in humble trust,
That whatsoever his state, be right it must,
And like to Paul, that holy man of God.
Perceive the blessing, tho' he feels the rod.

And should the tempter strive to break his hold
By "pleasing baits" to lure, or proffer gold,—
Or strive to draw aside to carnal sense ;
He leans on Christ, his firm and sure defence
When all the gates of hell cannot prevail,
Nor earth and hell combin'd should they assail,
To shake his hope ; which built upon the Rock,
Shall stand, when earth receives her final shock.

He knows this earth is not his resting place,
But confident in all sufficient grace,—
He seeks a country that is out of sight,
And views by faith "The land of pure delight."

He keeps a conscience void of all offense,
Toward his God, toward mankind, and hence
He feels a perfect calm within his breast,
Sweeter to him than to the laborer rest.

His self denying spirit clearly shows,
How much of God—how much of heav'n he knows.

"To jesting which is not convenient,"
He gives no place, but with the best intent,
He talks of Christ,—the life, the truth, the way,
A world of bliss, an everlasting day.

The hand of friendship to the poor he gives,
And in the humble cot, where virtue lives,
He oft is seen, and often he has said,—
Tho' poor their fare, they live on heav'nly bread.
And tho' their drink is brought from yonder well,
A living stream, their joyful bosoms swell.

He suffers not upon the wealthy sin,
But by reproof he strives their souls to win,
And shows them that true riches lay in this,—
At present love to God, hereafter bliss.
Which to obtain they must in all things show.
A life of love,—the life of heav'n below.

Original.

The Sabbath is to him a day of rest,
For tho' he labors more, he more is blest,
And if his feeble body oft is tir'd,
His soul as oft with sacred love is fir'd,
Which time he quite forgets his toil and pain,
In the sweet hope a glorious crown to gain;
And mingle with the blood wash'd host, before
The eternal throne, and God and Christ adore.

The sick and dying—his peculiar care,
Have his wise council and his fervent prayer.
To them he shows the freeness of God's grace,
Reveal'd through Christ, to an apostate race,
Points to the cross, and shows the streaming blood,
That purges guilt, and seals the sons of God.

But where in peace "the good man meets his fate
The verge of heaven," and near the pearly gate,
He loves to be, for there he gets a sight
"Of spirits pure," arrayed in "spotless white,"
Feels the soft zephyrs of celestial wings;
Rich with the odour of ten thousand springs,
Hears music flowing from cherubic lyres,
And feels the glow of heaven's eternal fires.

His winged soul by clay confin'd, oppress,
Longs to depart t' enjoy that perfect rest,—
Delight extatic!—on his Saviour's breast.

Thus doth he live, and when his time draws near
To leave the world, he nothing has to fear.
He fear! ah no, the joy that fills his eye,
Would strengthen him amid the flames to die!

At length he hears the summons from above,—
Up hither come, and drink the streams of love.
A convoy of celestial beings wait,
T' escort him to his glorified estate.
Already standing with his out-spread wings,
He quick obeys; and while the King of kings,
Preclaims—"well done thou good and faithful one."
A robe is brought far brighter than the sun.—
Adorns his lofty brow a crown of gold,
Beset with gems most glorious to behold,
To him is giv'n the palm of victory,
And joys untold, as drops in yonder sea.
Then with the hosts of heav'n he joins to sing,
The mighty triumphs, of their mighty King;
Then prostrate, holy! holy! holy! cry,
The Lord God Omnipotent Most High
Forever reigns. This is the happy end
Of faithful Pastors. May the Almighty send,
Ah o'er the earth of such, a mighty host,
Burning with love and with the Holy Ghost.

There are two dominant desires in the minds
of most human beings: the one is the desire of
greatness, the other of wealth; from which if we
could free ourselves, and remain content with
being as we are, without seeking any thing else,
we should be free from many fatigues, evils, and
anxieties which now distress us.

THE WIFE OF THE DRUNKARD.

'Twas midnight, in sadness the drunkard's wife
gaz'd
On her hovel's dark hearth, where the last faggot
blaz'd,
Nor knew, whence that fuel she soon would require
Could come, when the flame that now waned should
expire.
She thought of the time when in childhood's glad
hours.

The hand of content strew'd her pathway with flow-
ers;

When the smile of a father, a sunbeam would prove,
To dispel ev'ry cloud from the heaven of love;
When a mother, life's cup fill'd with joys ever bright,
And a sister's affection enhanced the delight.
She thought of a brother, the pride of her heart
And a lover, what thrilling emotions now start!
Love's Eden has faded, no pleasures are there
And the buddings of hope yield the fruits of despair,
Hark! what is that noise which now falls on her
ears?

Can it be the loud voice of the Storm King she hears?
Does the blast of his trumpet, call his troop from the
north,

And bids them to deeds of destruction ride forth?
Ah! no, 't is a sound which more terrors impart;
'T is her husband's rude voice strikes a pang to her
heart.

A moment has pass'd, now before her he stands
With his eyes flashing wildly, and death in his hands;
She falls on her knees, with her eyes turn'd above,
She points to her infant the pledge of his love:
But alas! all in vain for his reason is gone,
The man has departed, the fiend takes his throne;
He turns to his victim as lowly she bends
And deep to its hilt, the keen dagger descends.
Ah! never again shall affection's fond smile
Or endearing caresses, his sorrows beguile,
No more shall she hasten his coming to greet,
For the wife of his bosom lies dead at his feet.
Ye guardians of freedom, who fearlessly stand
The bulwarks of justice, the pride of our land;
How long will your laws give such potent control,
To the demon of death, the dark fiend of the bowl?
Stop now, and no longer grant license to kill,
But crush that vile monster, the worm of the still.

Lexington, Ky. Jan. 1839.

D. W.

Experience gradually teaches us, that the
greater part of what we look upon as misfor-
tunes, arises from our endeavoring to hasten,
to change, or to constrain the natural course of
events. It would almost seem as if there were
a secret chain of connexions, of cause and ef-
fect, which would conduct us naturally and ne-
cessarily to the object of our desires, if the rest-
less character of our minds did not from time to
time lead us astray.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

UNCAS.

OR THE RIVAL SACHEMS.

AN INDIAN TALE.

By Professor Ingraham, author of "*Lafitte*," "*Burton, or the Sieges*," "*Captain Kyd*," &c.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the year 1638, that the haughty and warlike tribe of Pequots, after singly revisting the invasion of their country by our forefathers, were defeated by them, in that memorable engagement, which both history and tradition have handed down to us under the distinguished appellation of the "great swamp fight." This battle was so obstinately waged, and so decidedly won, that two hundred warriors, alone, remained alive of this once powerful tribe. These were divided by the conquerors, between Uncas, sachem of the brave Moheagans and Miantonimoh, sachem of the fierce and arrogant Narragansetts. Their hunting-grounds were also taken from them; and, as a punishment for their patriotic obstinacy and hostility to the English, it was decreed that they should be deprived of the hitherto proud name of Pequot, and henceforward be known only by the names of the tribes among which, rather as vassals than equals, they were distributed. The women and male children of this denaturalised people, our puritanical ancestors shipped off to the plantations in the West Indies, and there sold them into slavery. By this masterly *coup de main*, which might have conferred honor even on the far-sighted policy of the present Autocrat of Russia, were annihilated all traces of a people who had fearfully contended, inch by inch, for their native land, and with unchanging courage every where exposed their naked breasts to protect the soil in which reposed the bones of their fathers.

The chief allies of the English in this war of extermination, were the Sachems, Miantonimoh and Uncas. The latter was on terms of amity with the English, and had bound himself, by a solemn treaty, to assist them in their wars. It was partly in fulfilment of this compact, and partly to avenge the death of one of his chief warriors, treacherously slain by a Pequot, that Uncas engaged in these hostilities. The motives of the former were very different. Miantonimoh was a bold, ferocious and ambitious chief, and the head of a war-like tribe, which, for centuries, was second only to the Pequot. More grasping than all his predecessors, he aspired, before the arrival of the Pilgrims, to diminish the power of his rival and increase his own. He was successfully met, however, by Sassacus, their chief, as wily, as experienced and as ambitious as himself. Nearly twenty years were spent in petty skirmishes on the borders of their hunting-grounds, in mischievous inroads, and numerous private assassinations; but without any advantage to the persevering Narragansett. The invitation of the English was, therefore, gladly embraced by the aspiring Sachem; and he rallied by the side of those whom he hated as inva-

ders, but loved as instruments of his ambitious views.

After the subjugation of the Pequots by the allied forces, the haughty Narragansett stood without a superior among the Sachems. Nevertheless, his ambitious and restless spirit could not remain quiet. Not content with being on an equal footing with his fellow cotemporary chief, he aspired to set himself up as universal Sachem over all the tribes of New England. There was but one chief, he very well knew, who dare step between him and his ambition. This was Uncas, the Moheagan. He was then a man of noble presence, majestic in his aspect, and of stern and haughty demeanor. He was in the fiftieth year of his age; yet possessed a sinewy and athletic frame, which still retained, with the iron strength of the warrior the activity of youth; he had a fiery spirit, with passions quick and uncontrollable; was skilled in all stratagems of war and the chase, and was, in all respects, the bravest warrior and most distinguished leader of his time. Like all Indians, he was quick to resent an affront; unforgiving of injuries, and revengeful. He was the head of a powerful and warlike nation, and could lead into battle two thousand warriors.

When Miantonimoh contemplated the path of ambition before him, the stern image of Uncas stood ever between him and the object of his haughty aim. His brow clouded, and he swore on the graves of his fathers that Uncas should die! Miantonimoh had an only child. Nelepe had seen eighteen springs when her father took the oath against the life of Uncas. She was a beautiful, gentle creature; with large black eyes melting with virgin tenderness; with a voice, soft as the Eolian harp, when swept by the evening wind, and a laugh merrier than the glad lark's. She was just the height of the Medicean Venus; her figure was faultless; her limbs as exquisitely shaped—for the slight drapery of the Indian maiden, did not altogether conceal the rounded outline of the polished shoulder; the contour of the expanding bust, and the shapely ancle, that might vie in lightness and grace with the fawn's; with the elegant movements of which animal, her own unstudied manner beautifully harmonised.

Nelepe had a lover.

Uncas had an only son; a brave young warrior, who inherited his father's virtues, without sharing his indomitable passions. Onecho was tall and of a stately mien; and for his excellence in the sports of the field, and the national games of his tribe, and his courage in battle, he was a worthy inheritor of the fame of Uncas, and fitted to succeed him as Sachem of a nation so powerful as the Moheagan. He was the pride and boast of his people; the theme of old warriors' tales and prophecies, and the example of the young braves of his tribe. He was also the idol of his father.

It was Onecho who loved Nelepe.

CHAPTER II.

At the close of an autumnal day, in the year named at the commencement of our tale, a canoe, paddled by two Indians, shot out from the dark shadows of a little cove on the western

shore of a pleasant river, which flowed clear and deep through the wilderness of Connecticut. A few strokes of the paddle sent the little vessel into the middle of the current; a few more carried it to the opposite bank, in the direction of a wreath of smoke curling above a grove of trees which grew on a small grassy peninsula. One of the Indians, who seemed to be the superior, bounded to the land, while the other drew the fragile skiff upon the sward, and turned it upside. Leaving him with it there, upturned, its yellow birchen bottom glittering in the setting sun, as the water run off from it, as if it was sheathed with burnished plates of gold, with a free, yet noiseless step, he ascended the low bank, and cautiously approached two wigwams, situated a few yards from the river, amid a group of majestic maples. He advanced in a line with a tree, as if to screen his person from the observation of those who chanced to be in the camp, and stopped beneath a large oak which flung its arms broadly over one of the tents. The other was farther off and apparently untenanted. The rude abode before him was one of those conical tents, constructed of poles converging at the top and covered with bark, which are familiar to every American. Before its low entrance hung an undressed deer's hide, in the place of a door. Beside it, rested an unstrung bow; a spear, with a rude staff made of a young sapling, and a half-filled quiver of arrows, with barked flint heads—a weapon, simple in its construction, but a fatal missile of death when sent from the errless eye of the Indian hunter or warrior. A pile of skins, among which were the otter, the black and gray fox, racoon and beaver, lay before the door. The interior of the lodge was concealed by the curtain; but the smoke which had guided the canoe and now crept from an aperture in the top, and found its way lazily up through the branches of the trees, betrayed the presence of the occupant.

The young hunter had scarcely taken a rapid survey of these features, when the screen was lifted by a small, beautiful brown hand, and a pair of black eyes peeped cautiously out, and took a hurried and careful look around; and then a naked foot, of the same exquisite proportions as the hand, was timidly advanced; then appeared a round olive shoulder; and then the curtain fell and forth stepped a lovely Indian maid, richly dressed in a robe of soft furs, reaching to the knee; a scarf of gorgeously dyed feathers passed across her bosom, and with a tiara of snowy plumes upon her head. The Indian gazed upon the lovely creature for a moment, as if devouring her beauty with a lover's pride, and then sprung from his concealment.

"Nelepe."

"Onecho!"

Blushing between surprise and pleasure, she disengaged herself from his ardent embrace, and holding him at arms' length, surveyed him.—Her eyes, into which joy had brought the tears, sparkled through their liquid brilliancy with tenderness mingled with admiration, as she gazed with maiden pride upon his fine features and noble person.

"The fery sun hath given thy cheek the warrior's hue! Thy eyes are steadier in their look,

though not less tender! Thy brow is loftier! Thy form that of manhood! How very like thy father thou art grown, Onecho!" And the maiden still gazed admiringly upon him as if she would feed her love through her eyes.

"'Tis but ten moons since we met, my dark-eyed fawn! Am I so changed, or is it love that hath touched thy eye-lids, that Onecho should appear more comely to thee? But thou art not less changed, Nelepe! I left thee like the doe of one spring—a mere child, yet full of the promise of womanhood. Now thy eye is fuller, and hath more love in it—thy form is rounded—though thy stature is the same—for see! I still have to stoop to kiss thy brow. Thou art a woman now, Nelepe!"

The young Sachem pressed her again to his heart as he spoke. Nearly a year had elapsed since the lovers had met; a wound received in battle with the Pequots, having confined Onecho through the weary spring and long, tiresome summer to his own lodge. The distance between the land of the Moheagans and the hunting-grounds of the Narragansetts was but twelve leagues. In the eye of love this was not far; but the maiden, on account of her father's hostility to Uncas, was too closely watched to elude his guardianship long enough to steal a visit to the couch of her wounded lover. The vigilance of Miantonomoh was the more rigid, inasmuch as the love of his daughter for the son of his rival, had been busily whispered in his ear; for there are savage, as well as civilized mischief makers.

Onecho's first object on receiving his health and strength was to see Nelepe. He learned from a favorite and confidential Pequot of Nelepe's, who had often borne messages between her and himself, during his illness, that a small party of Narragansetts were encamped on the banks of the river Mystic, near the foot of Lanton Hill, engaged in their annual hunt; and that the hunting lodges of Miantonomoh and herself were three bow-shots above these of the other hunters, on a tongue of land crowned with the maples. Onecho immediately set off, guided by the Pequot, and just before night-fall, the following day, arrived on the opposite shore in sight of the encampment. He then sent the Pequot across to survey the ground, instructing him to see Nelepe and inform her that he was near; and, if he could do so undiscovered, would be at her lodge at sunset. The Indian swam the stream; found the Sachem and his warriors absent in the chase, and communicated the joyful intelligence of Onecho's presence. Then launching a canoe belonging to the Narragansetts, he hastened back to the impatient Sachem. The meeting between the lovers has already been witnessed.

Long they lingered in that sweet embrace—absence and solitude had made them dearer to each other than ever,—her eyes, soft as the gazelle's, were trustingly lifted to his, which, with their dark fire tempered by love, ardently returned her gentle look. Insensibly, as she gazed, the tears came to her eyes, and dropping her head upon his arm she felt to weeping.

"Nelepe, my fawn of the forest—why dost thou mourn so? Is Onecho unwelcome?"

"No! oh, no!" she said, nestling in his bosom; but—"

"But what, dark eyed one?" he inquired, in a soothing tone of voice.

"My father!" she scarcely articulated.

Onecho grasped his hunting spear and rolled his eye fiercely around. "What of him? Fear not, Nelepe! He is not here."

"Onecho," said the maiden, solemnly, lifting her head and putting back the raven hair from her brow, and standing unsupported. "The daughter of Miantonimoh can never wed with the son of Uncas."

"Our fathers indeed are foes; but why should not Onecho and Nelepe be friends?"

"The eagle and the hawk can never mate."*

"Yet have I seen the eaglet and the eyas share the same nest."

"So have I also seen the hawk's egg placed in the eagle's eyrie; and the ill matched fledglings nursed together; but when they grew to full wing and took to the air, the fierce young eagle warred with his foster-bird and slew him."

"I will not slay, Nelepe," said the young Mohegan, playfully drawing her to his heart.

"Onecho, leave me," said the maiden. The Great Spirit frowns upon us. Forget the daughter of the Narragansett. Go! The daughters of thy people wait for thee. They braid their flowing locks in the clear fountain, that they may appear fair in thy eyes! They adorn their persons with gay plumes, that they may win thy regard! Go, Onecho, son of Uncas! The daughter of Miantonimoh, will remain to mingle her tears with this flood, and mourn sad and alone over the love she has lost. Onecho. Go! the maidens of thy tribe wait for thee!"

The young warrior gazed upon the face of the lovely Indian with undiminished wonder. His brow at first grew fearfully dark, but after he had fixed his eyes closely upon her and seemed, as it were to read her heart, he said in an even voice, "Nelepe, thy soul is heavy. There is something in thy trembling bosom, Onecho must learn.—Speak, Nelepe! what hast thou for the ear of the son of Uncas!"

Nelepe struggled between a daughter's shame at owning a parent's guilt and her love for Onecho. At length love prevailed. With a faltering tongue she said,

"Onecho, my father—" here she hesitated, and then continued, "the Sachem of the Narragansett, has sworn that Uncas shall die ere the full of the second moon."

"The arm of Uncas is not weak, nor is his spear broken, that he should die by the hand of the Narragansett," said Onecho proudly. "Two thousand warriors' hearts lie between the life of Uncas and the spear of Miantonimoh. And where hides Onecho that his father's blood should redden the ground, and he be not there to avenge it?"

Nelepe trembled at the last words of the fiery young Mohegan, for they were spoken in anger, and she feared for the life of him who gave her life.

*The eagle was at one time the emblem of the Mohegans; the hawk, of the Narragansetts.

"Injure him not, Onecho, for my sake," she cried.

"The adder that strikes at the warrior's heel, should be crushed ere he can dart his sting."

"Spare him for Nelepe's sake!"

"He may not live to slay a brave warrior."

"I have betrayed my father to save Uncas, for thy sake," she said reproachfully.

"Nelepe, said the young Indian gently, "Miantonimoh, for thy sake, is safe from the arrow of the son of Uncas. But what motive has the Narragansett, to slay my father?"

"Ambition. In Uncas he beholds a powerful rival."

"True. In the chase, and in warlike deeds of arms, we are rivals, but not foes. What would he be more than the equal and rival of the Mohegan?" demanded Onecho with flashing eyes.

"Your Sachem—the chief of all the tribes," she said faintly, shrinking at her own filial treachery, yet urged on by her love. "Oh, touch him not, Onecho," she added earnestly.

"I must protect my father," hastily said the young Mohegan, forgetting his promise.

"With the life of mine?"

Onecho could not resist the eloquent pleading of her eyes and tongue.

"Never, Nelepe, never!" he cried fervently — "I swear by the Great Spirit, the Narragansett is safe."

The sweet pleader looked her thanks. Yet her heart did not seem to be relaxed. There was yet more to be revealed, Onecho discovered by her troubled look; and he inquired what still weighed down her spirits. She was silent for a moment, and then spoke with rapid earnestness.

"There is more that I fain would not tell thee. Hear me Onecho. I will explain why I implored thee to leave me. Three warriors of my tribe have mingled the blood from their veins, and have sworn by the spirits of their fathers that I shall die if I wed the son of Uncas."

"Ha, is it so? Who are these?"

"Otaah, Ninigret and Canonius."

"Thy lovers all!" said the young Sachem, drawing himself up proudly, with an expression of scorn curving his thin upper lip. "Thy Sachem and his braves are fast losing the fearless warrior in the cowardly assassin. I would wed thee," he added with proud defiance in his tones, "and as my bride defend thee, if this forest of trees should be changed into a host of armed warriors, and if each, with his spear at my throat, should bid me give thee up."

He cast his eyes with a glance of defiance around, and to his astonishment, the forests seemed to have met his challenge. The edge of the wood was lined with warriors, all with their arrows drawn to the head, and with their eyes glaring through the gloom upon himself and Nelepe, who, with silent horror, had followed his eye in the direction of the menacing host.

"My father!" she shrieked and fell lifeless to the earth.

Onecho stooped to raise her, when a cloud of arrows swept like the rushing wind over him.—Miantonimoh was returning with his warriors from the hunt, when a Pequot, who had gone on

before with game, to prepare the evening meal, saw Onecho and Nelepe together in conversation, and returned to inform the Sachem of his discovery. The old warrior advanced without noise, and drew up his men within bow shot of the unconscious lovers, instructing them to discharge their bolts at the heart of the young Sachem as soon as Nelepe should take leave of him.—Her fall, however, fully exposed his person to their aim, and with one impulse they let fly their arrows. When they discovered that he was unharmed, with a fierce cry they rushed forward.—Intent only on gaining possession of Nelepe, Onecho raised her from the ground and sought to make good his retreat to the water. Shouting his war cry, Miantonimoh sprang fiercely upon him, his battle-axe upraised to cut him down. Sustaining the maiden in his left arm, Onecho caught the descending weapon upon his spear, and turned it aside, when it sunk deep in the brain of his rival, Ninigret, who was in the act of levelling his spear at his breast. At the same moment, Canonicus, a young Narragansett chief, his arm nerved by love and rivalry, aimed a blow at him with his hunting-knife, which Onecho not only avoided, but repaid by running him through the body with his spear. Shaking off the grasp of the old Sachem, who had seized his daughter by the arm, he now made a bold effort to carry her off. His assailants, however, pressed him harshly, on all sides. One arm was wound around Nelepe, and he had but one to fight with; and the old warrior, by clinging to her, and busily exercising his weapon, rendered it difficult for him to accomplish his purpose.

No alternative remained, unless for the present he would leave her behind with her father, or to slay Miantonimoh, who, blinded by rage and revenge, left his person open to the thrust of the spear. He looked at Nelepe and could not do it. On a sudden, resigning her to her parent, he wrested the old warrior's battle-axe from his hand, swept it with irresistible force around his head, and cleared a wide space in the midst of his enemies. Brandishing his spear with one arm, and wielding his terrible weapon with the other, he cut his way to the right and left, like a woodman hewing a path through the forest. In this manner, winning his ground step by step, he reached the edge of the bank, and with a single bound gained his canoe. The alarmed Pequot had fled, but not without previously launching the boat and placing it in readiness for his use. The impetus of the young Moheagan's projecting weight, as he lighted fairly on the bottom of the skiff, sent it far out into the stream.

The arrows of the disappointed Narragansetts, flew fast and thick about him, but rendered their aim uncertain: one arrow, nevertheless, slightly wounded him in the side, and another pierced his arm. Vigorously plying the slender paddle, he soon reached the opposite bank; and, though bleeding from his wounds, fled, like the hunted deer, through the forests, leaving the shout of his pursuers, growing fainter and fainter in the distance, until they could no longer be heard. As the sun rose, he entered his own lodge, weak from loss of blood, and weary from his long flight;

yet, with his spirit unquenched, and his soul elevated with the determination to assemble his warriors and march forthwith against the Narragansetts, with the two-fold purposes of punishing their arrogance and winning Nelepe for his bride.

CHAPTER III.

The same morning sun that witnessed the return of Onecho to his camp, shone upon Miantonimoh as he sat smoking his pipe in the door of his lodge. His bow and spear rested against the side of his rude habitation; and his quiver and buckler lay near by on a pile of skins which served him as a seat. A shaggy bear skin was wrapped about his brawny shoulders and chest, and his naked legs were trust into short moccasins of undressed mouse hide. His arms were folded, and his brow clouded. The rays of the sun bronzed his war-worn and iron visage, and gave additional sternness to features, which nature had intended should have been noble and commanding; fierce and uncontrollable passions had now stamped them with sullen ferocity. He was in deep thought, darkly meditating upon his ambitious schemes. At length he removed the pipe from his lips, and, without moving a muscle or turning his head, said in a low voice—

"Unnippi."

A bundle of loose otter skins rolled from the extremity of the hut to his feet, and a dwarfish Indian disengaged himself from the heap and stood before him, awaiting his commands, with a look in which cunning and ferocity were blended with blood-thirstiness.

"Unnippi is here," he answered in a voice singularly harsh and guttural.

"Take this bow, and this arrow, Pequot," said Miantonimoh, selecting an arrow from the quiver and carefully passing it between his thumb and finger, testing the point, and inspecting the feather, before giving it to him; "seek Uncas. Your eye is true. The bow never failed me. The arrow is good. Begone!"

The Pequot, for one of that degraded tribe he was, laid his hand upon the left side of the Sachem in a solemn manner, mumbled a few words, and left the hut. Miantonimoh looked after him until he disappeared in the depths of the forest. He then returned his pipe; his fierce eyes burning with deeper fire, and an exulting smile of triumph mantling his lips, as he gave himself up to the contemplation of the future.

That day's sun had not yet gone down, when Uncas went to bathe, as was his custom, in the Connecticut river, which flowed past his camp. He threw aside his robe of furs in a retired spot, and was about to remove the eagle feather from his head, when an arrow penetrated his shoulder, and quivered in the wound. He put up his hand to draw it forth, while his eye sought on every side for the assassin.

"It is a Narragansett's," he exclaimed, as he examined the flint head of the arrow.

A slight motion of the drooping leaves of a water-oak not far off, arrested his eye. He listened, and his practiced ear seconded his vision. In half a score of active bounds he was beneath the oak; still beyond it he caught a glimpse of a low, skulking figure, and then

heard a plunge in the water. The pain of his wound warned him not to attempt pursuit by swimming; and the assassin escaped. He had recognised in him, however, Uinippi, the Pequot, and confidential slave of Miantonimoh, and very well knew who had attempted his life.

The next morning Miantonimoh saw the Pequot returning to the camp, and advanced to meet him the forest.

"I have slain him," said the lying slave.

"Then shalt thou never tell who bade thee do it," said the wily Sachem. With these words he thrust his spear through him and left him dead in the wood.

Returning to his camp, he assembled his warriors and addressed them as follows: "Chiefs and braves! The eagle hath swept the ground with his wing. The hawk hath torn out his crest with his blood. The hawk's talons are sharp! The eagle he drives from the heavens, and slays the proud king of birds with his beak. Uncas hath fallen. The arrow of his foe hath drank his blood. The grass is red where he lieth. The Moheagans are become our slaves—they are as the Pequots. To-morrow we will go forth to bring them in to our camp, that they may do the work of women. The warrior who lays at my feet the head of the young eagle, shall have the daughter of Miantonimoh to wife!"

At this announcement, a score of young braves exultingly cast their spears from their heads into the air, and catching them as they descended, struck them together with a warlike sound, and shouts of defiance.

"Nelepe! Death to Onecho! Ho, Nelepe!" cried Otash, a ferocious and ill-looking savage who aspired to the hand of the princess of his tribe.—"Ho, ho. We will strip this gray-goling of his plumes!" and this amiable individual brandished his tomahawk, gnashed his teeth and capered with the quintessence of delight, in anticipation of the delectable pastime he promised himself when he should get the picking of this bird.

All at once, Nelepe, with dishevelled tresses rushed from her lodge and threw herself upon her father's neck.

"Daughter, what?" he sternly demanded.

"Spare! spare!"

"Whom?" he asked, fixing his glowing eyes upon her as if he would kill her with a look.

"Onecho!" was the half-audible response.

"Peace, girl! He is thy father's foe and should be thine; the cub of a vicious bear, that would tear my vitals with his claws, and then lap up my blood. Speak Onecho's name more, and were thou a thousand times my daughter, I will with my own hand slay thee. Hence, woman!"

He flung her from him with violence, and she fell. He looked after her for a moment, as she rose and tottered toward the lodge; and then as if a suspicion of her good faith had entered his mind, he turned to his warriors and said—

"We will not delay, lest there be spies among us, who will notify the Moheagan of our intentions. In one hour the moon will be up. Be ready then to march. Death to the Moheagans!"

"Death to Onecho! Nelepe forever!" were the answering shouts of the younger warriors as

they dispersed to dance their wild war dance in the adjacent groves, and to prepare their weapons for the contemplated enterprise; while the older warriors and chiefs followed Miantonimoh to the council lodge, where he talked over with them more fully, the plans of the expedition.

They were in the midst of their deliberations, when a messenger from Uncas was announced.

A deep murmur of surprise and hostility run through the assembly.

"Admit the Moheagan," said Miantonimoh, haughtily.

A tall, slender and sinewy Indian runner, armed with a slight spear, bow and quiver; a buffalo's hide gathered about his person; with a bold demeanor and fearless eye, stalked into their midst. He met, and fiercely flung the dark glances which flashed upon him from every side, as he proudly surveyed the assembled chiefs.

"Tis business, Moheagan?" demanded Miantonimoh, rising and speaking with sternness.

"Uncas, Sachem of the Moheagans, demands of Miantonimoh, the Narragansett, the assassin who last evening attempted his life, wounding him in the arm."

The Sachem started at this intimation that his rival still lived; but he suppressed his emotion and said fiercely:

"Who is Uncas, that sends such words to Miantonimoh? Is the Narragansett a dog, that he should be kicked? If the arrow hath drunk the blood of the Moheagan, let him seek him who bent the bow. You have heard my answer."

There was a low grunt of applause from the grim warriors around, as Miantonimoh cast his robe about his person and sat down.

"Tis here Uncas seeks him," said the messenger, undaunted, "give up the Pequot, Uinippi, and he will be at peace with thee."

"Ha!" cried the Sachem, thrown off his guard, as he saw his treachery thus thrust home upon him. Finding all further attempts to conceal his agony, useless, he threw off all disguise and said sneeringly:

"Uncas hath tracked his game well. If he would now take it, let him come himself for it."

"He will make his complaint to the English," said the Indian.

"English!" repeated the warlike chief, with scorn and derision. "English! Has it come to this at last? A Sachem who can lead a thousand warriors into flight, appeal to the English in every petty quarrel! 'Tis the first step to make them our masters, to make them our umpires.—Curse the pale faces! Tell Uncas if he appeal even to the Great Spirit, I will not give up the Pequot; nor shall he have other redress than he can win at the spear's point."

With these words the hostile Sachem plucked a hawk's feather from his crest, and gave it to the messenger.

"Take this to the Moheagan slave, and say, Miantonimoh will meet him with a thousand warriors on each side, or in single combat, and the victor shall unite the crests of the hawk and eagle, and make slaves of the tribe of the conquered. Go, bear back my answer!"

The messenger had not been gone half an hour, when Miantonimoh, at the head of eleven

hundred warriors, marched forth from the camp, and swiftly took his way toward the country of the Moheagans.

When the Messenger of Uncas reported his reception from the council, and the challenge of the first Sachem, his indignation was roused.

"Go," he said to the Indian, removing an eagle's feather from his plume as he spoke, and affixing it to the point of his spear, "bear this to the assassin. At high noon to-morrow Uncas will meet him, with thirty warriors, each, in the glen which divides our hunting grounds. There will I punish him for his arrogance."

CHAPTER IV.

In a green and quiet dell, through which a brook leaped garrulously along from rock to rock, to mingle at length with the Quinaboug, which, bearing a small fleet of canoes on its breast, swept by not far off, a scene presented itself, which though not frequent among the Aborigines, was not altogether unknown to their rude chivalry. On the sloping sides of the two opposing banks, which shut in the glen, were ranged sixty warriors, thirty of the Narragansett tribe, and a like number of the Moheagan. Between them was a level arena about four rods wide, and divided by the rivulet into nearly equal portions. In this arena stood the rival Sachems, Uncas, and Miantonimoh, separated by the brook, which was but a stride across.—They were without covering, save a skin bound about their loins; the tuft of feathers, the insignia of their Sachem dignity, also crowned the head of each. They were armed, each with a spear and a battle axe. These distinguished chiefs were both past the middle age, yet were in the full possession of their iron strength, and retained the activity of young warriors. Miantonimoh displayed, in his rude and savage costume, a muscular and powerful frame, free and light in its movements. His aspect was fierce and revengeful, as he eyed his antagonist and impatiently waited the signal for the onset. As the moment approached he grew more restless; handled his weapons with a menacing air; clashed them together with a low cry, and writhing his muscles, he paced to and fro on the borders of the brook, like a caged leopard.

Uncas, on the other hand, stood leaning upon his spear, his majestic figure displayed to advantage by the unstudied attitude he had fallen into. The arm containing the hatchet hung carelessly down by his side; while his eye steadily watched the movements of his antagonist.—He stood without motion, and apparently, save his glittering eyes, without life; a bronzed statue of the Farnesian Hercules.

A short distance higher up the rivulet were two Indians, one from each tribe, intently watching the shadow of an arrow struck upright in the ground. Gradually it shortened and turned toward the north.

At length they simultaneously grasped the warlike dial, broke it between them, and threw the fragments into the air. It was noon! Before they fell to the ground, amid a terrible war-whoop from the opposing warriors, Miantonimoh, shouting his war-cry, "Narra! Narra!"

hurled his spear against the breast of his antagonist. Uncas stepped aside, and the roaring missile buried itself, quivering, half its length in the hill side, behind him, at the feet of the Moheagan warriors. With a yell of disappointment, he leaped forward with his battle-axe upraised, to cleave him to the chine.

Uncas met him, with his spear levelled, and launched it, as he leaped the brook. Grazing his side, it turned off, struck a tree and glancing, flew far into the stream. At the same instant their battle axes clashed together, and they fought with terrific fury. The surrounding warriors grasped their arms tighter, and gave signs of their anxiety to mingle in the conflict, and were with difficulty restrained by their more cautious chiefs. Twice the Narragansett drew blood from the veins of the Moheagan; four times the Moheagan buried his hatchet in the flesh of the Narragansett's arm and thigh.

"These are but scratches with a thorn," said Miantonimoh, tauntingly touching his own wounds; "Uncas has lost his strength. He is a woman. The eagle has become an owl!" he added, enraged by the coolness of his opponent, and trying by taunts to anger him, and tempt him to expose his person in a moment of hasty pique.

Uncas paid no regard to his words, and only laid on his blows the heavier, making each stroke tell upon his opponent's person, or the edge of the axe. Both weapons dripped with blood, and crimson streams ran freely from various parts of their bodies to the ground, which was trodden and wet with gore. At length Uncas retreated, as if too hard pressed and about to give way. With a yell of triumph, which was echoed by his warriors, Miantonimoh rushed upon him. Uncas, taking advantage of his exalting eagerness, stopped; caught his descending axe upon the edge of his own, closed with him, lifted him from his feet, and hurled him bodily to the ground where he lay senseless.

A shout of triumph rose from the party of victorious warriors, and a yell of rage and mortification burst from the defeated Narragansetts. With one impulse, they launched their spears against the Moheagans, and shouting their war-cry, "Narra! Narra!" descended the hill like a tempest. The Moheagans met them half way, and the sixty warriors were mingled in a fierce and bloody melee. A score of the Narragansetts were slain on the spot, and nearly the same number of Moheagans either killed or wounded. They had won the field, and were about to pursue the fugitives, when the cry of a thousand warriors filled the air, and the surrounding forests became alive with the treacherous army of Narragansetts, whom Miantonimoh had left in the forests, while he advanced to meet Uncas, with orders to come to his aid if he should be defeated.

When they swept down upon the scene of contest, shouting their war-cry, Uncas, notwithstanding his wounds, rallied the remnant of his party, and retreated toward his boats. He reached them before they could surround him, and with only seven warriors, all of whom were wounded more or less, he soon got beyond the

reach of their arrows, which flew in dark clouds from the shore.

Miantonimoh was borne from the ground by his people. In a few weeks, under the careful nursing of Nelepe, who forgot his cruelty in sympathy for his sufferings, he was able once more to take the field. Burning with shame at his defeat, and breathing vengeance against the victorious Mobeagan, he assembled his warriors, fired their passions with an artful speech, and at the head of nine hundred of his best fighting men, secretly marched to fall upon Uncas in his Indian capital.

Nelepe learned the destination of the expedition from the faithful Pequot, who had first guided Onecho to her lodge, and sent him forward with an epistle to inform Onecho of her father's design. "An Epistle! I wonder what sort of an epistle an Indian belle would write?" asks some fair maiden with laughing blue eyes. She shall be gratified. When Nelepe learned from the Pequot the object of the expedition, she stripped a scroll of silver bark from the birch, and spreading it upon the floor of her lodge, she got on her knees, and with the charred end of a twig, drew rapidly and not unskillfully, the figure of a hawk in full flight against an eagle, perched, with folded pinions, on a branch. In the rear of the hawk she drew a flight of arrow-heads, all pointed and converging toward the eagle. Beneath she drew a disc to represent the sun, and a crescent to represent the moon. She rolled the silvery billet upon the twig, and bade the Indian to outstrip the wind in bearing it to Onecho. This hieroglyphical note being interpreted, might read as follows: "Uncas is in danger. My father aims at his life. He approaches him with many warriors. In a day and a night he will attack you."

Onecho was returning from the chase, when he received the scroll, and hastened with the tidings to Uncas, who forthwith called a council of his chiefs, and laid the information before them.

"How did the news come?" asked a suspicious old brave.

"Aye, how should Onecho know this?" added another.

"Tis whispered he is friendly to the Narragansetts," growled a third.

"Onecho," demanded Uncas of his son, who sat at his feet, "how learned you these tidings?"

"Nelepe," replied the young man ingeniously.

"He seeks her to wife," said the old brave.

"The pure blood of the Mobeagan, may never mingle with the thick puddle in the veins of the Narragansett," said the second speaker.

"Except in the fight on the ground," continued the third.

Uncas waved his hand to command silence. "Onecho," he asked with calm serenity, "love you the young Eyas of the Narragansetts?"

"Yes."

"Forget her," he said with the manner of one who feels that to speak is to be obeyed.

"Never, father," replied the young warrior, firmly, but respectfully.

"She shall then die," was the calm, determined reply of the stern Sachem.

Onecho bent his head in silence; but his dark eyes glowed with resentment, Uncas and his council, after deliberating on the course to pursue in this emergency, rode up and prepared to leave the lodge to arm themselves.

"We must not permit them to enter the village," said Uncas as they were departing; "it will needlessly involve our wives and children in the horrors of the fight. We will go forth at once to meet this assassin, and drink his blood, and whiten the ground with the bones of his warriors."

In an hour afterward Uncas, with Onecho at his side, left the camp at the head of six hundred warriors, all whom he could assemble at such short notice, and marched to meet the hostile Narragansetts. Toward the middle of the afternoon, when they had got five leagues from their capital, from the summit of a hill they espied, at the extremity of a valley the host of Miantonimoh advancing. With a shout of defiance, they rushed down the hill and met them mid-way the plain, in an open space bounded on one side by forests, and on the other by the river Connecticut. Miantonimoh hailed the approach of his rival with a fierce cry of mingled triumph and revenge. A single glance, as he rolled his fierce eye over the plain, assured him that his own forces, nearly doubled those of Uncas.

When the two armies had advanced within a fair bow-shot of each other, Uncas stepped in front of his warriors, waved his hand toward the Narragansetts, and demanded a parley. He then turned to his own warriors and said.

"Our numbers are less than those of Miantonimoh. In a fair fight we might be the losers. I have thought of a stratagem. I am going forward to confer with this assassin. When you see me fall to the earth, discharge your arrows over me and rush on with your spears and tomahawks, and charge the enemy."

Uncas had previously drawn up his forces in three lines. In the first, he placed two hundred bowmen a foot apart: the second rank was composed of two hundred spearmen, with their spears advanced between the spaces left in the first line: in the third, and rear rank, were stationed an equal number of the most athletic warriors, armed with battle-axes, and wearing bucklers of tanned hide on their left arms. Miantonimoh had drawn up his forces in two lines, of five hundred men each: in the front rank, his spears and tomahawks were stationed in alternate files; in the rear were his bowmen.

Uncas, advanced into the space between the armies, and thus ironically addressed Miantonimoh:

"Valiant Narragansett! You are attended by a gallant array of braves. You see also that I am not without warriors. 'Tis a pity that so many brave warriors should be set to killing one another for a private contest between us only. The quarrel alone is ours. Come forward, then, like a good warrior and a worthy Sachem, and let us fight it out, as you may remember we have done heretofore. If you slay me, my war-

rriors shall be yours. If I kill you yours shall be mine."

Uncas leaned on his spear and awaited his reply. The haughty Narragansett laughed scornfully as he answered,

"The courage of the Mohegan fails. He becomes a woman when he beholds the spears of the enemy. Miantonimoh came hither to fight and not to talk. His warriors thirst for the blood of the Mohegans."

With these words the self-confident Sachem levelled his spear at the breast of Uncas: whereupon Uncas fell flat upon his face to the ground. Instantly the air was darkened with a cloud of arrows which flew harmlessly over him and fell like hail among the Narragansetts. Their front rank swayed to and fro; the centre gave way, and the whole army was thrown into wild confusion. The spearmen of Uncas, with a loud war cry, seconded the bowmen, and rushing through the spaces in their line, while they were fitting other arrows to their strings, advanced furiously upon the staggering ranks of the enemy, scattered the first, broke through the second with irresistible force, and put it to flight. A general route followed. Led on by Uncas and Onecho, the Mohegans pursued them as they fled, struck with a strange panic along the valley; pressing them into the stream; hemming them to defile; driving them down rocks and precipices, and hunting them far and near, like hunters on the track of the scattered herd. Onecho led the pursuit, every where distinguishing himself by acts of prowess, on those who turned at bay, and his magnanimity toward the unresisting. In the heat of the pursuit, which continued till the sun went down, he entered a glade of the forest within the borders of the Narragansetts; for so far had the chase led the pursuers. The shouts of the victors and the cries of the fugitives, were heard afar off, gradually dying away in the distance. Some way behind Onecho came Uncas, and four other warriors, less light of keel. Before him, ran a single Narragansett, to whom he called out to surrender, as he came rapidly up with him. He turned round at the sound of his voice and Onecho recognised Miantonimoh. His royal crest of feathers was gone; his robe of costly furs, torn and bloody; his limbs scarce did their office as he tottered with difficulty forward; he bled from many wounds; an arrow was buried to the hilt between his shoulders; his whole appearance was that of one in the last stage of exhaustion. He was armed only with a broken spearhead, which he grasped from habit, rather than with the hope of defending his life with it. When he saw who his pursuer was, he stopped and brandished his broken weapon.

"Cub of Uncas," he cried, as Onecho came up, "to dare to mate with the Narragansett! Die!"

The young Sachem dropped the point of his own weapon, avoided the feeble thrust of the chief's spear-head and passed him by without stopping, and continued in pursuit of Otash who fled just before him. Behind Onecho, came one after another, three other young warriors, who severally turned aside from Miantonimoh's shattered spear, and passed on without slaying him;

for Uncas followed not far behind, and they knew the joy it would give him to capture him alive with his own hand. When he, at length was approaching, the old Narragansett knew him to be Uncas. His heart failed within him.

"Yield thee dog of a Narragansett!" shouted the Mohegan, as he came up. Miantonimoh raised his hand which held the fragment, and plunging forward would have buried it in his heart. Uncas caught his wrist and wrestled it from his hand as if he had been a child. Miantonimoh ground his teeth and cursed the Mohegan with impotent rage; then sunk, silently and silently, upon the ground. Uncas stood over him with his battle-axe raised in a threatening manner.

"Narragansett, speak! Demand thy life!"

The fallen Sachem uttered not a word.

"Had you captured me, I should have asked my life of thee."

Miantonimoh replied not, but preserved a sullen and obstinate silence.

At this moment Onecho, having, after a brief and fierce combat, slain Otash, returned, on seeing the danger hanging over the head of the father of Nelepe.

"Save him, my father!" he cried, arresting the descending blow.

"Hence, boy! Plead not for an assassin!" and he put aside Onecho's hand, and essayed to bring down the fatal blow.

Again Onecho interposed, when Uncas struck him back with the hilt of his battle-axe, and once more elevated his weapon. A third time the lover would have risked his father's displeasure for the sake of his mistress, when, his own interposition was anticipated by a loud shriek; and Nelepe cast herself, like a shield, over the person of her father. Uncas looked surprised as he suspended his blow, and cast an inquiring look toward Onecho.

"Nelepe," answered the young man.

"I thought so," was the stern rejoinder. "Now Onecho, will I at one blow save your honor and have my revenge."

The eyes of the young warrior sparkled with a fierce light as the stern warrior suspended the axe in the air for a final blow. His filial love struggled with his love for Nelepe. The latter prevailed. With a flushing eye he wrested the deadly weapon from his father's arm and hurled it far into the forest; then lifting Nelepe from the ground he fled with her toward her lodge, which was in sight, hoping to escape by the river.

Uncas stood petrified with astonishment and indignation. His eye fell upon a spear which a Narragansett had cast away in his flight. Obeying the impulse of the moment he sprang to the spot where it lay, snatched it from the ground, and with unerring aim sent it, whirling through the air. Arrested in their flight by this messenger of death, the unhappy lovers, pierced by the same shaft, fell, like a pair of doves transfixed by the hunter's arrow, bleeding and dead to the ground.

"Thus perish the traitor to his race!" said Uncas. The resentment and mortification experienced by him, on account of the guilt of his son, gave the father no room to indulge in grief at his loss. Returning to his fallen foe, who

neither spake nor moved, although he beheld his own child slain before his eyes, but sat with his arms crossed, sullenly awaiting his fate. Uncas took up the broken spear which he had dropped, and said as he once more stood over him.

"Will you ask your life?"

He waited a full minute for a reply; then the spear head descended deep into the breast of the sullen old warrior. He fell over on his side, and his life departed in a thick purple current, which his heart pumped out with its last throbs. Uncas scooped up the blood, as it gushed warm from his bosom, and drank it from the hollow of his hand, saying as he quaffed it,

"This is the sweetest draught that I have ever tasted."

Thus terminated the life and the race of the haughty and ambitious Narragansett. The death of Miantonimoh, by the hand of Uncas, was a final blow to the power of the conquered tribe, although for many years afterward, they continued troublesome to the English. Uncas, by this victory, became the universal Sachem of his tribes; and his name is, subsequently, closely linked with the most important periods of the early history of New England.

"A more puissant warrior, a wiser councillor and a more noble and courteous gentleman, than this great Sachem, hath not been known in heathenness," saith a writer of old Indian chronicles. He was bold in war, gentle in peace, and withal, acutely sage in council. His aspect was grave, his manners dignified, and his post commanding, and his voice was exceeding pleasant to be heard. Yet, with all these excellent qualities he was at heart a savage; and by his drinking the blood of his enemy, hath shown, how little ways do outward excellencies go to make up a man, when the heaven of Christianity hath not sanctified the heart.

THE BROTHERS,

BY MRS. ANDY.

Oh! brother, we have met again! what tedious years have past,
Since we strayed upon the breezy hills in careless
boyhood last;
We parted, each elate with hope; wide seas between
us rolled,

I sought in sultry eastern climes to gather heaps of gold
And you consumed the midnight oil in themes abstruse
and deep,
Striving to climb the topmost height of learning's
thorny steep,
We roam once more dear brother, in our native glades
and bowers,
And surely hopes were never crowned so brilliantly
as ours.

I come enriched with countless wealth from India's
spicy shore,
And in brilliant pomp and luxuries diffuse my lavish
store,
While you the homage and the praise of learned men
command,

And claim a noble rank amid the wise ones of the
land:

Yet, brother, are we happy when we sit beside the
hearth?

Do we breathe the tones of joyfulness, or smile the
smiles of mirth?

No, no: your brow bespeaks a heart too ready to re-
pine,

And well I know the feeling is reflected back in
mine.

Dear brother, to our loved pursuits our constant
thoughts we gave,

And never seemed the tenderness of faithful friends
to crave;

You gathered classic treasures, and I sought for
Mammon's spoil,

Uncheered by woman's gentle eye, by woman's kind-
ly smile.

We gained our wish—but barren is the scene that
round us lies;

We boast not friendship's cordial joy, or love's en-
dearing tie;

We never thought of others in the summer that has
gone,

And we stand, in life's dull wintry eve, unloved, un-
blest, alone.

Oh! if a parent's bliss were ours, how happy might
we be,

Surrounded by the dear ones we had fondled on our
knee!

With fatherly delight I might deck some blushing
girl

In the brightly flashing diamond, or the softly gleam-
ing pearl;

While you through learning's labyrinth might lead
your ardent son

To grasp still higher honors than his gifted sire had
won;

Our wives might smile beside us in their tenderness
and truth,

And welcome in their offspring a second brighter
youth.

Oh! brother, we have toiled in vain—we have not
met success

In life's great aim—we have not reached the goal of
happiness;

Yet our cold and selfish vanities still bind us to the
sod,

Nor dare we put the world aside, and give ourselves
to God;

The gentle charities of earth—the ties of wedded
love—

These smooth the path of man below, and guide his
way above;

But we never sought them, brother, and our vaunted
wealth and fame,

End in a splendid lonely hearth—a proud and empty
name.

THEY HAVE GIVEN THEM TO ANOTHER.

A BALLAD,

THE MUSIC BY H. R. BISHOP,

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

BY R. C. PAIGE.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It begins with a fermata over a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a similar melodic line with some chords. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a vocal line with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a piano accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

..... loco

They have giv'n thee to a - nother, They have

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a vocal line with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a piano accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

broken co'ry vor; They have giv'n thee to a - nother, And my heart is lonely

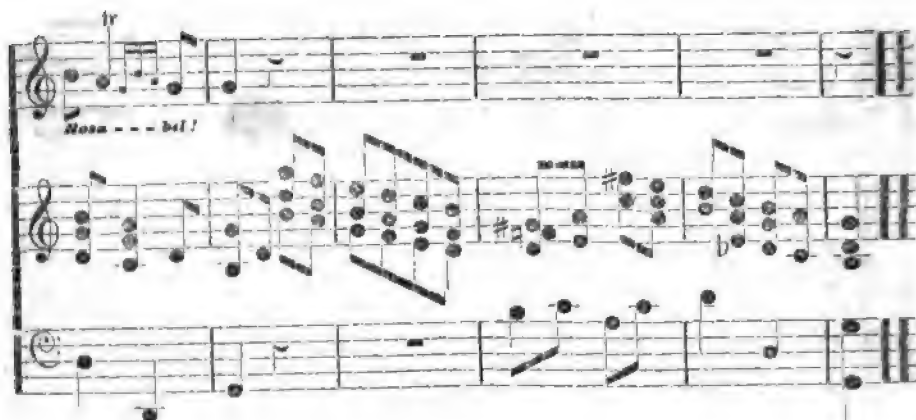
express.

now; They remember not our parting, They remember not our tears, They have sever'd in one

fatal hour The tenderness of years. Oh! was it well to leave me! Then

ad lib

could I not so de-ceive me, Long and sorely I shall grieve thee, Lost, lost



*They have given her to another !
She is now his gentle bride,
Had I lov'd thee as a brother
I could see thee by his side.
But I knew with gold they've won thee,
And thy trusting heart beguil'd ;
Thy Mother, too, doth sham me,
For she knew I lov'd her child.
Oh ! was it well to sever
Two fond hearts forever !
I can only answer—never—
Lost, lost Rosabel !*

*They have given her to another,
She will love him, too, they say ;
If her mem'ry do not chide her,
Oh ! perhaps, perhaps she may,
But I know that she hath spoken
What she never can forget,
And tho' my heart be broken
It will love her, love her yet.
Oh ! 't was not well to sever
Two fond hearts forever !
I can only say—Forever—
Dear, dear Rosabel !*

LINES TO R. F. S.

Original.

Forget thee ! when my native hills
Have faded from my sight,
The lolly pines and murmuring rills
Are hid in final night.
Then may'st thou think that I forget
Then only shall it be,
A blot that mars (with deep regret,)
The page of memory.

I'll think of thee at evening's hour,
When musing on my distant home,
And Morpheus resumes his power,
And bids the wanderer cease to roam.
When all is still, and lunar beams
Are bright on every hill and tree,
Reminds me of my childhood's dreams,
Then will I think of thee.

Forget thee, yes when life's quick stream
Is chilled by winter's blast,
When the bright sun shall cease to beam
And happiness is past.
Then will I cease to think of thee
If round the social hearth
Is heard no more thy melting voice
In the hour of rosy mirth.

Philadelphia, 1839.

J. S. C.

TO MY LADYE LOVE.

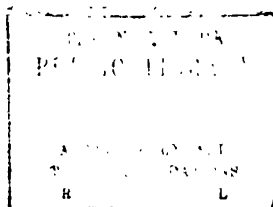
Original.

They tell me that the sun is bright,
But 'tis not so to me,
Unless by his revealing light
My Ladye Love I see.
They tell me too of twilight hours,
How tranquil and how sweet !
But my fond heart disowns their powers
Unless with thee I meet.

The spring is no more bright to me,
The summer is not fair,
And the whole year must Winter be
Till thy fond love I share.
A mute delight I used to feel
When came the vernal choir,
So sweetly did their notes reveal
The transports of their lyre.
But now unless my Love is near,
No rapture they impart ;
All passionless their songs I hear,
For cheerless is my heart.
Then, dearest, bid me haste to thee,
Consent, and be thou mine,
For every thing reveals to me
This doing heart is thine.

F.

A man of business may talk of philosophy ; a
man who has none may practise it.





LAKE GEORGE, NEAR TICONDEROGA.

Published by S. J. Parsons, Boston.



ATKINSON'S CASKET

OR

~~THE~~ SENTIMENT.

[1839.

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repetition here.

Lake George is thirty-six miles long, and from two to four broad. It is situated in the eastern part of the State of New York, and discharges itself into Lake Champlain. It is the most beautiful sheet of water in the United States, and is so remarkably lucid and limpid, as to have received from the French the name of "the Holy Sacrament." The shores are beautifully diversified, many shelving points of which run out into the lake. It contains three hundred and thirty-five islands, and is bounded by two long ranges of mountains. Diamond Island abounds in crystal

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fabric of the fame of A
will build up for himself and his country, the glory
of the name of "the American poet." The sneer of
"where is the American epic," may yet receive its
answer.

But while the poets of our country are "busied
in the cotton trade, and sugar line," like our own
Halleck, or the still more 'unpoetical employment
of vending pills, as is said of Percival, we can
expect no daring flights of genius. They must
forget the hum of business, and of cities, and like
our own Irving, breathe the free air, and taste the
clear water of our forests and dells; they must
ramble the mountain top, and gaze where the





OR

GEMS OF LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Who first beholds those overlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;
Who first beholds the lake—the mighty hills
So massive, yet so hallow'd, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis a moment
Whence he may date henceforward and forever?

No. 4.]

PHILADELPHIA—APRIL.

[1839.

LAKE GEORGE.

The scenery of the United States, sublime even in its infancy, is destined to live in song, and to be remembered in story. The classic isles of Greece have long furnished rapturing themes for the poet's pen, and from grave old Homer down to bards of less repute, and feebler powers, every harp has sung its praise, and even the English poets instead of bleeding their fame, "with their land and with their land's language," have chosen rather to be regarded as exotic plants, and have been destined to a sickly and a short lived glory. Instead of forgetting the beaten track, and striking out for themselves, a pathway to fame, by linking their names with the scenery of their own country, they have contented themselves, with servile imitation, and hence the highest praise to which they can aspire is, that, they are good *mimics*. It is to be hoped that it is reserved for America, to produce a second Homer—that the system of imitation adopted from Spencer down—always excepting Shakespeare and the wild and fearless genius of Byron; though even he has been accused of robbing Spencer—that this system will be discarded, and that a bard will arise, strong in his own powers, who with a daring hand, will pull down the flimsy fabric of the fame of American poets, thus far, and will build up for himself and his country, the glory of the name of "the American poet." The sneer of "where is the American epic," may yet receive its answer.

But while the poets of our country are "busied in the cotton trade, and sugar line," like our own Halleck, or the still more unpoetical employment of vending pills, as is said of Percival, we can expect no daring flights of genius. They must forget the hum of business, and of cities, and like our own Irving, breathe the free air, and taste the clear water of our forests and dells; they must ramble the mountain top, and gaze where the

cataract lifts its spray. They must visit Nature in her loveliness, and view her in her charms, where the lake unruffled, skirts the forest shore, and the proud form of the mountain in distinctive outline, lifts the rich scenery that bedecks its side, to the enraptured view. And as the soul is lifted "up from nature unto nature's God," they will find "the divinity that stirs within them" prompting to lofty thoughts, and to language worthy of their theme.

The scenery on Lake George, near Ticonderoga, is such as might employ the painter's pencil, or the poet's pen. Its ever-varying feature of hill and dale—the crested summit, and the foliaged hill-side,—while stretching off, as far as the eye can reach, the mirrored surface of the placid lake, reflects the loveliness of nature, and its own.

There are a few incidents connected with the spot, which render it peculiarly interesting to the American traveller.

Near the south shore are the ruins of Fort William Henry, and Fort George, celebrated in the early wars of the French, and Fort Ticonderoga, which was abandoned by the French, on the 22d of July, 1759, at the approach of the British troops, incidents, all too familiar to the mind of the reader of American history to need repetition here.

Lake George is thirty-six miles long, and from two to four broad. It is situated in the eastern part of the State of New York, and discharges itself into Lake Champlain. It is the most beautiful sheet of water in the United States, and is so remarkably lucid and limpid, as to have received from the French the name of "the Holy Sacrament." The shores are beautifully diversified, many shelving points of which run out into the lake. It contains three hundred and thirty-five islands, and is bounded by two long ranges of mountains. Diamond Island abounds in crystal

of quartz. At a place called the Narrows, the lake is much contracted, and from this point the scenery of the island is seen to the greatest advantage and effect. The fish which mostly abound in its waters are bass. A steamboat, during the summer season, plies its waters, which is patronised by travellers, for the opportunity it affords of viewing the romantic shores of the lake.

THE ERRING FATHER.

BY MISS T. S.

Concluded from page 107.

Original.
"WILT THOU REMEMBER ME?"—A. R. M.

AN ANSWER.

You ask me if in other lands
I'm destined far to be,
If I'll remember (friendship's bands),
Still bind to home and thee.
Land of my dreams, my youth's gay dreams,
My thoughts to thee again aspire,
And whilst the sun of virtue beams
'T will be a pleasure to admire.
But still the hours that we have spent
In virtue's bowers steal o'er me now,
My heart by care and sorrow rent,
And time has dimm'd my brow.
We thought not then of other lands,
Nor dreamed that we could part;
Tho' ever'd from thee, yet the bands
Of friendship reign within my heart.
Tho' distance hangs her curtain drear,
Between me and my native bowers,
I still for memory drop a tear,
For those I loved in happier hours.
Nay think not thus far memory's star,
Undimmed amid the lapse of years;
Still beams effulgent from afar,
And high the dome of pleasure rears.
Philadelphia, 1839.

J. S. C.

MUSIC.

BY J. W. MECASKEY.

Original.

'Tis sweet to list at eventide,
To notes that charm the ambient air;
Discord his impious head doth hide,
Nor breaks the song that's floating there.
Wild passion touches not those strings,
They feel no hand of fell despair,
Nor anger, with his loud tone rings,
But the dear love of lady fair.
Soft as the music of the spheres,
It guides us with its strong control,
It raises hopes; it calms our fears,
And joyful fills the inmost soul.
Who hath not felt thy magic pow'r,
Thou soother of the storms of life?
Who cannot point the holy hour,
When thou didst calm some rising strife?

The twilight soon deepened into night. Brilliant lights supplied the place of day. Tea was over, and dancing commenced. Theodore claimed the hand of Isabella; whilst, in another part of the room, she beheld Emma standing up with the *soi-disant* Colonel Mordaunt. When Isabella was returning to her seat, Emma approached, leaning on his arm, and introduced him. Confused and embarrassed, Isabella dared not look up, whilst she courtesied slightly; he, however, appeared perfectly at his ease, as if she were an entire stranger. "Can it be?" thought she: "surely I am mistaken. I have heard of remarkable resemblances, and this must be one;—but then, the voice is also the same. I will observe more closely." Theodore, however, engaged her attention, and Emma soon walked away with her Colonel.

The full moon shone brightly, and Theodore prevailed on Isabella to promenade with him the piazza. Accompanied by him, surrounded by beautiful scenery, the air filled with delicious perfumes, gay and happy forms fitting through the brilliantly lighted apartments, she thought that, where it not for the recollection of the scenes through which she had so lately passed, and the presence of Wilding, who pursued her like an evil genius, how happy she might now be. Mrs. D'Arcy beckoned to Theodore through the opened sash, and begged him to conduct Mrs. Hand to her carriage. He obeyed, first placing Isabella beside his mother. She was seated with her back to the window, and her attention being no longer occupied by Theodore, she looked around for Emma. She beheld her reluctantly dancing with Mr. Goodman, the Colonel was not near, whilst Isabella was endeavoring to see him. A low voice behind her—his unwelcome voice, addressed her thus:—"Keep my secret, and I will not betray yours, Miss Rivers; that I am here under an assumed name, and you are the daughter of a felon, need not be known to these good people, whilst we pursue our separate schemes."

Isabella's eyes were cast down, to conceal her agitation, and her frame shook with fear and abhorrence as she listened. To be classed as an associate of his, in his schemes of villainy and deceit, was dreadful to her. She felt as if she ought to proclaim his deception, and unmask him at once; but for her father's sake, she was obliged to be silent. Theodore soon returned, and Wilding retreated. Wilding handed Emma to the carriage, and Isabella beheld him whispering his *adieu* to her, in the most tender manner. Emma was all happiness and gaiety during their ride homeward, whilst all Theodore's kind attentions, though they soothed, could not disperse the dejection of Isabella.

"Tell me, Isabella," said Emma, as soon as they

reached their sleeping apartment, "what do you think of Colonel Mordaunt?"

Isabella hesitated: she was undecided how she ought to reply; at length she answered evasively, "I saw too little of him this evening, to form an opinion."

"However," said Emma, "you saw enough to perceive he is handsome, and a perfect gentleman in his manners."

"No," replied Isabella, "I did not perceive that."

"Indeed!" said Emma, much disappointed; "then you see very differently from every one here."

"Oh, my dear Emma," said Isabella, taking her hand, and speaking earnestly, "before you give away your heart, I beseech you, ascertain who this stranger is—be sure you are not deceived—remember all the tales we have heard of impostors, of actors, and valets even, who have passed themselves for gentlemen, and won the purest hearts."

"Colonel Mordaunt an actor, a valet indeed," said Emma, indignantly drawing away her hand: "far from that, I believe his rank is even higher than he acknowledges, he hinted as much to me to-night. If he were an impostor, my father, mother, and Theodore, surely could not be deceived."

"It is very strange," said Isabella, "that they should admit a stranger without proper introduction, and allow his attentions to you."

"They are not as wise and prudent as you are, it appears, Miss Rivers," replied Emma, coldly, whilst she prepared to retire in silence.

Isabella, also in silence, followed her, whilst uncertain how to act, and what more to say to Emma. She feared to betray him, for she dreaded the power he seemed to have over her father would be exercised in revenge, and still she could not permit the innocent Emma to fall a prey to his villainy. In silence they sought their pillows, and the two friends lay side by side, whilst coldness and estrangement, for the first time, was felt between them. Long they tossed restlessly: at length Emma sunk into an uneasy slumber, and Isabella wept herself to sleep.

Another bright and lovely day succeeded. Theodore proposed an excursion on the water, and again Emma pleaded an engagement at home. The younger members of the family gladly joined the party, and they proceeded to the boat. The magnificent scenery, the joyous party, and their kindness to Isabella, again almost made her forget there was care and sorrow in the world. After visiting a small island in the vicinity, and exploring its fairy works, they returned in time for dinner. As they were ascending the path, which wound up the bank toward the house, about half way, they encountered Emma and Colonel Mordaunt, who had sallied out to meet them, and had placed themselves on a rustic seat beneath a venerable oak. Isabella involuntarily started and turned pale at the sight of him. A cold shudder ran over her to see him so

familiarly seated by the side of her fair and blooming friend. Theodore looked at her with surprise, but was prevented speaking by their near approach. The Colonel appeared as much at his ease as usual, and, seemed not to notice Isabella particularly; but she caught one dark and lowering glance from him unobserved by the others, which made her shudder. The path was narrow, and partly composed of rude steps hewn from the native rock. As they were ascending, it so happened that Emma and Theodore passed on before Isabella, the younger ones having rapidly attained the summit. Whilst the Colonel lingered to assist her, he said, in a low tone—"So it seems you have been endeavoring to instill suspicion in your credulous friend—I warn you to beware; as yet you have done no mischief, but do not attempt it again: I can crush your own schemes on Theodore D'Arcy by one word." He spoke without moving a muscle of his face, and an observer would have supposed his words of trifling import.

Isabella, however, was extremely agitated as she replied, "Do not think any evil consequences to myself, will deter me from rescuing Emma, if I can do it. Do not suppose I will quietly stand by and see her, innocent and good as she is, fall a prey to an impostor."

He gazed at her a moment with suppressed rage: "Your father's fate is in my power," said he, "if you do not wish to see him tried,—condemned to a felon's lot,—if you do not wish to be branded with his disgrace, desist;—again I warn you to beware."

They now had ascended the bank, where Theodore and Emma were waiting for them, whilst both observed with wonder the paleness and agitation of Isabella. Mordaunt walked on with Emma, and the winding of the path soon concealed them.

Theodore offered his arm to the trembling Isabella—"What is it," said he, "agitates you thus? why do you turn so pale at the sight of Colonel Mordaunt?"

"Oh, Theodore," said she, stopping him, "I fear—nay, I know, Colonel Mordaunt is not what he appears; he is winning the heart of Emma, and he is not worthy of her—he will plunge her into misery. Ask me not how I know it, I cannot explain, and, above all, I entreat you never to reveal what I have said. I can tell you no more, but it will be easy for him to prove his truth, if he is not a deceiver. As her brother, you ought to require from him credentials to prove his respectability before it is too late for Emma's peace of mind."

Theodore was astonished and thunderstruck! How Colonel Mordaunt had been introduced, he knew not; but on his arrival at home, after a short absence, he found him well established in the society of the neighborhood, and never had doubted he was other than he had avowed himself—a gentleman, and a man of fortune. He would inquire immediately of his father, how he had been introduced, and to whom he had brought letters.

They soon reached the house. In front of it they found Emma and the pretended Colonel,

among some green-house plants which had been placed there: he was culling bouquets, and insinuating a thousand tender and gallant things, after the Eastern fashion; all he presented to her had many hidden meanings. She, flattered and blushing, turned away, to conceal her confusion. Theodore passed on to the house, to seek his father immediately. Mordaunt approached Isabella, whilst a large oleander partly concealed them from Emma.

"Isabella," said he, with a look of passionate admiration, "I have loved you, I love you still,—the sight of you has revived those feelings I thought were destroyed when you fled from me,—be mine—say one word, and I will give up the pursuit of Emma, whose fortune alone attracts me;—fly with me to your father!—loved Isabella be mine."

"Never!" said she, as she ran up the steps of the piazza, and sought her own room.

Theodore obtained no satisfactory information from his father. He did not know,—he believed it was the Dormers who introduced him to Colonel Mordaunt. Theodore went to the Dormers; they were sure it was the Nortons, and the Nortons believed it was the Hands, whilst the Hands were very much surprised, for surely it was the D'Arcys who first knew him. Suspicion became awakened, and Colonel Mordaunt found, notwithstanding his horses, his servants, and his carriage, he no longer would be welcome, unless he could produce some testimonials to his truth. He assumed an air of haughty dignity: he gave Emma to understand that he cared not for the common herd, as he designated the worthy circle where he had so lately flourished; but on her account, to satisfy her parents, he could bring credentials which would triumphantly refute all the slander which was circulated.

Isabella was relieved from a thousand fears when she heard he was to depart. She was strolling one evening alone in the extensive garden, through a pathway bordered with high current bushes. Suddenly she heard the shrubbery pushed apart, and Wilding stood before her. His features were convulsed with passion, and his eyes glared on her with rage.

"You have succeeded," said he through his shut teeth; "you have awakened suspicions which you know I cannot suppress; twice you have baffled me—but I will have my revenge—you shall not elude me again. I loved you—passionately loved you—but you fled from me!—I gave you up—accident made me acquainted with Emma D'Arcy. She and Theodore, you know, have fortunes independent of their father—I resolved to forget my disappointment in the pursuit of riches—I was on the point of success, for I acted well my part—you have defeated me, and I am not used to being defeated by a girl—a weak, silly girl. Do not think I will quietly leave you to Theodore D'Arcy;—no, I tell you I will have my revenge, when and how you least expect it."

He disappeared as suddenly as he approached, leaving Isabella overcome with consternation at his

words and manner. Theodore, who was seeking her, soon joined her, and earnestly inquired what had caused her agitation. She could only answer evasively, and entreat him not to question her. He forbore, though his curiosity was strongly excited, for he thought he had seen the departing form of a man leaving her as he approached.

Several weeks passed away without any thing unpleasant occurring to harass the feelings of Isabella, except, indeed, the occasional dejection of Emma, as her heart sometimes sickened with hope deferred, at the long absence of Mordaunt. But she was young and sanguine, and she eagerly looked forward to the day when he would return, refute all calumnies, and Isabella would acknowledge the injustice she had done him.

Theodore became every day more devoted to Isabella, whilst a pure and enduring attachment to him was springing up in her heart. Often whilst bounding along on their spirited steeds, over the lovely hills and dales of that charming neighborhood, animated by youth, and the first dawns of that master-passion of their natures, they would almost forget they were other beings than themselves, or other feelings than happiness in the world. At length Theodore declared his attachment to her: an attachment, he informed her, had commenced when he first beheld her a thoughtless, though charming school-girl; it had increased until it had become a part of his being, and the hope of possessing her had been the end and aim of his existence. As Isabella listened to this delightful language, the recollection of her father's disgrace overwhelmed her. She thought of the pride of the D'Arcy family, and she felt herself unworthy of the high, noble-minded Theodore, whose name for many generations had been unblemished. Much distressed, she turned from him, and begged him to forget her,—that there were circumstances which would prevent their union, whatever might be her own feelings, Theodore implored and insisted on her being more explicit. She thought she had no right to betray her father, but he understood enough from her, together with the rumors which had reached him, to have a suspicion of the truth. He tried to convince her it would be no obstacle to their happiness—that she, innocent and lovely as she was, ought not to suffer for the misdeeds of another. He argued the subject so eloquently, Isabella felt half inclined to be convinced.

She was in this state of indecision, sometimes happy when she received a new proof of the attachment of Theodore—sometimes miserable when she thought destiny had placed an inseparable bar between them, when one day, as they were walking in a retired lane with Emma and some of the younger members of the family, they perceived a little boy hovering around them, as if wishing to speak to them. They stopped several times and addressed him, but when noticed he walked away. At length Isabella was separated from the rest for a few moments; he suddenly approached her, saying—

"I have a note for you, Miss, which I was directed to give you when nobody was by."

"Give it me then," said she.

He handed it—it was her father's hand. The boy had rapidly disappeared, for Theodore approached. Isabella endeavored to conceal the note, but he had already perceived it, and also her trepidation.

"What affects you thus?" said he.

"Ask me not," replied she; "I cannot tell you."

"Isabella," said he, "I have often found you agitated and distressed—you always refused to confide in me—I have known you too long to be lightly moved to suspicion, but I cannot help perceiving, you are surrounded by mysteries, and have many little concealments."

"It is true, too true," she answered, much distressed, "I am enveloped in mysteries which I cannot explain—I, who would not have a thought concealed from you, if I could act as I wished, but I am controlled by circumstances."

She then left him, and retired to the house.—When she was free from observation, she opened the note. It was from her father. She was much surprised to find that he was in the neighborhood, and requested her to meet him at a place he named, as soon as she could do so, without being seen, for above all things he wished to remain concealed. His note filled her with alarm, for she feared he was involved in new difficulties. She knew not how to arrange a meeting without observation, for she was seldom alone, and Theodore was ever watchful to attend her. These perplexities caused her to be abstracted and thoughtful the rest of the evening: in vain Theodore attempted to rouse her, she was evidently lost in thought.

It happened the next morning they were engaged to accompany a large party in a boating excursion. Just as they were on the point of starting, Isabella declined going, and pleaded a head-ache as an excuse. She insisted that no one should remain on her account, and they departed without her. Mr. D'Arcy was engaged in household affairs, and Isabella contrived to elude the children, and departed to meet her father. She followed his directions through the lane, across fields, and over a high rocky hill, covered with trees, found herself at an obscure low hut, where he was to meet her. She entered the rude dwelling, and beheld him waiting for her. She rushed forward to meet him, and he pressed her affectionately in his arms, but his countenance beamed not with pleasure—he seemed oppressed with grief.

"My child! my Isabella!" said he at length, "I have sent for you to save me from a fate, which is more dreadful to me than death. Yes, my daughter, it is you and you alone, who can save me!"

Isabella looked at him in wonder and alarm, and begged him to explain his meaning.

He informed her, that—"after her departure, Wilding at first expressed the most ungovernable rage; he seemed, however, to get over it, and exerted himself, by means of bribery, to hush up the

affair at New Orleans. He was afterward taken very ill with the fever which was prevailing at Havana, and his physicians advised him to try a more northern air, for the entire recovery of his health. Wilding sailed for New York, and Rivers did not hear from him for some time. At length he wrote in the most urgent manner, for Rivers to join him in New York, flattering him with advantageous prospects—a lucky opening for a safe and lucrative employment, assuring him all danger of tecton was over. He came, and when he arrived, found that Wilding only allured him there to have him in his power, in order to oblige Isabella to marry him. "And he swears by all that is dreaded," added Rivers, shuddering, "he will betray me to the hands of justice unless you comply with his wishes. His determination is fixed—I see it—I know it. I have done every thing in my power to change it, but I cannot. It is you, and you alone, can save me. Will you, Isabella, save me from such a fate? The trial—the condemnation—the wretched slavery in those hated walls—and the finger of scorn—the disgrace which will be felt alike by you! On any thing but that—speak—can you, will you save!"

Isabella listened in appalled silence; she heard every word, though she felt nearly turned to stone. Her heart seemed petrified within her, but her intellect was clear, and she comprehended at once their dreadful situation. This, then, was the vengeance Wilding had threatened. She answered at once, for she perceived nothing else was to be done.

"I will do as you desire!"

The words were no sooner uttered than she sank down nearly exhausted. She soon revived, and was conscious her father was chafing her temples, whilst sobs burst from his breast, and his tears fell on her cheek. She slowly raised her eyes, and perceived Wilding standing near, with his arms folded, and gazing on her with a triumphant look, and a demoniacal sneer on his countenance. She again closed her eyes to elude the hated sight, but her senses did not leave her; she was fully sensible of all the misery of her situation. Her father raised her, and led her to the door. He then gave her directions how and when to leave her present abode.

"Come," said he hurrying her away, "it will not do for you to be long away. Courage my child," added he, in a low tone, "Wilding loves you, and your influence may make him more worthy of you."

She shuddered, and shook her head. She then turned to depart. Wilding started forward, and with a mocking manner said,

"Allow me to accompany you, my fair bride!"

She ran precipitately down the rocky pathway, across the road, and through the fields, but he kept by her side. He attempted not to speak to her, or to arrest her, but he kept along with as fleet a foot as her own.

They had entered a lane which led to the house, when she suddenly stopped, and hope again re-

vived. "Mr. Wilding," said she, "is it indeed your wish to possess a hand, when the heart is repugnant? What happiness can you anticipate from such an union? There are others, no doubt, who would gladly accept the honor which I do not value!"

"Say nothing, fair Isabella, you have given your consent, and no power on earth shall prevent you from being mine. I have vowed it, and I will not again be frustrated, unless indeed," added he with a rude laugh, "you would prefer to see your father take up his abode in yonder walls of Sing-Sing."

He then left her, for they were within sight of the house, and all hope expired with Isabella.—Scarcely conscious of her movements, she proceeded onward in her path. She had gone a few paces only, when Theodore suddenly appeared. His eyes were wild—his manner frenzied.

"Tell me, Isabella!" said he, seizing her by the hand, "was not that Mordaunt, with whom you have just parted?"

"It was!" she replied.

"What means this secret meeting?" said he, "that note you received yesterday—your agitation and confusion whenever his name is mentioned, and" added he, as with increasing suspicion, "your interference to prevent his addresses to Emma! Speak! tell me at once, and end this dreadful suspense!"

"Theodore!" said she mournfully, almost exhausted by the agitation she had suffered, "you have long known me—you can judge if I am capable of the actions you suspect! I am conscious appearances are against me, but if your knowledge of my character does not vindicate me, I have nothing more to say!"

"Oh! tell me any thing, dear Isabella," said he, "and I will believe you! Rid me of these hateful doubts, and I will bless you! Let me once more suppose you as pure, innocent, and lovely as I once did!"

"I can explain nothing!" said she, in an accent of despair, "I know you will have reason to suppose me every thing that is vile—but forget me—forget my existence, or remember me as one whose life would have willingly been devoted to your happiness, if destiny had permitted, but now—now I have promised to become another's." She felt as if her resolution—her fortitude was leaving her.—She left him, motionless from surprise, and entered the house.

With the calmness of despair—a calmness which surprised herself, she performed her preparations to depart. She descended the stairs, and found Mrs. D'Arcy, Emma, and Theodore assembled in a small sitting-room. The two former were discussing the strange, mysterious conduct of Isabella.—Her absence in the morning—her meeting with Mordaunt, for Emma's younger brother had seen them together, and had informed them of the circumstance. Isabella appeared at the door of the room, habited in her travelling dress. Her face was deadly pale, with a strange, unnatural composure in her manner.

"Mrs. D'Arcy," said she, "will you have the goodness to allow one of your servants to convey my trunks to the landing; the steam-boat will soon pass, and I am obliged to leave you thus suddenly. My father has sent for me, and I go to meet him."

"Certainly, Miss Rivers," answered Mrs. D'Arcy.

"I go," added Isabella, while her voice faltered, "conscious that my actions are invested with mystery and suspicion, which I cannot remove. You have all been kind to me, most kind; you have caused me many happy hours, which I can never forget, and could I suppose I bore with me the affection and esteem which you once felt for me, it would be some alleviation to my unhappy destiny."

She could say no more. Thoughts—recollections, overpowered her. She burst into a passionate flood of tears, whilst she leaned against the door-frame for support. They were all moved by her evident distress. Emma involuntarily advanced a few steps toward her. Isabella forcibly suppressed her tears, and struggled for composure. She took the offered hand of Emma, pressed it, and murmured some indistinct words. She then turned away, and left the house. Theodore joined her, and merely said, "I will accompany you, Miss Rivers."

They walked on in silence. When they reached the landing, the Dewitt Clinton was opposite.—There was a crowd assembled, and all was hurry and confusion. The trunks were thrown quickly into the small boat—Isabella uttered a hasty, though heartfelt "God bless you, Theodore!"—and sprang into it. It dashed rapidly through the water, as the rope was drawn in, and Isabella was soon handed into the steam-boat, which, speedily pursued its way.

Theodore rushed from the place and ascended a bank, which commanded a view of the river.—There, in a retired situation, screened by a thicket, he watched the departing boat.

"Thus, then," said he, as he threw himself on the ground, and abandoned himself to a passionate burst of grief, "is destroyed the fairest vision of my life! For years it has been the controlling feeling of my heart to possess her, whom I supposed as pure and as good, as she is lovely in person and mind. Now! now, what a blank is life!"

But we will leave Theodore, and follow the unhappy Isabella.

Her father and Wilding, who still passed under the name of Mordaunt, joined her at the next town, and they pursued their way to New York. As they passed Sing-Sing, he looked at those gloomy walls, and shuddering, cast an expressive glance at Isabella. If she could have felt a sensation of satisfaction, she would have done so, when she reflected, from that which she had saved her father. But her own sorrows were too great—the separation from him to whom she would gladly have dedicated her life, too recent, to experience any thing but misery.

They had determined to sail for France, and as there was a packet on the point of sailing for Havre,

Rivers prevailed on Wilding to defer their marriage until they arrived there. He consented after binding Isabella by a promise, that she would then fulfil her engagement without more delay. They immediately embarked, and Theodore read in the papers, a few days after Isabella had left them, among the names of the passengers to Havre, Mr. and Miss Rivers, and Colonel Mordant.

"Once more on the waters"—but we will not attempt to describe the sensations of Isabella at her second departure from New York, when she contrasted her feelings with those of the year before. The season was the same—the sun shone as brightly—the scene remained unchanged; but how different were her feelings. Then, hope was fresh, and life seemed strewn with flowers: now, she shuddered to look forward. Her only dependence was in Providence, and sometimes a faint, indistinct hope would arise, of a final escape from Wilding.

Their passage was stormy, and Isabella confined herself mostly to her own state-room. But they rapidly, too rapidly for her, passed over the waves of the Atlantic. She would sometimes gaze toward the land she had left, whilst recollections of those she loved there, and the dread of the fate which awaited her, would almost deprive her of her senses. At length they approached the land. That sound, so joyous to the ears of others, brought dismay to her. They soon reached their destined port, and prepared to go on shore. They left the ship for a smaller vessel, in order to reach the land. When they arrived there, as Wilding was assisting Isabella, his foot slipped, and he fell between the boat and the quay. The wind was blowing very hard, and the water was extremely rough—the boat was dashed against the pier, and he was crushed between them. He was taken out very much injured—conveyed to a hotel—and surgical aid was immediately procured, but in vain. When he became aware that death awaited him, dark and gloomy terrors shook his soul. That great change which he had ever driven from his thoughts, now filled him with direful apprehension. He called Mr. Rivers to his bedside, and placing in his hands papers which would enable him to take possession of property in different places, informed him, while they were engaged in various speculations in New Orleans, he had always represented to him that the result was unfortunate; Wilding, however, had taken the profits himself, Rivers being too easily deceived to inquire into their affairs. He lingered a few days only, and soon terminated a long life of crime. His death caused Mr. Rivers much serious reflection. This, and the influence of Isabella—so good, so gentle, and so innocent, awakened his thoughts to better things, and he resolved to endeavor for the remainder of his days to compensate, if possible, for the errors of his former life. He found himself in the possession of property sufficient for all the comforts of life, and devoted himself to the happiness of Isabella. He lavished upon her the most endearing kindness, and every tender attention. In these secret feelings of the heart, he found

more true happiness than in all the pursuits of pleasure and dissipation.

They visited every place of interest on the continent of Europe, and whenever they remained for a few months in any place, Mr. Rivers procured masters to perfect Isabella in those accomplishments in which she had already acquired some proficiency. She endeavored to beguile the melancholy which she felt from the disappointment of her heart, by viewing the wonders of art and nature, and she found a great resource in cultivating those talents and that mind, with which she was so highly gifted. Often, however, even when surrounded by the noblest works of art, or whilst gazing on the storied scenes of Europe, memory would recall that spot on the banks of the rural Hudson, where she had been most happy, and to her it appeared there the sun shone more brightly, and nature appeared more lovely than all the famed scenes she was visiting.

Two years had passed in these wanderings. Mr. Rivers's health had long been declining, and he now seemed sinking, through weakness. They determined to remain for a while in a small, though lovely village in the South of France. They, therefore took possession of a pleasant looking cottage, in a charming country. Soon after, Mr. Rivers was attacked by a paralytic-stroke, and for several months Isabella watched beside him, in his helpless state, ministering to his wants with the utmost devotion. He expired, blessing her; and thus she was left alone.

An American gentleman happened to be passing through that village at the time, and hearing, accidentally, of the death of a countryman, and the desolate situation of his daughter, offered his services to the nurse who had attended Mr. Rivers. She accepted them, and agreed that he should watch beside the corpse, whilst she prevailed on the exhausted Isabella to seek a few hours repose. He stationed himself in the room where his fellow countrymen was prepared for his last earthly dwelling, where he watched during the night. A dim light burned at one end of the room, and the bright full moon was shining through the window, which he had thrown open to view the lovely scene without. All was still, and his attention was occupied gazing on the vineyards, sleeping in the moonlight, when he heard a slight sound in the apartment. He turned and beheld a female figure clothed in white, beside the corpse. She raised the cloth which covered his face, and when she beheld the change which death had already wrought on those sunken features, she uttered a slight exclamation, and sunk to the floor. He raised her fainting form, and bore her to the window, hoping the fresh air might revive her. He removed the drapery which had fallen over her face, and the bright rays of the moon shone on her as she opened her eyes, "Isabella!" "Theodore!" they each exclaimed. The recognition was mutual. A pause of agitation ensued.

"Your father!" enquired he, as he pointed to the body.

She bowed her head in assent.

"And your husband?" added he, withdrawing his supporting arm from her, and placing her in a chair.

"I am not married!" she replied, faintly.

A weight of care seemed suddenly removed from his breast—he breathed more freely. The nurse soon entered, and prevailed on Isabella to retire.

The next day the body of her father was deposited in the burial ground of a small community of Protestants. Theodore arranged every thing which could most contribute to the comfort of Isabella.

Soon after, a mutual explanation ensued between them. Theodore had much to tell. His father was no longer living, and Emma was the wife of Jonathan Goodman, a neighbor, and a worthy man; one whom she had known and esteemed from childhood, and she was now a happy wife and mother.

Isabella informed Theodore of the reasons for her apparently unaccountable conduct. He wrote to his mother and Emma, and told them of his unexpected meeting with Isabella. He explained to them enough to erase from their minds all unfavorable impressions of Isabella, without informing them of the whole of Mr. Rivers's delinquencies.

In a few months they were united; and after she had accompanied him through the remainder of his tour, they returned to their dear native land. Mrs. D'Arcy received her with affection, and among all the blessings her union with Theodore had bestowed on her, few were more valuable than so kind a mother. Those talents which she had had so fine an opportunity to cultivate, now made her the ornament of the society in which she moved, whilst in more private life she proved the best of wives and mothers. The story of her father's life was a lesson to her—early to instil into the minds of her offspring the firm integrity which no misfortune can shake—no circumstances corrupt.

"OUR STATE HOUSE."

Rever'd memento of the sacred past—

Thy city's pride,

A mute and silent eloquence thou hast:

When by thy side,

I gaze upon thy chequer'd, antiquated wall,

Or tread the solemn stillness of thy hallow'd Hall.

Long mayst thou stand, old edifice, to greet

The passer by,

Who oft will turn within thy busied street,

When thou art nigh,

And bless the memory of the departed dead,

Whose high resolves, our sires to fadeless vict'ry led

As child to manhood grown the spot adores

Where he was nursed,

Or as we love our quiet peaceful shores,—

The best and first,

So be thou lov'd while surge of ocean laves our coast,

My city's gem, of fellow countrymen the boast.

No marble lane, or stone of towering height,

Could better tell

The tale of revolutionary fight,

Than thy lov'd spell.

Thou good old structure, emblematic of our homes,
Exchange thee, no, not I, for kingly crowns or
thrones.

Thou'rt sceptre'd firmly in the patriot heart,

There hold'st thy sway,

Association never will depart,

Or turn away

From that plain threshold where the noble Adams
trod,

Till freedom is extinct, or time's no more with God.
IDUS.

REMORSE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Winter is upon my brow, and in my heart—the dark, the sombre, the hopeless winter of age; with no bright spring to gladden the straining eye of expectation, no warmer season, no flowery hours, beyond!

Winter is upon my brow, and in my heart—the stern, cold, sorrowful winter of age; but not the winter as it comes to some, after a long and sunshiny life of joy treading upon joy, and of one pleasant cup drained after another till the sated and the weary spirit sees the hour of rest approaching with the calm glad hope of peaceful slumber, destined to end in another day as bright, as full of glory and enjoyment!

Time, that has blanched the hair and dimmed the eye; Time, that has bent the powerful frame and relaxed the vigorous sinew; Time, that obliterates so many things from the tablets of memory—is it Time that has blotted out the joys, the hopes, the feelings, that were once bright and clear in this stony heart? is it Time that has rendered the past a fearful chaos of dark remembrances: the future, a vision of terrible apprehensions?

Alas, no! Time has broken down the strength of limb, blanched the jetty locks that curled around my brow in youth, dimmed the bright eye that gazed unshielded on the sun, made the hand tremble and the head to bow. All the slow ruin that he works on man, Time has wrought on me; but he has refused me all those blessings which soften and alleviate the destructive power of his calm deliberate hand. He has taken away no dark memory of the past, he has assuaged no pang, he has relieved me of no burden, he has removed no regret, he has given no hope, he has withheld even the consolation of decay, he has denied me death itself.—Lingering onward, beyond the allotted space of man, I seem still approaching to an end that is not reached; and, as if the agonies of the heart had hardened into marble the external frame, the ruin of these fleshly limbs marches with the same slow progress which marks the decay of the dark and gloomy arches amidst which I dwell.

I can remember yonder wide and spreading elm, which shadows the fountain before the door of the abbey, a sapling tree, scarce higher than my staff. I can remember yon iron chain, now worn and corroded with the rust, which attaches the cup to the stonework round the spring, new and polished from the hands of the workman. But Time, which has spread out the tree in its majesty, has left me withering even more slowly than it has sprung up; and, though the corroding rust upon my heart has entered more deeply into my soul than that upon the chain has gnawed into its links, I fear—alas! I fear—that long after the iron has snapped asunder, and the cup has fallen to the ground, the weary chain of hours will still exist for me, and this worthless frame will still be linked to the earth it hates.

Listen, and you shall hear; for the tale may be instructive to others! Nor is it painful to myself to tell: for every act—for every thought, of that dark, melancholy history, is as clearly before my eyes, at each moment of existence, as it was in the time of its performance. The past—to me, the dreadful past!—is one eternal present; and the Promethean vulture of remorse preys on me now, and for ever.

I remember myself once a sunny child; and the gay, light-hearted maidens of my mother playing with the glossy locks of my dark brown hair, and vowing that I was the prettiest boy that ever had been seen; crying, "Well a-day! what a pity he is not the eldest son!"

I remember myself in those spring moments of early life, sitting by my sweet mother's knee, and gazing up into her soft hazel eyes, and reading there a whole volume of deep maternal love. I remember, too, having seen those eyes turned from me to my elder brother, and to have marked a sigh break even from amidst the smiles that, in those days, hung upon her lips.

I remember myself, in that age of eagerness and superabundant life, running by the side of my father's battle-horse, when he rode forth to join the armies of the emperor, about to carry warfare into France; and I remember very well his bending down and blessing me, for a bold, brave boy.

I remember myself, in those hours of emulation, when the active spirit within troubles for objects beyond that which the feebleness of the young body can attain.—I remember myself striving with my brother, some three years older than myself, in all his sports and pastimes; and proudly feeling, that I was not so far behind him as the difference of our years might justify. Yet was the rivalry without jealousy. I loved him well; for my heart was framed to love things around it—to love too well, too deeply, too wildly, all and every thing with which it could make companionship; all and every thing which it could enjoy and esteem. The singing of the summer birds, in those young days, had a charm of a peculiar kind for me: it was not alone that it pleased my ear; but the deep melody of nature's voice found its way in thrilling accents to my heart, and won my love for those that poured it forth. I felt mournful when the yearly time of song was over; and I should no sooner have thought,

of sending a bolt from my cross-bow at one of the sweet choristers of spring, than I should of turning my tiny dagger against my own young breast. The flowers, too,—I loved the flowers: I watched them opening, I watched them in their bloom; I would stoop down and gaze into their bosoms of purple and gold, as if I could read there the bright secret of their mysterious life, and trace the fanciful link of association between their being and my own. When they withered, and when they died, too—especially if the blight fell upon some favorite, which I had long nourished and daily gazed upon—I could have wept: I should have wept, perhaps, if shame had not closed the fountain of my tears.

Wo be to those that blast such feelings! and a curse upon that fate which destroys them! For, just as they are intense and fine, so are they frail and destructible; just as they are bright and deep-rooted, so do they leave behind a darkness, and a chasm. What can I feel now? what can I love now? what have I felt and loved for more than sixty years!—

I was speaking of my brother. I loved him well—oh, how well!—for there were moments when he was kindly toward me; and when flashes of affection broke forth toward his little Karl, which woke up all the warm feelings of my heart. It is true, that even from a boy he was of a wayward and a gibing nature; fond to mock and to irritate; careless of inflicting wounds, or causing pain; haughty and proud, but brave and generous; and often, when he had struck a blow which could never be forgiven, the better spirit would rise up, and he would strive to wash it out by a torrent of noble actions. I loved him well; and I can see him now, with his rougher features, and his broader form, standing on my father's other hand, whilst I played with the dagger in his belt—the dagger, covering its sharp and deadly blade in the soft, seemly sheath of velvet and of gold. I have thought, full often, that that dagger, with its splendid mountings, was but too like myself—bright, beautiful, and innocent, till moved by some strong, commanding power; and then, what a deadly instrument in the hand of Fate! I remember him well, standing, as I have said, by my father's side, and pleading for some permission, or some indulgence, to be granted to his younger brother; and I have seen and known, while he so pleaded, that he sought to make compensation for some pain which he had inflicted—for some harsh jest, or unkind action. But I must not pause longer on individual remembrances, nor call up detached pictures from the past; but rather proceed with my tale, as a connected history, showing the dark current of events in one continuous stream.

We grew up thus from infancy to boyhood, instructed under able masters, in all that befitted our age to learn. In the ordinary studies of the day, I believe I was more quick than he was; at least, I made greater progress; but in those things he strove not to rival me; and, perhaps, it was want of emu-

lation on his part which gave me any degree of advantage. He contemned that learning in which the brain alone is occupied; he looked upon it as the portion of the monk, the schoolman, or the lawyer—beings for whom he entertained a sovereign contempt; and he left it to me, as one destined, by that fate which had made me a younger brother, to take the gown at a future period, and to inherit the rich benefices which our family could command. In these things, then, he strove not with me; the subtleties of scholastic logic, he called, most truly, a perversion of human reason. The beauties of ancient literature, the immortal poetry of Greece and Rome, he felt not, he loved not, he sought not to comprehend. For the art of the statesman, he had, indeed, some reverence; and, in some degree, loved those clear and definite sciences which exercise the mind, while they leave imaginations to sleep undisturbed.

The imagination was my portion, and whatever was tinged with it had beauty in my eyes. The lore of ancient Greece and Rome, the tale of minstrel or troubadour, the wild lay of the peasants in our native woods, the strange legends and superstitions of river, and forest, and stream,—all had their charms for me. Eloquence, too, divine eloquence! that gift which comes nearer than aught else on earth to inspiration—oh, how my very spirit bent and trembled to its power! How I have been rapt and carried away by the orations of the mighty dead! how often, in pouring over the page breathing with the eternal fire of their magic words, have I not forgotten my age, my country, my habits, and felt all the feelings, thought all the thoughts, and been shaken with all the passions, that shook the auditory in the Forum or the Areopagus!

But these were not all our studies. The sons of a proud and warlike race, of a high noble, in a land where hostilities existed as often between the princes of the confederation as between that confederation and its external enemies, it was my father's will that we should be taught all that we could learn of military exercises, all that could be taught, in short, in that age, of the science of war. Nor was it to my brother alone that he afforded such instruction; to me, also—to me, though destined to the church, he gave an education the most fitted to make such a profession unpalatable to me. It is true, indeed, that the clergy, especially of our land, were often called upon to draw the sword, and defend with the strong hand those rights which neither eloquence nor justice could always protect. But still, a natural distaste to the destiny which others had allotted to me, was sadly increased by the instructions which my father gave in all those sports and exercises so pleasant, so refreshing to the elastic limb of youth and health. To wield the sword; to charge the lance; to curb the strength—the wild and fiery strength—of the unbroken war-horse; to pitch the heavy bar; to hurl the massy disc; to leap, to wrestle, and to swim—relieved the heaviness of other studies, and gave

to my young frame that power and activity which fitted it for the camp far more than for the cloister.

It was here, too, that came my real competition with my brother. (Often he would seem to lie by in idleness, till he was started from his slothful mood by my near approach in those very exercises on which he prided himself; and then he would take a sudden start forward in the race, leave me far behind, and scoff at me with triumphant scorn for my disappointed hopes and baffled efforts. It became painful to me—it became terrible! The eager rivalry, the frequent expectation and disappointment, would have been enough, without the jest, and the gibe, and the mockery; but when those were superadded, it would drive me for a time into fits of passion, which only added to the scorn with which he treated me. Thus passed he hours till I had reached my fourteenth year: thus grew up feelings, in our mutual hearts, which, had fate placed the barrier between us that at one time seemed inevitable, might but have been remembered in after years as the offspring of childish quarrels and idle jealousy. As it was, they were destined to go on like some mountain stream, which, gay and brawling in the summer sunshine, frets and foams in sparkling activity against every obstacle that it meets, but does harm to nothing; till, when the rain falls on the summits above, it is joined on its course by a thousand accessory streams, grows dark and furious, powerful and overwhelming, and rushes down, a torrent over the land below, sweeping away peace, and happiness, and prosperity, in its angry course.

At the ages of fifteen and of eighteen, the fate of my brother and myself was to be determined, as far as the choice of our future paths through life was destined to affect it.—Choice, did I say! there was no choice; it was determined by others. At the age of eighteen, he gladly prepared to accompany his father to the tented field, to know all the keen and exciting pleasures that suited his age, his character, and his habits; while I, then but fifteen, was destined to be sent from my paternal roof, to pursue in the cloisters of Oberzell, those studies which were requisite for holding a high station in the church. While he was to go forth, mingling among the bright, and the gay, and the happy, contending for glory in the fields of fame—fields, whose very air is joy and satisfaction—I was destined to bury my bright youth in the dull shadows of a convent, never to come forth, but at brief intervals, till I was shackled with irrevocable vows, bound to a profession for which I was unfitted, cut off from the scenes and the pursuits that I loved, chained like a slave to a heavy oar, which I was to ply through life with equal unwillingness and pain.

While yet between me and that consummation of my fate lay a glad space of intervening hours, I was able, with the blessed power of youthful imagination, to cast away from me the thought of my coming doom, and to enjoy the present, with but few thoughts of the painful future. But, during the six months previous to my retirement to Ober-

self, I was like the navigator mentioned in some wild legend I have read, who, sailing on a calm and summer sea, found suddenly the wind drop away, but his vessel drawn by some unknown power toward an immense black rock, seen faintly rising above the fair edge of the distant waters.—At first it seemed all fair to him (so ran the tale,) and he looked about, and smiled to see the soft motion with which his bark bore on across that peaceful sea. Then came curiosity as to what was that mighty mass, that every day grew larger and larger to his approaching eyes; then came awe and apprehension, as its frowning features became more distinct, and he found that by no art could he turn the vessel from its onward course; then came the agony of terror and despair, as nearer and more near, swifter and more swift, he was hurled forward to the black and gloomy crags, against the base of which he saw the waves that bore him rushing with unceasing violence; and then, raising his hands to heaven, he called for aid in the hour of agony, but called in vain.

Such was the passing of those six months to me. At first, I would not think of the fate that had been announced to me; I hoped that something might turn it aside; I fancied that something might delay it, or render it more bearable. But, as time went on, and day by day brought it nearer, fancy refused to aid me—hope deserted me; every hour, every moment, added to the pangs which I felt. I brooded over my condition; I pictured to myself all that was gloomy, all that was sad, in the state to which I was doomed; I contrasted my own lot with my brother's; and imagination, while it shadowed over the prospect for me with clouds and darkness interminable, showed me his future life, all smiles and sunshine, all brightness, activity, and joy.—Still the hours hurried me rapidly on: I saw the preparations for my departure made; I saw the dark robes—sombre images of the garniture of my future years—prepared with busy hands; I saw my mother weep as she gazed upon them; and, looking forth from the window of my chamber, I beheld, in the court-yard, the proud and prancing chargers which were to bear my brother to the field; his gay pages in glittering array, and his bright and costly panoply made ready, with all that could give splendor and brilliancy to his outset in the bright career that lay before his steps.—Oh, how my heart burned, as I compared the two with each other! Oh, how I pondered, in dark despair, over the bitter portion that was assigned to me! I had never yet thought of avoiding it; I had known too well all those harsh arrangements, which admit no modification, in the families of the high nobility of our native land.

But the mind of man is full of strange contradictions; and despair itself will generate the wildest hopes. It was in the moment of the darkest and most gloomy conviction of being destined to a life of misery, that first rose the expectation of being able to change my fate—of being able to move my father, by prayers and entreaties, to suffer me to choose a profession better suited to my nature, and

to serve in the field, even under that brother whose chance of primogeniture kept me from fortune and the light. It was during the night that such thoughts came across me, as, lying on my restless bed, I pondered over all the dark and frowning features of the future; and with the first dawn of the morning I was up, and watching for my father's coming forth, to prefer my suit with all the energy and wildness of despair.

It was not long ere I had the opportunity I sought for. I represented to him all my horror of the profession to which he destined me; I showed him it was contrary to my habits, to my wishes, to my feelings, to my nature, to my character. He heard me calmly; and, casting myself on my knees before him, I besought him to give me any other fate but that: to let me serve in the army, under himself and under my brother; to let me win distinction, and found for myself a new race, as many a younger son had done. I asked no share of the wealth or the lands which were destined for the elder child; I asked but a battle-horse and a good sword, and my father's name to befriend me; and, as he laid his hand upon my head, and suffered his fingers to play, with a smile, among the bright curls of my hair, I fondly fancied that he felt my petition to be reasonable, and was about to grant it.

He spoke, and all my hopes vanished into air. His son, he said, must never act the part of a poor adventurer: he approved not, either, of younger brothers rivalling their elders in the profession of arms. Such things often ended ill, he said.—Neither could he consent to all the rich benefices in our family, which would make me wealthy and powerful, being cast away, and lost to his house for ever. As to my dislike to the profession of the church, that was but a boyish whim, he told me; all professions had their conveniences and inconveniences, and of all that he knew, the church had the greatest pleasures and the fewest discomforts. He ended, by bidding me make up my mind to depart immediately, as my very opposition to his wishes showed the necessity of my conduct being determined at once.

In four-and-twenty hours I was on the road to Wurtzburg, with a deep and settled melancholy crushing down every youthful feeling, darkening all hopes, embittering all enjoyments. The beautiful scenes through which we passed might as well have been a desert; the magnificent aspect of the city itself, with its amphitheatre of vine-covered hills, took not the slightest part from the horror with which I beheld it. Plunged into the old convent of Oberzell, I pursued my studies under the direction of some of the monks; and one of them especially, the prior of the place, took every mean to soothe my wounded spirit and disappointed feelings, to gain my confidence, and to soften my lot. I was suffered to retain, while under the preliminary instruction of the brothers, all the attendants and equipage to which my rank and prospects entitled me. My exercises and amusements were not forgotten; and I might have been even more happy than I was before—for my rivalry with my

brother no longer irritated and disturbed me—had it not been that the aspect of the cloister, and the presence of the monks, constantly kept before my eyes the prospect of that fate which seemed to me a darker interment than even that of the grave itself.

Though I resisted not my father's will,—though the pride of my nature would not descend to any further entreaty or petition; yet, I concealed not my feelings, and expressed the melancholy and the gloom that I experienced, in my letters both to my father and to my mother. To my brother I never wrote—I know not well why. It might be a presentiment, but I cannot tell.

About this time, the Bishop of Wurtzburg invited me from the convent to spend a time with him in his splendid palace; and, while I remained there, he displayed before my eyes all the luxury, the amusement, the enjoyment, which can be combined with high station in the church. I believe it was done at the suggestion of my father, in order to reconcile me to my profession, and to show me that it was not so dull and lifeless as I imagined. But the effect was quite the reverse from that which he, probably, expected to be produced: my gloom grew darker; my melancholy acquired only the greater intensity from the scenes of gayety and splendor which were displayed before my eyes. I felt, indeed, that the profession of the church, especially in our religion, was as night, contrasted with the daylike activity for which man was born: that it was night—all night; and, though the bright moon might shine upon it, and give even intense light and shade, it still remained the dark part of existence. I felt that, though some might find a pleasure in the brighter spots on which the moonlight fell, the shadow and the obscurity were all for me. I felt, that the splendor, and the pageant, and the pomp, the luxurious feasting, the sly jest, the flowing wine-cup, were all stains upon a profession which must draw its brightness from a higher source. I felt, that he who therein would find enjoyment must derive it from the mind—from powerful enthusiasm, from aspirations above the world, from hopes and prospects beyond this mortal life. I felt—I felt, even then, young as I was, that to many a man, such motives, such inducements, might shed a splendor through the dark and gloomy regions of the cloister; and, if I could have derived a consolation from any thing in my hard lot, it would have been from practising the austerities of the anchorite, and striving for the ennobling virtues and glorious enthusiasms of the saint. But, alas! I felt, also, that such things were not for me; that animal power and life was strong within me; that the fiery and impatient blood which flowed through my veins required the same fields wherein my ancestors had fought—required the same scenes in which they had mingled—required to act, and feel, and love; and not to freeze in the slow and feelingless current of a profession whose only warmth, and whose only light, are derived from the star which shines from beyond the tomb.

More sad, more gloomily, more desponding, I returned from the palace of the bishop to the monastic cloister. Despair was now at its height; would put no restraint upon myself; I would make use of no exertion. I gave myself up to apathy and idleness; I never went forth to take exercise; I would read the dull books of scholastic theology which were open before my eyes; I would hear the duller lectures of the brothers appointed to teach me; but the lettered page scarcely passed beyond my eye, and affected not my understanding; the dreary lesson of my preceptor slept in my idle ear and had no effect upon my brain, or on my heart. The good prior often tried to tempt me forth to ride or walk; and, as I acted upon no system—as that which hung upon me was gloom, not sullenness, I went wherever he asked me, I did whatever he bade. But the short walk that he led me, along the bank of the river, or the slow pace of his lazy mule, afforded but little exercise to one accustomed from infancy to the wild sports of the forest, and the vigorous games of military aspirants. The greater part of my time I sat and mused on what might have been, and in those musings I grew old before my time.

Such a state of things could not go on long; and I had been absent from my home little more than a year, when I felt a sudden change come over my health. A languor fell upon me; my cheek began to burn, and my brow to ache; and I could hear the rushing of the red stream of life, as it poured, like some tumultuous torrent, along the course of my young veins. I felt that I was ill; I hoped that I was dying; and when the prior remarked my state of sickness, and demanded what he could do for me, I replied, "Nothing, but send me back to die at home."

That request was immediately complied with; but, before the heavy vehicle in which I was placed had reached the spot where my paternal dwelling rears its massy walls and bastions above the river, recollection left me, and I was borne into the castle of my fathers in a state of wild delirium. I have no remembrance of any thing that passed for several days. What I raved of I cannot precisely tell; but I have reason to believe, from some words that my mother let fall at an after period, that my thoughts and my words still turned upon the dark subject of my future fate. Let us pass over that, however, and speak of matters more important to my history.

When I awoke and found myself at home—would to God that I had never beheld that home again!—I found myself tended by her mother, and by several of her maidens; but by another person, also, whose dress bespoke her of a rank equal to our own, though her face was quite unfamiliar to my eyes. It was that of a girl of, perhaps, fifteen years of age,—young, and bright, and beautiful as the morning. Her figure was slight, and full of all the light elegance of youth; every line was moulded in symmetry, and every movement sparkled with grace. When first I beheld her gazing at me, the small and arching mouth, which neither

the chisel of the sculptor nor the pencil of the limner ever equalled, was smiling to see a look of renovated health come back into my worn and haggard features; and the long, liquid eyes, shining through their dark eye-lashes, like the evening star, pouring its sweet light from the shadowy verge of night, beamed up with pleasure, to think that she should bear my mother the glad tidings of the first good change in my disease.

It was early in the morning, and she had stolen in to ask the nurse, who sat by me, the tidings of the night; and, as soon as she had heard them, and saw with her own eyes that I was better, she tripped away with a step of light, her heart thrilling with the joy she was to give to others. The first rational words I had spoken for many days were to inquire who she was; and the reply of the nurse, that it was the Lady Leonora of Weilberg, explained to me the whole. I had seen her when we were both children; and, even at that early age, I had heard that she was destined for my brother's wife. Oh, hateful custom, abhorrent to all the sweet sympathies and finest feelings of man's nature, which binds together, without one sympathetic tie, without one link between heart and heart, the unwilling hands of two lordly slaves to custom; binds them, even in the cradle, to the fate which is to make them miserable for ever! Leonora was destined, almost from her birth, for the bride of my brother; and, on her father's death she had been removed, according to his will, which appointed my father her guardian, to the paternal mansion of her future husband. There I now found her, in her surpassing loveliness; and there, during the long period of my slow convalescence, she attended me with the care and affection of a sister, and called me ever by the endearing name of brother.

If I envied him before, how did I envy my brother Ferdinand now! But let it not be thought that I weakly, that I criminally encouraged feelings which could only make me more miserable than I was. I envied him the more, only because I saw that a new star was destined to shine upon his lot, but I would not suffer myself to think that the star might ever have been mine. She called me brother, and I was determined to look upon her as a sister: I felt that I could love her better than I had ever loved my brother; I felt that no harsh word, no cutting gibe from those sweet lips would ever turn, even for a moment, the better feelings of my heart to gall. I took a pleasure in fancying that she, by her gentleness and kindness, might create a new bond of union between myself and Ferdinand, which might, perhaps, tend to soften the younger brother's lot. Great pleasure did I find in that idea—much pleasure, much dangerous pleasure, perhaps, in thinking of her. I had her society, also, all to myself: my father and my brother were still absent with the army; my mother had lost much of the activity of youth; and, as strength and health returned in the free air of my native hills, as,—with every breeze that fanned the woods, and every morning that blushed freshly through the eastern sky, lightning up for my eyes a world of

dear objects and old accustomed sights—the calm pulse of health began to beat more and more strongly in my veins, as the ruddy hue returned into my cheek, and the light of life and energy beamed up once more in my eye, we would wander together through the scenes around, and talk of all the happy themes of youth, and hope, and innocence. I can look back upon those moments with satisfaction; they were bright, they were pure, they were unalloyed!

At length, however, came a letter from my father, commanding me, in somewhat stern terms, to return to Wurtzburg, as soon as my health was fully re-established. Oh, how it changed every feeling, in a moment, into gall and bitterness. I had known, it is true, that the time must come; but, as before, I had wilfully closed my eyes.—Now, however, that they were opened, the dull heavy weight fell back upon my heart again, and seemed to crush it into the very earth. So great was the change, so apparent to all eyes, that my mother instantly sent for the leech who had attended me in my sickness, and bade him visit me in my chamber, fearful that the state of melancholy into which I had fallen might make me relapse into illness.

When he came, I was gazing forth from my window upon the windings of the river, with my hands clasped together, and my eyes fixed in intense and painful thought. It was easy for any one to see that the objects which presented themselves to my view were not those with which my mind was busy; and the leech, who dwelt in the castle, and knew all that had passed before, found no difficulty in divining what was the matter which occupied my thoughts.

He was a calm, meditative man, who had passed much of his early life with the armies in Italy. He was versed in many an art besides his own, but in none more than in that of reading the human heart; and, approaching me with a serious air, he sat down beside me, saying, "You are grave, Count Henry, you are sad; but let not your sadness go too far! It may injure your health, as I much fear it has done before."

"Health! my good friend," I answered,—"what is health to me? What is the benefit to me, of power to wield a sword I must not draw, of strength for manly sports I must not practise? Small store of health will serve my turn till death closes my eyes."

"Count Henry, you are wrong!" he said; "Pray mark my words, and I will be physician to your mind, as I have once been to your body.—You think the loss of health but little—and so it might be, if it did but bring certain death to those who are weary of the world. But such is not the case! Death follows not, like a servant, at the bidding of every one who casts away the greatest of God's corporeal blessings! Instead of doing so, the dark King of the grave sends messengers to vindicate his insulted power, and drag him who so offends, by slow and painful steps, to the porch of that gloomy judgment-hall, where he must wait

long ere he be allowed to enter. Those messengers are slow sickness, feebleness of body, loss of mental power, impotence of thought and actions, long burning fever, restless pain, and many an agonising pang beside. But even could you obtain death so easily, have you any right to seek it? Is not your life valuable to others? may not the time come when it would be valuable to yourself?"

"Never, never!" I replied. "In the bitter fate to which I am doomed, no time can come at which death would not be welcome."

"Your father," he said, in the same calm, serious tone, "and your brother have gone forth to lead armies, to do great deeds, and acquire great fame; and have left you to wither in a cloister, till such time as you can receive the cold and barren splendor of a bishop's mitre. It is, certainly, a hard fate for a youth of strong passions and an eager temperament. It is a hard fate: but yet, how many things might alter it; how many chances, in this ever-changing life, might occur, from day to day, to place you in a different situation, to call you to different pursuits, to open for you the path which you are most eager to follow! The life of each man in the battle-field is a life of peril. It is but a month since that your brother was wounded in a skirmish—slightly, indeed, but it might have been severely—it might have been unto death. Then, what a change—"

"Hold, hold!" I exclaimed, with a crowd of wild, confused, and startling images rising up before my mind, like phantoms conjured up at the word of a sorcerer. "Hold, hold! let me think!"

I did think: I thought with an intensity that was almost painful. Visions of splendid joy passed before the mind's eye; grand hopes, bright imaginings, dreams of delight. The free, the wide, the beautiful world seemed opened before my footsteps; the fetters seemed stricken off the limbs of my spirits; and I felt like the imprisoned bird when it sees the door of its cage opened, and the infinite expanse of heaven laid wide before its wings.—Such was the coloring of the first rush of thought which his words brought across my mind. But, suddenly, there came a recollection—a fearful recollection: the voice of conscience, the voice of God, spoke to my heart, and asked me how all these splendid things were to be brought about?—By a brother's death! I saw the dark polluted stream of evil mingling with the sparkling current of my brightest hopes: I perceived at once, with keener discernment than the eye of youth can often attain, that the wishes, and the dreams, and the anticipations, founded on such a basis, must all be criminal. It seemed as if the Almighty, in his mercy and his foresight, had spread out before me, with terrible distinctness, the picture and the plan of all those tortuous ways by which the mighty and tremendous spirit of evil might lead such thoughts into actual crime and everlasting destruction.

"Hold, hold, good friend!" I cried; while my brain reeled, and my heart throbbed with the strug-

gle between the glittering hopes and brilliant wishes on the one hand, and the dark and awful fears on the other. "Hold, hold, good friend! Leave me—leave me to thought, I beseech thee; I will speak with thee more to-morrow."

He paused, and fixed his eyes upon me steadfastly for a moment—I felt that he was reading my very soul; and then, without speaking, he turned away and left me. For several hours I remained alone: but the suddenness with which those ideas had been brought upon me had awakened my spirit at once to their nature and their consequences; and I pondered gloomily, fearfully, anxiously, upon that dark theme, till, at length, somebody knocked at the door of the cabinet in which I was sitting, and Leonora entered. She was looking more beautiful than ever; for in her eyes, and over her whole countenance, was spread a look of sad and thoughtful interest, and I felt that I myself was the object thereof. But that resplendent beauty, that look of affectionate regard, had any thing but the effect which it might at one time have produced. It roused me from the dreaminess of thought into which I had fallen,—it roused me at once, it is true; but it roused me to active determination. Instead of covering over the danger with still brighter hopes, with still more ardent aspirations, it taught me at once to see the precipice on which I stood. It showed me that one wrong thought suffered to remain, one bright hope left to seduce me on, and I might linger through the next few years—a wretch living on the hopes of his brother's death!

She asked me, kindly and gently, why I had shut myself up there alone, estranged from the company of my mother and herself? She told me that my mother was fearful and apprehensive concerning me; and added, that servants had passed through the room more than once—I had not seen them—finding me still sitting in the same position, without taking notice of any thing.

"I have been thinking, dear Leonora," I replied, "over my hard fate, in being obliged to quit all the scenes and the people that I love, and return to a profession for which I have so strong a distaste. But, as it is my father's will," I added, "my utmost exertions shall be used to bear my lot, not only with patience, but with cheerfulness."

I followed her to the chamber of my mother, and there repeated the same tale; and, though I spoke it gravely—nay, sadly, I saw that it was a great relief to her; and I learned that she wrote instantly to my father, to communicate the determination I had taken. Leonora looked sad, when I myself named my departure with but the interval of one day; but she and my mother strove to cheer me; and, seeing more deeply into my feelings than others had done, they talked not to me of the wealth, and power, and splendor of the princes of the church of Rome—of the amusements, occupations, and happiness which might be open to me as an ecclesiastic. They never mentioned a topic that they knew was painful; and that evening passed by in peace.

On the following day, I went out early, to meditate again by myself, and, as I returned through the woods which cover the table-land of those high rocks that overhang the river, I met the physician walking on, with a book in his hand. It was at a spot where the crag rather overhung its base; and I had paused for a moment on the brink, suffering my eye—while my mind was far otherwise occupied—to trace the swallows, as they wheeled, in dizzy flight, half way down toward the stream, cutting the thin blue air in the profound depth below me. The approaching step roused me from my reverie; and, as I turned, the leech raised his eyes from the book he was reading, and gave me good-morrow. He said nothing more; but, as I had seen, on the preceding day, that he had dived more deeply into my feelings than other men could do, I determined not to leave my thoughts or resolutions unexplained.

"You have been reading, sir," I said; not well knowing how to begin, and fixing my eyes on the book in his hand, which was written in a character I did not understand.

"Yes," he answered, with his usual serious smile: "it is a treatise upon poisons, by a learned Arabian physician; in which he shows that the deadliest drugs that we possess, given in a small and proper dose, prove the most excellent remedies; while the most valuable medicines, unskillfully administered, or taken in too large a quantity, become the most noxious poisons." He paused, and, fixing his eyes full upon me, added,—*"It is the same with the medicines of the mind. Let me hope, Count Henry, that you have not taken too large a dose of that which I left with you yesterday."*

"I trust not," I replied. "The effect which it has had is this: I have resolved to go back to Wurtzburg to-morrow; to pursue my studies to a close, without intermission; and, as soon as the church allows, to take those vows which are to bind me to a profession that I detest."

"No bad effect," he replied, gravely; "but not such as I intended. Count Henry, you are afraid of yourself; and you apprehend that the idea of your brother's death—which I should have thought would have suggested itself, among the ordinary probabilities of human life, to any man of quick imagination—may lead you into criminal wishes, or thoughts that are in themselves evil. Have more confidence in yourself! I pointed it out, merely as one, out of a thousand chances, which might make an alteration in your fate; but, as you have applied the motive I have given you wrongly, I must give you another, which, if you use it wisely, will counteract the bad effect of the first. You seem to have forgotten, that no man can force you to take a vow with which you are unwilling to bind yourself. No vow need be taken for several years to come; and the ultimate determination of your fate remains in your own hands."

His words again threw me into a deep fit of thought. He presented my position in an entirely new light to my eyes; and hopes again—better,

brighter hopes—began to rise up, and clear away, once more, the shadows that had fallen upon me.

"Far be it from me," continued the physician, after watching for a moment or two the varied expressions that must have chased each other across my countenance,—*"far be it from me, Count Henry, to advise you to disobey the will of my noble lord, your father. On the contrary, strive, as far as it is in your nature, to bend your wishes to his. Pursue your studies for the church; endeavor to discover all which may make that fate more agreeable; seek out every source of happiness therein; and if, when the time comes that irrevocable vows must be taken, you find you can endure the state they would force upon you, bind yourself, by all ties, to a profession which, dealing with the soul of man, offers, when justly used, a nobler dominion than that which controls and restrains the mere corporeal creature. But, in the mean time, impair not your health by useless thoughts and vain regrets; weaken not the strength of which, at many an unknown moment, circumstances may require the exercise; lose not the vigorous skill and knightly accomplishments which many a chance might render the befitting graces of your future station. Thus, at all events, you keep for yourself the choice, when the moment of election arrives. Possessed of all those qualities, and all that knowledge, suited either to the profession of arms or the profession of the church, you may choose which you will. If you find that your spirit will not bear the load which is cast upon it, throw off that load, with the case which they would thrust upon you; and, claiming nothing from any one, choose your own path, fight your own way to fame, and make yourself, as many a man has done before, a name, a fortune, and a station, in the annals of your country."*

There was magic in his words—the magic, it might be, of a keen and searching spirit—but still they once more changed every feeling, and caused a complete and sweeping revolution in every thought. They worked, as those he had before spoken, with greater power than he intended, hurrying me on to resolutions, when he only sought to suspend any rash determinations. Happy is he, who, with eloquence to move our hearts, has skill enough to move them only to the point he aims at. I went far beyond. He called to my remembrance—he placed before my eyes, in open day, that my fate was in my own hands; that my vows could not be forced; that, sooner or later, I could decide for myself; and I decided at once. Present opposition, I knew, was useless; but I resolved to lose not a moment, to waste not an hour, to husband my strength, to recall all the arts and exercises which had been taught me, and—far from my brother, but with a greater or more inspiring motive than could ever be his—to strive, as I had before striven, to excel him in all those points which affected his fate, and seemed to have no relationship with my own. The physician smiled to see the change he had worked; but this time he knew not how complete it had been. He said but little more, how

ever, and that little was a caution not to let my wishes or purposes be too apparent.

I returned to the castle an altered being. Leonora gazed on me with surprise: and, calling her by the sweet name of sister, I passed the remaining hours of my stay in that gay and light, but sparkling conversation in which we had never yet indulged. There was a deeper current of thought ran below; but it was covered by the light ripple of the surface, and there were no keen eyes upon me to fathom the stream that sparkled with such a sudden gayety. For my mother's part, she was completely deceived; and wrote, as I afterward found, to my father, to tell him that, after a fit of melancholy, I had become fully reconciled to his will, and had returned to Wurtzburg, not only prepared to resume my studies with alacrity, but cheerful and contented, as I used to be in former years.

Once more I left my paternal roof, but with altered feelings, and a mind made up to work out its own destiny. Did the image of Leonora, her summer beauty, her gentle, tender, deeply feeling heart, her bright and sparkling mind, full of glowing fancy and poetic thought—did her image ever come across my memory, to darken it with a wish that could not be gratified? No! Once, and for a single instant, perhaps, I thought how I might have been blessed with such a being as that: but the next moment I remembered that she was promised to my brother—that she was a part, the richest part, of his bright portion; and I declare here solemnly, in the face of heaven and of the grave, that, at that hour, I would not have robbed him of one grain of all his golden prospect—no, not to wear a crown. All I hoped, all I wished, was not to be rendered miserable because he was happy. "Let the full sun shine upon him," I said, "as fate had ordered it so, but do not force me to dwell for ever in the shadow. Surely he can enjoy his bright day, without keeping me from the light of heaven."

As to Leonora, though, full surely, my fancy was wild and wandering, yet there I did what was but right: I would not suffer imagination to rest on that sweet being; the wildest latitude that I gave my thoughts, was but to hope that some day—some far and future day, when, casting off the dull, gloomy gown, I had won for myself renown in arms, and conquered fortune—I might, perchance, gain a being like her, to be the companion of my brightest hours, and share all the sweeter, gentler, happier feelings of my heart.

I returned to Wurtzburg, then, with my mind made up, and my resolutions taken, with one deep and all-engrossing conviction acting upon me as an impulse. It was, that, in order to accomplish that at which I aimed, I must rouse up, employ, exercise, acuminate every faculty or quality of mind and body: that if, in the times past I had let any of the energies of my nature sleep, I must now awaken them to full exertion, and learn to guide and direct them with such skill, that when the time to announce my decision to all the world had

arrived, and I had to break through every bond with which they thought to enthrall me, I might be found capable of standing unsupported against all opposition, and of making my way forward under every adverse circumstance.

On re-entering the cloister, then, a change, remarkable to all eyes, had taken place in my conduct. I no longer applied to the lectures that were given me, or to the books placed in my hand, with the dull and drudging air of an apathetic or an unwilling scholar: I studied keenly and intensely. By the knowledge which I had acquired before, I easily made myself master of all the stores of ancient learning. I practised the powers of the rhetorician and the orator: and though, at heart, I despised the subtleties of the schoolmen, I took a pleasure in arguing down, and confounding those who had made the logician's art the study of their lives. All that was elegant, and all that was graceful, too, I sought for and cultivated zealously; and, dreaming, of courts as well as camps, of the council-chamber as well as of the field, every art and accomplishment of that day I strove eagerly to add to the science of the politician and the learning of the churchman.

In the exercises of the mind passed one half of my time: the other half, not only with the prior's consent, but by his counsel and advice, I spent in the manly exercises to which I had been accustomed; in ruling and managing the fiery horses which my father's liberality enabled me to keep, in hurling the disc, in drawing the cross-bow, in wielding the sword or the mace. With the attendants, too, that were allowed me, I would break the lance, or ride at the ring, or devise mock skirmishes and battles, and practise all the feats of the stout man-at-arms.

There is nothing on earth that can resist energy of determination! With it for our weapon, we can conquer all obstacles, we can set the heel upon all difficulties, we can triumph over our own defects, we can supply our own wants, and gain strength even from our own weakness. With such energy was I inspired. My health, which had seemed likely to give way, returned with redoubled vigor, my corporeal frame expanded, my mental powers increased; and the progress that I made in every thing, completely dazzled the good prior and his brethren, and made them shut their eyes to the fact, that I was devoting myself much more to military and political acquisitions than befitted even a German bishop in a troublous and tumultuous age. The prior, who held communication with my father from time to time, wrote him such accounts of my zeal and progress, that all his fears of any resistance on my part were at an end. The number of my followers was increased, my purse was always kept running over, and I heard many a scheme propounded for hurrying me on with scarcely decent rapidity to the highest stations in the church.

I had nearly reached nineteen years of age when my father and my brother returned from the wars in Italy; and, so satisfied was the count with what

he had heard of my conduct, that he wrote to me to come from Wurtzburg to meet them at the castle on their return. He fixed the day himself; and, with just time enough to accomplish the journey, I set out from the convent, with a train, befitting the nobleman far more than the destined churchman, and arrived on the very morning which had been appointed.

My father and my brother had not yet arrived; but I was received with joy by my mother, and with many a bright smile by Leonora. It was long now since either of them had seen me, and my mother could not sufficiently admire the change which had taken place in my person. I had grown both tall and vigorous, and had exchanged the somewhat effeminate beauty of my boyhood for the bronzed cheek and robust limbs of manhood. Leonora had seen me before, as I have stated; but she had never beheld my brother since we were all mere children; and, as we stood upon the ramparts of the castle, after the first movement occasioned by my return had subsided, and gazed along the road toward Vienna, she asked me, with a playful smile, if Ferdinand was like me.

A sudden thrill—it was not of pleasure, and yet I must not call it painful—passed through my brain at her words, and seemed to take away my breath. I turned my eyes to gaze upon her—she was lovely, very lovely; but, finding that I did not reply, she lifted those starlike eyes to mine, and repeated the question.

My mother answered for me. "Oh, no," she said: "very, very different!" She ended, with a sigh: but there were feelings at my heart which frightened me, and I would not inquire, even in thought, what that sigh meant.

We continued to gaze along the road where my father and his train were expected soon to appear; and as, from the height on which the castle was placed, we could trace it winding over the country for many a mile, we often deceived ourselves with the appearance of some distant objects moving on toward us, and shaped them, in imagination, into the forms that we expected. We remained thus watching for nearly an hour, and were about to turn away disappointed, when a single horseman, whom we had scarcely noticed, attracted our attention by turning from the highway into the road that led directly to the castle. We now watched him onward with some interest; and it was not long ere he approached the gates, for he was riding at full speed. In a few minutes after, a packet was delivered to my mother. It contained letters from my father for all who were present; but they were of the same tenor, merely telling us that he had been detained at Vienna, and should not reach his home till the end of the week.

The week passed, and my father's arrival was again delayed. Another week went by, and another, before he came. Thus was I, one whole month, in the bright and ardent days of youth, full of imagination, endued with strong passions and intense feelings, left almost alone with the loveliest being that my eye ever rested upon through life;

finding daily new sympathies between her soul and mine, new points of similarity, new links of association. Oh, God, that that month could have been blotted out from time! Oh, that it might never have existed, or passed differently! Yet, think not that, in word or deed, either of us gave way to one human weakness. It was in the heart, and the heart alone, that thoughts and feelings, armed one against the other, maintained the dreadful and still increasing conflict. At first we might yield, perhaps, to feelings which we believed were innocent: we loved each other's society, we sought it, we enjoyed it; we let imagination take wing, and flee whithersoever she would; we talked of a thousand feelings, and fancies, and pleasures, that were in common. She would sing to me, and nature and art had both joined to make these songs the most touching that ever fell upon my ear; and I would either accompany her upon the lute, as I had learned at Wurtzburg, or would join my voice with hers, and pour forth along with her, in the fanciful words of others, feelings that were but too strongly gathering around my own heart.

Ten days had scarcely passed, however, before we both became alarmed. She remained in her own chamber, and scarcely saw me but when my mother was present. I betook me to the woods, and passed half my time in hunting the gray bear, or chasing the fleet roe. But still we often met: we could not help it: there was no excuse for avoiding it; and when we did meet, our mutual eyes would sometimes gaze into each other, and my heart would burn to tell of all it felt, to speak with her upon the very danger of our situation, to consult with her upon the best means of avoiding further evil, and of guarding ourselves against feelings, which could produce nothing but misery to both. I fondly, I foolishly fancied, that with such confidence once established between us, and with the mutual wish and strong determination to do what was right, we should find it easier, supported by the rectitude of our own hearts, to shape our conduct as became us both.

Perhaps, after all, it might have been so; but the experiment was never made. I feared to trust my tongue with that theme, lest it should speak evil words, that could never be recalled: and, at length, while the struggle was still fierce within me, some soldiers arrived, as harbingers of my father and my brother; and, an hour before sunset of the same day, the whole cavalcade was seen approaching the gates. We went forth to the steps of the hall to meet them; and I could see Leonora first blush deeply, and then turn deadly pale, as she followed my mother. My heart, too, beat painfully; but so strong was my repugnance to one evil thought, that my brother's voice, heard as we were approaching the door, was the gladdest sound that I had heard for years. I had not seen him since we parted on our several ways. The boy had become a man; but he was the same as a man he had been as a boy, both in person and character. He had grown broad and powerful, but not, as I had, tall; and his

first speech to me was a jest on the point where I could bear it least.

"How now, my priestly brother?" he exclaimed, as he mounted the steps toward us; "how now? Why you have preserved those glossy, curling locks, which ought to have been sacrificed long ago at the shrine of our Lady of Andernach: but thou art right, Henry, thou art right; never become a shavelling a day before the time. How fares my lady mother?" he continued, in nearly the same tone. "The Lady Leonora!" he proceeded: "fair lady, by your leave:" and he kissed her cheek, which, from its marble paleness, changed at once to burning red.

I will not pause on all that followed. My father embraced me warmly, gazed upon the form that now towered above his own, let his eye run over each strong limb, and then remained silent, with a grave brow and thoughtful look, for more than a minute. "Fate might have arranged it better," he murmured, when he had done his contemplation; and then, turning, entered the hall with my mother. Festivity and rejoicing succeeded; and, during the two days that followed, I fancied that I saw the eye of my brother rest often thoughtfully upon me and Leonora, especially if a chance word happened to pass between us. She must have thought so too, for, whenever it so happened, the color mounted high into her cheek, and her eye was cast upon the ground. I felt that this could not go on, and that the sooner it was brought to an end the better. On the second evening, therefore, after their return, I chose a moment when I was alone with my father, and announced my design of going back to Wurtzburg on the following day. "I have seen you return safe and well, sir," I said, "and it does not become me to remain too long among scenes and circumstances of which fate is likely to deprive my after lot."

My father mused for a moment. "I believe thou art right, Henry," he said; "and yet, my boy, I am sorry that it must be so. Nevertheless, stay over to-morrow; there are to be some spears broken in the tilt-yard, and I would fain see whether those strong limbs of thine could yet strike a good stroke, if th y should ever have to draw the sword for the preservation of thy future mitre."

I smiled, and bent my head: and the next morning I took my station with my brother in the tilt-yard, to run a course against any of the gentlemen who had followed my father from the war. My brother and I broke five spears apiece, against different opponents, and none could stand against us. But, though he was three years my senior, I believe there was no one present who awarded him any superiority over myself in the use of arms. He himself was piqued; and, when no other adversary appeared, he exclaimed, "Now, Henry, let you and I break a lance together." But I threw the one that I had to a page, and sprang from my horse, replying, "Not with you, Ferdinand—not with you."

"What! are you afraid?" he exclaimed, raising his visor, with a laugh. But I took two steps forward, to where he stood, and, leaning on his horse's

saddle, I looked full, but calmly in his face, when I replied, "I am afraid of nothing under God's heaven, Ferdinand, but to do wrong!"

His countenance changed in a moment; and, springing from his horse, he clasped my hand warmly in his. Some hours after, I was standing alone in the lesser hall: I had paused, I know not why, before two crossed swords, which hung between the oak branches, when suddenly Leonora stood beside me. I turned at the sound of her step, as she was passing through the hall, and she paused immediately on seeing me, lifting her eyes to mine, as if there was something struggling in her breast for utterance. I was silent; for I dared not trust my voice with words when we thus met alone; but I could not help gazing on her still, and I am afraid that the sad—ay, and the tender feeling of my heart toward her, found expression in that glance.

"They tell me, Henry," she said, at length, with a look as sad and as anxious as my own,—"they tell me that you are going to leave us to-morrow."

"It is better that it should be so, Leonora," I replied; "it is better that it should be so." And, as I spoke, I raised her fair, soft hand to my lips, adding, "I will now bid you farewell; for it may be many years before we meet again."

She had become very pale; but she replied, in a low tone, "Farewell, Henry—farewell!—It is better,—yes it is better—farewell!" And, casting down her eyes, as if she was resolved not to look upon me again, she crossed the hall, and disappeared by the door which led toward my mother's apartments. I remained standing in the midst of the hall, with feelings struggling in my heart, to which all that I had ever felt before was like summer rain compared to the tempest.

At supper, Leonora did not appear; she was not well, my brother said; but, when I looked into my mother's face, I fancied that I saw the trace of tears. My father was grave, and somewhat stern; my brother was full of life and merriment; but, oh! how harsh and grating was that merriment to my ears! By daybreak, on the following morning, I set out for Wurtzburg.

It was rather more than a two days' journey; but I did it in less than two days, for there were fierce and hasty feelings at my heart, which made me hurry on at speed, and took from me all consideration for the poor beast that bore me, or the men that followed. When I arrived at the abbey, I had wrought myself up to such a state of mind that I dared not see the prior, lest the truth should break from my heart at once; but, telling the porter who opened the gates, to say I was fatigued, I went up to my solitary chamber, and, casting myself down, I gave up my whole spirit to the thoughts of Leonora. Then—then, for the first time, I really felt the hardship of the fate to which I had been destined; then I felt what it was to be cut off from love, and all its bright hopes and entrancing promises; then I felt what it was to drag on a cold and lifeless being amidst the gay and cheerful world; then I shuddered at the icy fate that debarred me from all the warm companionships, the

sweet relations of domestic life. Yet, strange to say, in the wild and agitating tumult of sensations which raged within my bosom, I felt, for the first time in life, inclined to rush into the state which I abhorred; to embrace the very profession, to the miseries of which love had opened my eyes; and to fix between me and the world that everlasting barrier which no after efforts could throw down. Leonora could never be mine. I had learned, in a fatal hour, to fix all the best affections of my heart on one bright object—an object beyond my reach, beyond my hopes—which I could never attain, which I ought never to dream of; and why, I asked myself—why should I linger on in a world which, without that object, was all dark, lonely, cheerless, cold—without interest, without expectation, without hope, without joy?

But it is all in vain to attempt depicting what I felt, or what I thought. It is all vain—utterly in vain! My thought and my feelings were a wild chaos of confused and painful sensations; and the whole of that night, and part of the ensuing day, passed as one lapse of agony. At mid-day, on the following morning, the prior entered my chamber, and, sitting down beside me, he demanded, "What is this, my son? thou hast neither been to matins, nor to mass, nor to the morning meal."

"Father," I replied, "I am not well; not alone in body, but in mind. I pray thee, bear with me for a few days, and if I seem strange, irregular, and wild, attribute it to a struggle with myself."

"Of what nature?" demanded the prior: "remember that you are speaking to your confessor, as well as to your preceptor."

I felt that I must give him some reply; and I said, "This occasional intercourse with the world, father, does my mind no good. It re-awakens feelings which I have sought to stifle: and I am determined that I will no more return, even for a day, to my father's dwelling, till my fate is irretrievably fixed for life."

"You are right, my son," said the prior, warmly; "you are right—quite right, if such be the effect of visiting your family. Do it by no means; but exercise, as I see you are inclined, all the vigor of a powerful mind upon your resolutions, and you will soon succeed in conquering the effects of a temporary intercourse with a vain and idle world."

"Bear with me," I replied; "only bear with me, good father, for one short week, while the struggle is yet strong within me. Let me deal with my own thoughts alone; and I will answer for it, that ere that time be at an end, I shall have subdued myself to follow out my fate, as usual. Give me such books as are good for my state; whatever may occupy and engross my mind will be of some assistance; and I will read, night and day, to make up for my lost time."

"It shall be as thou hast said, my son," replied the prior; "no one shall trouble thee: but, read night and day, thou canst not; and thou must promise me every day to ride forth, for a time, lest thy health suffer."

"I will, I will," I replied; "but I will take no

one with me. I cannot bear, in my present frame of mind, to hear the hoofs of a lordly train beating the ground behind me."

Thus ended our conference; and for the four subsequent days I spent my time as I had proposed. Was my heart more at ease at their conclusion? Had my mind regained any of its calmness? Alas! no. Far from it; for I knew that every hour that passed,—I knew that every moment, as it flew, brought nearer and nearer that fatal day which was to give the hand of her I loved to another: every hour that passed, every moment that flew, showed me, more and more, how deep, how intense, how passionate, how firmly rooted in my heart, were those feelings which had been growing up so silently in my bosom.

I scarcely could be said to sleep, during all those four days; and by the weariness of body, and painful activity of mind, the moral balance was nearly overthrown. I found myself, more than once, speaking aloud thoughts over which I had no control. My ideas refused to fix themselves upon the subject to which I would have dragged them; and my mind, even with the objects, the agonising objects that it sought out for itself, seemed losing its firm grasp of every thing, touching all that was painful to rest upon, and then flying off to things more painful still. It was on the fifth day after my arrival at the convent, and early in the morning, that a messenger arrived from my brother, bearing me a packet. It contained a letter, couched in the following few haughty words:—

"I would fain see thee, my priestly brother; so, if thou canst escape from the frock and the sandal, and wilt ride on the way hither, I will meet thee half way. To the castle thou must not come; and thou hadst better not let thy rulers know that thou art coming hitherward. Set off on the morning that thou receivest this, and we shall meet about half way. Shave not thy crown till thou hast met me; for I always think there is more cunning in a bald scalp and a gray amuce, than in flowing locks and an iron skull-cap. If an excuse be wanting, say that thou art going to visit our good friend, the Bishop of Wurtzburg, who is now at Bischofsheim, and has sent hither to ask both thee and me to spend a week in saintly reveling with him.

"Thine,

"FERDINAND."

I sat, with the letter before me, for an hour; and dark, and strange, and wild, were the fancies it conjured up. I doubted whether I should go—I doubted whether I should stay; and, whichever way my veering inclination turned, there came a sick and sinking apprehension over my heart, which surely was the presentiment of coming evil. At length, I started up, and, calling one of the attendants, I bade him saddle a wild, strong horse, that I had not ridden for several weeks, and bring it round to the back gate of the abbey. It was done quickly, as a matter of course; and, casting off my student's gown, I went out, and bade the servant to tell the prior, if he asked for me, that I should be found at Bischofsheim. I sprang upon the noble horse's

back; but, wild with rest, and vigor, and high blood, he reared and plunged, as if he would have cast himself down beneath me.

"You had better take some other horse, Count Henry," said the groom, "and let me bring down Selim's high blood before you ride him."

"I will bring down his blood," I replied sharply, driving my spurs into his sides, and forcing him through the gateway. The horse darted along the road like an arrow shot from a bow; and for miles and miles he bore me along at the same quick pace, without requiring word, or whip, or spur, to urge him on. But when he flagged, I urged him forward; and, ere the day was over, I was within ten leagues of our own dwelling. At length, a feeling of pity for the noble beast made me stop. I was in the midst of a forest, where I had often hunted; for our feudal dominion extended over all the lands around, and I could easily have found the hut of some wood-cutter or forester, where I might have spent the night, at least, under shelter. But there was a carelessness of all things had come over me; and, plunging into the forest, I sought a grassy spot, where the horse could find some food.

I cast myself down beneath a beech, and watched, with a sort of gloomy sympathy, the increasing shades of night, as they came, wave by wave, over the bright evening sky, like the dark torrent of adverse fate pouring over a life that had opened all in brightness.

I was weary, but I slept not: I watched the stars as they burst forth, and the moon till she set; and I saw the clouds roll up, and put out the lights of heaven. Heavy drops at length began to fall through the leaves of the beech and oak; and, feeling an intense burning in my brain, I cast off the broad hat in which I had been riding, and let the shower fall among my long and tangled hair. It seemed a relief; and then, for the first time, as morning was approaching, I fell asleep—if it deserved that name.

There was, indeed, some short period of perfect unconsciousness: the exhaustion of the body had triumphed over the irritation of the mind: but, oh, how soon the mind woke up in agony, though it left the body sleeping. Dark visions seized upon me; dreams, vague but horrible, shifting and changing like the flickering lightning of the summer sky, but showing forth, in every blaze, strange features and awful forms. The most distinct of all was the last.

I thought I heard a wild, shrill cry; and, starting forward, I found myself in a room, with Leonora and my brother. As she lay upon a bed of state, he grasped her tightly, with one hand, which was all dabbled in her blood; and with the other, raised aloft, he was again driving a dagger into her bosom, from which the gore was already spouting in a full, quick stream. I sprang upon him—I seized the uplifted hand—I wrrenched the dagger from his grasp—and, in the fury of the moment, I struck it into his heart. Then came another loud, long scream; and, wildly opening my eyes, I found my horse bending his head down over me as I lay, and

uttering a wild shrill neigh, as if to call me to myself.

Day was already high in the sky; and, putting the bridle in his mouth, I tightened the girths, and once more betook me to the high road. It soon led me on through the woods, to the high rocky banks which overhung that sweet river which flows past my paternal home—that river, by whose banks, and in whose waters, I sported in my innocent boyhood—that river, on whose calm margin I had enjoyed all the sweet, harmless pleasures of expanding life—of life, without passions, or memories, or regrets—of life, composed alone of joys, and hopes, and expectations. Oh, that sweet river! which I was destined never again to behold without horror, and agony, and remorse.

I followed the road, as it climbed up the bank, and then, advancing to a spot where a tall rock stood outward, like a promontory, and beetled over the stream, I looked on, tracing the winding course of the river, and the line of the rich wooden heights above, and the highway breaking in and out of the forest, now running along upon the very verge of the precipice, now plunging in among the dark old trees. As I gazed, I saw a single horseman riding leisurely along toward me; and a strange and apprehensive thrill came over me—a terror of I knew not what—a feeling as if a dark cloud had come suddenly between me and the sun. I rode on; and, soon after, where the road again opened from the wood and skirted the top of the crags, I met my brother. His greeting was sharp and taunting, as usual.

"Why, how now, Priest Henry!" he exclaimed; "with thy garments soiled, thy long locks dishevelled, and thine eye haggard! Thou lookest more like some wild gambler in an Italian inn, or some servicable and unscrupulous *capitano* coming home from doing his lord good service on a rival, than the demure student of a college of priests!"

"Ferdinand, taunt me not to-day!" I answered. "I am in no mood to bear it. I am like a horse whose harness galls him, and a little thing will make him restive."

"Why, what care I whether thou art restive or not?" he answered; "I have tamed wilder beasts than thou art, my good brother. However, thou art come to answer me a question or two; and mind that thou answerest truly."

My heart burned with feelings which terrified me at myself; but I struggled for a time against the evil spirit: and I replied—"If I answer thee at all, Ferdinand, my answers shall be true; but I must bear thy questions first, ere I know whether they will have an answer or not."

His brow grew flushed; and, with a curling lip, the sight of which is so difficult to bear, he said,—"Thou hadst better answer—ay, and truly, too; or I may tie thee to one of yonder trees, and, with my stirrup-leathers, give thee such discipline as no monk's hand has ever inflicted on thy shoulders."

I was silent, for I dared not speak—and he went on: "How comes it, that thou hast dared—my younger brother, and devoted to the cow! or gown

—thou, who art bound to the altar;—how comes it, I say, that thou hast dared to tread thy brother's dwelling in his absence, and tamper with the heart of his promised bride! How comes it, pitiful priestling?"

"Whoever says I did so, lies in his teeth!" I answered.

"Lies!" cried he,—"lies!—I say it. Dost thou say I lie?"

I could bear no more. "Thou, or any one else!" I exclaimed. "Whoever says it, lies!"

"By the blessed Virgin! I will teach thee to tell me I lie!" he exclaimed; spurring on his horse upon me, and striking me a blow with his clenched fist.

All the smothered fury of my heart broke forth: I drew the hunting-sword with which I was armed, and urged my horse on upon him. His blade was out in a moment; but, with the mad wrath of Cain himself, I struck a blow directly at his head. He parried it, I believe—though I scarcely know; but, at all events, as it descended it fell upon his horse's head, biting deep into the bone. The charger, mad with the pain, recoiled, plunged furiously, reared up—oh, God! what would I have given, at that moment, to have been vowed to the cloister for ever!—The precipice was behind him: the horse reared; Ferdinand struck it furiously with the pomel of his sword; and the uncertain bank gave way beneath his feet, and horse and rider disappeared at once in the vague air beyond.

I sprang to the ground; I darted to the very edge of the precipice; but, ere I reached it, my brother and his horse were lying on the earth beneath. Three hundred feet full down, they had fallen without a break; and there they lay, still, motionless, and silent!—I gazed for several minutes, and my brain reeled; but not with the giddy aspect of the fearful steep down which they had fallen. It reeled with the terrible deed I myself had done; it reeled with the consciousness of the awful gulf into which I had plunged my soul. The first impulse, had I yielded to it, was to cast myself over also, and to end all the busy agony of life by that one fatal plunge. But, as I still gazed, there came up to my ear a faint shrill cry; and I saw the horse struggle to rise up, on the narrow space of ground which lay between the river and the rocks, and, in the mortal anguish of his crushed state, spurning his helpless rider with his feet, roll over into the water! A wild, vague hope instantly crossed my mind, that life might yet be left—that I might not wholly be a murderer; and, running along seeking for a path, I found a way, steep and terrible enough, but which soon brought my eager steps to the spot where Ferdinand lay.

I gazed upon him, as he was stretched before me with the broad light of day upon his face!—and the last gleam of hope that was to cross my mind through life went out for ever. No living thing ever lay like that! The open eyes, the distended eyeballs, the arm doubled up under the back, the gore that drenched the ground all around, the fal-

len jaw and wide open mouth,—every awful token showed that death was there.

In an instant it seized upon me—the eternal, never-ceasing vulture of Remorse! My brain and my heart seemed on fire. My lip became as parched as if I had been wandering through the deserts of Arabia. I felt that life was all now one horrible, interminable night. The sun was darkened to me. Not a star was left in the sky. With man, with all my race, I was a stranger; there was no companionship, no sweet association for the murderer on earth. The dwelling of guilt was within my own bosom! The spectre of my brother pursued me for ever! The dark and mighty spirit of evil had placed his flaming seal upon my brow!

Oh, could I but have believed that death was annihilation, how soon would I have buried all my agony of mind beneath the calm waters of the clear, unconscious stream! But I, who, in the lightness of my boyish innocence, had always looked on death as some idle fear, but worthy of an infant or a nurse, now shrank from it as the most fearful fate that could befall me. To meet my brother!—to meet the brother whom I had slain, while his blood was yet hot upon my hand—his spirit yet fierce against his murderer!—to meet his spirit in the presence of Almighty God, the Creator of us both!

I could have called to the mountains to cover me: I felt the eye of God upon me, as upon him, who, jealous of the willing sacrifice, spilt the first human blood, and first saw death in all its fearfulness. And yet, I could not tear myself from the sight of what I had done. I gazed, as if fascinated by some strange and terrible power: I gazed, and trembled, and clenched my hands, and beat my breast, in all the impotent anguish of despair.

Something touched me; and, turning round, I found that my horse had followed me from above by the steep and difficult path I had myself pursued—and now, as if he could comprehend my agony of mind, and sought to give me comfort, he had come close up to me and touched me, as I was writhing with the pangs of remorse.

"True, true!" I exclaimed, as if the dumb beast had spoken and counselled flight: "true, true!" and, springing on his back, I dashed my spurs into his sides, and galloped on over the broken rocks and stones that lay by the river side.

He bore me gallantly on, and for a long way we went at full speed; but then he slackened his pace, and, letting the bridle fall upon his neck, I gave myself up to every terrible contemplation. Thought it could not be called; for it wanted all the golden links of thought. The chain—if there was a chain—was broken, severed, irregular. It was a conviction, an impression; a one, all-pervading, all-absorbing idea.

I had slain my brother! I had slain him who had sprung from the same blood; who had been nourished with the same milk; with whom I had sported in my infancy, and grown up in my boyhood. I had riven the kindred spirit from the kindred clay; and could I dream of any other theme

but that? It absorbed all other ideas, as I have said. It was constantly before me; and my eyes, as if willing to league with my heart in punishing my crime, retained, with frightful accuracy, the ghastly, glaring image of the dead, as I had seen him lie, mangled and torn, upon the river's bank.

I thought of nothing; I heeded nothing; I marked not the hours, nor the distance, nor the way. The horse paused and cropped the forest grass beneath me; and, with my head bent almost to the saddle-bow, I sat pondering over that one awful theme. Hours passed by; and, gradually, a broken remembrance of other things came upon me. I thought of my good resolves, my excellent purposes; the forbearance which I had promised myself to maintain; the firm endurance with which I had proposed to adhere to right. And then I remembered how madly I had yielded to my passion; and then, in frantic rage at myself, I snatched up the bridle, and, spurring on my horse, dashed through the woods, as if I had been chasing the deer or the boar.

Time, however, had slipped by without my knowing it; and the sun, by this time, was hanging on the golden verge of the western sky. I scarcely saw it; I scarcely saw any thing around me. There were brown woods, and deep and shady dells, and wide barren-looking moors, and, as the sun set, there came a gleam of waters, and I remember swimming my horse across a narrow stream.

Darkness then fell around me; but still I galloped on. I chose no path, I sought no object; but I fled on, as if from the messengers of fate. At length, the ground began to rise; the trees fell away on either hand, and I soon found myself on the bald and barren summit of one of our high mountains, with nothing around me but the twinkling host of heaven. I drew in my rein, and gazed up toward the sky: and, oh! what would I have given—there, beneath the calm, bright eyes that seemed looking out at me from the dark expanse—to have cast off for ever the weary load of life, if I could have cast off with it the heavier load of crime!

I paused not long: my horse seemed fretful and impatient, though we must have travelled far and long; but, with a wild neigh, he hurried on over the short turf of the mountain, as if attracted by something at a distance. I cared not, I heeded not, which way he went; my brain was still all troubled; my thoughts turned inward; and all that fell upon the outward sense made but a faint and momentary impression. On, on he dashed; and the rapidity of his motion seemed to stir up I know not what wild imaginations within me. The heat which had been in my brow and heart seemed to spread itself over all my frame; thrilled through my veins like molten iron; throbbled in my temples, tingled in all my limbs. Strange sounds came into my ears, and thin figures glided round me as I rode.

I had heard of spirits and of demons holding their nightly meetings on the gray mountain-tops, and now my eye beheld them all. A fire lay in the midst of my path: grim visages, and dark and horrible shapes, were seen moving around in the

fitful glare. I strove to turn my horse aside, but he rushed straight on, and passed through the midst of the fire; while shrieks, and cries, and blasphemies, and impressions, rang in my ears—and shrill and screaming voices called loudly for me to come and join the revel of demons like myself.

Tell me not that it was the madness of an overwrought mind: if it was a dream, it was more vivid than reality.

On, on went the horse like lightning: still the wild shapes and fearful voices pursued, hovered round me still as I went, and, with the swiftness of light, distanced far my horse, gleaming on the pathway wherever I turned. At length, I saw distinctly a stream—a little, brawling stream—coming down among scattered rocks, and floating past a broken bridge. I pushed my horse toward it, eager to escape the fearful beings that pursued me. He refused to cross; I urged him furiously on; there was a struggle and a strife—I felt we were falling: but, in a moment, consciousness went by, and I knew no more—

I awoke as from a dream, and gazed around me, with but faint and feeble recollections of all that had passed for many a year. I seemed to have returned to my childhood; for the images that first presented themselves to my mind were those of the sweet and early days of infancy. And, certainly, my strength of body well accorded with such thoughts. All vigor had left me; my head was bound up with many bandages; and, though I felt no pain, I had scarcely strength to turn myself as I lay. Gazing around, I perceived it was a splendid room; and, in the fretted woodwork from which the hangings fell, were carved the cross and pastoral hook, and bishop's mitre. Ecclesiastics, too, were in attendance upon me; and I saw plainly that I was in the palace of some high prelate of our church.

For some time I asked no questions, from the mere apathy of utter weakness: but, toward night, the Bishop of Wurtzburg stood by my bedside, and I remembered his face; though there was a vagueness about all my recollections, which made his countenance seem like one beheld in a dream. The moment after, however, another face appeared beside his, which had greater claims on my memory,—it was that of my father. He was dressed in deep mourning; and, as they gazed upon me, and talked together, I could perceive that they thought me still unconscious of what was passing around.

"He seems better—much better," said the bishop.

"God grant it!" rejoined my father; "it would be too severe a blow to lose them both at once. All the hopes of my house crushed in one single day!"

"An awful dispensation truly," replied the bishop; "and one that should teach you not to set your affections too strongly upon any earthly thing."

"I have taken that lesson already to my heart," replied my father. "But see, a change comes over his countenance! Consciousness must be returning. Where is the leech?"

"Here, behind," replied the bishop. And, in a moment after, at the prelate's sign, the surgeon who had attended me before, came forward, gazed upon

my countenance for a moment, and then laid his fingers on my pulse.

"Give me the drug from the Thebais," he exclaimed, turning to one of the attendants. "The crisis is past—he will do well; but he must neither see nor hear aught that can affect him. My lord," he continued, addressing my father, "if you value your son's life, you will leave him entirely to my care for the next week. I will answer for his cure, if no one interrupts me; and I will not quit his chamber till he can quit it himself. But if he be allowed to see any body, or hear any tidings, either painful or joyful, I will not be responsible for the consequences."

"But little joy," replied my father,—"but little joy have I to impart to any one. But be it as you will." And, so saying, he turned and quitted the chamber, leaving me with the surgeon and the attendants.

The man of healing addressed not a word to me during the two following days; but he seemed principally to apply himself to obtain for me long-continued sleep, giving me a drug which had evidently a strong soporific effect. Had he known all, he could not have done more wisely. Indeed, I have often thought that he must have possessed more than human knowledge; so immediately did he direct his proceedings to the ill of the patient, though he seemed to have no earthly means of discovering where that ill lay. He kept me, then, as far as possible, in a state of constant forgetfulness; taking care to strengthen the body by cordials and restoratives—as if to invigorate it whilst its adversary slept—in order to carry on the fearful struggle which must take place at length between it and the mind.

Toward the end of the third day, I felt all my corporeal powers returning; and the leech judged fit to leave off the sleeping-draught. Then came back the thoughts that were worse than death; then came the memories that formed a living hell in my own bosom. The surgeon sat with me, all night; and he talked to me a great deal, speaking in a low, quiet, musical tone of voice, with the lamp shaded, and his eyes turned away. He spoke openly of my brother's death: he termed it, the terrible accident that had happened to him; and told me, that the first thing which had caused alarm at the castle, was the report of some boatmen, who had found his horse drifted ashore. He then said, that it was evident that the animal had become restive with its rider, and had fallen over the precipice. "You know your unhappy brother's violence," he added; "and how likely he was to drive any animal into a momentary fit of madness."

His conversation was very strange. He spoke as if utterly ignorant of any share that I had had in that terrible event: and, yet, from time to time, he threw in every thing that could alleviate the weight upon my heart—every thing which could suggest excuses to a wounded conscience, or offer motives for self-command and exertion. After briefly relating the event, he told me the effect it had produced upon my father. His first exclamation,

the surgeon said, was—"I knew it would be so! I knew that his harsh passions would, some day, bring about his death."

"But when a messenger from the Bishop of Wurzburg," continued the surgeon, "announced to him, that you also, had been found lying in the woods hard by Bischofsheim, with your horse's back broken, and yourself severely injured,—having, it was supposed, lost your way and fallen over the rocks, while coming to the palace in consequence of an invitation from the prelate,—your father's agony knew no bounds. You are now his only child," proceeded the surgeon; "and it is your duty, Count Henry, to take care of your own health and life, in order to soothe and comfort your parent's declining years, and to keep up a noble family, which otherwise must pass away from the earth. The highest fortunes are before you; and you have duties to undertake and perform, which, to execute rightly, will occupy every thought, require every exertion, and will bestow happiness upon you in the very fulfilment of the allotted task. Let me beg you, therefore, to use all means, mental and corporeal, of regaining your vigor, and to gladden the hearts of your father and mother by the sight of the hope of their house fully restored to health and cheerfulness."

Such was the tenor of his discourse; and, certainly, though he probed the wound in my heart down to the quick, he left it not without pouring in balm: balm incapable of healing it, but which soothed the pang, and gave strength to bear the anguish that remained.

Whether he divined aught of the truth, whether he suspected aught, or whether his words were merely accidental I know not. I soon found, however, what it was to be an only son. My father's anxiety now knew no bounds; he would not remain excluded from my chamber for the week he had promised—but I was now prepared to meet him. A change had taken place within me: despair itself seemed to have given me energy. I had taken my determination; I had made up my mind; I had exerted all the powers of resolution within me, in order to live and to enjoy. There had come upon me a hardened determination to derive from the act I had committed all the earthly benefits which could be thence obtained. It was done, it was irrevocable! Fate, I thought, had had its will! It had stamped me for everlasting perdition: and I strove, with the firm sternness of despair, to prepare my mind to cast off all thought of the past—and, as every hope beyond the earth was, for me, at an end for ever—to enjoy the present, and to snatch the brief and fleeting pleasures of the world in which I live with the more eager zest, because they were all that could be obtained in compensation for the mighty sacrifice of my soul's eternal weal.

I little knew my own heart, however; I little knew the stream of gall and bitterness which it was destined to pour forth and mingle with every sweet cup of worldly pleasure. I little knew that Remorse, like some fell enchanter, stood behind me,

and prepared, as all the choicest gifts of earth were offered to my hand by Fortune, to change her splendid treasures ere they reached my grasp, and reduce them all to dust and ashes. Such, however, was to be my fate.

My father came, as I have said, and visited me before the week was out ; but he found me so much changed for the better that joy and satisfaction at once spread over his countenance. In truth, I was every hour gaining more and more vigor ; for the strong resolution within me—a resolution suggested by the skilful words of the surgeon—supplied the place of that calm tranquillity of mind which is the best balm for the sick or exhausted frame. Finding me so well, my father sat with me for several hours ; spoke with me of future prospects, and of days to come ; and I found that every thing was now, of course, to be mine. The wealth, and the station, and the honor ; the bright parental hopes, the warm affections, all the sweet relations of domestic life, were all, henceforward, to surround my path : and he spoke, too, of that dearer, that tenderer love, which was to be the crowning prize of all—the mighty recompense of an awful and terrible deed.

I recovered rapidly. Daily I gained strength ; conscience I resolved to trample under foot : the terrors of a future life I purposed to forget ; and I labored, with careful art, to gloss over to my own mind, with softening palliatives and fair excuses, the terrible deed that I had done. I tried to persuade myself that it was not actually my hand ; I convinced myself that, in the words of the surgeon, he had irritated me to a pitch of madness ; and, though I knew all the time that I was deceiving myself, yet I determined calmly—nay, reasonably, to be deceived.

I was soon able to rise, and soon able to go forth ; although my head was still severely cut and scraped from the injuries I had received. But, before I was equal to a long journey, business of much importance summoned my father away, and he left me to follow as speedily as possible ; bidding me hasten to join him at the castle, where my brother, he said, was anxiously expecting my arrival, as well as Leonora. As he pronounced that name, he smiled upon me with a meaning look ; and I felt, as it were, a bright light flash up from my heart into my eyes.

I shall pause no more now upon minute events. I have told my crime ; and for more than sixty years I have endured my punishment. It has come upon me in repeated strokes—blow after blow. An invisible hand has snatched at me in the moment of enjoyment, of glory and power, and plucked me headlong down from the height of fortune. Thrice came the cold shadow between me and the sun, and each time it extinguished a third part of the light of heaven. I will picture for you those three acts, and that will be enough.

In ten days after my father had left me, the surgeon consented to my setting out ; but he accompanied me on the way. I was glad he did so ; for there were circumstances on that journey which I

well knew might be terrible to encounter. We took a sweep round, however, and avoided one spot which I dared not have passed just then. But, as we came near the castle, a brighter vision rose up before my eyes, and led me on. Leonora, in all her beauty, in all her gentleness—Leonora, as my own, presented herself to my imagination ; and love, ardent, enthusiastic love—the only passion whose fiery nature seemed likely to conquer remorse—beat in my heart, and thrilled through every vein : no longer struggled against, no longer checked ; but encouraged, heightened, dwelt upon as a blessing in itself and in its hopes.

When I reached the castle hall, I was met by my father and my mother, and embraced tenderly by both ; but my eye glanced round for Leonora. My father marked it with a smile, and replied to it, as if I had spoken. "She is in her own chamber," he said ; "she knows not of your coming to-day. We concealed it from her, for she is agitated at the thought of seeing you ; knowing, as she does know, that her fate is to be linked to yours. Go to her, my boy ! go to her," he added ; "I think neither of you seem very apprehensive of the tie which is to bind you to each other."

I gladly heard these words, and hurried toward her chamber with a step of light. The door was open, and I went in at once, without announcement. As I entered, she was gazing from a window, through which might be seen the bright sun struggling with the dark and broken masses of a past-by storm, and mingling the lurid clouds with crimson and with gold. She was lovelier than I had ever beheld her ; though, raised over the high clusters of her rich, dark hair, was cast a light black veil, falling on either side of her head, and resting in beautiful folds upon her bosom. That veil was borne as mourning for my brother, and other parts of her dress betrayed the same sombre coloring ; but her countenance, though it was grave, wore no expression of very deep sorrow. On the contrary, the look was a look of hope ; as, with her head slightly bent, and her beautiful eyes looking forth through their long, dark lashes, toward the verge of the horizon, she seemed to contemplate the sun, scattering from his path the clouds before he set. Did her imagination find therein a type ! I do not know : but I have always thought, that those eyes were themselves like sunbeams ; and the faint smile which, at that moment, hung upon that small and delicate mouth, was surely like the dawn of a bright morning, ere the day—the beautiful and laughing day—comes forth from the dark temple of the night.

The sound of my step in her chamber roused her : and, starting up, she turned round toward me. As soon as he saw who it was, she uttered a light exclamation of joy, and sprang forward toward me. My arms were round her in a moment ; the long-suppressed feelings of our hearts broke forth : and, at the same moment, we burst into tears. They were the first I had shed. Hers were all joyful tears ; but mine, though they were certainly a relief, were mingled with bitterness. We wiped them away soon, however : and, unchided, unresisted, I

pressed my lips again and again on her sweet mouth, and on her velvet cheek; and then, drawing her arm through mine, I led her down to the hall, where my father and mother waited us. That evening passed over in the tumultuous joy of gratified love—joy, that obliterated, for the time, even the scars of remorse. There was, indeed, a suit of armor, hung in the great hall, which I would willingly not have seen; but I persuaded the rest that the great hall was chilly, and we retired to the lesser one, where I thought of Leonora, and forgot the past.

Another day rose upon us, and I found, or at least I fancied, that I was acquiring that mastery over thought—that rule over my own heart and my own soul, which could stifle the voice of conscience, and bid the restless demon of remorse be still. I felt, however, that the harpy would neither quit my table nor my bed, unless her ravening appetite were glutted by strong excitement, administered both to the mind and to the body. My corporeal frame I exhausted by violent exercise; and my mind found excitement enough in the acknowledged and open engagement between Leonora and myself. It was now that we found—or rather, it was now that we avowed to our own hearts—how deeply rooted, how intense, how overpowering had been the love which we had felt toward each other, even while it was dangerous, if not criminal. Leonora, it is true, had never by her own consent been contracted to my brother, but still, we both had known that she was destined to be his wife; and, certainly, the feelings which we now acknowledged to our own hearts, were such as must have shut me out for ever from my brother's dwelling, had she indeed become his wife. Now, however, to her that love was all happiness; and to me, by the excitement it afforded, it was all relief—relief from the agony of memory. I spent whole hours with her, pouring forth, with every variety of manner and expression, the deep, the intense, the passionate emotions which the very sight of her beaming eyes, the lightest touch of her small hand, called up in my bosom. Nor did she conceal, nor in any degree attempt to veil, that her whole heart was mine; and no one could look upon that countenance, or gaze into the depths of those lucid eyes, and not know that there was beneath a well of strong and impassioned feelings, which would make the love, once acquired, as bright, as pure, as unchangeable as the diamond.

There was nothing to oppose our love—there was nothing to struggle with it; and yet its unbounded intensity seemed to increase every day: while my father, whose great anxiety now seemed to be that his eyes might see my children before he died, hastened on the preparations of my nuptials with Leonora with as much rapidity as a decent respect for the memory of his eldest son permitted.

At length the wished-for day arrived. The castle was crowded with guests; feasting and revelry pervaded the halls; and the Bishop of Wurtzburg himself arrived, to give greater dignity to the ceremony. In festivity, and in music, and in sports, the day went down; and at midnight, according to the cus-

tom of our family, the chapel was crowded with our guests. The retainers of the house, in complete arms, lined the aisles; and, in the midst of pomp, and splendor, and glittering array, and waving plumes, and smiling faces, and all that could give the semblance of joy, I led my beautiful, my beloved, to the altar, and received her hand, in the presence of all her race, and in the presence of all mine. How shall I tell—how shall I describe the feelings with which I placed the ring upon her finger with which I felt that it was accomplished—that she was mine—mine, for ever! Let it not be supposed, that at that moment the terrible deed that had gone before was felt as any alloy to the thrilling joy of that event: far from it. Strange as it may seem, the knowledge of the great and mighty price that had been paid; the indefinite feeling—for thought I still shut out—that, for the jewel I had won, had been sacrificed the best possession of a mortal being, his soul's innocence, rendered that jewel but the more estimable in my eyes, and the gladness of having gained it more intense and overwhelming.

Leonora left the chapel with my mother; and, with a heart, the emotions of which no tongue can tell, I hastened to my own apartments. My heart was all on fire—my spirit was a dream of joy. But, while two of my attendants were aiding me to strip off my wedding-garments, my eye lighted on a small packet, which lay upon the dressing-table.

"What is that?" I demanded, pointing to it.

"It is a packet," replied one of the attendants, "which the Lady Leonora's tire-woman brought here, just as her mistress was going down to the chapel, with orders to lay it on your table."

Without taking further notice, I bade them proceed in their task; and, when it was concluded, and they were gone, I took out the packet and opened it. Within the first cover was another, on which was written, in Leonora's hand,—

"My beloved Henry,—I have no right to keep the enclosed; and, unwilling to inflict pain, either on your father or mother, I send it to you,

"From your own LEONORA."

With a quick hand I tore the cover open; and I stood like one turned into stone. It was the picture of my brother! That sight dashed the cup of happiness from my lip. As I gazed on it, every thought that I had shut out, every memory that I had crushed, every feeling against which I had struggled successfully, rushed upon me at once, and, seizing upon heart and brain, overpowered every other emotion; blotted out joy beneath the dark and terrible stream of remorse, and cast me down at once from the fancied triumph which I had acquired over the demon into whose power I had cast myself. There it was before my eyes; his countenance, as I had so often seen it in life, gazing full upon me, with a look that would have been stern had it not been for a smile upon the lips, in which the artist had but too well caught the scornful, glib expression, which was but too natural to that face. There it was, as I had seen it when last we met: so like—so fearfully like—that, with a power

I could not resist, it still attracted my eyes; and I gazed on it with horror, and remorse, and dread, till it almost drove me to madness. The features seemed to lose their form; spots of blood seemed to dabble the brow; the eyes rolled with the fearful distortion of a death of agony; and over-excited imagination changed, in a moment, my brother's effigy, as given by some skilful Italian painter, into the fearful and ghastly countenance which I had beheld lying beneath the rocks over which my hand had driven him. I tried to reason with myself; I made one wild struggle to recall the power which I had before acquired over my own mind: but it was in vain,—all in vain! Remorse had me now in his fell, unyielding grasp; and I gazed at the picture, with a thousand dreadful images surrounding it on every side, I felt that a moment longer would drive me utterly insane; and then, dashing it furiously down upon the ground, so that it broke into a thousand pieces, I darted along the corridor, as if I would have fled from all that pursued me, and entered the chamber of Leonora.

It was in vain—all in vain, that I hoped for refuge there from the fiends that had me in their power. The dreadful passing of that night is beyond my capability to tell: I must not pause upon it. I will not attempt to show how remorse turned love to agony: suffice it to say, that never did I lay down my head on the same pillow with my bright, my beautiful, my beloved bride—no, not for a moment—without seeing the ghastly countenance of my brother, as he had lain before me, convulsed with the agony of death, interposing between her and me, and wringing my whole heart and soul with misery indescribable!

She withered slowly. It was like the fading away of one of those flowers I had loved in my childhood—gradual, yet perceptible: not blasted at once, like a blossom broken from the bough, or crushed down by the heedless foot; but calmly, gently,—as the leaf fades under the ceaseless, even march of time. How often have I marked, upon the green woods and forest-covered hills, the brown shadows of autumn creep on, day by day; so gradually, so gently deepening the tints, and stealing the fresh hues of summer, that, from one hour to another, the eye can detect no change in the green children of the spring: and yet, each moment adds something to their decay—each day brings them nearer to the fall! Thus faded my beloved: and, oh! as I watched the rosy tints of health vanish from that soft cheek: as the lip became paler, and the bright eye lost its light; and I saw, and knew, and felt that I was the cause of all,—how deep, how terrible, how envenomed, did the barbed arrow of remorse prove itself, as it rankled in my heart, and sent the poison with which it was loaded through all the sweetest streams of life! It was in vain that I, whose own bosom knew no balm, whose own griefs could receive no consolation, strove, by wild fits, to soothe or to console Leonora. The cause, the dreadful cause, could not be told; no explanation could be given of all that must have

seemed strange, and wild, and wayward in my conduct. Lining her with the most passionate earnestness, how often must she have thought that I loved her not! How often must she have thought me mad, or base, or cruel! The eyes of my father and my mother were upon us also; and that but served to make the state both of Leonora and myself more terrible: for we both saw that they watched us,—we both saw that they were uneasy,—we both dreaded questions to which neither could reply.

At length, as if to relieve me, the tide of war rolled near the place of our dwelling. The princes and nobles of the land were called to arms to support the authority of our imperial lord. A general rendezvous for our feudal troops was appointed at Heilbron; and a general council of the nobles of the higher circles was summoned to meet at the same place. My father made ready in haste to answer the call, and I gladly prepared to accompany him. Two thousand men were enrolled under our banners, and no troops in Germany were better equipped to take the field; but, three days before we were to begin our march, my father was taken ill, and, all his authority being deputed to me, I led his troops forth to join the imperial army, and prepared to represent his opinions in the diet at Heilbron. I was still in my early youth; but strong and terrible passions had rendered my heart old before its time, and had given to my mind that decided energy which is generally the result of age and experience. On every subject but the one dreadful one of my own fate, I could think clearly, rapidly, distinctly. In fact, the state in which I had placed myself rendered me unlike the rest of men. Dwelling in the fearful tabernacle of my own bosom, I looked forth upon, and mingled with the actions of, the world as if I belonged not to it. I saw and judged with the calm perception of a spectator, and I had withal the consciousness that this was an advantage; joined to the proud knowledge of original powers, at least equal to those of the men with whom I was about to act, and stores of acquired knowledge which none of them possessed. In this state of mind I preceded to the diet, and took my place among the rest with no feeling of awe, or hesitation, or embarrassment. There were many persons spoke—persons of much experience and of high esteem; and great was the foolishness which they often clothed in solemn language, and the idle vanities or selfish interests which they dressed up in the garments of patriotism, virtue, and religion. My respect for great assemblies of men was not increased by frequenting them; and I had none of those zealous feelings which blind the eyes of many to the folly of their leaders. I had no enthusiasms; the hand of Fate had mowed them down like flowers before the scythe. Unhappy is the man in this world who has none of such bright weaknesses! but he is all the more likely to command and rule: and so I found it in my own case. The second day of the assembly, when I was tired of hearing foolish speeches, and every one else seemed convinced, or weary like myself, I rose: and, in the cold and cutting tone most likely to create a multitude of ene-

mies, I exposed the folly of the proceedings which had been advocated so zealously; I detected the manifold errors of all the statements that had been made; and I pointed out, without condescending to express any diffidence of my own judgment, what was the real course that ought to be pursued. In an instant, there was the clamor of a thousand tongues against me: every venerable dotard, who judged that years and wisdom must be synonymous; every self-sufficient counsellor, who had arrayed himself for years in stated forms, and fancied that prudence consisted in following over one beaten track,—all wagged the loud tongue at the presumptuous youth who had dared to assail the opinions of men of such reverence and good repute.

There was one, however, in the assembly—and he the man of most importance in it, being no other than the representative of the emperor—who judged of me differently. He was keen and astute; the scion of a high Italian house, naturalised in Germany, and bringing all the subtlety of his original race to aid a cold, a calculating, and a prudent master. He speedily quelled the clamor; but he took no notice of me at the time. At length, however, he sent for me; and, after a long and eager conference, he adopted many of my opinions: though, from political deference to my opponents, he followed many of their plans in regard to matters that were more ostensible than real. Action, however, soon became necessary: the troops of the enemy threatened the safety of the whole empire, and we hastened to oppose his further progress, under one of the most celebrated generals of the age. The two armies encountered in a very narrow field; and, by the kind arrangements of some of those whom I had rendered inimical to me by opposing their schemes, I was placed in the position of the greatest difficulty and danger, where I was likely to be cut off, with the troops I commanded, from the main body of the army. But I looked upon these machinations with scorn; and, feeling a degree of relief in the strife, not only with the enemy, but with pretended friends, I prepared to turn their scheme to my own advantage, and, by some brilliant attempt, to put their malice to shame. A narrow stream, between deep banks, lay between my troops and the left wing of the army, and I was thus left, cut off from all support, almost at the mercy of the enemy. A battle was to be expected the next day; and, during the whole evening, I employed myself in examining the ground. At a spot lower down the stream, toward the enemy's position, the high bank sank away; but the river was still so deep as to be impassable, except by a bridge, which was in the hands of our adversaries below. A number of large masses of rock, however, had fallen down from the hills round about, and encumbered the bank of the stream; and with these, during the night, I contrived, by employing a number of men, to turn the course of the little river, and spread it over the low ground, leaving its original channel nearly dry. The water between the higher banks was, it is true, rendered deeper by the dam I had constructed; but I had calculated upon events which

took place, and waited impatiently for the morning. At daybreak the enemy advanced to attack us; and, while their principal force marched straight up to the main body of the imperial army, slightly bending their right to cut me off entirely from our own left, a considerable body of cavalry approached toward me in front; whilst spear-heads were also to be seen coming up through a ravine upon my left. At this moment, our own general perceived the fault into which he had been led by the council of my enemies; and a messenger came spurring over by a bridge nearly three miles in the rear, bidding me retreat by the same road, and rejoin our main force. The messenger was, himself, a soldier of much distinction; and, pointing out to him the situation of the enemy, I said—"Go back to the general, and tell him that it is, as you see, too late. I cannot retreat without being cut to pieces: but I can fight where I am; and, foreseeing this event, I have already prepared to do him good service."

"I see clearly, Sir Count," replied the messenger, "that you must act upon a separate plan; what do you intend to do?"

"Cut through yon body of the enemy in front," I replied; "cross the bed of the stream where I have dammed it up during the night, in the low grounds below: and then take their right wing in flank while they are contending with our army in the front!"

"If you perform that," replied the messenger, "you win us the victory; and I go to tell the general, in order that he may take advantage of your efforts." Thus saying, he set spurs to his horse, and I pursued, watching the further progress of the enemy, who came gallantly on, fancying that they had me in a net.

At length, I saw that the right wing of the force on the other side of the stream was engaged with the main body of the army. The corps in front was preparing to attack me, judging that I would remain upon the defensive: but, as I had previously arranged, I gave the word to charge; and, in a moment, the whole body of troops which I had brought into the field were hurled against the enemy, sweeping down the hill with the impetuosity of an avalanche. In the fiery impetuosity of that moment; in the eager exertion of every faculty, both of body and mind; in the hand-to-hand fight with the men-at-arms who opposed me in my course; in the rapid and anxious watching of the proceedings of others, while I was myself engaged in deadly strife, I found the first moments of peace of mind; I tasted the first drop of the cup of joy that I had known since the awful night of my marriage. The troops that I commanded were the same veteran soldiers that my father and brother had led into Italy: we had possessed the advantage of the ground, and nothing could withstand the charge with which we poured upon the enemy. All went down before us. The adverse corps was driven down, making a gallant, but vain resistance, to the spot where I had dammed up the river: and there, making a second extraordinary effort, I succeeded in breaking and totally dispersing their squadrons: and then cross-

ing the bed of the stream, I led my gallant bands up the other bank, and poured the same fiery charge upon the flank of the enemy who were contending with the imperial army. That charge was decisive: the fortunes of the day had gone pretty equally till we came up, but the balance was turned in a moment; and I was looking round to see how I could best improve the advantage I had gained, when I found myself opposed by a young officer, with a small body of chosen troops, who, hemmed in between my bands and the steep bank of the river, fought with the fury of desperation. I called to him to surrender; but, instead of doing so, he spurred on his horse against me, and aimed a blow at my head: I parried it, and drove him back; he saw not that he was upon the verge of the precipice, and, in trying to bring his horse round again upon me, the earth and stones gave way beneath the charger's feet, and, with a loud cry and a wild neigh, horse and man plunged over and disappeared.

The image which that sight recalled; the picture that it suddenly raised up; the dark memories that came rushing fiercely upon me, roused from their momentary sleep by that brief struggle, were more than human reason could bear. The wound in my heart was torn open afresh, my brain again seemed all on fire; I forgot the lapse of time, and the change of circumstances—the few great, and the many minor events which had taken place between. I felt as if I were again standing on the edge of the rocks over which I had hurled my brother. I felt as if the deed were fresh upon my hand—the blood newly spilt and reeking up to heaven—the mangled corpse was lying at the foot of the bank below me, and the thunder-voice of God sounding in the ear of my spirit, and demanding, "Where is thy brother Abel?" I sprang from my horse; I approached the edge of the bank, and gazed down below. There were they lying, horse and man together! It was too much: I could bear no more; and, casting myself upon the turf, I gave vent to all the bitterness of my spirit. My own attendants, and the leaders of my bands, crowded round me—surprised, as they well might be, at such a scene. But I forgot every thing. The memory, the consciousness of all but one dreadful deed was blotted out for the time, and nothing but deep groans, and short and bitter imprecations, escaped from my bosom. At that moment came up, at full speed, a messenger from the general, both to give me thanks, couched in the brief but striking terms of a noble and commanding spirit, and to give me directions to press the enemy fiercely on the flank, while they were retreating, in order to render their defeat total and decisive.

He was brought to where I lay, and spoke to me with some surprise; but his words fell upon a deaf and stony ear, or, at least, upon one between which and the reasonable spirit all the fine corridors of nature were stopped up. I heeded not, I answered not. The dreadful image was again before me—the terrible voice was again ringing in my ears—the iron hand of remorse was stretched out to snatch the cup of glory from my lip; and, although,

had the day ended with me as it began, immortal honor and a bright career in arms would have been mine without a doubt, the sun of my fame went down with a cloud upon it, which I felt I should never again have the energy to remove.

The general, in making his report of what had occurred, commented strongly and severely upon the strange contrast afforded by my conduct in the beginning and in the close of the day; the gallantry, the daring, the skill, the activity of my first proceedings; and the want of obedience, of energy, or of resolution, which I had displayed at last. My race was too powerful, however, to be offended by the imperial court; and the minister, to withdraw me from the army, where he saw that I could no longer act efficiently under a commander who had expressed so much discontent at my proceedings, called me to Vienna; speaking in high terms of the judgment and skill I had displayed in the plans I had proposed in the diet at Heilbron.

Ere I set out, I received a letter from Leonora, breathing love from every line and every word, like the sweet perfume from a bed of flowers. It brought some balm to my soul; and I was mad enough even to hope that, when I returned, after a temporary absence, the fatal image which had blasted all my happiness might no more pursue me to the blessed shelter of her beloved arms. As I journeyed toward Vienna, too, I exerted the powers of my own mind upon myself; and I again subdued the agony of my spirit—I again taught the vulture within me to prey upon me secretly.

I was received with distinction, treated with high honor; and, either as a trial of my real abilities, or as a pretence of showing me favor, my advice was demanded upon some point of small importance, concerning the policy of those minor states amidst which our own territories were situated. My advice was given boldly, though quite of a different character from what had been expected. It seemed to please as well as to surprise; it was followed, proved eminently successful. I was again and again appealed to: whatever I counselled opportunity favored, and fortune crowned. It seemed as if Fate took a pleasure in leading me on to all great things, and then snatching them from my grasp. Thus, during the nine months that I passed at Vienna, nothing seemed to fail in which I had any share; and the minister showed his intention of binding me to himself, and to the emperor, as one whose fortune, or whose skill, was sufficient to ensure them success.

It was a winter night, toward one o'clock, after a day of great mental fatigue, that I sat with the emperor and his minister in the cabinet of the monarch. The safety of the empire, the prosperity of all the imperial schemes, were at that time threatened by the Victor Henry of —; a man of immense talent, of extraordinary penetration, indefatigable activity, but of no principle, moral or religious. We met to determine what course was to be pursued, in order to stop him in his career; and many a dark, vague hint, had hung upon the minis-

ter's lip, as to the plan which he thought might be most successful.

We sat by the light of a lamp that had grown dim over our consultations, and gazed in each other's faces as if each were afraid to speak the thoughts that were busy in his heart.

At length the minister declared that the life of one man was, of course, never to be put in competition with the safety of a whole people; and he wished, he said, that the *vehms gericht* had not lately fallen into disuse. Having brought himself to come so near the subject as that, there was no difficulty in going on, the emperor said that he surely had a right, in case of need, to do justice upon one of his own vassals; and if, by successful rebellion, that vassal had rendered it impossible for public justice to be done, he saw no reason why the same should not be effected by private means.

"It would be no difficult matter," rejoined the minister, "to free ourselves from him by a somewhat stronger cup than usual, in one of those revels whereof he is so fond."

"His cup-bearer is, doubtless, well tutored," replied the monarch. "But would it not be an easy thing," he continued, addressing me with a smile, "would it not be an easy thing, when he is riding along upon the banks of some deep stream, or by the side of some high precipice, to plunge him over? Such things have been done before now; and a fall of two or three hundred feet, leaves but a mangled and a mutilated thing, without a tongue to tell whose was the hand that did it."

His words were like red-hot iron thrust into my brain. I rose—I gasped for breath. I gazed with the fury of madness in the face of the speaker; and, springing toward him, I might have torn him to pieces, had not the corporeal frame sunk under the tremendous agony of that dreadful moment, and I fell prostrate at the emperor's feet.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in my own apartments, but with my arms confined, and every means of injuring myself or others removed far out of my reach. It was long before I could persuade the attendants that I had become sane again; and, for several days, all who surrounded me continued to treat me as a madman, although all my words and actions were perfectly reasonable. At length, however, they became convinced that I had recovered, but an intimation was given me that I should do well to retire from Vienna; and I accordingly journeyed back by slow stages toward my own home. My mind, indeed, was in a calmer state than it had known for many months; and, when I could take my thoughts from the one dreadful memory, there was a soft and soothing influence in the idea of once more seeing Leonora, of resting my aching head upon her bosom, and of tasting one moment of peace and enjoyment in the first dear embrace at my return.

As I came nearer, something like hope rose up within me. I pictured her sweet lips smiling my welcome; I pictured her beautiful eyes, looking sunshine on my arrival; I listened in anticipation to the musical tones of her beloved voice; and I heard

the endearing words of unchangeable love poured forth from that pure and guileless heart on her long-absent husband's return. I hurried the last day's journey, and about four in the evening of a bright summer's day I entered the court-yard of the castle.

Every thing was there as usual. The warder was sitting beneath the barbican, and looking listlessly forth; the soldiers on the battlements were leaning on their pikes, and gazing on a bright, warm scene of river and woodland; the horse-boys were carrying water across toward the stables; and the armorer was sitting in the shade polishing, with idle industry, a casque that was bright enough without his labor. Every thing appeared as I had seen it each day for twenty years; and yet my heart sank; as I rode in, and, with a slow motion, oh, how unlike the vaulting leap of youth and happiness! dismounted from my horse, and walked up the steps into the great hall.

It might be that my father had not come forth to meet me—that my mother had not looked out from her window in the keep, which caused that sudden sinking of my heart. But, when I entered the hall, there was a look of anxiety and care in the eyes of the attendants who were congregated there, which increased my apprehension. As all had known of my approach, there was nothing like surprise on the countenance of any one; but there was a grave look of fixed anxiety which distressed and alarmed me.

"Where is your lady?" I demanded of one of the attendants; "is she well?"

"Quite well, sir," replied the man; "she is in the chamber of the Lady Leonora."

I had referred to Leonora when I spoke, but the man had misunderstood me, and I did not choose to ask any further questions. I sprang on eagerly to Leonora's apartments. I came to the chamber in which she usually sat: she was not there, and I went on to her bed-room. From within came the murmur of several persons talking; and, opening the door, I entered at once. The first object my eyes fell upon was the form of my mother, sitting by the bedside, while my father stood at the foot, gazing in. The sound of my step made him turn a little aside, and then I heard the voice of Leonora, as her eye first lighted upon me.

"It is—it is!" she cried. "I knew I should see him again before I died! Oh, Henry!—oh, my beloved, you are come to close poor Leonora's eyes!"

I darted forward, and clasped in my arms the shadow, the mere shadow, of my beautiful, my beloved bride; and tears rushed forth—hot, agonising tears—as I saw the state to which she was reduced; and my heart smote me, crying aloud, "Thou hast done this thing also!"

They left me alone with her. I could hardly speak for sobs. I could not, I would not, relinquish the embrace in which I held her; I could only take my lips from hers to ask, "What—what has done this?"

She put me gently back a little with her hand, gazed upon the passionate agony of my countenance, and, with a look of joy, beautiful, yet terrible, exclaimed, "Then you do—you do love me,

Henry ! I die happy—I bless you with my latest breath !”

I could bear no more. The dark prisoner in my breast, in that tremendous struggle, broke the chain of silence, and sinking on my knees beside her, I poured forth my whole heart. I told her all—all—every thing ; and, for her answer, she cast her arms around my neck and wept.

“ I would fain live,” she said, after a long silence ; “ I would fain live to comfort thee, my dear, my beloved husband. But it is in vain ; the grasp that is never relaxed is upon me, and I must go. Yet hear me, Henry. God has told us that there is pardon for all !—We shall meet yet again ! But that we may do so—and, oh ! did I think we should not, the grave would grow terrible indeed—but that we may meet again, promise me to seek comfort where comfort only can be found !—There was a holy man dwelt in a convent hard by my father’s house,” she continued, “ who, in my sorrow for two parents’ loss, gave me consolation with such powerful zeal, that I would fain send thee unto him for balm to thy wounded heart. Oh ! go to him, my Henry ; and, if you love Leonora, and would meet her again in happier worlds than this, promise me to tell him all, and to follow his counsel even unto the grave.”

I did promise, and I fulfilled my word. She left me for the heaven she came from, and I laid bare my heart before the good man she spoke of. He told me, and he told me true, that I should never more know peace on earth : but that, if I suffered with patience, God would send me comfort ere he took me hence.

Years have passed away, and youth, and health ; and that holy man has been laid in the ground near half a century. The cell that he inhabited I inhabit now ; and I wait in patience, in prayer, and in remorse, the coming of the inevitable hour.

From the Gentleman’s Magazine.

INVOCATION.

There’s beauty all around our path.—*Hemans.*

What is most beautiful ? tell me, tell !

Forest or hill-side, prairie or dell—

Answer me quick from each woodland glade,

‘The cooling stream, or the verdant shade !

And they answered—The rill and the forest are fair,
But the soul of Beauty it dwells not there.

Kingly old mountains ! ye sit there now,

With your crowns of snow on each heavy brow ;

Speak, from your seats of a thousand years,

Answer me truly, old cloud-wrapped seers !

And the winds whistled down—We are mighty, but
drear,

And the soul of Beauty, it dwells not here !

Ocean ! old ocean ! thou rollest along,

Chiming forever thy ceaseless song,

Zoning the earth with thy boundless sea !

Surely, more beautiful naught can be !

But the waves murmured back—There is nothing we
fear,

Yet the soul of Beauty, it dwells not here !

Stars ! as ye hymn in your ways on high !

Stars ! as ye course through the prophet sky !

Stars ! prophet stars ! in your witching tones,

Answer me quick, from your burning thrones !

And the stars answered back—We may speak as a
seer,

But the soul of Beauty it dwells not here !

I ceased but a sound went by me still,

And echoed each old eternal hill,

Murmured the wood, the stream and the main,

And sang the stars from their high domain—

Go to the maiden, pure, blushing and fair ;

For the Soul of Beauty is there—is there !

Philadelphia.

CHILDREN.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

Young *Cupid* in frolicsome humor one night,

Stole out to the cot where dame *Prudence* resided,

And feigning himself in a terrible plight,

In these accents bewailed her : “The storm has sub-
sided ;

But cold are my feet, and my hands and my heart,—

Oh *Prudence* ! take pity, take pity on me ;

Bid not a poor lone little wand’rer depart—

Give an *innocent baby* a refuge with thee.

My locks are besprinkled with dim dews of sorrow,

Old care has been chasing my roses away ;

Oh shelter me *Prudence*, till dawn of the morrow,

And cheer me with *Charity*’s kind beaming ray.”

But *Prudence* looked out—saw his gold ringlets
shining.

And sweet brilliant smile dimpling round his red
lip ;

While his soft little fingers on his bent brow reclin-
ing,

Breathed of fragrance which *Prudence* herself long’d
to sip.

Said *Prudence* : “Get hence ! you mischievous young
minion,

No shelter I’ll give you, nor shall *Cupid* here rest ;”

But swift as the turtle’s own beautiful pinion,

Love’s arrow had lodged in her cold cautious
breast.—

And the rogue laughing gaily then hastened away,

Leaving *Prudence* to weep o’er her cold-hearted
folly ;

Hope clung to the babe with her soul soothing ray,

But with *Prudence* they left, weeping sad melan-
choly. P.

Standing Stone, Pa.

Religion ought to be left in her native simplici-
ty, rather than hang her ears with counterfeit
pearls.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

It was the land of poetry and song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odor, was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving to the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbrous binding and massive clasp, which the Roxbury Club would now consider an invaluable black letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

"The saints have you in their keeping!" said his elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

"The dear Madonna bless you!" ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with a large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.

"And now," said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, "that your wounds are healing, and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?"

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, "I am of England, and a soldier, albeit of the lowest rank."

"Of England!" hastily responded the merchant, "of England! of heretic England!" He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.

"I may not deny home and country," replied the soldier, mildly.

"But I shall incur the church's censure for harboring thee!" exclaimed the merchant; "thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!"

"Then let me forth," replied the soldier; "you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not requite you evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need!"

"Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and, besides, England was once the brightest jewel in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear she will not, for your master Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from the apostolic care. Know you that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of holy mother church, ought not now to be exchanging words with thee?"

"Even so," replied the soldier; "but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by."

"The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold," replied the merchant, hastily; "but you are the king's soldier; you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him, and even so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but, now I bethink me, thou wert reading; what were thy studies?"

The brow of the soldier clouded—he hesitated a moment; but then gathering up his resolution, replied, "In the din of the battle this book was my breastplate, in the hour of sickness my best balm," and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

"Holy saint!" exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the layman. "Thou then art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon thy land! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home! But thou shalt forth. I will not harbor thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee. Away from him, my child! away from him!"

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun, as he passed majestically on to shine in other lands. One ray rested only on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

"You are thinking of your own far-off home," said the Italian girl; "how I wish that all I love had but one home—it is a grief to have so many homes!"

"There is such a home," replied the soldier.

"Ah," replied Emilia; "but they say that heretics come not thither! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer."

The soldier smiled, and sighed.

"You guess why I am here to-night," resumed the Italian girl, "I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and, therefore, you smiled, and you just breathe one little sigh because you leave this bright sun—and me."

"Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to the power of your implacable church?"

Emilia crossed herself. "No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and tears. Go, and be happy, and forget us."

"Never," exclaimed the soldier, earnestly, "never!—and you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—who you have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian, "and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of flood and field? I have been happy when you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan after the battle. You had crept under a hedge as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed-foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived you smiled at my flower, and, when you had voice to speak, thanked me."

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs; and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them?"

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sight, listening to them till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

"Thou art sad, dear daughter," said a venerable father, as they traversed that once countrified expanse through which we now jostle from the City of Westminster, "Thou art sad, dear daughter."

"Nay, my father," replied the maiden, "I would not be so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when—"

"The heart is sad, thou wouldst say—"

"Nay, I mean it not."

"I have scarcely seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretic England."

"Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude?"

"They are running madly to some revelry."

"Let us leave the path then," said the girl; "it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonored faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the king hath some new pageantry."

"Well, and if it be so," replied the father, "haply the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and the lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one careworn brow!—thou mayest catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream."

The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when

the merchant was rich in silver and gold, and merchandise.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, "The King! the King! long live the King!" He came—Henry the VIII. came, in all that regal dignity, and gorgeous splendor, in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the Pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, the other marked by the Papal insignia, advanced toward each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair the beauty and the foreign aspect of the girl had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course the English colors triumphed over the Papal. Up to this point, the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcome his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the Pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips, "Oh monstrous impiety of an accused and sacrilegious King!" sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough; the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh, sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads—the father prayed to all the saints—and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavored to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year, coming as it does with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of which he had made Lord Cromwell vicar-general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the King's creed was called in question. Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favor with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar-general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage, and love, to papal Rome. Strangers as they were, poor unknowing and unknown, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places: a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passion in the judges as well as in the judged. On one hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another, heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake, with even passionate desire; and the pile and the stake were given with stern and unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age: the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did not attempt to gainsay. The aged Merchant avowed his fidelity to the Pope as a true son of the church, denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the feld, and thus sealed his doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness the precursor of doom—broken only by the sob of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arms. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted: there came a sudden rush, fresh attendants thronged the court. "Room for Lord Cromwell! room for Lord Cromwell!" and the vicar-general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insignia of office, to assume his place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while

he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet, when the vicar-general gave his token of assent, the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feelings that divide men from monsters. That sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear, his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—"From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles's knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtedment."

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. "Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birthplace?"

"We are Tuscans," replied the merchant, "of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it to now to this unhappy girl."

"To both, or to neither!" exclaimed the girl; "we will live, or we will die, together!"

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly: at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned: the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others, whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink of the prison-walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched, to light on lids unsullied. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, and agonised, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visitor advanced with a quiet tread: the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be! that his judge—Lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciations on his lip, but took his stand on the other

side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

"Awake, gentle girl, awake," said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia. "Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ear in other days."

The gentle accent fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings and confusion formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of "Emilia! Emilia! awake, and behold our judge!"

"Nay, nay, not thus roughly," said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

"Look on me, Emilia!" said Lord Cromwell. And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance, and finally in a voice of passionate amazement she exclaimed; "It is the same! It is our sick soldier guest!"

"Even so," said Lord Cromwell, "even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death, as your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentle thoughts. It may be, Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou usedst to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbbed to agony of pain upon it; fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm: and how thou wert used to steal in my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home! Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed!—to a prison, and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father, and share it."

An hour! who dare prophesy in events? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison: at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

REMEMBER ME.

Original.

Remember me when the moon is up,
And the night breeze with perfume is sighing.
When fairies dance on the blue-bell's cup,
And the wild-bird is homeward flying,
Remember me.

Remember me when the stars are bright,
And spirits their vigils are keeping;
When silence and darkness rule the night,
And Beauty is softly sleeping,
Remember me.

Remember me when the song of mirth,
Is heard in the halls of gladness;
When the gay and titled ones of earth,
Would forget each scene of sadness,
Remember me.

Remember me when the tide of time,
Shall have roll'd unceasing along,
When oblivion shall bury each error and crime,
Then think on the child of song,
Remember me.

Philadelphia, 1839.

S. H.

STANZAS.

Original.

How grateful to the weary mind,
Are rural sights and sounds,
Oh, who would not desire to dwell,
Where nature's charms abound.

'Tis sweet to wander in the fields,
Or rest in garden bowers,
'To listen to the hum of bees,
And view the expanding flowers.

'Tis sweet to ramble through the woods,
To view the stately trees,
Or sitting 'neath their shady boughs,
Inhale the fragrant breeze.

'Tis sweet to walk 'neath shady bowers,
And in their cool retreat,
'To while away the tedious hour,
In contemplation sweet.

'Tis thus through nature I would rove,
And in her gladness share,
Forsoaking all the busy world
I'd to her haunts repair.

For scenes like these expand the heart,
Sweet pleasures they diffuse,
Then let us seek the silent shade,
And nature's works peruse.

I.

To delicate minds the unfortunate are always objects of respect: as the ancients held sacred those places which had been blasted by lightning so the feeling heart considers the afflicted as touched by the hand of God himself.

FORTUNE'S CHANGES.

Original.

OR THE LOTTERY TICKET.

"Fortune you say flies from us—but she circles
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skill—
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the whiter sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim." ANON.

In a small but neat dwelling, near the extremity of one of our Atlantic cities, lived a few years ago, Mr. Dewatt Weston and his only daughter Lelia, one whom to know was to esteem, by those who prized worth and beauty. Beautiful she was indeed, yet her greatest charm was her never-failing sweetness of disposition—a calm and cheerful temper under every change and privation of fortune. She had but a short time since moved in the highest circles of fashion, "the observed of all observers," but a "change came o'er the spirit of her dreams," sudden and unlooked for. Her father who had long lived in retirement upon a generous income, became suddenly seized with a speculating mania, which was held up to him by some more enthusiastic than himself, but to whose wild schemes he lent himself, with awakened hopes which were never to be realized. For a time all went well, and fortune seemed to stand at their beck, but a stern reverse was at hand, and Mr. Weston could exclaim in the language of Bolton;

"Fortune sets up, Fortune pulls down,
Fortune soon loves, but hates as soon;
She is less constant than the moon,
She'll give a groat, and take a crown."

Disasters followed thick, treading upon each others' heels until ruin seemed inevitable. Scarce two years elapsed, when all that remained of his before sufficient income was a bare pittance, only sufficient to supply to himself and daughter the necessities of life. It was the source of many bitter regrets to him, when he thought how unnecessarily he was so reduced, in his old age, when if he had let, "well enough alone," he would still have been in the enjoyment of more than a sufficiency;—he would have been spared the cold greeting of old-time friends—the distant nod-of-the-head—the total oblivion of memory of many, who erst were even obtrusive in their wholesale professions. Among these were many who owed him obligations, for many and oft repeated favors, and some, whose rise in life was caused by his ever ready purse, and willing mind. Now they knew him not, or hurried past with the distant bow, which forbids a closer intimacy. But all this troubled him not; his mind was formed upon different principles than to be shaken by such petty meanness; pity was all the feeling excited in his breast. "Poverty," thought he, "like the crucible of the alchemist, separates the pure from the impure, the gold from the dross. Formerly I prized the whole mass; now I find that only a portion, when fused in the furnace of poverty are truly valuable."

But if he regretted not the misfortunes that had befallen him, on his own account, deeply, bitterly did he bewail them on that of his daughter. But to her the loss of fortune brought no pang, apart from that caused by the knowledge, that its want deprived her father of many of the comforts of life, to which he had been accustomed, and which were become necessary to him at his time of life. She was as cheerful, and apparently as happy in her cottage-house, as she had been formerly in her father's gilded halls, or when gracing with her presence some gay assemblage. She arose from the wreck of fortune uncontaminated by its dissipation—unaffected by its flattery, and unmindful of its wants. Her undisturbed evenness of temper, and disposition was a beautiful illustration of Southey, when he says,

"Methinks if you would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown you here!
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing along, doth cross in her career,
The rolling moon! I watch'd it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own;
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene!"

A few of the acquaintances of better days were yet her visitors; those who prized the jewel for its intrinsic merit, and not for its gay coloring. True, many of her former "dear friends" she saw no more, but their neglect brought no regretful pang to her mind. She was more gratefully employed, in rendering the home of her fallen fortunes one of happiness to her father, by her ready hand and cheerful disposition, to turn aside the barbed arrow of misfortune, and deprive it of its sting. She succeeded as such a daughter deserves to succeed, and left Mr. Weston few regrets for what he had lost, in comparison with the calm and quiet happiness, diffused over his lowly home, by the attentive kindness, and brilliant qualities displayed by his truly angelic daughter.

Of all the beaux that formerly glittered in the train of the rich Lelia Weston, few, indeed, were found to pay devotion at the beautiful, yet portionless shrine of her, who though poor in worldly goods, was rich in all the intellectual endowments which beautify and adorn the female character, and render them companions worth "all the world beside." One there was who still paid the tribute of a sincere and devoted heart to her; who loved her not for her worldly advantage, but for the far greater, and more enduring riches of her mind and heart; who in his love showed that it was not of the light ephemeral fashion of the many, who sought her hand in the heyday of her prosperity, and when the clouds of adversity overshadowed her, abandoned their superficial worship "for other gods," but one whose delicate attention to her wishes, and kind, though respectful demeanor spoke to her in language like the following:

"When all the world shall leave thee,
Sad, cheerless and alone,
When fortune shall bereave thee,
Of all thou call'st thine own!
When those who now adore thee,
And worship at thy shrine,
Shall vanish from before thee,
And name thee not divine,
* * * * *

O! turn from all thy sorrows,
And come away to me."

Allain Marshall, the eldest son of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the city, was a young man of whose preference any female heart might be vain. His education was an excellent one, and the care bestowed upon it by his conscientious preceptors, was well rewarded in the gratification arising from the knowledge that their labor had not been misapplied, but to the happy development of a mind rich in intellectual worth. The acquaintance of Allain with Miss Weston commenced at the house of a mutual friend, where they both visited. Her exquisite beauty, and the absence of all vanity in her deportment, amid the incense offered her; the sweetness of her temper; the purity of her heart, and the cultivated mind, which in his estimation surpassed all beauty of person, served soon to make him one of her most ardent admirers. Nor was she insensible to his flattering attentions, but upon the contrary, showed that his society was a pleasure to her, and which was fast ripening into love, when her father's misfortunes, circumscribed the sphere of her attractions, from the gay and brilliant assemblage, to the neat quiet parlor, and the society of a few who regarded worth more than worldly wealth.

Allain who had never wooed her for what she was to bring as a dower, to him who should win her, soon sought her out in her new abode, and renewed his addresses. Hardly a day passed without seeing him during some part of it at Mr. Weston's. It was upon one of these visits, after discussing the incidental topics of the day, he made a tender of his hand and fortune to her who had long possessed his heart. He did not offend her with the protestations and sentimentalism so generally adopted upon such occasions, which to a mind like hers, would have been trifling, but spoke of his love, and his hopes seriously, and with a just appreciation of the character of her whom he sought; one who possessed

"————— a wealth,
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferred —————."

"Speak not now on such a theme," said she in reply. "my father claims all my attention. Besides our circumstances are so altered, that now such a subject should not be entertained between us."

"Dear Miss Weston, do not forbid me to hope, that in refusing, I may yet possess your esteem!"

"My esteem you have; and I have seen nothing that would make me wish to withdraw it."

"Is it then alone owing to our relative situations, in which your father's unfortunate disasters have placed us, and not to the proposal itself that gives rise to your objection? May I understand you thus, dear Lelia?"

"I will not deny," answered she, turning away her face to hide a blush, "that formerly I would have received an offer of this kind from none with so much pleasure as from you!"

"Dear, dear Lelia, how I thank you for that frank admission. But why not now accept the hand that would be proud to raise both you and your father to something of your former prosperity?"

"Say no more to me now, Allain," she answered, "moreover your father would not consent that you should unite yourself with one who could bring nothing to her husband but her poor person."

"A priceless dower! But you mistake my father much. Although fond of wealth, he will never refuse his consent, when he knows all my hopes of happiness depend upon its being given. If I should receive it, will you still refuse yours, Miss Weston?"

"You are importunate, Allain!"

"Forgive me, dear Lelia, if I offend: but all my hopes of happiness are at stake, and I plead for the possession of a treasure that will secure it. Do you forgive me?" said he taking her hand.

"I was not offended, Allain," said she smiling, "and if it will confer any happiness upon you, I will say further, obtain your father's consent, and mine shall not be withheld. Now are you satisfied?"

added she, looking up archly in his face!
"O! how happy!" cried he, pressing the hand he still retained to his lips. One embrace she permitted, and she was alone. To her father, who soon after entered, she unfolded all that had passed.

"Allain," said he, "is a young man to whom no father can object for a son-in-law. You both have my entire consent; but I fear his father will never give his, that his son should wed now with a daughter of mine."

"I told Allain my fears, but he was so sanguine he thought I did his father wrong."

"I fear the sequel will prove your correctness. The love of gold is Marshall's predominant passion, but for both your sakes, I hope it may be otherwise."

They were now called to tea, and the subject dropped for that time between them.

Allain hastened to his father with a light and joyous heart. He had received an assurance of that for which he had long hoped, but feared, and the realisation was the source of unmixed delight, for he had won a being of rare worth and beauty.

How seldom are our fondest anticipations realised; how frequently are we hurled back in despair from the height to which we had climbed, led on by a false hope, which fed our wishes, only to make our disappointment the greater, when all should prove illusion. It is said disappointment carries a barbed sting, and such indeed did Allain deem it, after his interview with his father, which he had so anxiously sought, and from which he confidently hoped so much. But alas! we often cheat ourselves into believing what we most anxiously desire, and to

which we, in the impulse of desire, can see no let, and when we find that our superstructure was founded upon a visionary foundation, and that reality has tested its folly in its total overthrow, we feel with tenfold force the destruction of our "gay frost-work of bliss;" and when Allain's father pre-emptorily forbid him forming such a union under pain of his severest displeasure, and complete disinheritance, he thought the world contained not one being more wretched than himself; and truly was he distressed, for he had placed all his hopes of happiness in a union with his beloved Lelia.

Mr. Marshall, who had married in early life for worldly advantage, and had never felt the soft endearments of mutual love—its influence and power, was skeptical in regard to its existence in society, except in the brain of poets and novelists, both of whom he despised, and when his son asked his sanction of his union with Miss Weston, and depicted to him in glowing colors her many eminent virtues, and his devoted love to her, he exclaimed, "All nonsense! and sir, never mention this subject to me again, for until she can bring a dowry equal to your own, if you obey me, I will not hear of it, and it will be a pretty long time before that happens."

With a sorrowful heart, at the destruction of his hopes, and mortified feelings at his father's selfishness, did Allain relate to Lelia and her father, the result of his interview with him. To them it brought no surprise, for with Lelia no hope had been suffered to arise. She had expected a refusal from the known disposition and love of money of Mr. Marshall, and therefore was prepared for such a result. Hope she did, but it was with a subdued mind, which could meet its frustration with calmness. Allain in the frenzy of his feelings, urged Lelia to a marriage despite his father's prohibition, but the proposal met with a stern denial from her.

"Never," said she, "will I consent to act contrary to what I know to be your father's positive commands. No, dear Allain, I never will be the willing cause of your being reduced to poverty, and bring upon you the curse of a justly offended parent, whose commands, just or unjust, would thereby be outraged; I should feel humbled in my own estimation for ever afterward. Let us rather hope that time, or circumstances may induce him to relent and bless, rather than curse our union."

Her calm reasoning chased the angry flush from his brow, and after some time spent with her, near whom he would have lingered for ever, and who became still dearer to him, as obstacles intervened to prevent their union, Allain departed, hope again animating his breast with its reviving influence—

"With joy the lover heard the distant hope—for Hopes, however far, to sanguine minds seem near."

Time passed on without bringing in its train any hope to Allain of his father's relenting; it only seemed, on the contrary, to strengthen his resolution, and render him more inflexible, while his son was daily deprecating the maxim of Horace, while his father had apparently adopted as his own, which Pope translates thus

— "Get money, money still,
And then let virtue follow, if she will."

He had forborne to visit at Mr. Weston's for several days, when late one afternoon his wayward steps brought him to the door, and he entered just as they were seating themselves to tea, of which he was invited to partake. Both father and daughter appeared in high spirits, the former of whom rallied him on his woe-begone looks, saying, "Allain, you look the very antithesis of successful lovers generally. Upon such occasions they profess themselves made immeasurably happy, by winning the 'angel' of their choice."

"Yes, but my dear sir, I am but in part a favored one. My father yet remains fixed in his first determination, and without that 'my lady-love' refuses her consent also."

"O! as to your father's refusal, that matters but little now," said Mr. Weston, "as I think of adopting his objection, and refusing, myself, to let my daughter wed any one, who cannot bring a correspondent dowry!"

"What mean you, my dear sir?" exclaimed Allain, puzzled not a little at such a declaration, as also by a mischievous smile which sparkled in Lelia's eyes. "You are not now intending to refuse your consent? And you, Lelia?" continued he, turning to her.

She shook her head, while her father answered, "I do not know that, but will have to take time to consider of it; and as your father refused my daughter, on the score of her want of fortune, I could without inconsistency, as circumstances have turned out, make use of the same argument, and reply that *his* son was not a fit match for *my* daughter."

"I cannot understand all this! something has occurred of which I know not; but, be it what it may, I am sure it is nothing ill. Pray explain!"

"Why, sir," answered Mr. Weston, "Lelia, in her own right, has become possessed of a fortune treble that your father required, and it remains to be seen, whether I will consent to wed her to any one beneath her in point of fortune."

"I give you joy, my dear sir," cried Allain, rising and grasping the hand of Mr. Weston; then turning to Lelia, he said, "dear Lelia, how rejoiced I am, that loveliness and worth, such as yours, will again be restored to that station in society where I found you its brightest ornament. But," said he, turning again to Mr. Weston, "tell me when and how did this take place? and further, I hope you are not in earnest in threatening to withhold your consent!"

"Lelia can tell you all the particulars, and if she is willing to have you," said he, smiling, "notwithstanding your want of a correspondent amount of fortune, I shall not alter my first decree in your favor," and taking his hat he went out, leaving the lovers alone.

"Dear Lelia do explain all this mystery, but first say that you do not withdraw your consent as intimated by your father."

"I had hoped, Allain, you knew me better," said she reproachfully.

"Forgive me, Lelia, I did not doubt even when I asked; but my mind has been so tortured these few months back, that every incident alarms me."

"Well, I forgive you, but doubt no more!"

"Dear, dear Lelia," cried he, clasping her to his breast, "how inestimably dear are you to this heart! But go on, and let me hear how this occurred."

"Well, then release me, and I will do so," and seating themselves together on the sofa, while Allain still retained her hand, she began with a smile, as she said, "About a week ago I dreamed* that certain numbers in a lottery about to draw would be the high prize, and that I could find the ticket at a certain office. I awoke, and banishing the thought of it from my mind, I slept again, when the same scene was presented to my sleeping fancy, with the addition of the color of the ticket, and the amount of the prize to which it would be entitled. This made such an impression upon my mind, that in the morning I related it to my father, who after thinking a moment advised me to purchase the ticket if I could find it at the office designated. I consented to accompany him thither, although I had but little or no faith in it, and deemed it wasting money. In the course of the day we called at the office, and there found the ticket in the lottery as it appeared to me. Suffice it the drawing was received, and I was entitled to the prize. I confess I was overjoyed at the event, as thereby I would be enabled to place my father in a line of life more consonant with his deserts, and mayhap I was somewhat pleased upon my own account, as I would thereby be enabled to reward one who deserted not the unfortunate."

Her voice trembled as she concluded, and Allain caught her to his breast, as they both shed tears of delight at the "sober certainty of their waking bliss."

Allain soon unfolded to his father the change that had taken place in the prospects of Miss Weston, and with mock gravity begged his father's intercession with her father, as he had now intimated his intention of withdrawing his consent, unless he brought a dowry as great as that of his daughter.

"My dear son, that alters the case very materially; if Miss Weston is possessed of a fortune sufficient, you have my consent, and I advise you to despatch the affair. I will call upon Mr. Weston, and use my influence with him; we were old acquaintances, and I hope he has not forgotten me."

Allain smiled as he left his father, at the anxiety he manifested in an affair, which but a short time ago he forbid being mentioned in his presence.

A short period was only suffered to elapse ere Allain and Lelia were united, and all their former sorrows forgotten in their present happiness. They could exclaim with Thompson,

"Happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whose gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend,
'Tis not the coarsest tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, and harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into Love.
Jeffersonville, Indiana.

T. H. C.

WOMAN.

I've sometimes thought on woman's charms,

Her beauteous form and face—

The thrilling raptures of her eye—

Her poetry of grace:

And felt that she was born to be,

A creature of bright destiny.

But whilst I thought, I ponder'd, too,

What trial and what care,

Oft veil the prospect of her life,

That blossom'd out so fair:

That one so meek and gently kind,

Should be the sport of every wind.

I've thought on her as laughing girl,

'Mid social mirth and glee;

I've seen her as the winning belle,

In festive company.

The mother, wife, and sister, all,

In lowly cot and glittering hall.

As glows the pearl in ocean caves,

Far down amid the deep,

Or shining star, looks down above

On nature's quiet sleep;

So glows her mind with precepts fraught,

By virtue and decorum taught.

'Tis this that sheds a halo round,

And fascinates the heart,

Compels esteem, nay, lures to love;

True joys to me impart;

Of this possess'd, they sway a power

More lasting than the fleeting hour.

Oh there's a soul, a meaning, when

The polished mind reflects,

The brightness of a woman's love,

Which rugged man respects:

And I am one, whose aim shall be,

To claim a bride just such as she.

Let others court at Beauty's shrine,

And raise aloud their voice,

At smile and dimple, wit and jest,

But the modest mind's my choice:—

Ennobling tendency to make

The married life a happy state.

Philad. 1839.

A YOUNG BACC.

Political lying can conquer kingdoms without fighting and sometimes without the loss of a battle. It gives and resumes employment; can suit a mountain to a mole hill, and raise a mole hill to a mountain; hath presided for many years at committees and elections; can wash a black-a-moor white; can make a saint of an atheist, and a patriot of a prodigal; can furnish foreign ministers with intelligence; and raise or let fall the credit of the nation.—Swift.

THE RESCUED.

A TALE OF THE FLORIDA WAR.

Original.

It was on a pleasant evening in October, when the stout hearts of a certain section of Florida were assembled according to appointment at the dwelling of Captain Stewart. He had served in the revolution, and his locks were grayed with seventy toilsome years. In his early life while enlisted against the Indians, he had been noted for activity and courage; and now, when tales of war were related to him—when he heard of the mother and child at once butchered, while the husband was preserved to undergo a more painful fate—he was again endued with the strength and ardor of youth.

The Indians were at this time in a state of hostility; and their present warfare was still characterized by cunning and cruelty.

They frequently had plighted their faith; and suddenly attacking the whites, either at once cut them down or subjected them to unparalleled tortures. The people on the frontiers had now become thoroughly convinced that the best and only course to pursue would be retaliation, and the keeping of a strict and constant guard, should the Indians be discovered entering the territory of the settlers.

Rude and temporary forts had been erected, and measures concerted for speedily forming the inhabitants into a defensive or offensive state, whenever necessity should require. There had already been several rencontres in the neighborhood between the whites and the Indians, and much danger was apprehended. No one would venture any distance from home without a gun or some other weapon; and it was with hesitation and hazard the people came to the meeting before mentioned. Its design was partly to talk of some common means of defence, and partly to spend a social evening with Captain Stewart. The particular business of the meeting being concluded, Captain Stewart was requested to recount some of the adventures of his younger days. The proposal was readily acquiesced in, for he delighted as much as he, excelled in telling his former exploits and escapes. Their attention was quickly engaged in the narration of the Indian wars at the time of the revolution and the part he had taken in them.—They eagerly listened, while hour after hour rolled on, and none seemed willing to depart. Their minds were fired with revenge as they heard of the bloody deeds of the savage: and they longed for an opportunity of meeting the foes and avenging the death of their race. All was as still as the grave, except the plaintive voice of the old man as it rehearsed in solemn accents the dark actions unknown to any surviving besides himself. Occasionally, also, a sigh and a gritting of the teeth would discover their inward emotions. A distant shriek vibrated indistinctly in their ears—it grew louder and louder, till the yelp of the savages started them as though a train of lightning had shot

through the room. They for a moment eyed one another in suspense, and then instinctively rushed to their fire-arms. Each carefully examined his piece to see if it were well loaded—and again they stood horror-stricken: but it was for a moment.—Captain Stewart at this was roused; his eyes, though dimmed by age, now gleamed like a tiger's, and springing through the door, he cried "Follow me." He was promptly obeyed by all but a few whom he had ordered to remain at the house to defend it in case of attack. He exhorted his men to be of good cheer, and to confide in him as a leader and in themselves as a full match for the Indians; at the same time bounding fleetly and silently along: he posted his men behind trees and logs, and awaited the approach of the enemy.

In a few moments a female, whose they supposed to be a squaw from her appearance, was seen making all haste toward them. It was evident that she had been running long and was excessively tired. Her face was swollen, her eyes seemed ready to gush from their sockets, and she gasped like a dying person. She continued on, and was almost past; when a party of Seminoles were seen pursuing at full speed. The moon shone brightly and the settlers were expert shooters and consequently if not discovered would possess a great advantage. Their own party numbered fifteen, and the red-men about twenty-five. They couched behind their coverings in awful silence, knowing that to be discovered might be fatal to many. The savages were now opposite to them, and presented an excellent mark. Every man was prepared and waited the signal—Captain Stewart fired; and down tumbled the chief—groaned and died. The sons of the wood halted, looked wildly around, and the next moment were themselves laid low with their leader.

The few who remained wheeled with precipitation, and with words threatening a horrid revenge, darted through the trees in the same direction as they had approached. The female when she perceived that friends were so near, had sunk insensible to the ground. She was, of course, the first object that claimed their attention after the battle. They could now easily distinguish her as a white, though it was impossible to tell whether dead or alive. There was a stream running near, however, and her head being bathed with its water, the spark of life could be perceived to be not quite extinct. Still death clenched her with an iron hold.

The contest was long and doubtful. At length she revived, and so rapidly gained strength, that being supported by a person on each side, she was able to walk. In the mean time the Indians who had fallen were examined, and proved to be the same who had long infested that region of country, and had been extremely obnoxious to the inhabitants. Buckeye was their leader—a gigantic and hideous monster, famed for his cruelty and all the qualities which constitute a good Indian warrior. When they were satisfied that each body was really dead, and that it was not a faint-made, as is the custom often of the savages to escape destruc-

tion, they deposited the corpses in the trunk of a large, hollow tree, a few rods distant, intending to bury them in the morning. They then returned toward the house. They had not proceeded far when the report of a gun which seemed to originate at or near the house was heard, and immediately was followed by a rapid succession of discharges, together with the shouts of those either urging on an assault or repelling one. Captain Stewart and his party made all haste toward the scene of action, signifying their approach in the hope of frightening the enemy and invigorating their companions. But the former were not so easily intimidated, and it was a considerable time before the united forces were able to drive them off. Finally, however, the Indians gave way and were pursued by a circuitous rout to the wood before mentioned, with the loss of many of their brethren. The whites then stopped and retraced their journey home, deeming it imprudent to continue the chase. Sentinels were set, for the remainder of the night, a new council was convened, additional measures were taken and great preparations were resolved upon.

In the meantime the stranger had been taken into another room, washed, clothed in a civilized dress, and rendered comfortable. As she was about to give her history, according to a movement of the whole company—she asked if a person resided near named Captain Stewart. The old man looked her steadily in the face, and the next moment was hugging her within his arms. She was a darling grand-daughter upon whom he had doted, and who had disappeared several years before.—Her father and mother both had been lost in infancy, and she had been accustomed to her grandfather as a father. The event above spoken of almost turned his brain; but time in a great degree wore off its effects, and he firmly believed his daughter dead. Some attributed it to the Indians, but by most it was thought she had been drowned in a rapid river that ran a short distance from the house. And now by her sudden return he was distracted for a short time with joy almost as much as before he had been with grief. After all were composed she commenced her tale anew. She had rambled two or three miles into the forest to gather berries, unconscious of the danger to which she was exposed. The sun was scarcely an hour high and there was every appearance of a storm when she first thought of returning. The clouds grew black and lowering, and at length she could hardly see to make her way through the thickets that became more and more impassable as she proceeded. The rain too came on with extraordinary violence; and the vivid lightning as it flitted across the heavens only increased the intervening darkness and augmented her despondency. At last wearied, she sunk down under a wide spreading oak and fell asleep. When she awoke in the morning she renewed her journey, but continually advanced farther from home. She was about noon met by a band of Indians who carried her a great way into the interior. At first she was treated with much barbarity, but

afterward the son of a neighboring chief seeing her was enamored with her beauty and carried her to his village, where on account of his influence she met with kindness and respect. She agreed to marry him after a few years had elapsed; to which he assented.

Year succeeded year and yet no opportunity of escape was presented. Although in a very short time she had become initiated into the manners and customs of the Indians, still there was a hankering in her bosom after civilisation and absence but heightened the affection toward her friends.—It was a hazy evening in October, when fatigued with the labors of a day spent in picking berries, she strolled out a little way from the village and sat exhausted and feverish upon a log. The moon shed a partial light over the surrounding scene, and here and there a star seemed to struggle for existence. A dead silence prevailed, save when at times a gently rushing wind would stir up the leaves. A dark forest lay boundless at her back and stretching its gloomy arms on either side, edged the distant horizon in front. Her mind impelled by such a scene and such a situation naturally turned with powerful energy to the recollection of home and its long lost pleasures. "Perhaps my aged father now lies in the grave, having been overcome with grief for his lost child; or is a mangled victim of a red man's cruelty; or may be now writhing at the stake." Stung to madness with such reflections she had almost resolved to destroy herself and involve as many of her father's and so of her enemies as possible in the same destruction. Every avenue to hope had been closed.

She buried her face within her lap and gave way to a flood of tears. A sound of joy aroused her from the lethargy into which she had sunk. She raised her head and looked around but could perceive no one. The moon was now just disappearing behind the mountain trees that reared their lofty crests to the clouds, and old Night was fast spreading his black mantle over the earth. Again a sound broke forth, and now she faintly descried a band of warriors frantic with ecstasy approaching. A fettered captive of noble mien and noble gait was the result of an assault upon the white settlements. The party arrived at the village and was soon greeted by the inmates. The war drum was beat; the war song sung, and the war dance danced around the prisoner. The stake was set and the faggots were heaped high around it. The torch was ready and the victim ascended. No feeling of fear or dismay even now crept over his stern features, but while the fiendish yells of the savage rent the sky, he calmly prayed, and trusted to his God. The parched fuel was about to mount into a blaze when a saviour appeared. She plead and she threatened. The chief as he gazed upon her lovely countenance, as he saw the tear-drops roll down her exquisite form was melted by her loveliness and alarmed by her menaces. His commanding voice quelled the storming fury of the savages and the captive was rescued from the jaws of death. The time appointed for a union between the chief



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Well at Allahabad, India.

and the white girl was drawing nigh, and the necessity of flight was urgent. A plan with the captive was arranged, which she was enabled by her address and favor to put into operation. They were just entering the wood that reached almost to Captain Stewart's house, when a band of pursuing Seminoles were seen coming from another wood about a mile distant. They themselves were also observed. The settler pointed the way to the nearest house and told her to run for her life. He himself bounded off in another direction in the hope of diverting the Indians. But the savages divided, and each exclusively followed one of the whites. The settler with the most consummate skill foiled his enemies. After having lost his track the Indians attacked Captain Stewart's house suspecting he had fled there for refuge; and hence originated the two parties, and the events related in the former part of the tale, and thus the rescued proved again the rescuer. Fervent thanks were returned to Providence, and the night spent in talk till the eastern heavens were streaked with red. The bodies of the fallen Indians were buried, and then each family musing and full of wonder returned to its home. If any of my gentle readers should happen even to pass through that part of the country, the good old veterans, both men and women, will delight to recount to him the history of that night, and no doubt they will also tell how the gallant hero and heroine being joined in matrimony, now live in comfort and plenty, the parents of a ruddy little stock—the image of its sire and grand-sire, and how the hoary head and tettering steps of the Revolutionary officer are supported by his loving and faithful progeny.

R. N.

WELL AT ALLAHABAD, INDIA.

Among the numerous public works which distinguished the long and prosperous reign of the Emperor Akbar, is a celebrated bouslee, or well, near the capital of Allahabad: it is at this moment the admiration of all travellers. The circumference is about eighty feet, and its ordinary depth from the top of the circular wall to the water perhaps between sixty and seventy. In very dry seasons the water subsides considerably; but when the rain has been extremely abundant, this, so it is said, sometimes reaches nearly to the top. Such a casualty, however, rarely occurs, if it ever did occur; for the fact does not appear to be by any means well authenticated, and little trust is to be placed in Hindoo statements, whether these be of recent events, or of such as are based upon the still more doubtful authority of tradition. The well was built by Akbar for the benefit of his Hindoo subjects, to whose comforts, with a liberal and wise policy, he was ever careful to administer. Upon the summit, several yards from the brink, there is a handsome pavilion, built in the peculiar style of the period. It is hexagon, composed of two stories, the last surmounted by a small dome, from which a graceful culice rises, forming an elegant finish to the structure. There are flights of steps

all around the well, one side being hewn from the solid rock; and here the stairs are cut at irregular intervals, so that the water may be reached with the most perfect convenience at all heights. Near the bottom is a terrace, under which there appears to be a chamber, two small windows looking out upon the water, which would seem to show that the spring never rises above its ordinary level.—Over the terrace are entrances apparently to two other chambers, hollowed out of the living stone, the lower entrance probably affording egress to the upper plain. These excavations were most likely made by the Hindoos since the well was constructed, perhaps for the purpose of performing their idolatrous rites in secret during the persecutions to which they were subjected under the tyranny of the less humane and less politic successors of Akbar.

This wise monarch was particularly partial to Allahabad. He was in fact the founder of the modern city, intending it as a stronghold to overawe the surrounding countries, for which, from local circumstances, it was well adapted. In the year 1765 it was taken by the British army under Sir Robert Fletcher.

Allahabad is considered a place of great sanctity, and is the constant resort of numerous pilgrims.—When a pilgrim arrives here, he first sits down upon the brink of the river and has his head and body shaved, so that each hair may fall into the water, the sacred writings promising him a million of years residence in heaven for every hair thus deposited. After shaving he bathes, and the same day or the next, performs the obsequies of his deceased ancestors. The tax accruing to government for permission to bathe is only three rupees for each person; but a much greater expense is incurred in charity and gifts to the Brahmans, who are seen sitting by the river side. Many persons renounce life at the holy confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna, by going in a boat, after the performance of certain solemnities, to the exact spot where the rivers unite, where the devotee plunges into the stream with three pots of water tied to his body.—Occasionally also some lives are lost by the eagerness of the devotees to rush in and bathe at the most sanctified spot at a precise period of the moon, when the expiation possesses the highest efficacy. The Bengalees usually perform the pilgrimages of Gaya, Benares, and Allahabad during one journey, and thereby acquire great merit in the estimation of their countrymen.

It is quite a mistaken idea, that a woman cannot keep a secret—nobody so well.—Trust her but with half, or try to keep it from her altogether, and she is sure to beat you, because her pride prompts her to find out what the man thinks it right to conceal, and then her vanity induces her to tell what she found out; and this in order to show her power of discovery.—Trust all to her, and she will never betray you; but half a confidence is not worth having.

THE BRIDE,

A BALLAD.

Written by Charles Jeffreys;

COMPOSED BY S. NELSON.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. It begins with the tempo marking *Andante*. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with the dynamic marking *p* (piano). Both staves contain a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef and contains a few notes followed by a double bar line and then a series of sixteenth notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and contains a series of notes, including a trill marked *tr*. The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains a series of notes, including a dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo). A vocal line is indicated by the lyrics "Oh! take her but be faithful" written below the middle staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef and contains a series of notes. The middle staff is in treble clef and contains a series of notes, including a dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo). The bottom staff is in bass clef and contains a series of notes. The lyrics "still, And may the bridal vow Be sacred held in after years, And" are written below the middle staff.

musical score for the first system of "The Bride". It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line has lyrics: "warmly breath'd as now. Remember 'tis no common tie That binds her youthful". Above the piano part, there are markings: "A TEMPO." and "RITARDO. CRE. p p p".

musical score for the second system of "The Bride". The vocal line continues with lyrics: "heart: 'Tis one that only truth should weave, and only Death can part." Above the piano part, there are markings: "AD LIB." and "RITARDO. CRE. p".

musical score for the third system of "The Bride". It shows the final measures of the piece, with dynamics "p" and "p p" indicated above the piano part.

2. The joys of Childhood's happy hour,
The hours of riper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears;
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free,
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

3. Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,
Its good and ill to share,
And well I know 'twill be her pride,
To soothe each sorrow there;
Then take her and may fleeting Time
Make only Joys increase,
And may your days glide sweetly on
In happiness and peace.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

Original.

In the morning of life when the spirit is springing,
Each scene of mild beauty to welcome anew,
When our hearts are as pure as the breeze that is
flinging

Its sweets on the roses when mantled with dew,
Then the dreams of our youth are a sweet welling
fountain,

That gush from the font that's unsullied and free,
Or as wild as the wind that careers on the mountain,
To lash in its fury each valley and tree.

The future looks bright as the day-star that's beam-
ing,

The emblem of Hope 'mid the world's stormy way,
Or the rays of the gem on Beauty's brow gleaming,
As she kneels at the altar in brilliant array,
Fame points to the laurel her Heroes adorning,
The tramp of the warriors sounds sweet to our ear,
More bright is that vision than tints of the morning,
More winning than woman's eye dimm'd with a tear.
Then Fancy her magical pinions wide spreading,
Would lead to her sun-lighted regions afar,
Tell tales of her votaries when in glory, or treading
The golden paved courts 'neath the light of her star.
Of her poets whose songs have echo'd in wildness,
When breath'd from the lips of the haughty and high,
Or died in soft murmurs when evening in mildness,
Looks forth from her purple robed throne in the sky,
We think of no past but the gambols of childhood,
Of scenes of enjoyment, the brightest and best,
The present is calm as the stream in the wild waste,
Whose mirror-like surface is cradled to rest.

And as on the wide ocean, when driven to madness,
The rays of the light-house continue to burn,
So do we oft think of those moments with sadness,
And sigh for the dreams of our youth to return.

Philada. March, 1839.

S. H.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT A WAY.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

On Christmas-day, in the year 1636, at the Abbey church of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire, just as the host was about to be elevated, a shrill voice, which nevertheless appeared to be half suffocated with emotion, cried out from the gallery, where the monks were sitting, "I am a woman, and the Abbot's a villain."

A great stir ensued in the gallery. The Abbot suddenly presented himself in the front, holding a pale and frightened-looking young man, one of the monks. He was himself much agitated, and addressed the congregation in the following words:—"The prayers of all good Christian people are desired for an unhappy soul, grievously tormented with fits of lunacy." The young man was then carried out, and the service proceeded.

This cry, and the extraordinary circumstance that followed it, excited great talk in the neighbor-

hood. Neither the Abbot nor his monks enjoyed the best reputation. His example had undone the severity of his doctrine: for he would fain have had a monopoly of his license, but, was forced to compromise the matter, and wink at a participation. His propensity to the fair sex in particular, was notorious. The moment therefore the voice was heard in the church, it was believed to be that of a woman; though with what face, or under what pretext, she could have been introduced among the reverend fathers on such an occasion, could not be conjectured. On the other hand, the person who had been brought forward as needing the prayers of the laity (which made some of the neighbors very merry at the Abbey's expense) was known to every body in the village for a monk so afflicted. He had never cried out before; but that did not prove the impossibility of his having now done it: and though the voice sounded like a woman's there was no knowing how agony might not have wrought it to that unnatural pitch.

Opinion was much divided on the subject. People did not know how to reconcile their own jarring speculations. Not so Lord Fitzwarren, a powerful nobleman, who had a seat in the neighborhood, and who was at variance with the Abbot. A long knowledge of the latter's character, and a dispute of equally long standing respecting some meadows that lay between their domains, inclined him to believe the worst. He set his agents to work, and soon got information enough to excite attention to the mystery at court; thus gratifying himself in every way, for he at once indulged his resentment, pleased the king and his minister, who wished for this kind of information beyond all others, and indulged in certain visions, not only respecting meadows, but their abatements, which turned out to be well founded.

All that his lordship had yet discovered, was, that there was actually a female in the monastery. The monks denied that she had been brought there by the Abbot's connivance, or by any body's; and said, that a heavy punishment would fall on her head. They protested, that this female had nothing to do with the cry in the church; that the imagination of the invalid had been disturbed by a knowledge of her being among them; and that a due account of her, and her intrusion into the Abbey, would be given to the parishioners. Meanwhile, she was under close confinement in the house of a man who worked for the monastery; which was true. Something was added about officious and meddling persons, jealous of the popularity of the church; and an artful appeal was made from the pulpit—to the interests of the parishioners; who, in fact, were not sorry to let the Abbot continue in a reasonable course of scandal, provided he distributed his usual quantity of alms, gave as much good work to the laborers, and continued to let certain tenements at their singularly low rent; offices of charity, in which he had shown great symptoms of becoming zealous.

The monks were right in their allegation respecting the mode in which the female had come among

them. It was her own doing. She had offered herself, in boy's clothes, as an inmate of the monastery on any terms, and with a view to enter on a noviciate: and nobody, till of late, had known that she was any other than she pretended. It was observed, at the same time, that the monks who gave this information and who would sometimes offer it before it was asked, were always the same men, consisting of but two or three out of the whole number. The porter was one; but the rest were generally loitering about the gate. None of the others were to be seen. A young monk in particular, very popular on account of the sweetness and pensiveness of his manners, was never to be met with.

The following history ultimately transpired. We shall relate it in its order up to the period before us, and then go on with what took place in consequence of the cry in the church.

Francis Periam was the younger son of a good family at Kirton in Devonshire. He was designed for the church; but the intention was dropped, on account of a fortune left him. However, the church was unwilling to let him go. He was kept much at home, under the eye of his mother, and of the priest who educated him; but his nature being lively and sanguine, the first thing he did on entering the world was to fall in love. The lady was the first young lady he had conversed with; and the first conversation made him her prisoner. The mother was very angry at first, and gave the object of his passion a variety of ill names; but finding that she was of good birth and had a considerable fortune, her opinions changed. It was agreed that nothing better could have happened for the family of the Periams, provided a due regard for the church could be maintained among the progeny to come. But a new obstacle occurred. The lady would not have the lover. She was a haughty beauty, proud of a fortune twice as large as his, and resolved to marry nothing under a title. Francis was struck to the heart. His first taste of the world had been very sweet: he was pleased with every body and every thing: the lady, who with all her pride was a coquette, had encouraged his advances; he was good and unsuspecting, and could not suddenly awake to the knowledge that there were dispositions less kind and honorable than his own, in persons of his own age, without a surprise the most afflicting. The Priest, who had acknowledged the expediency of the match, because he could not help it, now took advantage of his sorrow to press on him the nothingness of the world. Francis admitted what he said, but with the humility and patience, and not without the hopes of a lover, held it his duty nevertheless to see if he could not turn the heart of a beauty, who thought too much of the pride of the eyes. He persevered in his suit for two years. At length, meeting with no encouragement, nor even with incivility, which might have rendered him submissive, or awakened his resentment, he withdrew in hopeless patience from the world, and buried himself in the monastery of St. Mary Ottery.

"First loves," quoth the Journal, at this part of the narrative, "are things notably jeered at and flouted; but in good truth they do coler and concern the lives of honest gentlemen, more than such pleasant companions wot of: and methinks, the true method of dealing with well-disposed youth, be neither to make too light of such matters, nor withal to carry an over-sour and formal countenance of restraint, but to deal frankly and honestly with honest minds, and show them rather what sort of women would be a blessing and comfort to their days. Here was a young gentleman, as the history will show, who, had he been plainly guided as to what natures it were to his profit to love, and put handsomely in the way of them, instead of being admonished by a silly woman and a knavish Roman Priest not to love at all, would have escaped years of doleful suffering, besides great peril to his soul's health among these pestilent friars." The writer adds a curious remark. "Note," saith he, "that young men, which have grown up with sisters, are less exposed to this peril of falling in love unwisely, than such as be unused to that kindred; for that young girls do use to show their humors and girlish weakness more freely in their own homes, and before they arrive at woman's estate, than when they dress up their behaviour, like their bodies, for them that know them not: the which experience rendereth the young man their brother marvellously cautious and acute, when he cometh to bethink himself of a wife: for in other women he seeth other men's sisters; whereas the poor youth who wanteth that help to *feminology*, beholdeth none but Queen Helens and the ladies of Amadis de Gaul; and so taking any painted face for an *aungell*, findeth, peradventure to his despair, that he hath bound himself to a *veray devil*."

It was about three years after the entrance of Francis into the monastery, that a stripling of a tender age and apparently brought up with delicacy, presented himself at the Abbey-gate, and begged to be admitted as an inmate under any circumstances. The vagueness and earnestness of his request made the Abbot suspect him to be a runaway youth, who was to be sent back to his parents; but although the little stranger, with great firmness and gentleness, declined giving an account of himself, yet upon his repeated protestations that he was no such person, joined to a look of singular innocence and distress, and an asseveration that he should die in the neighborhood if they rejected him, the Abbot was induced to give him permission for a time, hoping that his family would not be long before they discovered him. The reverend father was willing to amuse himself meantime with endeavoring to discover his secret, and looked for honor and advantage in the end from those who came to claim him. The youth was clad as a lay-brother, and given the office of censor-boy in the chapel, where his beauty rendered him an object of admiration. "Little William," said the Abbot in the boy's hearing, to a favorite monk, "wanteth nothing save the being a woman,

to be an angel. Verily, as I turned upon him the other day, whereas he knelt with the censor, I started for my sins, his visage and pretty seeming looked so heavenly amidst the sweet odor. Hey, brother Thomas! What thinkest thou Aaron would have said to such a lip at his beard, with a woman to it?" Brother Thomas who had not drunk so much as my lord Abbot, bowed with an air of piety, and answered, that the holiest of men would have been pleased to see the encouraging manner in which it pleased his lordship to speak of youth and simplicity. Little William was rather surprised at the manner in which youth and simplicity were encouraged; but he looked down, and threw into his countenance as vague an expression as terror would allow. More than one circumstance had terrified him since he came to the Abbey. The inmates, at all hours, did not appear to consist of men. Young as he was, he observed more than was expected. The Abbot took him to be eleven or twelve at most; but the truth was, he was a good twenty.

Our reverend father, in order to warm his secret out of the boy (for gossiping always went a great way in religious houses) consigned him to the care of a hypocrite of a fellow, the above mentioned brother Thomas, who to unsuspecting eyes could put on all the appearance of sanctity. But the reserve of innocence is often a match for the greatest cunning. William's companion instructed him in the rules of a convent, in the duties of a religious life, and in the veneration and confidence which those who aspire to lead it (as he always expressed his anxiety to do) owed to their superior. The stranger listened with good faith, and with a resolution, when the time came, to confess every thing but who he was, and the name of one other person. Brother Thomas could discover nothing.

The Abbot, who most likely was of opinion that there must be more vice than virtue in this concealment, determined to try what a younger companion could effect. For this purpose, he gave him in charge to Francis Periam, now celebrated for his piety under the name of Father Edmund. He could not make use of the Father as a spy. Convinced by many circumstances that he was honest, and equally convinced that honesty and wisdom never went together, he must have expected to get the secret out of his simplicity; unless indeed his speculations went farther. It is thought, that suspicions of some sort were excited in his mind by the manner in which the boy received intelligence of his new associate. "You know him?" said the Abbot.

"He is known to every one," said the youth, blushing deeply: "I fear me I shall make a sorry companion for one of his excellence."

"He knows you, peradventure?" resumed the Abbot.

"That I warrant he does not," said the boy: "he is the last—I mean, that in my own country—I will attend him, my lord, with all fitting reverence." The Abbot sent him immediately to Fa-

ther Edmund, and then directed his familiar to keep a strict eye upon them both.

Father Edmund, though as honest as the Abbot thought him, was not quite so devoted to his profession. A residence of three years in the monastery had shocked him by discovering, that monks were neither such holy people, nor himself so inveterate a lover, as he had supposed. He found his thoughts wandering toward a gentle and plaintive voice, which he heard sometimes among the nuns of a neighboring choir. He began to recollect that his mistress's voice was harsh, and her face not much gifted with sensibility. He tried in vain to remember even a clever saying that was her own, or a tender speech which her manners to every body had not contradicted. He called to mind, that he had once envied a little dog, which she used to pinch on the ear till it barked. The trick now appeared to him cruel and unfeminine. His eyes were opened to the rash action he had been guilty of in devoting himself to a religious life; and there was nothing in the monastery to reconcile it. He saw plainly, that some of the inhabitants, the superior included, were licentious men of the world; one or two fanatical and morose; and the remainder a knot of grown children, full of petty jealousies, and tormented with the misery of not knowing how to pass their time: for this was a monastery in which no handicraft occupation was permitted. Our poor brother was now in danger of becoming licentious or morose himself. His sincerity, aided by the gentle voice of the nun, interfered, and rendered him a shame to the convent, and the love and admiration of the villagers. A little ambition mingled with his virtue. He thought what a reverend and graceful thing the office of Abbot might be made, and lent an ear that alarmed him to every account of what was passing in the world. The Abbot of St. Mary Ottery was a lord of parliament. Father Edmund might become a lord of parliament, and the whole Christian world be the better for his exertions. Meanwhile he grew pale and thin, and one sort of melancholy was substituted for another. The nun's voice irritated his curiosity. He thought, if he could but see her, that the face might turn out to be a poor one; and he had done with mere faces for ever. Alas! thought he, and with voices too! No gentle voice must ever talk with me! No heart be made happy by Father Edmund! There was a monk with a very soft effeminate voice, whom he knew to be as great a knave as any in the house. He tried to assimilate the tones of this man with those of the female chorister; and to persuade himself, that all such voices were hypocritical.

It was at this period that William was introduced to his new friend. He was received with a cordiality, which he did not seem to return. And yet he appeared happy. It is only bashfulness, thought the other, gazing with admiration on his beautiful, glowing face, which he thought he had seen before. When he heard his voice, he started. "Have you

no kindred hereabouts, my gentle boy!" asked the friar.

"Yes," answered the boy, thrown off his guard by his new acquaintance: "yes, indeed;—no;—I mean to say, I surely have; but she has retired from the world."

"In the nunnery?"

"Yes father, in the nunnery. She has had many misfortunes."

"Poor soul," ejaculated the other; "and so young!"

"Not so very young," said William; "about three-and-forty." Father Edmund could not help smiling at his mistake. Another cheat! thought he; another imposture!—

"So, my little friend," he resumed, "and what misfortunes have been hard with you, that you come among us at so tender an age!" The boy blushed like scarlet. He replied with great humility, that he knew of none except the vain world itself. "And how has the world proved itself vain to thee?" asked the friar, in a tone as if he could not take the observation for serious.

"It has sadly hurt those whom I love," replied the youth, dropping the last word as if he could hardly speak it. The tears came into the eyes of Father Edmund, to find so much tenderness in a boy. He resolved not to press too soon upon the history of one so capable of such refinement.

Two or three days' acquaintance not only increased the regard of Father Edmund, but made him think with uneasiness of the time at which they must part; for part, he had resolved they should. He saw, not without surprise, the great influence he possessed over all the boy's thoughts and determinations, and had made up his mind to take advantage of it for the purpose of restoring him to society. He should lose a friend,—a dreadful thought in that friendless place; but he must do his duty, and not let another heart be sacrificed. He observed that his new friend would often gaze at him with wistfulness, and then abruptly turn away. Surely, thought he, I cannot resemble one of whom he is enamoured. Love is impossible at his age; and what likeness to a fair maiden can be seen in my hollow cheeks? Is his story true? Can there be leasing, even in a visage like that? He told me of misfortunes that have driven him hither, and yet withal he seems to grow happier daily. This contradiction was very visible. William, though grave enough in the presence of others, and apparently anxious to avoid their notice, exhibited at times a pleasure amounting to gaiety in the company of Father Edmund. He came to him as early as possible in the morning, and remained with him as long as he could. When the other spoke, it seemed to him to be pure happiness to listen. If he sent him for a book, he flew with a sort of transport, and came back like lightning. On one occasion, the boy contrived to let him know, that his mistress, the haughty beauty who had rejected him, was dead; and upon the others exhibiting little signs of emotion, he fell into an uncontrollable fit of delight, which the good brother

was obliged to reprove. But these extravagant spirits did not last long. The monk pressed for his history. He showed him the duty and necessity, especially in one so young, of being explicit and plain-dealing; told him how every body ought to speak the truth, who wished to be loved in this world, much more in heaven and by the angels; and entreated him, in particular, to unbosom himself with the utmost confidence to his friend, who was anxious for his welfare, and felt himself bound to contribute to it. Little William drank in every word with alternate delight and sorrow. "Reverend father," said he, "all that you utter is next to the words of Saints in my holding. Furthermore, I feel that I ought to go hence, and not run the hazard of troubling any body:—for—" and without adding his reasons, poor William melted into tears. He wept long and fervently, but without noise. "If I must tell my story or go," said he taking at length his hands away from his face, and speaking with more composure, but not without many blushes, "I must even resume my pilgrimage; for there are some in this place, in whose eyes I could never dare to be known for the shameless varlet they would deem me." William's language often struck Father Edmund as being above his years. His tone of voice would often effect the other still more strangely. A day or two afterward, having been watching all night, the father fell asleep in the Abbey-garden. On awaking, he saw the boy kneeling beside him. His eyes were raised to heaven, and, he was making strange gesticulations.

"What are you doing, William?" William leaped up in dismay.

"I thought," said he, "you would have slept heavily after that grievous watch; but I was only pulling down a blessing on your head for your kindness to me."

"Poor boy!" said the father; "your sorrows, be they what they may, will harm both mind and body, if you do not leave this place. You are paler even now, than when you came. You must reveal the cause of your trouble, and enable us to begin your life anew. I tell the boy," added he with vehemence, afraid that his own regret gave too gentle and unimportant a turn to his voice,—"I tell thee, there is no reason for thy sojourn among us:—thou must go." And he spoke the last word in a tone of anger.

"I am very young and foolish," answered William, trembling; "I pray thee be patient with me, and I will go. Heaven has said it."

Conclusion in our next No.

A man of exceedingly contracted mind, was one day complaining to an acquaintance, that he had a very acute pain not bigger seemingly than the point of a pin. "It's amazing strange," he continued, "don't you think it is? what do you suppose is the cause of it?" "Why really I don't know," replied the other, "what part of you should be liable to so very minute a pain, unless it be your soul."

THE OCEAN.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

How beautiful!—From his blue throne on high
The sun looks downward with a face of love
Upon the silent waters; and the sky,
Lovelier than that which lifts its arch above,
Down the far depths of Ocean, like a sheet
Of flame, is trembling; the wild tempests cease
To wave their cloudy pinions. Oh, 'tis sweet
To gaze on Ocean in his hour of peace!

Years have gone by since first my infant eyes
Rested upon those waters. Once again,
As here I muse, the hours of childhood rise
Faint o'er my memory, like some witching strain
Of half-forgotten music. Yon blue wave
Still, still rolls on in beauty: but the tide
Of years rolls darkling o'er the lonely grave
Of hopes, that with my life's bright morning died!

Look! look!—the clouds' light shadows from above
Like fairy islands, o'er the waters sweep!
Oh, I have dreamed my spirit thus could live.
To float for ever on the boundless deep,
Communing with the elements; to hear,
At midnight hour, the death-wing'd tempest rave,
Or gaze, admiring, on each starry sphere,
Glassing its glories in the mirror wave;—

To dream—deep mingling with the shades of eve—
On Ocean's spirits, caves, and coral halls,
Where, cold and dark, the eternal billows heave—
No zephyr breathes, nor struggling sunbeam falls
As round some far isle of the burning zone,
Where tropic groves perfume the breath of morn,
Lest to the Ocean's melancholy tone,
Like a lone mourner's on the night-winds borne:—

To see the infant wave on yon blue verge,
Like a young eagle, breast the sinking sun,
And twilight dying on the crimson surge,
Till down the deep, dark zenith, one by one,
The lights of heaven were streaming;—or to weep
The lost, the beautiful, that calmer rest
Beneath the eternal wave;—then sink to sleep,
Hushed by the beating of the Ocean's breast.

Oh, it were joy to wander wild and free
Where southern billows in the sunlight flash,
Or night sits brooding o'er the northern sea,
And all is still, save the o'erwhelming dash
Of that dark world of waters; there to view
The meteor hanging from its cloud on high,
To see the northern fires, with blood red hue,
Shake their wild tresses o'er the startled sky!

'T is sweet, 'tis sweet to gaze upon the deep,
And muse upon its mysteries. There it rolled,
Ere yet that glorious sun had learned to sweep
The blue profound, and bathe the heaven in gold.

The morning stars, as up the skies they came,
Heard their first music o'er the Ocean rung,
And saw the first flash of their new born flame
Back from its depths in softer brightness flung.

And there it rolls!—Age after age has swept
Down, down the eternal cataract of Time
Men after men on earth's cold bosom slept;
Still there it rolls, unfading and sublime.
As bright those waves their sunny sparkles fling
As sweetly now the bending heaven they kiss,
As when the Holy Spirit's brooding wing
Moved o'er the waters of the vast abyss!

There, there it rolls.—I've seen the clouds unfurl
Their raven banner from the stormy West—
I've seen the wrathful Tempest Spirit hurl
His blue forked lightnings at the Ocean's breast:
The storm-cloud pass'd—the sinking wave was
hush'd—

Those budding isles were glittering fresh and fair—
Serenely bright the peaceful waters bluish'd;
And heaven seem'd painting its own beauties there!

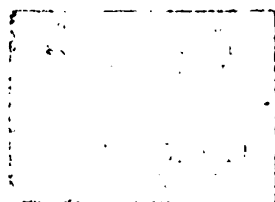
* * * * *

Ocean farewell!—Upon thy mighty shore,
I loved in childhood's fairy hours to dwell—
But I am wasting—life will soon be o'er,
And I shall cease to gaze on thee—farewell!
Thou still wilt glow as fair as now—the sky
Still arch as proudly o'er thee—Evening steal
Along thy bosom with as soft a dye—
All be as now—but I shall cease to feel.

The evening mists are on their silent way,
And their art fading; faint their colors blend
With the last tinges of the dying day,
And deeper shadows up the skies ascend—
Farewell!—farewell!—the night is coming fast—
In deeper tones thy wild notes seem to swell
Upon the cold wings of the rising blast—
I go—I go—dear Ocean, fare thee well!

In the Bijou Almanac for 1839, edited by L. E.
L. is the following, which she wrote a short time
previous to her leaving England:

My little fairy chronicle,
The prettiest of my tasks, farewell!
Ere other eyes shall meet this line,
Far other records will be mine;
How many miles of trackless sea
Will roll between my land and me!
I said thine elfin almanac
Should call all pleasant hours back;
Amid those pleasant hours will none
Think kindly on what I have done?
Then, fairy page, I leave with thee,
Some memory of my songs and me.





Prepared for the artist.

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THE FAVORITE OF THE HAREM :
OR, THE PASHA'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS PARDOE.

CHAPTER I.

The Pasha Talat was the Satrap of a powerful province too far removed from the magnificent City of the Three Seas, the capital of the Lord of Life, to be frequently convulsed by the factions which must ever rend the metropolis of a great Empire. His chaoushes knew no other lord, save by the voice of rumor; they had never laid their foreheads in the dust before a greater than himself; and they served him with the blind obedience which was their duty.

Every karabash (wise man) and astrologer of the province had predicted for him a long life and a prosperous fortune. His spahis (horse soldiers) were alert and brave, and threw the djerid with all the art of Arabs; his palace was the noblest in the city, and his kasr (castle) the strongest in the mountains; his mir-akhor (head-groom) was justly proud of his unrivalled stud; his yuzbaskis (captains) were faithful, and the strange merchants who from time to time traded in the bazar, repaid with a willing and liberal hand the protection and justice which they ever found in the divan of Talat Pasha.

But the Satrap possessed one gem which outvalued the diamonds of his treasury and the revenue of his pashalik. His beard was already marbled with gray when the prayer of his heart was answered, and he became the father of a lovely girl. Pure as the blossoms of the Indian Agla, lovely as the bursting rose when it drinks in the dew-drop of the early dawn, and graceful as the fawn which sports by its mother's side beneath the forest boughs, Maitap (moonlight) seemed to have come on earth to shew the world how fair the peris of

Paradise may be. Her mother loved her as the bulbul loves the moonlight; her father clung to her as to the principle of his existence; and as years went by, and time only rendered her more faultless—the fame of her rare beauty was noised abroad; and many a poet rhymed the name of the Pasha's daughter to a thousand expletives of harmony and love.

Fathers sued for their sons, and mothers visited the harem of the Satrap to satisfy themselves that rumor had not outran reality; but the proposals of the one, and the scrutiny of the other alike availed nothing; the Pasha loved his child too much to thwart her fancy; and the glorious pearl of the province only wept when they talked to her of quitting her father's roof.

Among the numerous suitors whom her loveliness drew around the carpet of the Pasha, was the dark-eyed Youssof Bey, the only son of a wealthy Satrap whose province adjoined that of the father of Maitap. The country rang with his praises: he had read the Koran thrice through; he had transcribed the poems of Hafiz on the tablet of his memory; while yet a youth he had mortally wounded an Arab Schiek in a skirmish whence older and stronger warriors had fled; to the courage of a man he joined the softness of a woman; and when the proud Pasha asked for him the hand of the Satrap Talat's daughter, his heart was as free from any impression as the mysterious sea over which navies have passed without leaving a trace behind; but unlike the illimitable ocean, that heart had never yet been laid bare to any contact, and when the fair Maitap was mentioned to him as his future bride he listened in silence, and taught himself to love her in hearkening to the hyperbolic panegyrics of the strangers who visited the palace.

But his father's rank and his own merit availed him nothing. Presents both rare and costly were sent to the harem of Talat Pasha; his mother,

anxious for his happiness, employed every wile in order to insure success; the father of the young beauty expatiated on the advantages of the connection, and every female tongue in the city was loud in his praise; yet he met no happier fate than his less worthy rivals. The young beauty listened, wept, and finally refused to allow the name of Yousseuf Bey to be mentioned in her presence.

Opportunities had not been wanting when she might have satisfied herself of his rare personal advantages, but she had avoided them; nor did she approach the lattices of her apartment until she ascertained that, hopeless of success, he had quitted the city.

The failure of the young and gallant Bey acted powerfully on the spirits of the other suitors of the lady; they felt that where he had gathered only ashes, they could secure no treasure; and one by one, slowly and reluctantly, they withdrew their claims.

Light was the heart of the fair Maitap when the last hoof-stroke of the lover-band resounded through the court-yard, and the rider galloped away in search of a more willing bride; and as she hung upon the neck of her father, and buried her sweet face in his bosom, she muttered gentle words of tenderness and trust that drew tears from the eyes of the Pasha, and blessings from his lips.

Less happy was the son of the Satrap Sarim; no fear of failure had gone with him to the palace of Talat, and his rejection had fallen upon him like a stroke of destiny. From the hour that he lost hope, he felt that to live without the beautiful Maitap would be impossible; and as he sped homeward, he breathed an earnest and a solemn vow that he would win her or die.

But how!

Yousseuf Bey was young and sanguine, full of life and love—rich, talented, and handsome. If ever hope brushed away a dark shadow from the tablet of despair with her sunny wing, it was for such as he!

Despite his love for his daughter, Talat Pasha could not conceal the feelings of disappointment with which he saw the young Bey depart. He could hope no brighter fortune for her than that which she had just rejected; and he was mortified also that the haughty suitor had not made a single effort to change the temper of the chilling beauty, but had bowed beneath her decision without a word of remonstrance.

Time, however, which softens all things, gradually diminished the regret of the Pasha, and he forgot to sigh when the name of the Satrap Sarim was mentioned in his presence. Nor could he forbear rejoicing, when the labors of the divan were over, that the sweet smile of Maitap still welcomed his arrival in the harem, and shed a ray of light over his existence; and, eventually, he almost learned to rejoice that his lovely child was either colder or more capricious than the rest of her sex.

The usual quiet monotony of the Satrap's palace was one morning disturbed by the intelligence that

a strange merchant had arrived in the city, and established himself in the principal khan, with an assortment of stuffs such as had never before been beheld in the province. One of the household slaves had lingered to see many of the bales opened, and gave a most exciting description of their contents, as well as of the Khawaji himself; and the fair Maitap, who had become wearied alike of her tusbee, (chaplet) her birds, and her flowers, amid the langor of a warm day of summer, was not sorry to find a new source of amusement in the hyperbolic details of the voluble Saide.

"Mashallah!" pursued the slave, as she perceived that her beautiful young mistress was leaning forward upon her cushions to listen; "I never saw such silks, nor such eyes! One of them worked with gold in the cypher of the Padishah on a ground of bright orange, and another of clear blue rayed with silver. And then such a beard! as black and as glossy as a bird's wing; and the most delicate muslins for yashmacs! (veil) you might see the very color of the lips they covered. And, wallah billah! a voice that goes through and through you, as though it spoke to your soul rather than your ears. Ajai!—wonderful! why he has brought into the city the lading of nine camels; and he walks like a Vezir."

"Your merchant-prince is indeed a marvel!" smiled the young Hanoum; "but I would learn his name."

"They call him the Khawaji Zadig, and he comes from Bassora. Mashallah! what an eye he has, and a forehead like a Padishah! Giadilla was in luck to-day; her kismet won a gift for her from the whitest and the softest hands in the world."

"Nay, you are mad, Saide;" said the fair Maitap striving to call up a frown; "One would think that no strange merchant had ever before visited the city, or rewarded the insolence of an idle nurse with a head-dress; let me hear no more of this—it is unseemly."

The rebuked attendant bowed her head in silence, and shortly after quitted the apartment.

An unusual restlessness suddenly seized the Pasha's daughter; she rose from the sofa; thrust her delicate feet into her pearl-sprinkled slippers; tried all her instruments one after the other; and rejected each in turn; complained of an oppression in the air; discovered that the water in her goblet was heated and sickly, and that the musk-lemone which were scattered over the room affected her head; and finally quarrelled with the exquisite cachemire that was folded about her brow, and declared that, since she had looked into a mirror, she had never worn a color that became her.

The inference was simple; a new cachemire must be purchased; and she had already examined and rejected every shawl in the bazar of the city, save those of the strange merchant.

CHAPTER II.

The Khan of Damascus, as the caravanserais was called, in which the Merchant had taken up

his abode, was situated near the southern gate of the city, many stadia from the palace of the Pasha; and more than once during her drive the heart of Maitap beat more quickly than usual, as she asked herself why she thus indulged a caprice, as extraordinary as it was unaccountable. Frequently was she tempted to change her purpose, and simply to visit the bazar; but a resistless impulse urged her to persevere in her original intention; and while this mental war was waging in her heart, the araba drove into the yard of the caravanerai.

In the centre of the court a handsome fountain poured forth its volume of bright sparkling water; and in one corner rose a small edifice dedicated to the sick birds brought by the hunters and peasants from the mountains. A pair of noble eagles, with their feathers ruffled by illness crouched heavily upon the roof; a lame stork was visible through one of the casements; and a number of small birds, of different descriptions, were perched on the eaves of the building.

But Maitap saw neither fountain nor infirmary; her eyes were fixed on a young man, who stood earnestly conversing with a *saphi*, (cavalry soldier) and whose extreme personal beauty exceeded any thing which she had previously imagined. As she lay back upon her cushions, with her feather-fan before her face, she could indulge her admiration without a fear of his observing her; and this feeling of security betrayed her into a reverie which was only terminated by the harsh voice of the Aga Baba, who reining up his splendid Arabian close to her side, inquired her further pleasure.

"Yavash, yavash—softly, softly," she said, starting at once into a full consciousness of the error into which she had been betrayed; "I have not yet quite decided whether I shall venture to encounter the fatigue of bargaining with the *khawajis* to-day; my head aches, and my eyes are heavy."

"We will then return at once to the palace," said the negro; and he had already gathered up his bridle, when the lady exclaimed peevishly,

"And yet when I have submitted to the tediousness of traversing the city, I may as well profit by the exertion, or I shall be compelled to repeat it—Inquire, therefore, for the store of the merchant *Zadig*."

The Aga Baba obeyed; and the araba slowly proceeded to the quarter indicated, Maitap never once removing her eyes from the figure of the stranger, and marvelling much whom he could be. The slaves who sat at her feet detected the sudden pre-occupation of their mistress with the intuitive penetration of the sex; and although they uttered no comment, they glanced expressively at each other, and then indulged themselves in gazing on the same object, with an interest and admiration only inferior to her own.

When the carriage stopped at the entrance of the store, great was the satisfaction of the Pasha's daughter on remarking that the handsome stranger hurriedly terminated his conversation with the soldier, and turned his steps in the same direction; and the cloud which had gathered upon her brow

was dissipated in an instant, when with a low and respectful salutation, he followed her into the spacious warehouse, and stood silently with downcast eyes, awaiting her commands.

This then was the Merchant *Zadig*!

For the first time the proud beauty felt ill at ease; she had forgotten why she came there, and what she sought; and she remained earnestly gazing upon the *khawaji*, without making an effort to give even the semblance of accident to her visit.

The stranger was about five-and-twenty; his eyes were as black as ebony, and as bright as sunbeams; his port was haughty; and his brow well became the pride that sat on his finely-moulded lips. He wore a turban of which the *cachemire* was almost above price; his flowing robe was of crimson silk, rayed with orange; and in his rich and well-adjusted girdle he carried a hand-jar sparkling with one immense ruby, on which was graven the cypher of the Prophet.

The silence became embarrassing; and to dispel it, *Shereen*, the favorite attendant of the lady, took up a gorgeous shawl which was flung upon one of the bales, and began to utter "*Maashallahs*!" and "*Pek Guzels*!" (very pretty) innumerable, as she examined its patterns and texture. The impulse was as successful as it was inartificial, for it withdrew the eyes of Maitap from the Merchant, and broke the spell that had been suddenly cast over her. Annoyed and mortified at her own folly; the Pasha's daughter at once assumed a haughtiness foreign to her natural character; and glancing round her, she said coldly:

"*Khosh bulduk*—you are well found, *khawaji*; my slaves tell me that you have *cachemires* of price among your goods, which outvalue any in the bazars of the city. I may perchance become a purchaser; let me, therefore, at once see the most costly of your bales, if I have heard the truth."

"*Alhemdullillah*!" murmured the merchant: "your highness does my poor store but too much honor; and I and all that I possess are at your command." After which courteous declaration, he clasped his hands, and a couple of Numidian slaves, clad in dark blue tunics, with scarlet turbans, instantly appeared from behind the screen which veiled an inner apartment. At a silent signal from their employer, each seized a corner of the tapestry curtain, and held it high above his head, while the Merchant in a low and respectful voice begged the lady to favor him by passing into the chamber where he had secured the most costly of his merchandise from the contact of casual purchasers.

Thrilled, and governed by a curiosity which had now become uncontrollable, the stately Maitap scarcely hesitated a moment; and followed by her two attendants, she crossed the threshold, and the screen fell behind her.

The apartment in which she stood was spacious, and lighted by three windows overlooking a court planted with maple and acacia trees; these windows the luxurious Merchant had veiled with curtains of pale pink silk that gave a sunset hue to

every object in the chamber; but the surprise of the Pasha's daughter amounted to wonder, as the gorgeous Numidians, after glancing toward their master, spread over the handsome divan of crimson velvet, a covering of delicate white satin wrought with gold: and heaped upon it cushions of needle-work, such as even the loved and capricious Maitap had never before beheld.

As the young beauty sank upon the glittering sofa, the Merchant still stood before her with bent head, as though he dared not meet the eyes which rested on him; then slowly retiring, he indicated to his slaves the bale which was to be opened for her inspection; while, in order to while away the time, he spread out before her several caskets filled with gems, which flashed in the soft and shaded light. Tusbees of pearls, each the size of a pea; bodkins of brilliants; rings of rose diamonds, charms, and amulets, and gilded toys of every description, enough to turn the head of a score of Eastern women.

Amid all her admiration the fair daughter of the Pasha remarked, however, that there was one casket which the khawaji had not opened, and which, when he had once or twice accidentally taken it up, he had hastily laid aside. There needed no more to excite in her bosom a strong desire to examine the contents of the casket; and when the same circumstance again occurred, during a search which the Merchant was making for a case containing some valuable turquoises, she could not refrain from pointing toward the mysterious subject of her thoughts, and inquiring why that also had not been submitted to her inspection.

"Lady," said the khawaji, "all that I have is at the bidding of your highness, and even unworthy of your attention. Of what is mine I would hold back nothing. Your slave lives but to obey you, and his face is whitened by your approbation; but the contents of this casket are not mine; I hold them only in trust for one of my most honored customers; and I would not lay before you a jewel of which I cannot make you mistress."

"But I would see it nevertheless," urged the fair Maitap, as she extended her hand toward the Merchant.

Zadig bowed submissively, and having loosened the clasps of the casket, he laid at the feet of his visiter a superb hand-mirror, of which the frame was of chased gold, profusely studded with brilliants. A cypher of small emeralds ornamented the back of the glass, and a heavy tassel of gold depended from the handle; and, altogether, the toy was of so costly a description that the Pasha's daughter could not refrain an exclamation of delight.

"Can you really not dispose of this pretty anali, Effendim?" she asked eagerly.

"Alas! I have told your highness only the truth. It was wrought in the bezenstein of Stamboul for a young and wealthy Bey, who is about to form his harem; and is destined to reflect the beauties of his fair bride. He has already urged its arrival more than once, and I dare not disappoint him."

"Y'Allah! it is a pretty toy, and the Bey has taste. How you call him, khawaji?"

"Youssef Bey, the son of Sarim Pasha"—replied Zadig.

"By the soul of your father, you may then sell me the anali;" said Maitap, with a proud toss of her pretty head; "for the bride will not put off her slippers in the harem of the Satrap's son before you have had time to make a dozen such."

"Asteferalloh!" murmured the Merchant; "Your highness must have been misinformed. The young Bey made a journey to the province of your noble father, (may his years be many!) and abode, as I have been informed, some days in the Pasha's palace; and it was on his return thence that he learnt the happiness which was in store for him."

Maitap blushed as she listened, until the roseate flush could be distinguished through the mawdin of her yashmac; and she suffered the splendid anali to fall from her hand upon the cushions. It was reverently raised by the khawaji, and replaced in the casket without a word from the young beauty; for a grasp like iron was on her heart. Had her pride indeed won for her no greater triumph than this? Was she forgotten in a day? replaced in a month? remembered only with a smile?

The reverie would have lasted longer, but chancing to look up, and meeting the fine dark eyes of the Merchant, Maitap suddenly resumed her self-possession, and gave full employment both to his patience and his taste, in examining one after the other all the shawls in his warehouse.

It was a pretty scene. The lady reclined upon her cushions of party-colored satin, with one white arm fully revealed as she extended it to touch the different shawls which were spread out before her by the handsome trader; who, resting upon his knee on the edge of the carpet, took them from the hands of the Numidians who stood close behind him; while the attendants of the lovely girl, shrouded in their dark and ample mantles, were seated a little space apart. The soft and dreamy light mellowed the atmosphere about them; and the rainbow-like tints of the shawls which were scattered through the apartment, lent a gorgeous finish to the picture.

The sudden entrance of the Aga Baba gave a new feature to the aspect of affairs. The lady held in her hand a magnificent cachemire of exquisite texture, and as the screen was lifted, she said suddenly:

"It is well, Effendim; tell me therefore the lowest price that you will take for this which I hold, and our bargain will soon be terminated."

"Sixteen purses:" replied Zadig coldly, and without raising his eyes; "and were it not that I am honored by the notice of your highness, I should demand twenty."

"And this!" and she pointed to another of inferior quality;

"Will not count beyond nine; though the wreath of nargis (narcissus) is woven by the hands of the peria."

"They are mine:" said Maitap, as she rose to

depart, and the Khawaji having folded them in two separate handkerchiefs of colored muslin, intended as a present to the attendants, placed them in the hands of the Aga Baba, as the murmured "Affiet ollah—much pleasure attend you," of his fair visitor fell on his ear.

In another moment the araba rattled through the wide gate of the khan.

The Pasha's daughter never once spoke during her homeward drive, but as she stopped at the door of the harem, she unfolded the shawls from their coverings, and flinging the painted handkerchiefs into the laps of her attendants, left the peri-woven shawl which had been her last purchase, in the hands of the Aga Baba when he assisted her to alight.

CHAPTER III.

From this day the nature of the beautiful Maitap underwent a total change. She was restless, unhappy, and capricious. The very sun did not shine in the heavens for her as it had once done; her flowers had no fragrance, her birds no song.—She drooped like a caged nightingale—she withered like a blighted rose. When her maidens strove to entertain and arouse her, it was no longer with light tales of love and laughter to which she had hitherto listened with a proud feeling of amused disdain, but with legends of fear, and sorrow, and despair; for then she wept sweet tears over the griefs of others until she soothed her own. Once only did she repeat her visit to the khan, and she found a void. The merchant Zadig had left the city; and there remained no trace of him in the caravanserai. Many were the tales told, however, of his liberality, his charity, his gracefulness of manner, and his warmth of heart; and by some extraordinary fatality not one of them failed to reach the ears of the pensive beauty.

For hours did she sit calling up before her mental vision every word, and look, and action of the young Khawaji; true, she had seen him but once, and yet, she felt that there was an expression in his deep eyes which had entered into her soul; and then she remembered how soon and how easily the haughty son of Sarim Pasha had forgotten her, and she wondered within herself whether she should fade as early from the memory of the Merchant.

One day, when she was as usual indulging these speculations, a slave entered her apartment, and presented to her a small packet which had been brought to the city by the Emir-hadjji of a caravan that had proceeded on its way at daybreak. She opened it hastily, and having torn away the numerous coverings in which it was enveloped, unclasped a crimson casket, and started with surprise on discovering the well-known anali of the merchant Zadig. Upon the mirror lay a strip of paper, containing simply these words: "For the beautiful and honorable lady, her highness Maitap Hanoum, from the most devoted of her slaves."

The Pasha's daughter blushed until brow and bosom burnt with the crimson tide that rushed

tumultuously from her heart. Her first impulse was to conceal the paper from the profaning eyes of her attendants; the next would probably have been dictated by her pride, and have compelled the restoration of the gorgeous gift; but she knew not where to find the donor; and as she gazed into the jewelled mirror, she thought that her face had never seemed so fair. Involuntarily she sighed, and glanced down upon the shawl which cinctured her waist; she had long ceased to wear any other; it was that which she had purchased of the handsome stranger; it covered the heart in which his image was enshrined.

The proud beauty was subdued. As she held the sparkling anali in her hand, she felt that all those whom she had wounded by her coldness were revenged. She loved! And whom? Not a high-born Bey, in whose harem she would have moved a queen; whose rank would have satisfied the ambition of her father, and the hopes of all her family; but a Khawaji, a trader; whose soul was in his sales, and whose thoughts, instead of dwelling upon her, must be engrossed by the eager thirst of gain. And yet, the anali! Had he forgotten her, or had he valued his gold above her smiles, would he have thus sought to win them? But what availed the fact, pleasant though it was! Alas! they might never meet again; and as this startling contingency forced itself upon the reason of the pensive girl, a large tear sullied the surface of the mirror, and a sigh heaved the shawl that bound her slight and fairy form.

Every species of diversion permitted in the harem was lavishly essayed; dancing-girls performed their graceful feats, and singing-women pealed forth their love-ditties unheeded; the mas-saldjis became distasteful, the guests wearisome; and, at length, any further attempt to arouse the melancholy Maitap from her langor was abandoned to despair, and she was left to dream and weep in peace.

At last an aged Diamond Merchant arrived in the city, with jewels such as had never before been looked upon in the bazars of the province. Weary of the monotony of the harem, the fair Maitap resolved to summon the stranger to her presence, and find a moment's amusement in the examination of his glittering stores.

It was on a terrace, shaded by lime-trees, whose blossoms were vocal with bees, and gay with the graceful rose-laurel of Eurotas, that the Pasha's daughter received the Merchant. She was closely veiled, as were the slaves who attended her; and the venerable Khawaji was conducted to her presence by the watchful Aga Baba.

The gray beard and reverend appearance of the stranger were not however calculated to alarm the jealous guardians of the Pasha's harem; and accordingly the Aga Baba, who had already feasted his eyes on the glittering merchandise of the stranger, and received a backshish (present) which perfectly satisfied all his ideas of expediency, soon wandered away among the trees, leaving the interview to the inspection of two of his subordinates:

who, in their turn, plunged deeper into the shade; and contenting themselves with remaining within sight of the fair groupe, soon bent their dark brows upon their breasts, and slept profoundly.

Jewel after jewel was looked upon, and laid aside; toy after toy was examined, commented on, and replaced in its casket; until at length the eye of the lady was attracted to a small case of crimson velvet embroidered in seed pearls; which with a singularity that at once reminded her of the young Merchant of the khan, he put aside as often as it met his hand.

"And that pretty casket which you have not yet opened;" she said gently; "what does it contain?"

"It was brought hither by mistake, Effendim;" replied the venerable khawaji; "it is not a jewel; it holds nothing which can interest your highness, or I should long ere this have laid it before you; it is not an article of merchandise—in short, it is bosh—nothing."

"The case, at least, is prettily imagined," said the spoiled beauty, who had never learned to brook opposition, "and somewhat costly for such poor contents. You will at least suffer me to examine the embroidery."

The Merchant looked embarrassed; he lifted the casket as if to present it to the lady, but he made no effort to obey her wishes; twice he appeared about to speak, and then checked himself, as though he feared to give utterance to his thought, and all this time the hand of the Pasha's haughty daughter was extended toward him.

"No bilirim—what can I say?" he faltered at length; "The casket is not mine; it has come here by the power of my unlucky feleah; (constellation) I am responsible for its safe and secret delivery—and—"

"And you take me for an Aga of the Janissaries, ready to see treason in a diamond; or for a codger-bashi, eager to levy a tax on your merchandise, is it not so?" asked Maitap, half amused and half annoyed at this unusual opposition.

The gray bearded Khawaji bent low and deprecatingly before her.

"Janum sinindar—my soul is your's," he said humbly, "my life and all that I possess are at the bidding of your highness: but I have led a long life of probity and scorn of evil; and I have pledged myself to the owner of this casket that no eye—"

"Enough, sir, enough," interposed the lady haughtily, "I need ne khodjhe (tutor) to read me lessons of propriety and honor. The time passes, and the road hence to your khan is long and wearisome; I will not detain you here." And she waved her hand with the majesty of a Sultana who desires solitude.

"Dismiss me not thus, Effendim; not thus, by your soul!" exclaimed the merchant imploringly: "Whose dog am I that I should dare to call a cloud to your bright young brow, and to light your eye with anger. Rather let me be forsworn forever!" And as he spoke, he tendered the casket to the Pasha's daughter, with a fixed and earnest

gaze that drove back the warm blood to her heart, she knew not wherefore.

For a moment she hesitated whether she should condescend to avail herself of the extorted permission of a mere trader to examine the mysterious casket: she felt that she ought to refrain, and to reject his tardy concession; but her curiosity was more powerful than her pride, and averting her eyes that she might not encounter those of the stranger, beneath which she was conscious that she quailed, she took the case from his hand, and without allowing herself to deliberate for a moment, pressed back the clasps.

As the lid flew open a faint cry escaped her; and she riveted her gaze on the contents of the little casket with an eagerness that betrayed her emotions not only to her attendants, but to the Merchant also. Yet she cared not for this: she gave it no thought; she was unconscious that any eye was on her: she was under the influence of a sudden spell, and several moments passed ere with a deep blush, and a feeling at her heart which was strangely compounded of happiness and anguish, she roused herself sufficiently to ask in a tone which, while she intended that it should be cold, was only gentle:—

"It is a fair portrait; whose may it be? If indeed the daughter of Talat Pasha may be permitted such a question."

"Lady," said the Khawaji, "Merhamet eyle bendene—have pity on me; I am withered by your frown. I will lay bare my heart before you that you may read it at your pleasure. The portrait which you hold in your hand is that of Yousseuf Bey, the son of Sarim Pasha of the next province, and it resembles him as one—"

"Nay, nay, you strive uselessly to deceive me," exclaimed Maitap sternly, "the turban is indeed that of a Bey, and the costume is rich and costly; but the features are those of a Shawl-merchant at whose store I chanced to alight a few months since. He was called Zadig."

"I dare not gainsay your highness," gravely replied the Khawaji; "it is possible that the face may resemble the man you mention, whose soul is brightened by your remembrance; but I have told only the truth when I assure you, lady, that the portrait is that of Yousseuf Bey, painted by a cunning Frank, and destined for the young bride, whom the noble Pasha (may his prosperity increase!) has just chosen for his son."

"Now, by the grave of your father! you have a false tongue," exclaimed the maiden with a burst of sudden passion, "for that same Merchant, when he visited the city many months back, told some of my slaves that this Bey was even then about to take a wife, for whom he had purchased some idle toys that had attracted their notice. How then may your tale be true when it is so tardy?"

"Neither the merchant Zadig nor myself have dared to profane your ear with falsehood, Effendim," calmly rejoined the Khawaji; "it is even as we have both stated. The Pasha has long been

earnest that his high-born son should bring a bride into his harem; and—end—”

“And what?” urged Maitap impatiently.

“May your slave perish if he offend you,” said the Merchant, “but it was rumored in the province, where I chanced then to be sojourning, that the young Bey had yielded a willing and eager assent to his noble father’s wishes when they pointed toward—” And again the Khawaji paused.

“Speak!” murmured Maitap with a slight accent of scorn.

“It was said,” pursued the stranger, “that the Pasha’s hopes had fixed themselves on the lovely daughter of the high-born Satrap Talat, the far-famed Maitap Hanoum—”

“Who cared not to be bartered like a bale of coveted merchandise, against the pride and power of an unknown suitor,” haughtily interposed the lady. “And what followed?”

“The Bey returned to his province,” continued the Merchant, “silent, gloomy, and sad! He spent his time principally in riding over the country alone, with a rapidity and perseverance which exhausted his gallant Arab; or among the spahis of his father, who adored their young commander with a devotion for which I have no words; he avoided the harem of his mother, and the divan of his father; he grew dreamy and misanthropical, and he seemed to endure existence rather than to enjoy it, when he was suddenly aroused from this unnatural stupor by a renewal of the subject of his marriage. He acquiesced, however, with an indifference which proved that his heart was not in the compact, and the bride was chosen, and the presents made, and the very day was named when she was to be conducted to his harem; but then the torpid heart of the Bey aroused itself, and he fled—fled like a delhiabashi from the city to the mountains—and the young cheek of the maiden was wet with tears, and the lip of the mother trembled with reproach and wonder; but the wretched young man did not reappear for days, and he returned only to deepen the regret of his betrothed, for the worm of sickness was feasting on his brow, and dimming the lustre of his eye; and it was vain to talk of love to one who seemed to have been stricken by Arael.”

“But the rose returned to his cheek, and the light to his eye, was it not so?” eagerly murmured Maitap, with her gaze rivetted on the picture.

“Slowly, imperfectly,” replied the Khawaji: “Lady, it is not for the eagle who has once soared toward the sun to live contented beneath a lesser light. He is once more in the palace of his father, once more in the harem of his mother, listening to their arguments, acceding to their entreaties, and prepared to fulfil the contract even at the expense of his happiness. He cannot give his heart to his young bride; he has laid it at the feet of one who has rejected the offering; and thus he searches the world for toys and trifles to fill the thoughts which might otherwise dwell upon his coldness.”

“Toys and trifles,” echoed the fair girl unconsciously, as she gazed the portrait more closely,

and then arousing herself she asked timidly, “And is this really the resemblance of Yousseuf Bey?”

“As like as the shadow of the blue heaven on the surface of a lake,” replied the Khawaji; “it wants but breath and words to be himself.”

“And does he send her this when he loves her not?” asked the maiden, rather communing with herself than addressing her companion; “Alas! she will become as wretched as the golden guncehtochiey (sunflower) which follows the proud sun through the hours of day, regardless of its scorching beam, and unheeded by the object of her fond idolatry.”

Again it was the Aga Baba who terminated the interview. His heavy step was heard upon the terrace path, and with nervous eagerness the lady selected a few jewels, and began to bargain with the Merchant. The affair was soon terminated, for the Pasha’s daughter made but a faint shew of resistance to the price demanded by the trader, and it was not until he had departed that she perceived that in the hurry and excitement of the last few moments, he had left the portrait of the young Bey in her possession, and had carried away the empty casket.

Her first impulse was to forward it to the khan by one of the negroes of the harem; but a reluctance to part from so striking a resemblance to the individual who had so long haunted her dreams, coupled with the interest flung over the picture itself by the romantic story of the suitor whom she had discarded, perhaps too hastily, tempted her to retain it for a few hours. The Merchant would doubtlessly discover his loss when he replaced his goods in the store at the caravanserai; or should he fail to do so, she could restore it early on the morrow; and while she mentally discussed the expediency of this arrangement, she slipped the picture into her girdle, and pilloved it against her heart.

CHAPTER IV.

When the young beauty awoke on the following morning, after a bewildering dream, in which the son of Sarim Pasha had sold her a shawl that had the portrait of a grim and hideous negro hidden among its folds, and Zedig the Merchant had seated a fair girl upon her carpet whom he told her was his bride, she began to reproach herself for a weakness which it was no longer time to subdue; and the blush of pride dried the tears of reluctance with which she enveloped the portrait of Yousseuf Bey in a painted handkerchief, and dispatched it to the Khan of the Jewel-merchant by the hands of her favorite Shereen. But her resolution was formed too late, and her heart’s best prayer was granted, when the confidential slave returned with the information that the strange Khawaji had left the city, at daybreak, with a caravan which chanced to be passing.

There was no remedy, and the portrait of the handsome son of Sarim Pasha remained in the possession of the Satrap’s daughter. For a while the fair Maitap appeared to have drunk at the fountain of a new existence: her voice once more awoke the

echoes of the harem into music; and her graceful laugh pealed through the gilded chambers; her step again became as the step of the chameis, and her eye as the beam of the young day when it breaks over the world.

But this spirit-joy endured not long; and only a few weeks had passed when the Pasha's daughter fell into a deeper and a more hopeless melancholy than any beneath which she had yet bent. Nothing aroused her save an allusion to the Satrap Sarim or his family; and though she never uttered the name of Yousuf Bey, her fair cheek flashed, and her dull eye lighted up as her maidens discussed in whispers the subject of his long-protracted marriage.

Despairing and fading slowly away like a sun-struck blossom, the melancholy Maitap at length resigned herself to the solitary and unhappy fate which had been brought upon her by her own pride, and only prayed to die; and in this frame of mind she sent to ask an interview with a celebrated Dervish, who for the last few weeks had established himself in a ruined tomb beyond the walls of the city.

A courteous "Khoesh bu'duk—You are well-found;" from the functionaries of the Pasha was answered by the cold "Khoesh geldin—You are welcome" of the stranger, who stalked along in the direction of the city without turning a second glance on his attendants.

After a brief interview with the Pasha, the Dervish was conducted by the Aga Baba to a garden pavilion, whence the languid eye of the fair Maitap loved to wander over the fairy wonders of the blossom-laden parterres; and where her pale brow was fanned by the perfumed breeze, which came to it freighted with the spoils of the orange-flower and the jasmin. She had been prepared for his visit, and had cast over her head a long veil of delicate white muslin which fell like a cloud about her, and made her beauty almost spectral; about her neck hung a string of precious pearls, from which was suspended a treasure to her still more precious, the portrait of Youssef Beg; or, as to her it ever seemed, of the young merchant Zadig, which was hidden beneath the folds of her robe, whose tint was of the softest blue that ever spread its azure over the vault of heaven.

As the recluse reached the threshold of the pavilion, he stumbled, and would have fallen, had not the ready hand of the Aga Baba grasped his arm; but recovering himself in an instant, he bent before the lady with silent and deep respect; and then tardily, and, as it seemed, reluctantly, obeyed her bidding, and advanced to the centre of the floor.

"Holy Dervish," commenced the Pasha's daughter in a low faint murmur, "forgive me if I have disturbed your solitude: I am unworthy to intrude upon your thoughts, or to intreat your prayers—and yet, if to solace a breaking heart, and to gladden the poor remnant of a life which is fast ebbing away, be a work fitted to your piety, you will not grudge me the few hours of communion which I have been eager to insure. Allah buyuk der—the

angels of death are hovering over me, and the light of my lamp is well nigh extinguished! Will you not speak peace to my soul ere it is called to the giddy bridge of Al Sirat! Will you not——"

"What my poor prayers may effect shall be freely given, lady," slowly replied the Dervish, "even now I will ask peace for you." And waving his hand, as if to deprecate all further parley, he turned his face toward Mecca, and sunk upon his knees.

The maiden looked on him as he knelt with a feeling of deep and solemn interest; the slaves withdrew to a small inner apartment at a signal from their mistress; and the Aga Baba, to whom the scene afforded no amusement, and whose cupidity was not awakened by the poverty of a poor Dervish, while his vigilance appeared to be to the full as unnecessary as his attendance, quietly walked away to terminate an unfinished party of tric trac (backgammon) with one of the chaoushees, on which depended a case of sweet-meats presented to the attendants of the Pasha by a departing guest.

The prayer of the Dervish was probably fervent, but it was short; for the deep stillness, amid which he could distinctly hear the painful breathing of the maiden, had not endured many instants, when he rose from his humble posture only to assume one equally reverential at the feet of the gentle girl, the edge of whose veil he pressed to his lips with all the devotion of a hadji at the Prophet's shrine.

"You are too young to die, lady," he whispered, in a tone as low and gentle as her own; "The bright world, with all its buds and blossoms, its sunshine, and its bliss, was made for such as you. The grave is for the gray head and the worn spirit—despair is for the wretched and the desolate—you should be the child of laughter and of hope. Life has yet much to charm one so fair as you."

"Bir chey yok—there is nothing!" replied the maiden sadly, "I ask only for peace—for forgetfulness; and I shall find them in the grave."

"Forgetfulness!" echoed the Dervish; "And what thought can have been traced upon the lily-leaves of a mind so bright and beautiful as yours, so dark as to make memory a blot? Y'Allah! were every mortal spirit but as pure, the wezn of the Prophet had been an idle toy."

Maitap listened in wonder! The austere devotee instead of threatenings was shedding sunshine over her soul; and she would not interrupt him by a word.

"Had such been possible," pursued the Dervish, in one of those deep whispers which are the very voice of passionate tenderness from the lips that are dear to us, but which are merely music when murmured by a stranger to whom no chord of our heart responds: "Had such been possible I should have said that your sickness was of the spirit; that the aoun (lily) had a canker hidden beneath its leaves; but this cannot be—the beautiful daughter of a powerful Pasha can never sigh away her youth in disappointment"—and he paused, and looked so earnestly upon her, that the crimson flush which spread over her brow and bosom was visible through

her veil." "It cannot be—or, alas! I should have deemed that your malady was the same as that of one who is dear to me as a brother, the unhappy Youssouf Bey, who loved you, lady, as he loved the bright heaven above him—as something hallowed—something holy—who would have poured out the best blood before you, if so he could have won one smile—one word from your sweet lips—who would do so still, even for a lighter boon."

The maiden gasped for breath; "He must not—he dare not—he would break the heart of his young bride, who has loved him, and trusted in him."

"No bride will ever tread his harem-floor, if she come not from beneath the roof of Talat Pasha," said the Dervish hastily and earnestly; "He has sworn by the soul of his father, and by the grave of his mother, that he will win no other."

"Oh, say not so!" exclaimed Maitap, passionately pressing her clasped hands upon her heart, as she remembered the Merchant Zadig; "Oh, say not so! He is vowed to a gentle girl who would wither beneath his coldness; and her misery would be my work. Bid him wed her, love her, cling to her through every change of fortune, and make for himself a happiness which I shall never know on earth." And as she uttered the last words in a low murmur that could scarcely be heard at the extremity of the apartment, her head sank on her breast, and a large drop stole unbidden to her eye.

"You love another then!" said the Dervish; "and Youssouf Bey is sacrificed! Yet pause, lady, ere you reject a heart that lives in you—or—answer me"—he pursued in a clear whisper, as again he gazed fixedly on the astonished girl: "tell me as you value your hope of paradise, do you remember Zadig the Shawl-merchant whom you once visited at the Khan of Damascus? Deceive me not, for your fate is bound up in your reply—Ha! it is so——" And he averted his eyes as the fair girl covered her burning face with her hands, and burst into tears; while a strange expression of wild delight flashed over his features.

"Who are you?" gasped out the bewildered Maitap: "You, who have dared to call up a vision before me which I have almost sacrificed my life to banish! Speak!" she repeated passionately, as she half rose from the sofa, and prepared to recall her attendants.

"One moment, lady, and but one," urged the Dervish, as he grasped her arm; "before you call down ruin upon me. A less violent revenge is in your power, where you may yourself immolate the victim—the weapon of a hireling would be useless, absence will kill sooner than steel. I perilled my life to look on you once more, but I perilled it cheerfully; for—I am Zadig the Shawl-merchant——"

"Zadig!" echoed the maiden as she bent forward, and gazed with all her soul's deep tenderness in her eyes upon the disguised Khawaji; "Zadig—do I not dream?"

"Tis even I, sweet lady—then drive me not from your presence only to expire with anguish—

have pity on my love, on my devotion—let me dedicate to you a life that would be worthless without the hope of your affection—tell me only that my boldness is forgiven. Let it not be deemed a crime that I have sought to save myself from wretchedness, when even force was used to compel me to a step against which my reason and my respect alike revolted."

"Have you forgotten, Effendim," asked the Pasha's daughter, in as cold and stern a tone as her struggling affection would permit her to assume; "Have you forgotten that the step is a long one from the Khan to the palace! Inshallah! I am no prize for the first pilgrim-merchant who chances to deem himself a fitting match for the Satrap's only child."

"I am rebuked, lady," said the young man sadly; "and I will intrude my memory no more upon you, I go only to die; and if I did not before expire beneath the lustre of your eyes, it was because I thought I read a light in them that bade me live. But in my blind presumption I have deceived myself: and the penalty of my folly shall be paid."

"Hold, madman!" almost shrieked the maiden, grasping his heavy cloak as he rose slowly from his knee; "I have much to ask of you, and something to thank you for. And first—how come you in this garb? And why did you disappear so suddenly from the city, only to return thus?"

"Most gracious lady," murmured the deep rich voice; "the unhappy Zadig spread out his jewels before you, and left in your hands the portrait of the Pasha Sarim's son only a few months back; and he hoped in his infatuated passion, that even despite his gray beard and his bent figure you might have recognised him: but his presumption was keenly punished; he only drank in a deadlier poison by gazing on you for a moment, and increased his despair until he sank beneath it. What then remained to him? Nothing, save the khirkbeh of a Dervish, and the hope of looking on you from a distance as you passed along the city streets—it was little for one who loved like Zadig, but it was all for which he cared to live—and, lady, I am here."

"And you were then the Jewel-merchant—and you know all my weakness!" exclaimed the maiden with a fresh burst of tears; "but words are idle, Zadig—the Pasha may break his daughter's heart, but he will never give her to a Khawaji."

"Yet will I not complain, Light of the World!" whispered the young man, as he rose to his knee, and possessed himself of the hand of the bewildered girl; "even although I am not the Zadig whom your pure spirit had enshrined in its calm depths, and who has called forth those precious drops of tenderness. I am indeed he whom you visited at the Khan—he who dared to forward to you a toy which was intended to recall his memory—he who cheated you with a gray head and a faltering tongue into looking upon his likeness—he, in short, who kneels before you in the garb of holiness and self-denial—and whom you once rejected as un-

worthy of your love—I am Youssouf, the son of Sarim Pasha."

A faint shriek escaped the lips of the maiden, and she hastily drew the portrait from her bosom, and glanced from the ivory to her suitor, and from him back upon the picture; and as, despite his disguise, she indeed recognised its original in the kneeling figure beside her, she suffered the portrait to fall from her hand, which was instantly pressed to the lips and brow of the young Bey.

"It is enough," he whispered; "and I am forgiven. The past is nothing, the present is your presence, the future is the hope of your affection. Light has again broke upon the soul of one whose spirit had long been dark. One word, houri of my heart's paradise! but one, and I am your slave for ever!"

"Ne bilirim—what can I say?" murmured the fair Maitap, as her head drooped upon the shoulder of her lover; "All shall be even as my lord wills. I am the gunech-tehichey, (sunflower) and he is the sun—where he moves I follow—he is my life and my light—my eyes and my soul are but his shadows."

The Dervish shortly afterward quitted the harem of Talat Pasha; and with him fled all the gloom and tears of the gentle Maitap; nor did many weeks elapse ere Youssouf Bey again appeared in the city as the suitor of the Satrap's daughter, and this time he did not sue in vain; while none save he and his fair bride, (from whom I had the tale) ever dreamt that the presence of the pious Dervish in the garden-pavilion, had any share in influencing a marriage which spread joy and hilarity throughout two provinces.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is
shaking,

Kathleen Mavourneen! what slumbering still!

Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten *this* day we must part!
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,—
Oh! why art thou silent, thou *voice* of my heart.

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers;
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once rung on my num-
bers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of *my night*!

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad fears are falling
To think that from Erin and thee I must part;
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, thy lover is calling,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou *voice* of my heart!

RAMBLING IN ROME.

"To the studio of Thorwaldsen," said I.

My cricrone led the way, and in a few minutes we were in the workshop of the greatest living sculptor. He was not himself present. He has given up hard or constant labor: old age forbids it. Now and then he gives some finishing strokes. By his pupils a statue or a group is carried up almost to the point of life. It is there left by them, and the chisel of the Master comes. The pupils sculpture it for the multitude; Thorwaldsen, with a few touches, then finishes it for the connoisseurs, and for immortality. I was much interested in wandering through his five or six rooms. They were crowded with artistical objects in curious forms. In one apartment were several clay models. These are the first visible manifestations of the sculptor. They are the immediate embodiments of conception, and demand the highest efforts of genius. All subsequent labor is quite mechanical, or bordering on it. After the model comes a mould, bearing its impression. Then from this mould is fashioned the *cast*, which is ever present to the artist's eye while chiselling. Scattered about were many marble blocks just from the quarry; and many others but rudely wrought—an arm shadowed out here, and a leg there. In this, the form was faintly beaming forth into expression; in that, it had come forth into its nearest proximity to life. I was attracted by a statue of Christ. The features were indeed heavenly. Before me, to be sure, was earthly marble; but all else earthly had been purged therefrom. The figure, is gently bending; its countenance is in repose; the eyes are downward turned; and the whole expression is of humility, but the humility of a celestial being. Fastening the eye upon it for a long time, the beholder seems advanced into the presence of high heaven-born qualities. These every-day schemes and pursuits have for a little while relaxed their hold upon his heart. He is amazed at those mysterious powers of Art, which can so vividly and impressively make a block of marble the visible home of noble and spiritual affections. How near may the creature approximate to a creator! He may go quite up to that mysterious line, which separates life from that which is just *below*, just *less* than life. He can endow the stone with an intellect and a heart. He can enliven it with thoughts and with passions. He can make it meditate, and love, and fear, and hope, and hate. He can only not make it breathe.

In an adjacent room was the statue of a Russian princess, and one of the most beautiful works of the kind which I have lately seen. It was also completely cleansed of every thing material. Never was there more admirable skill of artists. How delicately and dexterously were intellect and feeling with each other interwrought, and there intermingled!

Among a hundred other objects of interest, was the bust of Thorwaldsen. It reminded me of the features of Franklin. It had the philosophic calmness; the kind, manly, honest expression. It represents the artist at the age of sixty. Covered

with years and fame, Thorwaldsen is about to retire to Copenhagen, the place of his nativity: the city may well rejoice, as indeed she has often done, in the fame of this illustrious son.

Leaving the studio, I reflected upon my next move. It was a warm, hazy, dream-like day, fit for cogitations among the ruins. I had already killed the chief lions of Rome; palaces—churches—antiquities. One, however, remained. We passed to it;—the Column and Forum of Trajan;—Trajan, a virtuous emperor, in an age when virtue was little more than an empty name. After the lapse of near two thousand years, "still we Trajan's name adore." "This column," began my guide, "is one hundred and thirty-two feet high. It is historic. Those *bassi relievi*—twenty-three of which are spirals, and twenty-five hundred figures—represent the Dacian victories of that Emperor. The top was formerly surmounted by his bronze statue, in whose hands was a golden urn containing his ashes. They are gone! That you see above, is the statue of St. Peter." At last the brazen image of the saint has got the better of that mighty heathen, though the great original, living, could hardly stand against the imperial idolater of his day. Well may the faithful esteem this an emblem of the all-victorious spirit of Catholic Christianity. Its foot is on the neck, not only of its relentless foes, but of their very statues. And this column is historic. A happy thought to perpetuate heroic deeds; not in volumes prisoned up in libraries inaccessible save to the literary few; but in marble or in brass, that shall stand broadly, openly, readably, out to the eyes of all, and through their eyes, appealing to their understandings and their hearts. Doubtless there was much in these ever-present embodiments of stirring events, to create and keep alive a patriotic ambition among the citizens of Rome. And here stood the Forum of the Emperor. This was one of the most magnificent structures in Rome. It was designed by Apollodorus, the Athenian. Yonder was a splendid palace. Upon this side was a beautiful marble temple, dedicated to the emperor. Upon that were a gymnasium, a library, a triumphal arch, and porticoes; and above and beneath were equestrian statues, and numerous sculptured forms of Rome's most illustrious citizens. This was regarded as a wonder, even when that city was in its glory. "Its gigantic edifices," says Ammianus Marcellinus, "it is impossible to describe, or for any mortal to conceive." When the Emperor Constantine entered Rome, he was struck with astonishment and admiration at the magnitude and beauty of this work. He despaired of executing anything equal to it, and said the only object he would, or could imitate, was the horse whereon the bronze statue of Trajan was seated. Where now is that equestrian group? Vanished. I stand upon the spot where it stood. Long has it been crumbled to fragments with those wherein are the bones of the prince who wished to imitate it. And where is the statue that looked abroad triumphantly from yonder summit? A certain cardinal has its head—that was not long since

dug up from among the rubbish at the foot of the column—stowed away in his closet. And where is the gilded urn, which, holding the dust of the departed Emperor, rested in the statue's right hand? You may see it, as you ascend the Capitol, upon an old Roman milestone. And where is the Forum? I see before me a large open space, cleared up by French curiosity. Yonder are halves of some twenty enormous granite columns, still standing, and strewn around. I behold fragments of capitals and friezes—the arm of one statue and the leg of another. These, however, are only the relics of a little part. Remains on a grander scale lie fifteen feet under the earth's surface, beneath those churches and that palace. The curiosity of some coming age may perhaps dig them up.

Truly, a most thorough desolation did those Northern Barbarians make in their destroying enterprises! Not one of those immense columns remain whole. With what fiendish and eager zeal must they not have gone on, heaping destruction on destruction! For a moment you may seem to see as in some dream, the beautiful porticoes, the sacred temple, the triumphal arch, on whose top is a car drawn by four marble steeds, standing out with chiseled distinctness in the clear sky. The vision changes, and lo! savage forms with fire and sword are desecrating the heathen fane, and you hear their exulting shouts, as the statue of the Emperor tumbles from that far height headlong to the ground. That vision swiftly fades. Temple and tower have gone down. The cries of vanquisher and vanquished have ceased. A thousand years pass away, and before you is nothing but this melancholy rubbish!

WILLIAM TELL TO HIS TROOPS.

Air—"Bonaparte's Favorite March."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

The trumpet! the trumpet! it rolls on the gale,
And brave hearts are bounding, and bright cheeks
are pale;

The trumpet! the trumpet! on, on to the fray!
We'll ransom the land with our swords,—march
away!

Snatch the quiver of death—and with spirits as free
As your own mountain breeze, to the field follow me!
We'll conquer or perish—we'll conquer or perish;
To freedom or death—march away!

To victory! to victory! o'er mountains and waves
Sweep on like a whirlwind, and scatter the slaves;
To victory! to victory! the tyrant shall pay
For rousing the lion that slept—march away!
Spread the banners of Freedom; the dastards shall see
How a peasant can brandish the sword—follow me!
We'll conquer or perish—we'll conquer or perish;
To freedom or death—march away!

SUITORS TO THE LADIES.

BY OLIVER OLDRUM.

The ladies, are subject, occasionally, to strong prejudices, from drawing such knowledge of the world as they possess more from books and conversation than from personal acquaintance with its habits and its scenes. Unused to exercise the sterner qualities of the mind, women frequently form wrong judgments; but they generally advocate the lenient side of the question, and form a conclusion rather by the heart than the head. They thus tend to soften down the rigidity of the masculine mind, and intercept the harshness of its opinions and decisions. They are the silken bonds of society, which keep men in a great degree in peace and harmony with each other.

When any thing is sought at the hands of these kindly-disposed creatures, a generous man will avoid an undue trespass on their good nature or inexperience. He will speak to them with candor, and not permit a single interest of theirs to be sacrificed to promote his wishes. He will, of course, to attain a legitimate object, be at liberty to endeavor to avert refusal, where temper or prejudice are liable to stand in his way; and, consequently, he will select the fittest time and circumstances to prefer his requests—he will be all politeness, and take care to allow the lady her full share of the conversation; yielding where it is “folly to be wise,” and strongly advocating her sentiments when they can possibly accord with his own.

Should the object be, not to obtain some gift or personal advantage, but to win a heart and a wife—let not the ardor of affection cause you to forget that you are seeking the favor of a being of this world. The poetical folly of lovers has led many a man to sacrifice not only his own peace but that of the lady he adored; and not unfrequently has produced ridicule instead of love. Proceed rationally and sincerely. Prove yourself a man of sense and virtue, without mercenary motives. Seek your fair one at times when there is nothing likely to be unpropitious. Do not converse with her as if she were a baby, but treat her as one possessing qualities, equal, if not superior, to your own. Endeavor to make her, and every one around her, happy. No woful looks—no silly sighs—no doleful speeches. Women generally laugh at all this, and properly too. If you are bantered with, banter on your part. Give smile for smile; measure thoughts and tastes, and let them run parallel:—yet turn your lady's sombre ones delicately into a happier channel. It is your business to let in the sunshine—to cull the brightest flowers and sweetest odors of life—to make happy the one from whom you expect happiness. If you act thus, bearing about you no foppery, no gross disqualifications, and wooing a lady whose heart is free, and is really worth having, it is highly probable that you will succeed.

It may be asked of me, “Pray, Mr. Oldrum, can you give us any proof, from your own personal

success in the way of favors requested by you, of the efficacy of your system?” I reply, decidedly, I can. I have solicited for a place, and have got it. I have wooed a lady, and have her for my wife. With respect to the place: I had apparently no chance of obtaining it, for I had no parliamentary interest. But I selected my time of application judiciously. I knew my desired patron was a man of business—had little leisure, being engaged almost incessantly in important state affairs. I learnt his habits. I was aware that his general disposition was kind, but then I had no claim on him for good offices. However, I called upon him one fine morning, just after he had taken his chocolate. He was in his private apartment, in his dressing-gown, and seated in his arm-chair. He was lively, and at his ease; my interview ran smooth. He wished to do me a kindness, he said, if possible; he would see what could be done. Six months elapsed without my venturing to seek another interview, which might not altogether have combined so many favouring circumstances.

With respect to my other point of success: I saw my fair one, and became enamored with her person and her virtues. But knowing that ladies will sometimes be fastidious, and must have their little peculiarities attended to; and not being a vain fop, who thought so highly of himself as to set at nought every thing but the supposed power of his figure and address; nor thinking contemptibly, as such fools generally do, of the female character, I studied to please by unobtrusive means. I did not constantly dangle after the young lady; I sought her society at times when it was likely the greatest number of favoring circumstances would occur. I watched the weather; her freedom from any engagements that my presence might not have suited. I never allowed a disagreeable general subject to escape from me in conversation. I spread the blooming flowers of life before her; picturing out scenes of happiness; elevating her mind to something beyond the dull routine of common existence. I never forgot I was addressing a woman of virtue, nor ever allowed her to imagine that I did not think highly of her abilities and acquirements. Yet I never uttered gross and vulgar flattery. She judged of my regard for her, by my respect for all that is valuable in the character of woman. I proposed a walk or ride only when the state of the air was grateful. I never allowed it to be prolonged until she was fatigued; and took care to suit the direction to her immediate taste or wish. I sought out pleasing objects for her occupation, and fresh sources of elegant amusement. Thus, lasting, favorable impressions, derivable from temporary scenes and circumstances of an agreeable nature, combined, I may flatter myself, with some recommendations of a more personal description, were the result, and I became the happy fellow I wished to be. The system of my courtship, however, was not abandoned after marriage. I have ever made it a principle to please the woman of my choice in every rational way; and my old lady and I might still be deemed a pair of lovers.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT A WAY.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Concluded from page 191.

A strange, but to him unaccountable suspicion came into the head of Father Edmund; otherwise he would have gone that moment to the Abbot, and informed him of the youth's disordered behaviour. But he was anticipated. Father Thomas had witnessed the scene just mentioned, and made haste to report it. "There is a fair maid, my lord," cried he, "in the Abbey; and he that would have the wooing of her, now is his time."

"Be not rash in thy admonitions," quoth the Abbot; "what brings her hither, and on what plea does she grace the inside of our portal?"

"Oh the plea of a doublet and hose," answered the monk; "for that was the false flag under which she invaded us; to wit, the guise of a pretty boy."

"How now!" cried the Abbot; "what, little William!"

"The same. She is enamoured with brother Edmund, who admonisheth her against putting on the holy habit."

"Flat treason and impiety!" quoth the superior; "but tell her to come to me. Only frighten her not, Thomas, nor look at her with an unseemly countenance. Let her not surmise that we take her for aught else than her mummery dress becometh."

Whatever the Abbot's design might have been in wishing to make her own herself by degrees, it was frustrated by what Father Edmund had been telling her meanwhile. Catherine (for that was her name) had made up her mind instantly. She saw, that to live in the house with the object of her love, and not betray herself by her emotion, probably at the risk of his great inconveniency, perhaps his peril, and even anger, was impossible. Whether she should disclose her secret to him before she went, was a question she could not determine at the moment; but at all events she resolved instantly, according to his advice, to go to the Abbot, throw herself at his feet, and acquaint him with her whole history.

My lord Abbot, in his favorite retiring-room, to which none were admitted but upon particular occasions, had seated himself, ready for his catechism, in his easy chair, with his wine and conserves at his elbow. On the table was a splendid book, which might have been taken for a missal, but was in reality a treatise on hawking and hunting. The room was hung with the richest tapestry, representing foliage; and a perfume burnt on a stand of silver. A door was now heard in the anti-chamber. The Abbot put his hand to the fagon beside him, and poured out a cup of malmsey, with which to encourage the boy as occasion might serve. Catherine entered, led in by the familiar, who bowed and took his way. The Abbot, seeing her knees tremble under her, gave her wine directly. "I hear good accounts of thee," and would know how far thou standest resolute in thy purpose. If thy heart fail thee, scruple not to declare it. The

church is full of indulgence to her children, and I am not of a nature to stint the measure of her loving-kindness."

"Most reverend father," said Catherine, and then stopped short. She was torn with conflicting emotions, and panted for breath.

"Nay," resumed the Abbot, "leave these reverend names, if they oppress thee, and speak unto me as a friend. I can absolve thee from lighter fancies, or faults of a worse countenance, than putting thy friends to a month's marvel at thinking where thou hast betaken thyself; for such is thine offence, I warrant; hey, my pretty footpage! They marvel under what bush their little rose-bud is hiding hey?" And the reverend father pinched his novice on the cheek.

Catherine, encouraged by these tender words, threw herself at the Abbot's feet, and poured out her whole soul in confession. She told him who she was; how she had first met Francis Periam, now Father Edmund, when he visited at a seat of the Bassets near Kirton; how an affecting misfortune which then happened to him, and the manner in which he bore it (for she had too much delicacy to mention his own secret,) made her think of his good qualities night and day; and her thoughts grew into a love as pure as ever maiden felt for man. She then related, how upon the death of a female cousin, whose fortune she inherited, finding herself her own mistress, and unable any longer to live at a distance from the neighborhood which contained that noble mind, she had pretended to pay a visit to a distant part of the country: how she had dismissed her servant by the way, under feint of procuring others; and how she had violated the rules of the monastery by entering it in that unworthy guise; a proceeding which she was prepared to abide any consequences in confessing, rather than hazard—she knew not what—only she could not live any longer in a constant violation of truth and propriety; and Father Edmund had told her she ought to declare all.

The Abbot affected to listen with astonishment at the commencement of this story: he then looked gracious and full of pity; and lastly, he put on a face of great and anxious gravity, as if in doubt whether the consequences of what she had done, depended entirely on himself: otherwise, his manner seemed to say, she need be under no apprehension, alarming as the step she had taken was. He tenderly pressed his hand upon her head in the course of the narrative, and gave it her to kiss, which she did with great gratitude and supplication, wetting it with her tears. It was a very handsome hand, and sparkled with jewels: but Catherine knew nothing of that.

"So," said the Abbot, making one of those gross mistakes, into which the false experience of men of the world is so apt to lead them; "brother Edmund has found a mistress in his monastery, and after all, turned her from him."

"How, my lord?" exclaimed Catherine, with dignity, though with a burning blush: "Father Edmund knows not to this instant who I am. It

is true," added she, softening into tears, "he might have turned me from him." And poor Catherine stood weeping, in the bitterness of her perplexity.

The Abbot said many things to reassure his novice, always, nevertheless, holding over her head the terror of doubting how to proceed. If nothing were done to mark the displeasure of the church, the story of a woman's having been in the convent might get abroad, and create scandal. If its displeasure were manifested, with what tenderness soever, the lady's character might be ruined, however pardonable her conduct. All the world did not judge of these errors of the heart, as he did. He therefore desired her, for a day or two, to remain as she was, but near to his own person; and a little chamber was assigned her, opening out of the room they were in. The Abbot saw that his designs upon her must proceed with more delicacy. He would have denounced her love of Father Edmund as a thing unholy and not to be thought of, but this was not so convenient. He contented himself with insinuating, that father acquaintance with him was impossible. It was only under his own eye, he said, and under favor of a countenance which no one dared to question or think ill of, that she could remain for a short time, till he had seen, if possible, how she could be restored quietly to her friends. It was announced, therefore, that little William, for his good behaviour, and in preparation for entering upon his novitiate, was to remain at present under the paternal care of the superior.

Catherine now felt all the difficulties of her situation; and to the difficulties were soon added the horrors of it. The Abbot declared himself but too plainly. An alternative was proposed her, that must ruin either her own peace and reputation or in the event of refusing it, that of Father Edmund. A monastery, instead of a house of angels, appeared to her to contain demons. The only relief she felt, was in thinking that she now understood the brother's chief reason for wishing her out of it; and that her company was not so uninteresting to him, as she had supposed. But this was the relief of a moment. Her agonies poured back upon her, the fiercer for the respite; and in a few days she was alarmingly ill.

The Abbot was perplexed in his turn. He was not fond of trouble in any thing. A distress that hampered him seriously, enraged him; and a proceeding of Father Edmund, who had made up his mind that his little friend was a female, and thought it his duty to let the Abbot understand that he knew as much, threw him into a temper which threatened the most horrible consequences. Father Edmund, upon some pretext, was put in the Abbey prison: the Abbot, whose vanity was piqued as well as his lordly pleasure contradicted by Catherine's behaviour, was exasperated enough, as she was getting a little better, to tell her of it; and it was this intelligence which, combining with an accession of fever, made the poor girl find her way into the church during the absence of the woman who attended her; and utter that alarming cry.

Decided measures now became necessary. The

Abbot, notwithstanding the artifice which the urgency of the case had prompted, could not persuade himself that the real nature of it would remain a secret. He resolved therefore, to reconcile the artifice itself with an ostentation of frankness. Such of the monks as he could most depend on, were directed to give the explanation with which he favored them, to all comers; and as his love (such as it was, and such as it would have remained in spite of all obstacles) was now absorbed in a consideration of his interest, he removed Catherine to the house of a man who worked for the monastery, and who was devoted to his passions. It was this man's wife who attended her. She appears to have once been of the same rank with regard to the monks, which Count Fathom's mother held in the army. The house, though apart from the monastery, stood in the grounds of it; and nobody entered the one, or was supposed to enter it, who had no business in the other.

The person, of whose knowledge of the matter the Abbot stood most in fear, was Lord Fitzwarren: and he had reason. What information his lordship could collect, was despatched, as we have seen, in all hurry to the court. A commission was granted him to investigate it without reserve; and the day after its arrival, he proceeded to put it in execution, with a bluntness, and even a pleasure which he took no pains to conceal.

An extremity of this kind was a great blow to the Abbot. He had looked in the consciousness of his own hypocrisy, for some greater show of respect; and his easy chair had not prepared him for the celerity of the movement. He now frightened Catherine with telling her, not only that he would pursue Father Edmund with every possible injury and vengeance, in case she betrayed his secret, but that he knew a circumstance respecting him which would forfeit his life. Catherine gave an incredulous smile, but her heart turned sick the next moment. The monastery had bewildered her. She knew not how far example might have corrupted even Francis Periam. She knew not, whether his virtue itself might not have prompted him to some action, excusable in the eyes of justice, but criminal in those of the law. On the other hand, he himself had made her vow to him before God, that she would never violate the truth. She had been in the Abbot's apartment nearly three weeks. She had cried out in the church. The Abbot's character must at least be doubted, if, as was most probable, it was not already known. How was she to justify her own character to the world, or in the eyes of Father Edmund, if she prevaricated before the commissioner, and suffered injurious conclusions to be drawn from her want of consistency? How could she frame an account, the reverse of truth; or hazard the infamy of defending such a man as the Abbot, as if her quarrel with him had been merely personal, perhaps that of a mistress? Even if she were to defend him, would that secure the safety of Father Edmund, or soften the cruelty of his situation under a malignant superior, who would still be afraid of detection?—And yet, how

could all this,—how could any thing upon earth, or in heaven itself, induce her to hazard a life so inestimable? Horrible perplexities environed her on all sides; and as she met the look of the Abbot during this last reflection, she fainted..

On coming to herself, the Abbot told her she now knew the extent of her situation, and he was glad to find she was sensible of it. The commissioner (insolent companion!) had announced his intention of confronting her with him in the course of two hours: the monks, including brother Edmund, were to be present: and if she breathed a syllable contradictory to what he had dictated, (which was to say that the Abbot knew nothing of her sex till after the cry in the church, but had simply been pleased with her behaviour, and taken pity on her illness) he would that instant declare all he knew of brother Edmund, and content his own disgrace with the other's ruin. With respect to the cry, the Abbot was to acknowledge, for the sake of appearance, that she wandered out of bed, and raised it in a fit of delirium; though but one or two of the monks, who stood near the door which she came in at, were aware of it; all the rest, the Abbot himself, concluded it to have proceeded from the unhappy man, who was actually in the doorway. Catherine fainted again, and was left to the care of the old woman; the Abbot hastening away to prepare for the commissioner. The commission was opened at the appointed time, in the great hall. It was a stretch of the warrant to bring all the monks together. The Abbot would have resisted it, but was afraid that instructions might be brought forward, directing their examination one by one; so he thought it better to acquiesce. Bare civilities passed on either side. The Abbot seated himself with much state, and motioned the other to proceed, as if giving him his permission. "Pardon me," said Fitzwarren, "the lady must be summoned first." The Abbot directed Father Thomas to fetch her; and bade him, with an air of commiseration, fetch her tenderly. "A warm day for winter!" ejaculated Fitzwarren, significantly. An answer and a smile of contempt died on the Abbot's lips. The monks all took a great breath, and involuntarily shifted their postures. "How fares it with good Father Edmund?" inquired the commissioner: "I have not seen him for many days, and they rumor he has been sick." Father Edmund bowed; and hoped the good Lady Fitzwarren, his venerable mother, maintained her health.

"Peace," cried the Abbot, sternly: "the Lord Fitzwarren must pardon me," he added in a milder tone: "Father Edmund has been insolent as well as sick; and must content himself, before his superior, with acknowledgments of the honor done him." The look of the commissioner seemed to say, "Proud priest, you are more proud than wise; your fall is approaching." Father Edmund looked pale as death, and kept his eyes on the door.

"Mark, I pray you," said the Abbot, "the countenance of this man, and note where he gazeth so earnestly."

"What denoteth it?" asked Fitzwarren.

"The light damsel, who is coming, will tell you," said the Abbot. Father Edmund, if possible, looked paler; and an emotion of surprise and concern was in the face of the commissioner.

In a few minutes the door opened. Father Thomas and a lay brother came in, bringing Catherine in an arm-chair. The monks, who remembered her young cheeks and beautiful complexion, started to see her so altered. She was very feeble, and seemed afraid to look round her, keeping her eyes fixed on the commissioner. Fitzwarren's blunt nature was touched. He gave a glance at the Abbot, as if to prepare him for a stern account, but did not well know what to think of Father Edmund. "Wretched man that I am!" thought the latter, gazing intently on the sufferer: "I now know in truth what it is to love, aye, and even to be loved; and these are my espousals." He was now certain that he had seen her face before, and in the company of his former mistress. The female attire helped his memory, in spite of the loss of flesh and color. She now appeared of a good height, and was eminently beautiful.

The commissioner began by inquiring about the cry in the church. It was acknowledged to have been that of the lady before him. He then asked her name. "My name," said she, in a low but even tone of voice, "is Catherine Parker."

"Daughter of Sir Hugh Parker, of Kirton?" asked the commissioner.

"The same."

"He is dead, I think?" said Fitzwarren. Catherine bowed again and wept. She thought how her parents would have felt, had they seen her in this condition; and she fancied the commissioner meant to blame her in applying the words "poor lady" to her mother. Lord Fitzwarren begged her to explain, how it was that she found herself in her present state.

"If it be matter of penitence, my lord," answered Catherine, "that I explain myself in the hearing of so many, I shall do it with all patience, being bound thereto by the trouble I have caused to some in the house; and yet even they, peradventure, would willingly spare me so great a trial." The Abbot, who was vexed in the first instance, that all his monks had been brought in, now feared, that greater privacy might embolden her to hazard his secret. He therefore protested, with an air of innocence, that he, for his part, desired nothing so much as the very greatest publicity, and that he could not consent to a diminution of it. The surprise and vexation of Fitzwarren could not be concealed.

"You hear, lady," said he, "every thing must be declared openly."

An indignant emotion crossed the cheek of Catherine. She glanced at the Abbot, and then ventured a look round at the monks. The sight of Father Edmund, pale and ill, made her recoil with terror. It was some moments before she could find courage to say any thing. The necessity of explaining how she came into the monastery, and

something of the irrepressible pride which a loving heart feels in declaring itself, when defied by circumstances, gave her strength to proceed. She related her story, exactly as she had told it to the Abbot, though not with the same animation. Her voice, every now and then, almost faded away. She concluded by declaring, that in coming to the convent in that unworthy guise, she had imposed upon every one within the walls; and could only hope that the great sickness and remorse she had gone through, would be accepted as some extenuation of her punishment. "Upon every one?" inquired the commissioner: "Does the lady aver solemnly, that the disguise was imposed upon every one?" Catherine repeated her asseveration. She then, observing that more questions were inevitable, proceeded to state, that having found her situation full of perplexity, and likely to create disquiet to others, she had been induced by Father Edmund to go and cast herself at the Abbot's feet, confess whence she came, and request his pardon and dismissal of her; all of which she had done accordingly; that the Abbot had promised to do his utmost to get her back to her friends, without noise, but that ——— Here she paused, and was greatly agitated. "I fell sorely ill," she resumed, "and do believe I was nigh unto my death; but ———"

"But what?" asked the commissioner; "speak truly, and fear not that the truth will harm thee. If it would, falsehood would harm thee more."

"Speak truly," echoed the Abbot with a loud voice, "if there be more to say. Methinks we have had enough for a May-game, as it is; but all ears may not be so soon tired of such matters. Speak truly, lady; and fear not that the truth will harm any one of us." And he laid a special emphasis upon "one."

"Father Edmund," breathed Catherine, "told me that I was ever to speak truly; but—sometimes—it is difficult." She could not proceed. "Father Edmund," she resumed, will not deny that he told me so."

"I deny it not," said a voice trembling with emotion. Catherine trembled to hear it.

"What purports all this talk of Father Edmund?" cried the Abbot: "Father Edmund appeareth all in all in this matter; and yet I dare conclude that hitherto he is clear enough, and that my lord commissioner so thinketh." The commissioner assented to this conclusion; and added, that the high opinion he had always entertained of Father Edmund, had been increased; for that it was difficult to suppose, under all the circumstances, that he had not discovered the lady's secret; "And I doubt," said his lordship significantly, "whether every man of his garb and calling could have manifested himself so free from self-affection."

"I mean not," said the Abbot, "to speak of brother Edmund in an ill sense, touching the lady here present: neither is it my wish that harm should come to him on any score, which it never will, if he be as wise as his friends desire. The good father hath a tongue somewhat petulant, and scarcely standeth enough in awe before his supe-

riors; but this may be forgiven him. No dismal calamity need come of that. With other offences I charge him not; and I trust no tongue will be found to bring his good name in jeopardy. Wondrous must be the tale, and full of enmity the accuser, that can draw such peril on his head."

"We lose our time," observed the commissioner, "in these discourses. The lady has something to confess, and the greatest marvel of all is yet to be accounted for; to wit, the crying out in that ghastly manner in the church. For how long a space, fair lady, were you in my lord Abbot's care, and what moved you to that grievous outcry?"

"My lord," resumed Catherine faintly, "I pray you pardon a weak head. I pray all to pardon it, and God of his great mercy. I fell sorely ill when under my lord Abbot's care: scarce knew I yet what I am saying; ill I was with a burning fever; I strayed out of bed, and uttered the cry you speak of."

"But the cause, the cause," reiterated his lordship: "what was it, granting you were thus afflicted, that so pressed upon your fantasy the desire of uttering those especial words?"

"Fantasy is fantasy," said the Abbot, endeavoring by a smile to conceal his agitation; and sick people be more subject to that kind of poetry than others. But speak," added he, observing some blunt speech rising to the lips of Fitzwarren; "speak, poor lady, and let Father Edmund approve what you declare."

"Oh," exclaimed Catherine, bursting into a passion of tears, "and must I acquit others, to my own eternal shame! Is there no way? no hope?"

"Speak to her, brother Edmund," said the Abbot, affecting a weariness mixed with pity. "It were no unholly use of your influence, at such a season, to make her say what she ought, and spare the reputation of those whom she is bound to spare. Why the lady should now scruple to declare what she declared to the good woman that attended her, and lay her feverish folly to its just account I know not."

"I knew not either," said lord Fitzwarren: "the difficulty cannot surely point thither."

"If she dareth," said the Abbot, "as in truth she well may, especial punishment for wronging a mitred head, your lordship will mercifully join with me in assuring her, that fever and sickness may procure pardon for what would otherwise be grievously punished."

"I cannot discern," observed the commissioner drily, "any ground for surmising that the difficulty points thitherward. Speak, lady," added he in a tone of encouragement; "and have certain assurance, that the truth must be made appear."

"Speak to her, brother Edmund," repeated the Abbot.

The commissioner thought the interference extraordinary, but the communication was allowed.

All that poor Father Edmund could utter was, "The truth, lady, and God will bless it."

"Oh," exclaimed Catherine, "is it not impossi-

ble! Oh, Father Edmund—oh, my lord—who shall speak all they know of themselves, and stand acquitted!" Is there one, even in this house, of whom every deed might be set forth?"

"Surely not," said the Abbot; "for we have all sinned. Grievous sinners we are all in the sight of God; and some of us, by reason of our sins, reverently as the world may deem of them, are penitents in this holy place."

The suggestion of the Abbot in this instance was unlucky. It emboldened Catherine to proceed; for she knew what had brought Father Edmund into the monastery; which the other did not. Her heart gathered courage. Remorse for daring to think suspiciously of the virtue of him she adored, put additional firmness in her voice. Love supplied her with ingenuity in the midst of her struggles; and venturing to raise her eyes upon Father Edmund, she clasped her hands together, and in a tone that made the Abbot tremble, said, "Oh, Father Edmund, I am fearfully beset, and thou knowest I am weak. They bid me speak the truth; thou bidst me speak it; my lord Abbot bids me speak it; and yet he says for me, that if the truth were spoken of every one, even in this holy place, no one could abide it, not one would stand acquitted of being a grievous criminal; no, not *one*. Is this your thought, even as it is his?"

"I said not a grievous criminal," said the Abbot; "but what imports it? What I have said, I have said. At his peril, and thine be it, to gainsay aught that I utter."

This new insinuation was of no effect. The truth suddenly darted like lightning out of all this cloud, upon the mind of Father Edmund. His face, instead of being darkened alternately with sorrow for the condition of Catherine, and ill-repressed indignation at the mysterious threats which he had no doubt the Abbot had held over her, grew radiant with a joyful dignity. "If my lord Abbot," said he, with an exalted voice, "intendeth by what he has thrown out, that we are all sinners in the eyes of the great and perfect God, most reverently and with all lowliness do I accord with his saying. But if he meaneth, that there is not one in this house, who can stand eye to eye with any living soul, and challenge him to prove him guilty in the sight of the world, then I crave leave to tell him, that such an one am I; and I do cast myself on the charity of my lord commissioner for a good construction of my boldness."

"Then," cried Catherine starting up like one frantic, with a kind of shriek, her arms extended, and her cheeks glowing with a rush of blood,— "then I say once more, I am a woman, and the Abbot's a villain!"

She fell back in her chair, and a moment of confusion took place. "The giddy creature is frenzied again," said the Abbot; "but I will not be made the victim of a conspiracy." And he seemed about to leave the hall.

"Under favor, my lord Abbot, said Fitzwarren, the commission is not closed. If there has been

a conspiracy, the more it fits us to see the bottom of it."

Catherine now, as well as she could with modesty, related the spirit of what had passed between her and the Abbot. The latter denied every thing, and said he would make it appear to be false. Two witnesses he had, at all events; and the poor damsel who was thus spirited to do him an injury, had none. The woman, a person of venerable age, was not present; but he could appeal at once to Father Thomas, who would swear, on the holy scriptures, that every syllable of what had been uttered was false.

"There needeth not the scripture," said the father composedly.

"How so?" asked the commissioner.

"Because," replied Father Thomas, with a face of as imperturbable impudence as ever fell to the lot of a friar, "every syllable of what the lady uttered is true. My lord commissioner," he added, "I crave your lordship's protection, having divers matters to disclose of import to the king's highness, and being encouraged to hope for pardon thereby, as well as to be the poor means of doing his highness some service."

"Is it so?" cried Fitzwarren: then much travail will be spared my commission. What, I warrant my cunning secretary hath been speaking with you?"

"He hath, my lord, with many grave arguments; and I do find that his grace, whom God preserve, being head of the church as well as state, it would be a marvellous insolent disobedience in a poor friar to set the will and pleasure of the inferior master above that of the mightier."

The Abbot in a paroxysm of rage, seemed about to inflict personal chastisement on Father Thomas, when his arm was stayed by the strong hand of Fitzwarren. "There needeth not farther scandal," said his lordship.

"I have friends at court," cried the Abbot, "as well as the rude lords that come hither to insult the church; and I shall refer my cause to them."

"My lord," said Fitzwarren, "there is a little finger at court that hath greater might than the bodies of all your friends put together; and on that finger there goeth a signet; and that signet hath visited a paper which is in my pocket, touching certain pains and penalties to be inflicted on all such as do not hear out my process, or are bold enough to withstand it. And my lord, I crave your patience a little longer, for I have somewhat farther to determine."

The commissioner then turned to Father Edmund, who stood aloof in the strangest and most miserable of all situations for a lover, for he neither dared to support, look at, or think of a loving mistress, who had just declared herself. "My good father," said Fitzwarren, with a tone in which hope and fear were mingled, "may I crave your age?"

"I shall surprise you my lord," answered Father Edmund, willing to give way to any other thought: "sorrow and disappointment have stood me in stead

of many years. I have not yet told four-and-twenty."

"Then, sir," returned the commissioner, I have the joy of telling you that you are no longer Father Edmund of the Abbey of St. Mary Ottery, but Francis Parium, Esquire, of Kirton. His grace's council determined but two days ago, that all monks under that age should be freed from their vows. You shall come and find your speech again in my house; and" (turning to poor overwhelmed Catherine, whose strong hold on the other's feelings he saw in his face) "if our rhetoric can prevail with this lady to go with us, my mother shall welcome her also. My lord Abbot, I now leave you to ponder over your memorial, as I will go and prepare; and God send your lordship a good deliverance!"

"I desire no better one than the deliverance from your lordship's presence," said the Abbot.

"The desire is natural," returned Fitzwarren. "For the first, and I hope for the last time, my lord Abbot of St. Mary Ottery and the lord Fitzwarren are of one accord."

The Abbot at the head of his monks left the room with what stateliness he might. Catherine was taken to the house of her new friend, which appeared to her a paradise; and in a month from this period, while the lesser monasteries were being dissolved in all quarters, and the greater ones were trembling to their foundations, she that had come to St. Mary Ottery as a despairing boy, rode back to Kirton a beloved and honored bride.

Original.

THE MELANCHOLY WIND.

The wind—the melancholy wind,
With drooped wings wailing by,
Thou seemest some lone, lost spirit doomed
To wander through the sky,
Thy voice it hath no merry tone—
Thy songs are dark and sad—
Thou'rt mourning for the starry throne
Thy pure, young childhood had.

The wind—the melancholy wind,
Lone mourner of the year,—
That sigheth through the leafless wood
When all around is sere;
Oh! is that low voice of the earth,
Thou of the deep, wild tone,
Or art thou, child of seraph birth,
From some far sphere unknown?

The wind—the melancholy wind,—
That hath since time began,
For many a thousand, thousand year,
Looked sadly down on man.
His joys, his woes, his birth, his knell,
Crimes guilt alike unfurled—
Oh! what a tale thy voice could tell,
Dark watcher o'er a world!

The wind—the melancholy wind,
Why is that touching tone?
Is it to weep, midst empires wrecked,
Like Niobe alone?

Say—dost thou mourn a nation low,
Or Kings or Kingdoms fled?
Tearless, with ashes on thy brow,
Wailing amid the dead!

The wind—the melancholy wind,
Oh! tell us of thy fate,—
An outcast spirit wandering forth,
Lone—hopeless—desolate.

Thou hidest in the woods away,
On wintry wastes unkind—
Thou hast no heart for scenes more gay,
Thou melancholy wind!

CHILDERS.

From the Democratic Review
TO BLANCHE.

(Dedication of a MS. Poem, entitled "A visit to a Tropical Island.")

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Oh, lovely Blanche!—I give to thee
My thoughts at morning, noon, and night!
Thy tender glances fall on me,
Thy form floats softly in my sight;

I see thee ever in my dreams,
And to my bowers of calm delight
Thou comest like an airy sprite—
A creature wove of morning beams,
And mist-wreaths from the summer streams.
Thou art not real, but a child
Of fancy—an imagined wight,

A something graceful, sportive, wild,
Whose charms I would, but cannot write.
Thy name is thy true semblance, *white*—
A lily without stain or blight!

To thee, my constant love, mine own—
Claimed, wooed and won by me alone—
My beautiful abstraction, brought
From the sweet clime of cloudless thought,

I dedicate each gentle tone
That in this long-forsaken lyre
The lovely vision can inspire.

Come! hear me sing of regions known
To birds that from the North have flown,

In search of trellis-arbors, where
The warm sun sheds a glowing beam,
And makes each shadow grateful seem

That fall from leaf and blossom there.
Would thou and I, my Blanche, had plumage,
That we might seek those forest glooms,
Where undecaying verdure blooms!

Oh, then how swiftly would we fly
From cloud, and mist, and winter sky,
And this unsmiling shore,
To isles where all is blue on high,
And winds, like lovers, sing and sigh
To beauties they adore!

AN ADVENTURE IN THE WEST.

Original.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRAVELLER.

It is now nearly twenty years since I was travelling in company with a friend through the western part of Louisiana.—Notwithstanding the length of time which has intervened, the incidents connected with that journey are too firmly impressed upon my mind to be ever erased. And I never recur to the awful scenes through which I passed, without shuddering at the painful recollections to which they give rise. We were young and adventurous, and though not inured to the toil and inconveniences attending our journey,—the novelty of it, and the buoyancy of our spirits overcome all obstacles,—sometimes travelling through the tall grass of the prairies, which abound in Louisiana, and at others toiling our uncertain way through the intricacy of the forests.

The country through which we were travelling was very wild, and inhabited only by a few *squatters*, and a set of lawless characters who had been obliged to fly to the woods to escape the consequences of their crimes, and being free from all restraint they held in equal defiance the laws of God and man. It was well known that several murders had been committed by the outlaws along the borders, and doubtless many unsuspecting travellers, have been sacrificed to the cupidity of these assassins, who have never since been heard from, and whose fate still remains a mystery to their friends. The axe of the industrious woodman had seldom, if ever, echoed through the broad forests which surrounded us,—and the predatory and ferocious beasts of the woods roamed free and undisturbed through their native forests. No beaten road marked our course through the wilderness; for at the time of which I write, there existed but little of that mania of “*go-ahead-ism*,” which has since peopled the vast wilds of the West, and which is still rapidly rolling the tide of civilisation toward the broad waters of the Pacific. We were obliged to trust entirely to the compass, and to the Indian trails, which we occasionally struck upon, and which frequently led us to their wigwams. Occasionally only, the wildness and solitude of the forest was relieved by the camp-fire of the Indian, and the general stillness and silence enlivened by the rude war-song, as they brandished their tomahawks and uttered their “*hee-yuks*” around the war-pot, preparatory to some hostile and bloody expedition.

It was a fine morning in the early part of the fall; the sun had arisen in cloudless majesty, and was slowly travelling toward the broad range of forest, which lined the western horizon, and the bracing breeze of the morning came in soft breaths from the prairie, which stretched in gentle undulations far away to the west. We had passed the night at a log hut on the borders of a prairie, and were now making preparations for continuing our journey. After our coarse breakfast we arranged our plans of meeting at New Orleans, for it became

necessary for us to make a temporary separation,—my friend Dalton having some business of importance to attend to at Nachitoches, concluded to travel north to that place, while I was to continue my course direct to New Orleans. After having travelled so far in company, and shared so much of privation and fatigue, it was natural that we should regret the necessity which compelled us to separate, even for so short a time, but as we were rapidly approaching the civilised world, and as there was a prospect of our again soon meeting, we became more easily reconciled to it.—As we were well acquainted with the treachery and deceitfulness of the people whom we occasionally encountered, we never failed to be upon our guard, and being well armed and never allowing ourselves to be separated, we had hitherto passed unmolested through the wildest part of the country, and as we advanced toward the white settlements, we began to congratulate ourselves on the prospect of soon terminating our journey. We parted with many expressions of friendship, which a long intimacy of many years, during which, we had been almost inseparable companions, rendered mutually sincere—then starting in our different directions, we were soon lost to each other's view by the intervening woods.

For the first time in several days, I discovered a partially beaten track, but soon losing it, I again had no other guide than my compass, and my own experience as a woodsman. As the invigorating freshness of the morning air faded under the piercing rays of the sun, which had nearly reached the meridian, I began to feel fatigued, and halting under the shade of a tree, I was rejoiced to find near me a stream of clear water.—After satisfying my appetite from the contents of a haversack which I had at my side, and bathing my temples in the rippling brook at my feet, I pursued my way much refreshed; but toward the latter part of the day, notwithstanding the fair promises of the morning, the sky became overcast,—the rising of dark clouds above the horizon,—the sultriness of the atmosphere,—the mournful sound of the wind, as it whistled through the woods,—and the howling of beasts as they retreated to their dens,—all too well foretold the approach of one of those fearful storms, so frequent in that climate, and so much to be dreaded by the houseless traveller. I leisurely continued my course, however, until the distant rumbling of the thunder reminded me of my situation, and warned me to quicken my pace, and to obtain, if possible, some shelter from the fury of the coming storm. The sound of the thunder as it approached, became more loud and distinct, and the flashes of lightning more vivid, and as night set in the swift and sudden blasts of wind as they swept eddying through the forest, and the fall of heavy drops of rain, proclaimed the arrival of the storm, which soon burst over my head in fury, and with a degree of sublimity and terrific grandeur, which beggars description,—the rain poured down in torrents that can only be imagined by those who have witnessed one of the thunder storms of that climate.—

In a moment I was drenched to the skin, and the blankets which were attached to the saddle were soon saturated with the water. Drawing my cloak closer about me I proceeded slowly through the room, endeavoring to reconcile myself to an evil which it was not in my power to prevent, or even to alleviate. The darkness was intense, and it was only by the frequent and prolonged flashes of lightning, that I was enabled to distinguish at intervals the objects around me. As I found it impossible to keep in the right track, I soon became ignorant of the direction in which I was travelling; so giving my horse the rein I allowed him to proceed at will, hoping that his instinct might direct him to some house, if any there was in our neighborhood.

The storm raged with fury,—the tremendous crashing of the thunder reverberated along the heavens,—the wind roared fiercely through the woods, and the tall and majestic trees of the forest, groaned as they bent to the blast.—Occasionally a flash of lightning more startling and vivid than ordinary, would light up with terrible distinctness, the deep and gloomy recesses of the forest on either side, and then vanishing as suddenly as it had appeared, would leave the surrounding objects apparently enveloped in deeper gloom than before, and rendering the darkness the more impenetrable from the contrast. I proceeded in this unenviable situation until about midnight, while the warring of the elements overhead continued with unabated fury. The thoughts which had been busy in my imagination, of the happy circle at home, assembled around the cheerful hearth, and perhaps talking of absent friends, only served to remind me of my own situation; and I was using all the philosophy I could muster, in endeavoring to reconcile myself to the uncomfortable predicament in which I was placed, when I thought I perceived the glimmering of a light through the trees, a short distance in front of me. Eagerly catching at the hope of obtaining refreshment and rest, after the fatigue of the day, I hastened forward, and just at that moment a bright flash lighting up the surrounding scenery, discovered to me the outlines of a rude log hut, deeply embedded in the forest. Hastily dismounting, and tying my horse to a tree under the shelter of the overhanging branches, I advanced to the door. After some parleying from the aperture, from which issued the light, which had directed me to the house, I was admitted. My first object on entering was to place my cloak and coat in a situation to dry near the fire, and I then took a survey of the rude apartment, (if apartment it could be called) in which I found myself. A woman was busying herself at one corner of the hearth in cooking some meat; while three dark visaged men, two of whom were evidently Spaniards, were seated on a bench on the opposite side, apparently waiting the result of the culinary preparations. The appearance of these men was far from prepossessing,—the impress of crime was stamped too deeply on the lineaments of their dark countenances, to leave me a moment in doubt as

to the kind of company I was in; and knowing as I did, the general lawless and hardened characters of the people in that part of the country, I began to regret my precipitancy in entering the house, without being aware of the number and character of the inmates, but as it was too late to remedy my error, and as I had as yet no immediate grounds for apprehension, I endeavored to feel at ease, but notwithstanding my exertions, I found it impossible to repress the feelings of uneasiness, which were creeping over me. From what I learned in answer to my interrogatories, I supposed I had been travelling in a northerly direction since losing my way in the woods, and that I had consequently strayed some distance from my course; but as my neighbors did not appear to be very communicative I desisted from my inquiries.

The movements of the men were calculated to awaken my suspicions and to keep me on my guard,—they had moved their bench to the opposite corner of the hut, and were conversing together in a low tone, evidently discussing some subject of more than ordinary interest, and my suspicions were far from being quelled; when I saw by their frequent glances toward me, that I was the subject of their conversation. My anxiety to learn the nature of their intentions toward me, induced me to place myself near them, in hopes of overhearing something which might be of importance to me. I walked to and fro near them,—at intervals carelessly humming a tune; but they spoke in so guarded a tone, and their language was such a mixture of Spanish and French, that it was only at times that I could catch any meaning from the little I overheard,—that little, however, confirmed me in my suspicions, and convinced me that it was their intention to surprise me in the night, and that it was the sight of my pistols alone which deterred them from attacking me at once. For a moment I was undecided as to what course to pursue,—knowing that I was in the power of these desperadoes. I felt the extent of my danger, and my first impulse was to make an attempt to gain my horse, and to escape through the darkness of the night, but on consideration, I felt that my most prudent course would be to betray no fear or suspicion of their intentions, so that my movements might not be watched, and no means taken to prevent my escape. I took the seat which was offered, and endeavored to appear as unconcerned as possible, secretly determining to be upon my guard, and if I could find no means of escape, to remain awake through the night.

From what I had seen and heard of these people, I did not suppose for a moment, that after robbing me, they would allow me to escape with my life,—they were too hardened in crime to scruple at murder; and it was the very danger of my situation, and the consciousness that my only chance of safety lay in acting with coolness and decision, that enabled me to compose myself and to appear calm, and without distrust. After having partially dried my clothes, and partaken of the supper, I threw my cloak over my arm, and re-

quested to be shown some place where I might lie down, as I was fatigued and in need of rest. The man who had admitted me, directed me up a ladder to the loft overhead, at the same time offering to relieve me of my pistols, which proposition I very prudently declined. After wishing me "*un profond sommeil*," he closed the trap-door suddenly, leaving me in the dark.

The storm without, though abating, still continued, and the thunder though not as loud as at first, was still to be heard rumbling in the distance. My first thought on finding myself alone, was to examine my pistols; but what was my consternation on finding the charges and priming in both so wet as to be entirely unfit for use. My situation I now felt to be indeed alarming,—surrounded by men whose occupation was robbery and murder, and without the means of resistance, I could not expect to contend against such odds, and I was beginning to give way to despair, when I suddenly recollected that a wormer was attached to the end of one of the rammers.—Somewhat re-assured I was engaged in removing the charge, when a bright flash of lightning, illuminating every part of the narrow loft, discovered the figure of a man lying in the opposite corner, his countenance concealed by the cloak which enveloped his person,—turning in astonishment from this discovery, I directed my eyes toward the place from which the light appeared to come,—and my joy equalled my surprise on seeing a window, or rather an opening in the further end of the loft, about two feet square. I now rejoiced at my discretion, in deceiving the men below with regard to my knowledge of their intentions, for had I betrayed the least suspicion or uneasiness, they would certainly have taken precautions to prevent this easy mode of escape. The opportunity was too good to be lost, but I thought it my duty first to awaken the sleeper in the corner, and to warn him of his danger; he was evidently a traveller, from the glimpse I had caught of his cloak and spurs. I walked softly toward the corner and listened a moment, but hearing no breathing my suspicions were aroused. I ventured to raise the cloak, and just then another flash, bright and prolonged, shone through the hut, and disclosed to my horror-stricken gaze, the corpse of George Dalton. For a moment I was paralysed. I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses,—but the sight I had of the well remembered features of my friend, though they wore the livid hue, and expression of a violent death, was too distinct to leave me in doubt,—his raven hair, matted with blood fell over his fine forehead, and his up-turned eye balls glared with an unmeaning expression upon me, as I gazed upon his youthful features, now motionless, and fixed in death,—for nearly a minute I remained in a state approaching to stupefaction, over the body of my murdered friend,—I forgot my own danger, in the engrossing horror which the sight inspired. My breast burned to avenge the cold blooded murder, but conscious of my inability, I knew that an attempt would but render me, also a victim to the knives of the assassins.

Again the loft was lit up with a bright glare, showing me a deep gash in his neck, which nearly severed the head from the body, and from which the blood flowed in a stream across the floor. An involuntary exclamation of horror escaped me, but I soon repented of my imprudence; for the next moment I heard steps ascending the ladder to the loft. Recollecting myself, and throwing aside my cloak, I sprang to the window, and succeeded in gaining the ground, just as I heard the trap-door fall back. I hastened to the tree to which I had tied my horse, and to unfasten him and mount, was but the work of a moment,—then dashing my spurs into his side, I was soon deep in the forest. The darkness of the night at the same time that it defied pursuit, obliged me to ride slowly through the woods, but soon arriving at more open ground I rode rapidly forward until thinking myself safe from pursuit, I travelled more leisurely. The rain had ceased, and as the clouds overhead dispersed, the stars began to appear, giving me sufficient light to continue my journey with ease.

Years have rolled by, and with them their changes, but never can I forget my journey through the woods of Louisiana. H. W. C.

GENEVIEVE.

Original.

I never heard

Of any true affection, but 't was nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the Spring's sweetest book, the rose
MIDDLETON.

I loved thee once, aye, loved thee more
Then e'er my lips have dared to tell,
But now my dream of bliss is o'er,
And I can say to thee "farewell!"

I loved thee in my boyish days,
When our young hearts could each confide
In all we said, nor knew that praise,
Was aught but simple truth beside.

Ah, changed thou art! well, so must all—
The fragrant flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow from its stem may fall
On the cold earth to fade away;

'T is vain to muse upon the past,
The stream of life will roughen'd be,
Its billows with dark clouds o'ercast,
And boist'rous as the foaming sea.

Call me not sad, sweet Genevieve!
If e'er these lines should meet thine eye;
No—'t is not so, I only grieve
That love like ours should ever die.

Farewell! no more I'll bring to view
Thy cherish'd image all divine,
Why should I former scenes renew,
Since they can never more be mine!

March 1839.

D. 'L.

THE WIFE: OR, WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

BY JOHN T. MAULL, ESQ.

A Tale of the Trying Times.

Handsomely located near the village of P***, stood the paternal mansion of Joseph Robart. The place was often the delight of the passing traveller both for the neatness and chaste simplicity of its grounds, as well for the gorgeous mountain scenery around it. The house was retired, a rich flower garden in front, a bubbling creek on the right, while on the left and in the rear were the lawn and teeming orchard, with vast and luxuriant fields of grain; altogether forming a contrast with the rugged outline of the undulating hills, at once picturesque and beautiful. At that time, the axe of the woodman had scarcely disturbed the sleep of ages, and consequently farms of the extent of Robart's were comparatively rare and unlooked for.

Robart was one of those, at present aptly denominated "gentlemen of the old school," his heart ever tuned to sympathy with the distressed, his hand ever eager to clasp that of a friend, and bid a hearty welcome to his family. Bereaved of his wife, his fostering care was extended over his charming and delightful, must I say; no, these terms are frigid:—his incomparable Mary, now a blooming girl of seventeen. Her symmetry and delicate proportions were those, which the sculptor might covet in his highest aspirations for primeval loveliness; her movements were swan-like, grace breathed in every limb, and sported in every action; and then too, her dark languishing eye so expressive of her gentle spirit and disposition, were all that the fond lover might crave, or the most fastidious admirer of female charms, hope for. Confiding and meek, the winning tones of her voice floated on the ear, heaven fraught with the richness of the most touching melody; then her innocent purity of expression, so artless and unaffected, that indeed to see and hear and not to love her, was to acknowledge a blunted sensibility to the blandishments of beauty, and the fascinations of innate worth. Her intellectual powers she had cultivated with indefatigable assiduity; the library was her *Aula Muearum*, and to the habits of reflection there imbibed, the fair student owed that placid mildness and serenity of look, so indicative of the refined intellect and the well regulated mind.

Knowledge, it is justly observed, is power, with our heroine it was a rubied talisman, that diffused the glow of happiness where'er she moved. In gayety, judgment tempered her mirth; when serious, her thoughts were mostly engaged in the contemplation of those god-like works, which she saw so beautifully scattered around her. Emphatically the child of nature, she gloried in her divine and varied exhibitions. At the peep of day, it was her favorite enjoyment to watch the lurid streaks of rich golden light usher in the rosy fingered morn, to feel the playful breeze wafting her luxuriant tresses in voluptuous dishevelment, and

to drink in, as it were, the dewy freshness of the cool and balmy air. And then as the round resplendent orb itself tipped the misty summits of the dark blue hills, dispensing life and animation to the plegmated songsters, whose vocal notes warbled instinctive homage to the benevolent First Great Cause, unconsciously her lips would betray the fervency of those emotions, which glowed with such unity and harmony within her bosom. Such was the fascinating Mary Robart. Her only brother Junius, tall and well set, was now in his twenty-second year. The freshness and agility of youth were combined with the strength and hardihood of the man; hunting had been his passion, and to its toils and dangers he was indebted for the excellence of his health, and the noble daring of his spirit.

"Ah this cruel war, when, Oh when will God in his mercy restrain its rueful ravages; yet," continued Mary Robart, "the cause is a noble one, yes, most noble, and shall it not prevail? Weak and impotent though I am, and unable to assist, still if individual prayer can affect, in even the slightest degree, my country's destinies, then most sincerely do I supplicate the God of battles to nerve my suffering countrymen so as to withstand this deadly shock; and Oh, that my Junius, my Theodore," her faltering voice grew tremulous as she added, "may be shielded by that unseen and omnipotent power, whose goodness will protect them from the snares and weapons of the enemy."

The appeal so heavenly, her attitude so saint-like, her snowy hands outstretched and clasped in pious awe, were indeed Devotion figured to life: her dark eyes upturned and heaven-directed held sweet communion with the soul.

"Sister, dear sister," exclaimed Junius Robart, suddenly approaching and playfully catching her hand, "is it you who are thus holling converse with yon stars, and in tears too; come, come Mary, you will unman me if you act so. On to-morrow's dawn, dearest, we march, aye, march to the drum, and then I Mary——"

"And then, Junius," suddenly rejoined his sister, her eye streaming tears, "what then? Oh, brother dear, don't rack my already bursting heart by longer dwelling on this painful topic. Your animation, Junius, makes my very heart bleed when I think that that sprightly voice may be hushed in death and forever, ever lost to me."

"Well then, as I appreciate highly, you know I do, what you say, here's a truce to the subject; but pardon craved, may I impart like a true love-messenger, the trust confided to me?"

"From Heresford? Junius."

"From Captain Heresford, nay, start not so.—He bade me pledge you this token of his unalterable affection, and that when you would deign to look upon it, to remember the absent original. There, that is the sentiment, 'verbatim et literatim'; the token is this miniature and hair."

Eagerly the blushing girl received her lover's gift. "'Tis he," she exclaimed, "Yes, Junius 'tis himself. See by this pale light the noble expres-

sion of his eye revealing his inmost soul, and then that lofty brow too; thanks, dearest brother, for your kindness." Then in a half playful mood and looking up archly into his face, "Junius, you must forgive me this weakness, I have striven to subdue it, but indeed I cannot. To you alone, brother, I freely confess that an irresistible sway compels me to love him, and therefore I do, sincerely, religiously love him. I think you say, Junius, you depart with your company on the dawn, we separate to night; have you then no parting wish, any thing whose performance on my part would gladden your return; remembrance of those pleasant hours, that but yesterday have fled will sorely grieve me."

Junius felt what he could not, dare not express; he attempted cheerfulness.

"There you are again; well you have fairly broken the truce; I vow I am almost tempted to stay at home, and hunt, fish, and sport with old Rover among the hills again, while the sons of freedom are baring their bosoms to the red steel of the British. No, Mary, no, we are taught that our first duties are owing to our country, to serve, to guard, and to defend her, to raise her from obloquy and the shackles of despotism. Like an aged parent she has fostered the tender years of our infancy, has protected the ripening of our manhood, and shall not gratitude repay the supervening care, nay, must I, Junius Robert, shrink from this plainest of all duties? I almost blush at the thought. But sister, 'tis late, this evening air may chill, I have taken leave of our father, whose last injunction still inspires me. Hark! they are calling me away; and as he spoke, the drum from the village rolled its notes: he caught her hand and dashing the unwilling tear from off his cheek, breathed 'farewell;' and the gallant youth had left his home. By his side paced Rover, his favorite dog. To force him from him at that time, was misery; the faithful animal fawned, crouched, and licked his master's hand, and at the mandatory "go back" it was piteous to the young soldier to hear the howl which testified the attachment.

Mary Robert was tenderly devoted to her brother; his enlivening presence had often cheered her heart; to separate, was to sever a link in the chain of her happiness. Her scenes of early youth were now depicted afresh, they were the scenes of peace and innocence. 'Tis hard to part from those we love, even when sunny peace gilds all with brightness, but when all around is black with the lowering tempest of war, then indeed is the "Trying Time" of the soul. Yes, it is hard to force back the tear into its fountain and bid the aching bosom cease its expressive throb; there is a choking utterance in the word, *farewell*, which as it is to sever present connection with the heart's loved ones, may in all probability, be the last sweet knell of the patriot's death.

Mary Robert, now that her brother was gone, once more in the fervency of plighted love, rivetted her gaze on the miniature of her Theodore and prayed for his safety.

Horsford was young, handsome, and esteemed

throughout the neighborhood; he had been a fellow student with Junius, and having similar traits of disposition, their fellowship had matured into the firmest friendship. Becoming acquainted with the sister, he saw—he loved her; she with the confidence of her sex, bestowed her first, best affection. Joseph Robert gloried in the happiness that awaited his child. The day had been assigned for the nuptials, when as a sudden cloud obscures the landscape, the cry to arms bore the summons "to the field." The cry was answered, and the sacrifice of love to patriotic duty performed, among the dearest a soldier makes on the altar of his country.

The next morning before the grey of dawn, the little band of heroes commanded by Captain Horsford prepared to march. The clang of martial music, and the loud huzzas of noisy urchins, risen thus early by the "circumstance of war," greeted the common ear. Here and there, in small groups, might be seen the spruce soldier taking leave of home, the warm kiss of parental and sisterly solicitude was freely tendered, followed by the hearty salutory shake of the hand. The hasty command *to fall in*, was promptly obeyed, men stood to their posts, muskets glittered in the beams of the rising day, and as the evolutions were being performed, the stars and stripes rose refulgent in the air amid the cheers of the congregated village; the march was ordered, the band struck up, and soon the bending road concealed them from the view, some to return, many to strew the earth in the conflicting battle with their mangled bodies; still no blanching fear was pictured in their mein, but every one trod to the measured beat, with a step as firm and an eye as bright, as ever gladdened the heart of patriotic sire.

A few days after the departure of the American troops, a detachment of the British forces encamped within a mile or so of the village. In consequence of this, the usual concomitant inconveniences ensued; the good dames had ample reason to indulge their garrulity on the conduct of the *red coats*; the fattest bees and poultry were sure to be depredated upon in the midnight forage, while the choicest *culinaries* made themselves "scarce." The officers, in their excursions to the village, were in the habit of introducing themselves to the resident families. In one of these ambulations, Lieutenant Arnold, lured by the freshness of a spring morn, had carelessly sauntered up the road opposite Robert's mansion; as he was passing, the fairy form of Mary Robert attracted his attention. Astonished and confounded, he scanned the beautiful object before him, and instantaneously, the lightning of his passion decreed her his. The fair girl unconscious of his presence was coming down the walk occasionally lopping a redundant stem, or plucking the blushing rose for her braided hair, when turning an angle in the shrubbery, suddenly she encountered the look of the rich and profligate Arnold. Startled like a fawn she was abruptly about to hasten away, but recovering her wonted self-possession she merely averted her face flushed through timid modesty, and proceeded. Scarcely

had she advanced, when the gate quickly swung upon its hinges, and Arnod sprang to overtake her; with a startling cry she fled: the walks were intricate, and some twenty rods had to be passed over, before she could effect her safety. Terror added swiftness to her flight, but fleetness could not preserve her from her vigorous pursuer; his hand now clasped her. "Nay, fairest damsel of creation," cried he, "let not the warm adoration of thy captive slave give aught to terrify thee;" but before the wretch could finish the traitorous sentence that played upon his lips, Rover had seized him by the throat, and bearing him down by the vigor of his clutch, the trespasser was absolutely torn from his trembling victim. Thus released by the timely onset of the dog, she bounded forth and reached the mansion. The fierce barking of the noble rescuer had alarmed her father, who was now hastening to the spot. Arnod had escaped, but Rover quiet and submissive lay bleeding on the ground; he had received a death wound: around him lay scattered the golden shreds of an epaulette, which too strongly indicated the character of the assault.

Upon the *dénouement* of the present scene, the circumstances were related to the agitated father,—the unexpected meeting, the pursuit, the anticipated violence, and the happy and timely escape.

Exasperated at the audaciousness of the villain, Robert determined upon getting some information, which might lead to his detection. Imagine his surprise, when on the next day, a note was put into his hands purporting to be from camp Cannon, the head quarters of the British, it contained as follows:

"Sir,—the occurrence of yesterday may probably have induced a belief unfavorable to my character and hopes; do not judge harshly when I assure you upon the honor of a true soldier, no disrespect was meant to your honored self, nor to that idolized enchantress, which heaven has intrusted to your charge. This day, then, dearest Sir, permit me to wait on you, both to dissipate any ill feelings that may have been caused, and apologise to that inestimable being, whose fears, unintentionally, I may have excited." ARNOD.

"Tell your master," said Robert, turning to the messenger, and striving to smother the embers of his passion, "that he is despised, and though the tide of war gives him the means and the opportunity of oppressing those reduced, yet let him beware how he adds insult to turpitude. Tell him too, I grant him no parley, but desire, nay, warn him to avoid my demesne; it is the injunction of an injured man, and he a father."

Arnod received this intelligence with mingled *hauteur* and rage, in fact he had considered her his victim already, and obstacles interposed in his path served only as incentives to new schemes and designs. His guilty imaginings consequent upon a libertine life, would conjure up the wildest plans for the accomplishment of his fell purpose,—to be thwarted in that purpose, was but adding fuel to

the flame, which would consume him ere he repented or swerved from its prosecution.

"Mary Robert," he muttered malignantly, "must and shall be mine, by all the destinies that control me. What! am I a man to be balked by the vapors of a silly old cage-keeper, a superannuated old devil. No, let him watch and pray, the pretty bird will fly, or commend me for no poacher; to-night I'll listen at the wires and act the downright eaves-dropper. Here Jove," cried he to an attendant negro, "prepare my pistols, we'll see if a leaden bolus or two, forsooth, are more effectual than wrestling, in the riddance of a canine embrace. Curse that dog, I fancy I yet feel the d—d twitching of his dainty jaws." Thus soliloquized the miscreant Arnod. Cunning and alert in device, he was no less able in execution: animal desires and brute courage were his, and those in his estimation were sufficient to make the *true man*; he was, according to the Roman satirist,

"*Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum—
A vitii,—colaque libidine foris.*"

At all hazards, he resolved on visiting Robert's grounds, and possibly to obtain some information, which should determine the "how and the when," of his future operations. That evening Mary Robert expected her Theodore; he had written to her, that having with her brother Junius, obtained a furlough, he would hasten to her, elate with hope to obtain her as his bride and wife.

Accordingly as the dusky twilight set in and waned, and the starry gems like love-beacons warned her of the appointment, she silently left the piazza and softly stepping to the road, stood in expectancy.

Contemplation, "heavenly pensive," loves the stillness of the night. The sunshine's glare and the noise of toilsome labor have had their busy reign, while in their stead, the soft blandishments of the evening hour come to lull and soothe the harrowings of the perturbed mind. Captivated by the bewitching influence of the tranquility around, she remained for some time indulging in dreamy hopes at the blissful future. The treacherous hours ever false to the impatience of love, seemed apace; it was now nine, and as the faint tap of the village clock was telling the hour, the clattering of hoofs in the distance announced the awaited arrival: the streaming eye of the fair girl detected in the uncertain light the forms of two horsemen.—Convinced of their identity as her lover and brother, she hastened to meet them,—but it was a meeting that chilled her blood.

"Ah, my fond one," exclaimed Arnod, leaping to the ground, "heaven be praised, but this is polite in you, I doubt not, Miss Robert will allow a true follower in love and beauty to accompany their fairest representative?"

Self-possession returned to our heroine, who demanded in a firm and offended tone, "Why she was thus interrupted, and why had the man whose conduct had made him odious in her sight, thus repeatedly dare to molest her?"

Awed momentarily by her address so resolute,

he assumed the hypocrite, and lying adulation veiled the dark design under the polish of his speech when he assured her, "That probably indiscretion might have induced him to act in a manner, for which he was confident she would condescend to forgive him when she could even slightly appreciate the *nature* of the passion that hurried him on,—that his existence stood balanced on her favor, and that to refuse his suit, was to drive him to distraction."

Alarmed at her *novel* situation and terrified at the bold advances of the notorious Arnod, she prepared to retrace her steps; she appealed to the pity of the wretch who was now endeavoring to detain her, supplicating him for her poor father's sake to respect a woman's weakness, and allow her to proceed homeward,—that she had inadvertently strayed thus far to welcome her brother and—

"Heavens and earth," ejaculated Arnod, "here's truly a magnificent expose, the rebel officers expected to-night, and I forsooth, a true and liege soldier tampering here with a maid; but by my troth, Miss Robert, I owe you well for this semi-official list of information, and mean to repay you right gallantly."

The confused girl staggered at what she had thus unconsciously imparted; on her knees she supplicated, begged for mercy, promised to view him hereafter in a better light, nay even to serve, to love him, if he would swear to conceal what she had just uttered.

"No more dalliance fair one," was the sharp response, "time presses. Ronald, bear this blossom to O'Keefe's, mind well my instructions."

The herculean horseman alighted to execute the order; a shriek of agony, wildly and piercingly, prolonged, and the ruffian grasp was on her—she had swooned.

"Dash on Ronald," cried the suborner, throwing him a purse of gold, "let this insure silence and security."

The unwilling steed seemingly conscious of the base part it was acting, curvetted and reared: in another instant a pistol ball fired by an unseen hand lodged in its breast—it fell. Consternation seized Arnod: "The rebels, the rebels!" he shouted, "are upon us,—free the girl, and stand by me Ronald."

Impetuously rode up two armed men to the assault, sabre flashed and rang, stroke upon stroke. The assailants, young and athletic, fought as tigers, dealing their blows thick and fast around; at length the unhorsed dragoon reeled to the earth, receiving his death wound from the hand of Junius. Arnod, having his weapon struck from his grasp by a blow from his antagonist, wheeling, discharged his pistol and escaped.

"Theodore, my dear boy," exclaimed Junius, "that scoundrel runaway has hurt you, for I see the blood oozing from your shoulder, come, let me assist you to dismount, and support you to the mansion, which I now see but a little way through the trees."

"Thanks, Junius, for your kindness—but gra-

cious heavens! what have we here? yes, let me see, it is, it is my love, my Mary we have liberated: misery and destruction overwhelm the heartless villain who has fled. Mary dearest, you are protected, 'tis Theodore that now speaks to you;" and raising her in his right arm, he bent over her to examine her pallid features. At the mention of her name she opened her dark eyes, rich and full upon her lover,—she started, the livid paleness fled from her face, she strove to recall her scattered ideas; they returned, and Theodore, her affianced, received the passionate effusions of an overflowing heart.

The wound of Theodore Heresford was of a dangerous character,—the flow of blood profuse.—All that female tenderness or assiduity could accomplish, was tendered with the most untiring, indefatigable devotion. Mary's own white hands followed the directions of her father, who had no small repute for his surgical skill. But where was the quiet which his condition so urgently required? Arnod had escaped, and by all the hellish malignity and vengeance that fired his brain, a score of troops would suddenly be down upon them, and bear the *Rebels*, captive to their camp. Delay was only to increase the certainty of the event; immediate flight, was a pang which tortured and bewildered. A few hours before, and the youthful soldier was as gay and light-hearted as reciprocated love could make him, now reclines he on his couch,

"Sickness in his frame, and care upon his brow."

For himself he thought not; the apprehension of violence not only to the family of his cherished friend, but to his now *wedded wife*, was a mental rack whose torments he could not, knew not, how to banish. He had left the scenes of arms to perform his vow of constancy, and in despite of obstacles, that vow he had perfected.

The watchful anxiety that beamed from the eyes of Theodore, was reflected back in tears from his despairing wife; she entreated him, on account of his wound, his weakened state of body, not to entail upon her distress, by incurring certain death in his fight—that he should remain, and she would supplicate in his behalf—would appeal to the pity of the British soldiers, nay, even to that of Arnod himself, who, she was assured, would spare him, and thus happiness again would be theirs. This angel of loveliness used all that persuasive but fascinating eloquence that her fears or affection could induce.

"What can this avail, my wife," he tenderly ejaculated, "full well you know that life, prized as it is by man, would be but a paltry sacrifice from your Theodore, if violence dared to pollute one hair of that innocent head. Mary," continued he, softening his voice, "indeed you distress me, your well-meant solicitude makes me doubt even in the midst of conviction. To remain love is to cast yourself into the power of that serpent from whom you have just escaped. Oh, how can I brook that terrible thought! For myself, torn from your pre-

sence, there is irreclaimable captivity. Nay, Mary, do not, do not weep so at what I say, my bosom aches with as much peignancy as yours; come," he continued in a soothing tone, "remember you're a soldier's wife, then look up and do not grieve me with your kind remonstrance." He ceased; his wife, who had until now hung enraptured on his words, looked anxiously to the door; her worst fears were realised. A clattering of sabres and the regular foot-fall of advancing men, showed that escape was hopeless. Junius rushed into the hall—

"We are beset, Hereford, for your own sake, for your wife's sake, I entreat, nay, I implore you, yield yourself peaceably, your friend though absent, will still be near you, farewell!" So saying, he betook himself hurriedly to the woods in a direction opposite to that of the enemy.

"Surround the house, men," vociferated Arnod, "shoot down all who dare to enter or escape.—Aha! I hear the cry, then my twittering bird is caged once for all, and love and valor have achieved their moed."

Followed by a file of men, with drawn sword he entered. The wounded Hereford, detained and kept back by his now half-frantic wife, convulsively grasped the hilt of his weapon, his eye flashing scorn upon the intruder and disturber of his peace.

"Captain Hereford," exclaimed Arnod, striving to subdue the rising jealousy as he spoke. "I hereby put you under an arrest as a rebel, and prisoner to his Majesty's forces. I see you have not forgotten the rencontre of last night, nor yet forgive it; since you were so unlucky as to receive my ball."

"Villain," retorted Hereford,—

"No, no, no," interrupted his suppliant wife, checking his fierce rage as he rushed toward Arnod. "Lieutenant Arnod, you see in me a wife, would you then, can you harass a bosom already bursting with grief." Arnod stood aghast at the word "wife."

"Seize your prisoner," was the response; the mandate was obeyed.

"Nay, nay, good soldiers, I implore, I supplicate you on my knees separate us not, would you murder us both? He will surely sink under this unnatural trial: see, too, his looks, how pale and exhausted he is from that grievous wound. Merciful Providence! Theodore Hereford you stagger, save, save my dying husband?"

Hereford in his present state could scarcely endure the harrowing scene, he grew faint and would have fallen, had not his faltering limbs been supported by his wife, to whom with difficulty he articulated, "If indeed, Mary, you regard my life, which I now only deem worth preserving for your sake, do not intercede, I entreat you, further in my behalf; let, love, the stern rule of war, work its course, I will, most assuredly, soon recover, and a benignant providence, whose ways are infinitely just, will re-unite us, never, dearest, never to separate. Come, my beloved, you can but ill bear these jars and strifes of warlike men; then, for my

quiet and safety, for my peace of mind, submit to this momentary fate, which cannot be averted."

"If such is your will, Theodore, then look at me, while I say farewell, forever must I add, no love, it cannot, shall not be; think on me and forgive me as the cause of all this, and my prayers go with thee:"—they embraced, the guards moved on, and they had parted.

Suffering is the trial of affection. How sweetly the sympathetic bosom yearns to gratitude when the heart and hand of a fellow creature comfort and assist us in the cares of this preparatory state of our being. How much has a little attention effected. The glittering world swerves not from its giddy career of onward wealth and ambition, and the huge jergernaut car rolls on crushing in its track myriads of desponding victims; uncared for they live, uncared for die; let but pity whisper in their ear the "sympathetic solace," let them but know that there are some kindred spirits who feel for their lot, and they will awaken to a happier and better existence; even the bed of sickness is despoiled of its terrors, love, being a shield, "triple-folded and lustrous," warding off the keenest shafts of disease and death.

This support, from above, had our youthful soldier, in the person of a devoted wife. Untiring and incessant importunity, after a few weeks, gained her an admission to the British camp; her youth, beauty, and the innocent confidence in her appeals, were pleas, which to the heart of a true soldier, could not be withstood. Naturally timid and coy, she would shrink from the scrutinising look of the soldiery, and yet heed it not; her soul was fixed on one dear object, and for him, what was the toil, the inconvenience or the danger, which she in this her sacred office, could undergo:

"Oh woman in hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou."

In despite of the remonstrances of her father, the first grey of dawn was her signal of departure to the camp. With a basket laden with any little delicacy she thought would be agreeable, and sometimes having a book or a painting as the best means for him to while away the time, would she start from her home with comparative hilarity on her ministering errand. Junius Robert on these occasions, was the silent and unobserved protector of his sister. He well knew where her fondness would lead her, and seeing the imminent risk of violence and insult she incurred in those uncertain times of war, he determined to remain in the vicinity. The character of Arnod was known to him; he feared him, as the shepherd mastiff does the wolf, not for its ferocity, but for the security of the charge.

Two long months had now elapsed, summer was clothing herself in her brightest colors, the carolls and warblings of the sportive birds melodiously greeted the early yet untired visitant, the woods, redolent with the sweet of the wild flower, hung

out their dark green foliage rich and clustering to the eye; the dewy freshness, the rich perfume and variegated colors and tints of the woodland drapery, all concurred to elate our heroine, young and beautiful as the blushing rose that skirted her path. The fact was, Hereford under such unremitting attention was now rapidly recovering from his wound, and this was the magic balm that softened her sorrows and induced a new state of feeling.

"Brother, see, see there are the tents, I will not detain you any longer, yet do stay and look how lovely they appear in the brightness of this morning's sun, contrasted with the pretty green around—how different from the turmoil of battle; the cross and red folds of St. George, I fancy I even love; nay, pardon me, dearest brother, they float over Theodore, and he, you know, is my husband; then why, why should I not love them, the very drum which they are now so merrily beating seems dear to me, for Theodore must, I am sure, like its music." So saying, she took her leave and sped rapidly on her errand. Junius admiringly observed the brimming eyes of his sister glisten with the purest expression of innocence and love. Affected at her artless demeanor he watched her progress, from a neighboring height. The soldiers, habituated to the sight of the fair creature, as she passed to and fro, "at morning's dawn and dusk of day," from motives of manly and honorable regard, stood aside, and occasionally at a stray glance, would doff their hats in acknowledgment for the favor. Her agile step soon brought her to her husband.

"As usual, Mary," exclaimed he at her entrance, and advancing to meet her, "truly, what an existence is mine, chequered by sorrow and yet the bliss of interviews like these; still, how can I speak of sorrows in thy presence. To love, even though I should not will it, is a sacred obligation on my part, which the best alone can imperfectly discharge; to you, Mary, I owe my life, need I declare it? A life now doubly valuable, since I am sworn to protect and cherish that of yours."

"Theodore," observed the fond wife, looking up pensively and confidently into his face, "full well you know I do but my duty in endeavoring to alleviate your condition; would you have me do less? Could a wife forsake, nay, even neglect her partner in distress! does not he in health provide for her wants and afford the wing of protection when all others prove false and recreant, then love, do not, I beg of you, make further mention of my little efforts which *He* has condescended to sanction and reward. But Hereford, if I mistake not, there is a gathering care on your brow, that eye which but now sparkled with delight, seemed dimmed and heavy, its lustre quenched as if a sudden chill had come over you; come Theodore, husband, release me of this torturing anxiety, you surely will impart any tidings to me, where either of us may be concerned."

"Shall I impart it then," he responded, "Mary, must I tell you that Arnod has been here,——

"Arnod!" shrieked the wife, trembling with high wrought emotion, "did you say Arnod? Oh, quick then, say, tell me what had that cruel man to communicate, who haunts my presence, and so sorely disturbs my peace of mind."

"His order," replied Hereford, "bears this purport," and here he hung closer to the drooping bird beside him, "that as the detachment marches on the morrow, I must be sent to a distant quarter for more rigid confinement, and therefore, love, your attendance must necessarily be discontinued." A moment's pause intervened, when suddenly recovering as from a deep reverie, a smile lighting up her features,——

"Never," she ejaculated, the tones of her voice betraying tenderness and decision. "To-night we must contrive an *escape*; leave the management of it to myself, and if fervid prayer, skill and execution can succeed, then depend upon it, Theodore, liberty shall be yours, and happiness mine—but there are footsteps approaching, trust me for once, Theodore, and I will answer for the result."

"God bless you," responded he, and let me hope I bid you, for this only time during my captivity, a fond adieu. She departed. At some distance from the camp near the advanced outposts she was accosted by Arnod; his base intentions were well known to her, and consequently his appearance was abhorred and dreaded.

"A bright morning, this, and moreover delightfully agreeable for the exercise of walking," said he, advancing familiarly and catching her hand, "may we not expect you to-night again, my dear, husbands *en dit*, are somewhat rife in these little formalities, and as we strike tent at the sunrise, surely you will visit us once more, and let *him* have the bliss of your angelic society;" this was spoken in a commingled tone of sarcasm and pleasantry.

Lieutenant Arnod, loosen my hand immediately: your conduct, Sir, cannot nor shall not be further endured; your superior officer shall be acquainted with these continual, unmanly insults, if once more you dare to molest me;" with this she made an offer to relieve herself. Arnod, struck by her energetic and unexpected address, and probably fearing a disclosure of his actions, released her hand, and craving pardon for any intrusion, withdrew;—such was the man, appearance was the garb that concealed the dark workings of his mind.

"Strange," mused Mary Hereford, as she wended her homeward way, "certainly Arnod must entertain some ill design, if not, why that anxiety about an event which in no manner concerns him;" foreboding flitted across her mind; this she strove to banish, quickening her gait, and anticipating the joy that success in her contemplated attempt would occasion. How was it with Arnod? His was the exultation of the falcon as it seizes upon its dove-like prey—strategem and force were to achieve the dictates of a grovelling lust.

The dull succession of impatient hours at length proclaimed the day was closed, the sky was heavy and portentous of storms, the damp wind chill an

disagreeable; the night was one of those in which superstition might well impart her stories "dire and dread" to the crouching listener of the rustic hearth. At nine, Mary Heresford, stealthily unlocking an outer door, fortunately eluded the observation of her father and domestics, as well as Junius, who had ventured for the night to remain under the paternal roof. The luxuriant tresses, which, clustered and festooned, lately adorned her brow, were now concealed by the easy set of a military cap, while a cloak of the same order enveloped her graceful figure. The storm increased and "spent its fury in the flooded rain;" the darkened and devious path she was oftentimes enabled to trace only by the fitful glare of the prolonged and sluggish lightning; yet what was this to the being who encountered it? Her danger and exposure were forgotten in the absorbing hope of releasing from an irksome captivity, her husband—her lately affianced Theodore. In this she was urged on by the reflection that it was her unconscious disclosures to Arnod on that eventful night, which had been chiefly conducive to the present state of affairs; and to atone for this indiscretion, and to evince the strength of unaltered woman's love, this fair creature, delicate as the tenderest flower, thus braved the tempest's rage and the more certain dangers of an hostile camp. Dread of encountering the loathed Arnod induced her to select a circuitous and unfrequented route, it lay through a dense wood or forest; the pattering of the heavy rain drops tended in some manner to break the awful monotony that prevailed.

Stillness, in any form, exerts a strange and undescribable influence over the human heart; and the stillness of the high domed cathedral, of the deep extended ocean, awakens the emotions of grandeur and sublimity, but an American forest by night, with its obscure and tall shadowy giants, its awful gloom, vastness, imperiousness,—its stillness, how it enchains the spirit! The rustling foot-fall causes us to start with apprehension lest the intrusion might have awakened the slumbered genius of the place.

The bosom of Mary Heresford as she cautiously glided in this wilderness of darkness, palpitated with fear, and as the breeze freshened, and the rush, like that of many waters, came ruffling the tree tops from afar, she would tremblingly start and appeal to Him, the Omnipotent and the Omnipresent to support her, in this the hour of her tribulation.

"Who goes there, stand or I fire!" was the prompt and energetic hail of the sentry, as he brought his loaded musket to the aim.

"Your officer," was the ready retort. ●

"The word!" It was given, and throbbing with the intensity of her feelings she passed undetected within the lines. She soon obtained access to her husband; he had been allotted an upper room in an old farm house, and to this she groped her way up the broken remains of what had once been a staircase. The pale and feeble glare of a rush light revealed to her her Theodore; he was resting on

the common camp bedstead, in one hand he held a book, in the other the miniature of her who was even now watching his slumbers. Laying aside the dripping cloak and cap, she clasped his hand, and tenderly besought him to awaken, "that his Mary, his love, his wife was near, to conduct him to his home—to liberty!" At the word, he awoke, recognised, embraced her.

"Theodore, say not so, 'tis I who wert the cause, and it should be mine to expiate and atone; say only that I have acted up to my duty, and that thought of yours, love, shall be the dearest reward I can crave: but," continued she, "may not this felicitation be premature; 'tis even so in adversity, the slightest sunshine will ever excite the warmest aspirations of hope."

Preparation for immediate flight was now made; breathlessly did she throw the sheltering cloak around him, and arrange it so as to appear in the customary night garb of the officer: the watchword she gave him. An indispensable requisition of the plan of escape was, that the wife should remain in the prison-house, until she was assured by the length of his absence, that he had effected his flight. A place had been assigned for their meeting on the skirt of the woods, and there, when satisfied of his safety, she was to follow him. Remonstrance could not deter her from remaining, and from the extreme nature of the case, the tears, the entreaties of the fair deliverer, her own safety if he should abide longer, connected with his morrow's undefined separation, finally determined the balance of his inclination; feeling to the soul the exalted devotedness of her, whom he now gloried to call partner of his life, he kissed and bade her a temporary adieu. He departed. With clasped hands she offered the fervent intercession,—"Heavenly Father! thy will be done, but in thy righteous dispensations, pray remember mercy." She heard the hoarse hail of the sentry,—her eye unfixed not its heaven-directed gaze; she heard the reply, yes, the far distant though to her, audible reply of her husband: a death-like, awful suspense ensued. Time sped, a quarter of an hour had elapsed; her bosom heaved with oppressive gratitude, for her Theodore was free! Tears, gushing tears relieved her aching heart, as she thanked Providence for its kindness in allowing her to be the proud yet humble instrument in executing this its merciful decree.

Light as the playful breeze, she crossed the encampment, known but not interrogated. The appointed spot was reached, the longing arms of Heresford enfolded her—and they were happy. Old Robert, Junius too, all were happy, when the almost incredible tale of delivery was told by Theodore.

A carriage had been procured by the foresight of Mary Heresford, to convey the family from the neighborhood. Junius had gone to see to it, and collect the most valuable effects for transmission; in the interim, the crackling faggots were blazing in the hall, and before departure, Theodore and

Mary retired here to congratulate and to indulge in hopes of future happiness.

"And now, wife," said Heresford jocularly, "since all have to endure the peltings of life's pitiless storm, some in a greater, others in a less degree, why should complaint arise from such an importunate wight as myself; rather, love, let the subsequent tenor of my actions bespeak the obligation I am under to the daring pilotes who has just released me from my perils."

"Theodore, I vow you are joking again," she rejoined, "the times I know are propitious, and sentiment like popular favour is accordingly cheap."

"Nay then, if such is your opinion, we will drop the subject;—but Mary, with respect to this night's conveyance, do tell me, are you not too much harassed and fatigued already, to expose yourself to further danger and discomfort?"

A girlish laugh betrayed the careless light with which she viewed it. "No, no, Theodore," answered she smilingly, "released from that loathsome camp, and that still more despicable"—a dead pause in this sprightly flow of conversation, ensued:—Arnold was gazing in at the casement, his dark, grim, malignant features livid with all the fires of disappointed love and green-eyed jealousy. Had a demonical spectre risen up in the horrors of blood to blast the sunniest expectations of plighted hearts, its appearance could not have given more terror than this sudden apparition. Motionless and stern he gazed upon the stricken wife, then relaxing the rigid muscles of his visage, a death-like smile of exultation curled his lip, and now it was he seemed what hitherto he fain would conceal himself to have been,—the heartless villain. He disappeared. The wife still kept looking at the obscure beyond, her faculties chained and stupefied by fright. Heresford, who had been intent on securing his pistols, had not observed her perturbation, but accosted her,—

"Well, Mary, love, why don't you pursue the thread of your delightful discourse; a glowing sentiment trembling on your lips, suddenly as too big for utterance is severed midway in its flight, to perplex and tease me,—but gracious Heavens! why, what has befallen you Mary, speak quickly to me, love, you are pale, and that look, why is it fixed so strangely on the casement? You must be overcome with fatigue and exposure, it is even as I conjectured; your tender frame sinks under its undue burden of toil;" gently taking her hand, he beseechingly inquired of her the cause of this sudden alteration: her gaze was still rivetted; her marble-like features still wore the same cold, terrified aspect.

"No, no, husband," and her voice faltered with the excess of emotion, "I've s,—a seen him, that chill, heavy look of his freezes even now my blood;—see, see, she convulsively screamed, he stands there yet, oh! for mercy's sake fly, he aims the weapon;—" the flash, the report, and the ball sped upon its fiendish errand, but fell to the floor flattened by the concussion of the opposite wall: the

sudden movement of Mary Heresford was the preservation of her husband. That quiet coolness which depicts the deep, decided resolve, showed itself in Heresford. The noise of voices was heard without, and then a trampling and a rush toward the door.

"He who first crosses the threshold of my habitation, repents for his temerity," shouted Joseph Robert; in another instant, the old man staggered into the hall, pierced by Arnold, and weltering in his gore:—

"Furies on the accursed felon, the blood-hound has murdered my father," exclaimed Junius, as hoarse and impetuous with rage, he sprang like a panting tiger upon the infuriated wretch Arnold. Unarmed as he was, his passion had nerved him to such a pitch, that as he clutched his enemy in the assault, like the blast-stricken reed, the assailed reeled and fell before the mighty impulse. Arnold's own poignard brandished by Junius, had tasted the villain's blood, but before the decisive blow could be effected; the avenger was dragged back by the ruffian abettors, and flung almost insensible from his prey.

Heresford, after discharging his pistols sword in hand, stood over his half-frantic wife, combatting with the bravery of a determined swordswoman and soldier; two of the assailants were asleep in death, the others seeing their fall, and their chief wounded and incapacitated, now fled, carrying off Arnold in their flight. Immediately after, a large, close carriage rolled past; the dark intention of the conspirators now flashed through the brain of Heresford;—it was his wife they sought. Just Heaven had interposed its edict, and thus their base machinations were signally overthrown.

Mary Heresford, who had swooned at the commencement of the affray, threw herself in the arms of her husband, joyed at his escape and her own preservation, but her delight was only momentary; her father supported by her agonised brother, was a spectacle that strung the tender filaments of her heart to their highest tension.

"Mary," said the aged man articulating with difficulty, "weep not so for me, angel, my hour has come, and I glory in its arrival; better Mary, that I should be the sacrifice, than my brave boy, or Theodore there, into whose hands I resign your keeping. Junius, my son, raise me a little ere I die,—the sanctity of my house preserved, thank God! for that."

It was the bold yet affectionate spirit hovering on the brink of eternity and expanding for its flight. "God's blessing rest upon my children," then without a sigh he sank to rest—the aged and the good.

Loud and long were the lamentations of the orphan daughter. Overcome by the loss, she clasped the cold body, and bending over it, would wildly interrogate the flown spirit.—"Father! father! speak again, once more, only once more, and say that you love me," then suddenly directing her vacant look to her brother, "Junius," she exclaimed, "Oh relieve me from this awful suspense, awaken

him brother, do, try every thing—but do not, oh do not say he's dead!" Then as the corpse shadowed to her mind the faint but terrible reality, she would throw back her dark tresses and burying her face in her hands, give vent to the outbursts of feeling and bitter lament. Junius was silent and motionless as the statue; tears he had none, the fountain of his grief was choked; nought around was heeded, but with folded arms and a certain abstracted indifference that indicates the aberrated mind, he calmly surveyed the scene before him: quiet and passive he was bound by the spell of his affliction, so potent that until the yellow sod closed up for ever from mortal ken the ashes of his sire, Junius Robart had lived almost forgotten to himself. After the funeral obsequies were over, he fled to the camp of his now conquering countrymen, with them he trod the battle field, and shared the laurels of the brave.

The events of the revolutionary struggle were at length drawing to a rapid close. The enemy, driven from post to post, could no longer sustain themselves: the decisive blow was struck at Yorktown; among the foremost who there, sword in hand, mounted "the imminent and deadly breach," amid the serried files of bayonets and the thunders of artillery, was the avenging Junius; the red steel clashed, breast met breast in smoking conflict:—Arnold fell. He perished, curses quivering on his lips, while hate, "the ruling passion strong in death," was indelibly imprinted on every feature and attitude.

Heresford, at the expiration of the war, hastened to his home, tenanted by most that constitutes its dearest delight. Prosperity is now the sun that shines on those who had been overshadowed by the clouds of adversity.

The above is one of a thousand instances where virtuous woman's constancy and love, are among the divinest emblems of her worth.

Esto perpetua.

GENTLEMEN—The following lines I found five years ago, when I was on the top of Rhigi, in a book which strangers usually write their names in. They were written by Lord Gower himself—I took a copy of them, and think that you will oblige your readers by inserting them in the Casket. W. L. J. K.

HONOR TO WOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER,
By Lord Francis Leveson Gower, now first published.

Honor to woman! to her it is given,
To wreath the dull earth with the roses of heaven,
The heart in the bonds of affection to twine,
And, with chastity's veil, round the form of the graces,
To raise and revive, in her holy embraces,
The feeling her virtues exalt and refine.

Reason's voice, and Truth's directions,
Haughty man delights to brave;
And the spirit's own reflections,

Drive it forth on passion's wave.
Furthest distance still exploring,
Nearer forms content to lose;
O'er the bounds of ether soaring,
Man his shadowy bliss pursues.

But with the charm of her magical glances,
Back to the joy which her presence enhances,
Woman can lure him, to wander again,
For she clings to the earth, where her fortune has placed her,
And, content with the charms, with which nature has graced her,

With a daughter's obedience submits to her chain.

Roused to each insane endeavor,
Man collects his hostile might,
On through life he speeds for ever,
Reets not, stops not, day or night.
What he joins, he tears asunder—
Wishes rise as wishes fall,
Like the Hydra's head of wonder,
Sprouting faster than they fall.

But woman, content with less arrogant powers,
From each hour of existence can gather the flowers,
And snatch them from Time as he hastens along,
More blest and more free in her limits remaining.
Than man in the wide realms of wisdom's attaining,
Or in poetry's boundless dominions of song.

To his own enjoyment bending,
Every wish that warms his breast;
With the bosom's mutual blending,
Say, can selfish man be blest?
Can he e'er exchange a feeling,
Can he melt in tears away,
When eternal life is stealing,
Every spring of passions play?

But like the harp when the zephyr is sighing,
To the breath of that zephyr in music replying,
Woman can tremble with feeling astrue.
From the breezes of life each emotion she borrows,
While her bosom swells high with its raptures and sorrows,
And her glances express them through sympathy's dew.

Mailed strength, and arm'd defiance—
These are rights which man alleges:
Scythia's sword is her reliance—
Persia bows beneath its edge,
Man, where'er desire is strongest,
Wields the blade or draws the bow;
Ho that loudest shouts, and longest,
Wins what peace could ne'er bestow.

But woman can govern each tide and occasion,
With the eloquent voice of her gentle persuasion,
And extinguish Hate's torch, which was lighted in hell;
And the powers of strife which seemed parted forever
Are bound in an union which time cannot sever,
By the spirits who bow to her magical spell.

THE FAIRY SHOE.

The little town of Rock Abbey, county of Limerick, contains more curiosities, more *things to be seen*, than almost any place of its size in Ireland. There is the fine old abbey, from which it takes its name, a beautiful ruin situated in a green and quiet hollow, just beyond the straggling town; yet so sheltered and hidden by the green slopes, that when, half running, half sliding, you have descended the steep path which now forms the only practicable approach, you appear to have dropped suddenly from a region of smoke, dirt, curs, and children, into an enchanted ground, where the spirit of peace sitteth for ever. There is also the Round Tower, a fragment of a castle perched on the summit of a green acclivity, at the farther side of the babbling little stream which tumbles and brawls through groups of cabins, more picturesque as objects, than enviable as residences; and then, widening and growing smooth in its course, glides away through marsh and meadow, making, now and then, little bays, where "the speckled trout do haunt the shade." Then there is the mushroom-stone, a huge mass of rock, which, broad at the top and narrow at the base, bears some resemblance to a gigantic mushroom. It lies in the midst of a meadow; the soil around it is rich and fertile; and who may say *how* that vast fragment came there? Then there is the Fairy's Oak, and likewise the Goat's Leap. But my story is not of these; for though these and many other curious matters were examined by me during my three days' sojourn in that remote spot, not one appeared to me so great a curiosity as Jemmy Morrogh, the guide and attendant of my rambles. Many and strange were the tales Jemmy related to me; not a hill but had its history, not a stone but Jemmy had a legend connected with it. Some of these were scarcely worth remembering, though they amused me at the time; for Jemmy, with his rich brogue and inimitable manner, could give point and expression to relations otherwise somewhat tedious and insipid. He was, or affected to be, a devout believer in fairies, witchcraft, and, as he himself expressed it, "all kinds of conjuration." He was by trade a shoemaker, but being devotedly attached to the sport of angling, and somewhat addicted to other recreations, he did not give quite so much attention to his lawful calling as might have been desirable, for a man who had five children to support. His wife, a thrifty, industrious termagant, between the irritation she received from his indolence, and the whiskey she drank to allay it, had, as he expressed it, "tuk the fever and departed in pace," four or five years before. His two eldest daughters, tall, slatternly girls of twelve and fifteen, might be seen all day gossiping from cabin to cabin, or amusing themselves flinging stones at the ducks in the lake of green water before the door. His third daughter, a child of ten, and her twin brother, were usually either romping or quarrelling together; while his own peculiar pet, the youngest boy, a miniature of himself, and called after his name, tramped every where at his heels, with the same

quick, slouching gait; sat by his side for hours during his angling expeditions; mimicked his anxious gaze at his float, his knowing glance at the clouds, his bogue, and his peculiar turn of expression; and who gave promise, as the neighbors used to say, "that while young Jemmy Morrogh lived, ould Jemmy would never die."

The said "ould Jemmy" was a man who might have passed his eight-and-thirtieth year. He was rather below the middle height, and his limbs, though muscular and active, were loosely hung, so that, with considerable strength, they combined great flexibility. His face displayed that curious mixture of Italian contour and Hibernian shrewdness, which I never saw but in the peasants of the south of Ireland, and but seldom among them. The outline of his face was even handsome; the aquiline nose, fine dark eyes, well-shaped mouth and broad forehead, were almost dignified; and yet, the expression which played everlastingly over them, the expression of careless drollery, the *vagabond look*, if I may so call it, which pervaded the face, totally destroyed their effect. There was something laudable in the man's countenance, but it was not prepossessing; you might be amused with Jemmy Morrogh, but you could scarcely respect him.

"That is a beautiful little spot," said I, pointing to a tiny bay on the farther side of the river. The bank rose abruptly from the water, and was crowned with a rich clump of birch and hazels, while a large old willow, half fallen and partly uprooted by the wind, lay across the river-side path, stretching its rich green wreaths over the bank, so that the slender extremities of its branches touched the water. "A beautiful spot Jemmy," said I, "and I warrant a good harbor for the trout!"

"You may say that, ma'am," replied my guide; "many a one of the spotted darlins myself has landed safe and sound on that strip of green turf; and, (lowering his voice) more than the trout myself has seen there."

"Indeed!" I replied, "I should much like to hear what you did see."

"A long story it is, ma'am, but if you like to hear it—Jemmy, avourneen, (to the child, who lingered a little behind us gathering some blossoms of the beautiful wild iris,) Jemmy, run down to Mr. Glynne, and tell him, wid my compliments, the Wellington boots should have been soled these two days, only I've been hindered by reason of showing the beauties of the country to a lady all the way from England, and I'm sure he'll not grudge her the time—There's no use, ma'am, in telling it before *him*, seeing he had it often before, and is apt to be putting in his word, which spoils the story."

"You see, ma'am, 'tis about ten years since that I and Judy Doolan, the woman that owned me, lived byant there, in as nate a little cabin as you'd see in a long summer's day. A tidy woman was Judy, and something short in the temper—the heavens be her bed, I pray! Well, I was brought up to the trade of shoemaking, but I did not like it

over an' above; in fact, you see, I had not a janious for the same; and 'tis a folly to bind a man, hand an' fut, to a trade he has no taste in life to learn. However, a shoemaker was my father before me, and right or wrong, a shoemaker I must be too.—There was no help for it, so I married Judy Doolan, and, as my father said, began the world on my own account. A fine spoken man he was, scarcely ever usin' words of less than four syllables; and being great nevey to Father Phil Cogan, of Cunnica-cruckery, who had a tongue that could wind round the long words, like an eel round a walkin' stick. I wonder he didn't make me a priest, or, at laste, a schoolmaster; but somehow he thought I had no more janious for that than I had for the shoemakin'. Well, time went on; and what with the sod Judy raised at the door, and what with the cobbling I had time to do, and what with the troutheen I killed in the river, we managed to pay the rint, and keep the clothes on the childhres' backs. And when my father died, with the few bright goolden guineas he left, a raal berrin we gave him, and contrived his wake should be deacent as ever was seen in the town of Rock Abbey.

"And by the same token, that day of the berrin, Judy provoked me to speak more angry words to her than I ever did before; for she said she thought the money might be better spent than in trating a parcel of crathurs we never saw before; (for 'twas wonderful what dozens of my father's friends come to his wake,) as if money *could* be better laid out than in respect to one's own born father!

"How-an'-ever, we got on pretty well for a few years, as I have said. I had all the custom of them that didn't like to send their shoes as far as Ballycorrig, and could wait till I had time to mend them; and as I only worked when I liked, with thanks into the bargain, I did not altogether dislike the trade for a change. But then come my first misfortune, in the shape of the long-legged *epalpeen*, Tim Whittle, that come home from his apprenticeship in Limerick; and without 'with your lave,' takes the ould grocery store in the market-place, and, before you could turn yourself, had up a blue board as big as the end of my cabin, done over with goold letters. Them that understood it tould me it read thus—'Ladies' and Gentlemen's boots and shoes made and mended in the natest manner, on the shortest notice, by Timothy Whittle.' I won't *aware* to the very words, but that was the substance of it, the boasting vagabond! The next thing he does, is to set a row of shoes of all manner of colors in the windy; and there you might see the impudent jackanapes, day after day, sitting in the far part of his shop, with two little *sprissawneens*, he called his journeymen, stitching away, and cutting away, as if their lives depended on it; and sometimes you might see him in a clane apron behind the counter, with a long book and a pen.—no less!—settling his accounts, he said!—Well, there was little pace for me after this. One cansated puppy tould me that if his brogues were not forthwith patched, he should give the job to my neighbor, Mr. Whittle; and when I tould him he

was welkim to please himself, he walked off with the brogues, and got Tim to mend them, in the natest manner, no doubt, just to spite me! But that was not all. Tim put up another board, onder the wan with the goold letters, with a black boot and a red shoe ilygantly painted out upon it, so that you might see it a quarter of a mile off; and all them that couldn't read, saw as plain what it meant as if they was scholars like the priest.—And more than that, Judy went and laid out more than a month's egg money, in a pair of red morocky shoes, just to show she was independent of me and my work; and went to mass in them before my eyes. And to crown all, Nora Kelly, my own mother's brother's daughter, took and married the blackguard, and she my own flesh and blood, and he takin' the bread out of my childhres' mouths! It bates my patience to bear the thoughts of it even now! Once I thought to write to the blessed and holy man, Daniel O'Connell, the great redressor of his country's wrongs, and see if there was no redress in parliament, for the grievances of an honest man having his prospects ruined, by an upstart goslin of a chap like Tim Whittle. But on second thoughts I give it up; not liking to trust any body now I scarcely knew my friends from my enemies; and having by some mistake in my education, forgot to cultivate my janious in the writing department. Well, one day, Judy, that's now at rest, the blessed crathur! was even sharper than usual with her tongue, and went as far as to call me a lazy hound, and the torment of her life; though I was not doing a ha'porth but sitting by the ashes with my pipe in my mouth, and consithering, as grave as a judge, how in the wide world we would pay the rint, which I began to fear would be wanted before it was ready.

"I bore with the woman as long as I could, seeing it was her misfortin' to be unreasonable, and not her fault, as they said that did not make allowances for her. But, at last, when she tould me there was scarce a pratie in the house, and that I was an unfeelin' wretch to sit there, and the childhre crying for hunger, flesh and blood could bare it no longer. Up I jumped, and flinging my pipe to the far end of the fire, I swore a big oath, which I won't repate, that the childhre should have a supper, if I got it from the ould boy himself.—So I snatched up my fishing tackle, and away to the willow tree; but, surely, ould Nick's own fut had been on the rod an' line. The dickens a fish would so much as luk at the bait, though it was as fine a fly as you'd see in a summer's day.

"Well," says I, aloud at last, 'every man has his luck, and this is mine—and the deuce and all of luck it is, any way,' says I, for I was vexed intirely.

"What's that you say, Jemmy Morrogh?" says a squeaking little voice behind me.

"I looked round, for there was something unnatural in the voice, and I did not choose to answer it without knowing why.

"What's that you say, about luck and fortune? One would think, Jemmy Morrogh, you thought

nobody in the world had ever a misfortin' but yourself!

"'Few has so many,' says I, pluckin' up a spirit, 'and that you'd say if you knew all.'

"'I do know all,' says the voice again, 'I know you're an idle crathur, with a scolding wife—there's your two main misfortins. Bad enough they are, but others has worse.'

"'And who are you,' says I, 'that knows my concerns so well? I'd rather see your face before I converse farther with you, if you've no objection.'

"'None in life,' says the voice; and immediately there was a rustling in the leaves of the willow tree, as if a breath of wind was going over them; and on that long branch of the tree that bends over the water, stood perched a little man, who, if he had not been so very small, would have been one of the handsomest little chaps I ever saw. But small as he was, he was a perfect mortal, both for figure and dress—wearing a long grane coat, and silk stockings, and having in his hand a little black cap, with a long white feather in it, which trailed to his feet. His face was as perfect as a wax doll's; and the hair on his head was all in little curls, and as bright as the sunbeam! A pretty little crathur he was, sure enough, but being unused to see the like, I was not over and above asy.

"'Well, Jemmy Morrogh,' says he, looking at me and laughing, when I had done taking the weight of him—'and now you have seen me, how do you like me?'

"'Oh, my lord,' says I, 'very well, intirely; but who and what are you?'

"'Don't you know me, Jemmy Morrogh?' says he, 'I'm a fairy, and the queen's chief page, so I am,' says he.

"'And, indade, your riverence, I'm glad to hear it,' says I, 'and ever and always is your grace welcome,' butthering him up; though at the time I was shakin' like a dog in a wet sack.

"'Very glad, no doubt, you are,' says the little man, laughin', 'that I can see by the steadiness of your hand, that's making your float prop up and down, as if all the fish in the river was takin' a fancy to your bait.'

"'Why then,' says I, 'I'm not much used to discoursin' great people; and a queen's page is altogether out of my line, so—'

"'No apology, Jemmy,' says the little man, 'indeed, I'm sorry enough for you, and would willingly help you with all my heart. I'm in trouble myself, and if I serve you, may be you could do me a good turn as well.'

"'Can you tell me where to get a supper for the childhre?' 'I can,' says he. 'An' how to pay the rint?' says I. 'No doubt of it,' says he. I knew it was not altogether right to be talkin' that way to the like of him; but I was desperate, and so as I got what I wanted I did not care for the consequence. 'Come,' says he, 'lend me your tackle,' and with that, leaping down, he tuck the rod out of my hands, and twitchin' off the fly, put on something I could not see, and bade me try my luck.—Well, in less than no time, pop goes the float—

and, indeed, it tried my strength to draw out the big baste of a salmon that was pullin' at the end of the line. At the time I was landin' him, the little chap stood by lookin' on; noways amazed, but mightily amused to see the way I tugged to get the fish ashore.

"'More power to your elbow, Jemmy Morrogh! Now, then! That's it! There he is! See how elbow-grease smooths difficulties!'

"'Indeed, my lord, then,' says I, as soon as I had the crathur safe in my basket, and had taken my breath, 'tis little I should have caught to-night, if your honor had not lended me a helping hand; and I'd be proud to do as much for your honor any day.'

"'And much you can do for me, Jemmy Morrogh,' says the fairy. 'You can save me from disgrace, perhaps from banishment. See here,' and with that he drew out of his pocket a little white thing, and laid it on the palm of my hand. 'The darlin' little shoe it was, of white satin, and the buckles pearls itself. 'And a purty little foot she must have that would fit,' says I, considerin' it—'sure it is *not* a mortal woman she'd be any way.' 'No, no, Jemmy,' says the fairy, 'that belongs to her majesty, our good queen, Blue Bell; and, surely, you wouldn't offer to compare *her* to a mortal!'

"'And tidy fingers he must have, who made the purty thing,' says I, fair, if I had a show of such as them, in a windy, I think I'd have more to look at them, than the big spalpeen, Tim Whittle.'

"'Well, Jemmy,' says the little man, 'I'm in the world-and-all of trouble about that very shoe—I want farder than I can tell you, to get a pair of them shoes for her majesty; and coming home on a sunbame, a thief of a wind knocked me off my horse, and in fallin' I lost the fellow of that shoe, which tumbled me into a big bog hole, and was swallowed up in a minute. Now, show my face at court without the shoe I dare not; and find it I can't, seeing that it's over head in the bog; and without you'll help me, I'm a lost man, Jemmy Morrogh!' says he, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes, makin' believe he was crying.

"'Help you, my lord, sir!' says I, 'wid all the veins in my heart, if you'll only shew me how.'

"'Then,' says he, 'you must just make another pair of shoes by this one, and then we'll be all right.'

"'Tis just the pattrern of a purty shoe,' says I, 'but where will I get the stuff to make them?'

"'Come here to-night, at twelve o'clock,' says the fairy, 'and I'll have all the materials ready, and tools into the bargain.'

"'Never fear me,' says I again, 'I'll slip out asy, and come to you; and with that we parted, I carrying the big salmon home, and he scamperin' away on the back of a grasshopper, that he had caught, and held by the cuff of the neck, while he said the last words. Well, to make a long story short, may be Judy didn't open her eyes when I laid down the salmon on the stool; a fine spring fish it was, weighing ten or twelve pounds, no doubt. And she wanted me to take it up to the

Hall, to Mithur O'Brien, and see what he would give me for it; but the childhre were so hungry, that I cut it up, and boiled it at wanst; and a fine faste they had, poor crathurs! When they were all asleep, I ran again like a *lephraun*, down to the place where I thought to find the fairy page.—He had not come, however, but I waited awhile; and by and by, with a hop-skip-and-jump, he sprung over the willow there, and lighted down just beside me.

"So, Jemmy Morrogh," says he, "you're welcome; and now make haste, like a gosssoon, and begin at wanst." With that he pulled out a little box, and showed me that it was full of satin, pearls, and the purtiest little tools I ever laid eyes on, all made of goold- and silver! 'I'll never shure be able to work *them* tools,' says I. 'Net a fear of you,' says he, 'only sit down and try.'—Well, my jewell, the minute I took the work in my hand, it seemed to go on of itself. How I did it I can't tell to this hour; but long before the morning light I had the shoes, nate and dacent, holding them up, one on each thumb, before the face of the little man, who was sitting perched on a bough, just at my shoulder. The pleasant and merry crathur he was, and told such quare stories, and sang such merry songs, that the hours went like no time; and the shoes was finished in a jiffy.

"And, now, Jemmy, *ma beuchal*," says the little fellow, (for by this time we were as thick as thieves!) 'I must pay you for the job—keep the old shoe, and whenever you go a-fishing, look into it for the bait, and all sorts of luck will be yours.'

"Now, though I'd rather have had the goold that I heard the good people gave sometimes, I could not look *cracked* at the shoe, and him so civil. So, with many thanks, I put up the little thing, and was wishing him a good night,—'Stay, Jemmy,' says he, 'you must remember, that you are not to let on, to man or mortal, one word of this matter; nor show the shoe to any living soul, or your luck will go from you, like the whip of a whirlwind.'

"And will you never come back and tell me how the shoes fit her majesty, the queen?" says I, for I didn't like to lose his acquaintance that way.

"To be sure, I will," says he, 'be here again to-morrow night, and if the shoes are liked, may be I might have another job for you.'

"So we parted; I carried home the little shoe, and slept as if I never would have wakened, till Judy was screeching in my ear that it would be noon before I was up. I went to the river side next night, you may be sure, and finding a purty green fly in the little shoe, I baited my little hook with it, and caught a salmon, even bigger and better than the last. And sure enough, the little man came, as he had promised; and this time he brought silk of all colors, and tould me that the queen was delighted with her shoes; and all the ladies dying to get the like. And besides, there was to be a grand ball in a little time, and all the shoes were to be finished by then. 'So work away Jemmy, *avick*,' says he, 'and keep never

lettin' on to any body, and you're a made man for life, depend upon it.' So I worked all that night, with him sitting beside me as before. The next night I met him again, and—'I think, Jemmy, *avournen*,' says he, 'may be you'd like some other diversion, than just listening to me—so I've brought some of my friends to amuse you.' With that there arose such a flood of music all round, as I never heard before; and when it died away, there burst out a song, as if a many was singing together. I remembered the words of it next day, and told it over to Phelim Long, the schoolmaster, who wrote it down for me; and here it is." And Jemmy put into my hands a tattered piece of paper, from which I copied the following lines:—

"The men of earth, are born to toil,
In the world of day, and its dull turmoil;
Work, mortal! work, nor ceasing ask,
If there be hardship in thy task.
Though light and careless we seem to be,
We have our work as well as thee.

"'Tis ours to watch where the moonbeams rest,
That float down the silver rivulet's breast;
And catch them and weave their radiance sheen,
For the royal robes of the Fairy Queen;
'Tis ours to tinge the clouds of even,
And build up her palace bowers in Heaven!

"Work! we have tasks as trusty as thine;
We breathe on the bud of the swelling vine;
Our fingers mould the graceful shape,
And sprinkle the bloom on the ripening grape.
And we scatter each dew-drop, that like an eye,
Looks up to the stars in the deep blue sky.

"And more—the zephyr's breath we bind;
We fly on the wings of the weaken'd wind.
Over the autumn leaves we have past,
And they redden and fall to the rustling blast.
Work, mortal! work, with unwearied brow,
We have our tasks as well as thou!"

"A purty song enough, my lady," continued Jemmy, "though I can't say I quite understand the meaning of it. However, what with singin' and talkin', time went on, and every night I worked; and ever an' always had the *baith* of good luck in fishin' by reasons of the baits I found in the shoe.

"But now comes the unlucky part of the story. Och, murder! that I couldn't hold my tongue! I might now have had a salmon fishery that would have been a fortune to me—but you shall hear.

"Conney Doolan, master at the St. Patrick—the big hotel you might see on your left hand, as you came down the street, happened to die one day; and a great wake they *gev* him, and a power of whiskey they spent over him. Now as ill luck folleys some people, I'm sure it was over me that night; for what else could make me over with myself to where Tim Whittle and Nora Kelly was sitting, and spake to them as if they'd never wronged me, and tuck the bread out of my mouth. And besides that, I must be askin' Tim, how times went

with him, and whether business was brisk, and so forth. And what does the boastin' vagabone do, but pull out a little red book from his pocket, and begin showing me his *ordhere*, as he called them, and how much he could make a week; and how industry and perseverance always *thruv*. Then, Nora chimed in—well become her, indade!—and told me that Tim was reckoned the natest workman in the country round, and had made a pair of satin shoes last week for Miss Dora O'Brien, who had a fut like a fairy. 'Like a fairy, is it?' says I, 'och, botheration! don't be after tellin' us *that*, Nora Kelly!' And as the whiskey kept going round, I kept drinkin' down glass after glass, to settle the vexation that was risin' up within me, at the consate of the crathurs! However, from less to more, we got on talkin', till between Tim and the woman, and the whiskey, I got bothered, and forgot what the fairy had tould me. So, whipping out the little odd shoe, (which I never had parted since I got it, for fear any body would see it).—'Talk of Miss Dora O'Brien,' says I, 'there's a fairy's shoe—bate that, Tim Whittle, if you can!' Williloo whiek! a grate big blow knocked me down, and sent the life clane out ov me; and when I came to myself, I was lyin' in my own cabin, and Judy and the childhre fast asleep about me. I hoped it was all a drame,—but, no—the fairy shoe was gone; and though I went many a night after to the river side, and prayed over an' over again, to the fairy to forgive me that once, I never seen him, or got a stroke of work to do for the good people again. And besides that, the fish tuck fright at my hook, and would scarcely give me so much as a nibble for many a month after.

"Misfortins never come single; ruine come by dozens. The pig died; the cow was *druv* for the rent; Judy tuck the fever, and died likewise; and Tim Whittle set up a jaunting car, and drives Nora and the goosoons to mass every Sunday, like the first lerd in the land; and all my troubles, no doubt, are along of not houlding my tongue about the Fairy Shoe."

Original.

OH! DINNA FORGET ME.

Oh! dinna forget me,
Though a' should forget;
Let the hour I last met thee,
In memory be set,
Like the bright star that keepeth
It's watch the long night;
While the bonnie flower weepeth
Beneath its cold light.

Oh! dinna forget me,
My ain chosen dear!
Oh! dinna forget me
When gay ones are near!
When at night round the earth, love,
Light spirits are met,
In the midst o' their mirth, love,
Oh! *dinna* forget.

C.

NORA BOYLE.

"It was a winter evening, and fast came down the snow.

And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow."

There was snow enough to mottle the tempestuous darkness, but it melted into rain ere it had broken the black monotony of the ground. On all the dreary upland of Derrimahon Moor there was neither human habitation, house, nor tree. One gaunt pillar stone, a solitary monument of unknown times, was all that rose upon the bare expanse to break the rush of the blast, and the sweeping current did surge against and pour over it like the waters of a headlong river. The only shelter obtainable within sight was that afforded by its base, and some seemingly belated traveller, or houseless outcast, had taken its protection; for there sat at its foot a figure wrapped and gathered up in the folds of a long mantle, but so motionless that, save for an occasional movement of the head to cast a glance past its shielding side into the stormy weather beyond, she,—for, alas! it was a female form,—might have been supposed either numbed into insensibility by the cold, or fast asleep. The storm continued; she kept her comfortless position, her head sunk upon her bosom, and the dark mantle drawn so close around her, that her figure was soon scarcely distinguishable from the dark ground where she sat. A most forlorn half hour had passed, and no other human being had appeared upon the scene. The watcher had sunk her head lower and lower, and had drawn herself closer and closer to the rugged shelter, for the gale had now swelled into a storm, that raved over the bleak desert till yellow tufts of the last year's grass, and bushy wisps of straw and heather, rolled before it in a whirling drift, that emulated the driving tumult of the sky. At length, upon the faintly marked pathway that crossed the moor within a stone's throw of the pillar, there emerged from the darkness a single horseman—his cloak, and the mane of the strong animal he rode, streaming straight out into the blast, and his back and shoulders crusted white with snow. He drew up from the gallop at which he had approached, and, as he slowly rode past the spot described, cast round an anxious but disappointed glance, then turning from the horse track, directed his course over the open moor, and twice made the whole circuit of the pillar before he at last rode up to it and dismounted. It was only as he leaped to the ground that he at length observed the presence of the other.

"Ha, my true girl!" he exclaimed in a voice of joyful surprise, as he cast his reins over the top of the grey stone, "I feared this wild weather had marred our meeting—it has been a cold trysting-place for you, Nora, and I have kept you waiting, but I could not come sooner, and when I did come, I could not see you for this blinding sleet.—Have you brought the child?" There was no answer; he stooped and drew the cloak from her face, "Ho,

Nora, awaken! how can you sleep on such a night as this? "Tis I, Nora—rouse yourself."

"Oh, Richard," replied a feeble voice, as the benumbed being awoke from her stupor—"oh Richard, are you come at last? I thought I was doomed to die at the foot of this cold stone. God and my own chilled heart only know what I have this night suffered for your sake."

Her words, half inarticulate from weakness, were almost inaudible from the violence of the wind, but their faintness made her wretched plight sufficiently understood.

"Get up, Nora dear," said her companion, bending over her, and extending his cloak between her and the blast, while he urged her to rise—"You will perish, Nora, if you sit longer here," he said. "I have a pillion for you behind my saddle; we can be in Banagher before an hour."

"In Banagher!" she exclaimed; "and shall we not first go to Inisbeg chapel?"

"Yes, yes," he replied hastily; "certainly we shall—I had forgotten."

"Oh, Richard," she cried, taking his hand, "you would not, you surely would not deceive me?"

"Do I live? do I breathe?" he exclaimed; but the tone of indignant affection in which he spoke was too extravagant to be real—"but, Nora," he added quickly in a low and eager whisper, "have you brought the child?"

"Alas! poor infant," she replied, "he is here in my arms. I would to God I were free of the sin of bringing him out this bitter night!—Baby, baby," she passionately added, addressing her covered and apparently sleeping burthen, "I have stolen you to-night from your lawful mother, but it was to gain a lawful father for my own. Oh, Richard, shall we not be kind to him when we are the happy couple that you promise this night's theft shall make us?"

We will, we will, Nora; but waste no more time, rise and let us go." He aided her to rise slowly and painfully, and placing his arm round her waist, supported her, while she began to lap the infant closer in its muffings. Suddenly she started, and drew in her breath with the quick sob of terrified alarm. "What is the matter?" cried her supporter.

"Oh, nothing—I hope, I trust in God, nothing," she replied, sighing convulsively, and trembling, as with a shaking and hurried hand she undid the wrappers in which the infant lay; but when she had bared its neck, and once pressed her cheek to its face, and her hand to its little feet, she fell from his arms to the ground, with one long cry, and fainted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried the man, in a voice of rough impatience and vexation, as he stooped down and raised her on his knee. Her head sank back upon his arm, and the child rolled from her relaxed embrace. He grasped it roughly as it fell, bent down, and gazed upon its still features, and laughed horribly.—"Ah ha!" he

muttered; "here is a speedy consummation. No more need for plotting and planning now;—no more need for coaxing and quieting the scrupulous fool after this. Ha, ha, Sir Richard Morton, I wish you joy!"

But consciousness was now returning to the wretched girl; she heaved a deep sigh, and raised her hands to her forehead—"Nurse, bring me the baby—oh! gracious God, what is this!—Richard!—Richard, where am I!—is this the Brehon's pillar!—and the infant—is he—oh! is he so numbed?"

"Numbed!" repeated Morton, in a voice of ill-subdued triumph, "he is numbed to death, I think."

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, frantically tearing away the kerchief from her bosom, and snatching the motionless body from the ground, where it had fallen like a clod out of the hands of the exulting villain, to press it ineffectually against her chilled and terrified heart. "Oh! no, no, he is not dead—he is not dead," she cried, "or I am the most accursed of women;" and starting to her feet, she rushed wildly into the storm. The storm caught her like a withered leaf in autumn, and upon the wings of the wind, and in the frenzy of despair, she flitted before her astonished pursuer, for Morton had followed on the instant; yet although he ran swiftly, impelled by anger and apprehension, he had left both horse and pillar far out of sight, before he overtook, and at length arrested her. "Touch me not, Richard!" she exclaimed, "touch me not, for I am a wretch that would pollute the hangman. Oh, God! send the storm to sweep me to the river, or the snow to bury me where I stand, for I have taken the life of that innocent babe, and am not fit to live!"

Amid her passionate lamentations, the voice of Morton was hardly heard; but when her tears and sobs at length choked their utterance, he said to her, as she sank exhausted in his arms, "Cease your useless complaints, and hear me. What is done cannot be undone; but listen to me, and, even as it is, I will show you how to make it better for us both—Do you hear what I say to you, Nora Boyle?"

"Richard, Richard, do you know what I have done?" she sobbed in reply.

"I'll tell you what," cried he sternly, "you have done me better service than you ever did before—you have done the very thing I wanted."

"My brain is bewildered and burning," she said, "and I hardly comprehend what you would tell me. Service, did you say? Alas! I can do you no service, Richard. I would to God I were dead!"

"I did not ask you to do more service," cried he,—"I told you, you had done enough already. The stealing of their heir, I tell you, was of no use without this; and this would have been done sooner or later.—Why, what a simpleton you were, to think that I would succeed to these estates, till a jury had been shown that the next heir was dead!"

I was jesting with you when I said that I would rear him in France."

Consciousness of something dreadfully sinful in her companion seemed to have been gradually forcing itself upon the reluctant mind of the miserable girl; she had shrunk partially from his embrace at the first faint suspicion, but now she sprang from his side with the energy of entire horror.

"Jesting! jesting!" she exclaimed; "and your promise that you would marry me—oh! blessed Virgin! was that jesting also?"

"Perverse and provoking fool," he cried furiously, and grasped her by the arm, "dare you reproach me with a falsehood when the guilt of murder is on your own soul? What would you do? Would you rush into Lady Morton's chamber with her dead child in your arms, and tell her that you come to be hanged? Would you go mad, and rave to the tempest here, till you sink upon the common, and become like what you carry?"

"Oh! that I were;—oh! would to God that I were!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of passionate weeping.

"Well, well," said he, "be calm, be calm, I entreat you now, and listen to me."

He set his back doggedly against the blast, and again drew her to his side, where, under the shelter of his cloak, he said, in a strong whisper—

"You can save us both if you will, Nora. Go down to Mount Morton; I will see you safe to the door. Steal in as you came out. Dry the wet from the child's hair, and the marks of the soil from his night-dress, and lay him as you found him, in his cradle. The draught you gave the nurse secures you from interruption. Then, go to your own bed; but you must hang your wet clothes to dry, and throw your shoes into the river out of your window. They will all say in the morning that the child died a natural death overnight. Come"—for all at once, as he was speaking, she had clasped her hands closer over her breast, where the infant still lay, and with a deep and fluttering inspiration had made a motion of assent, in the direction of the house.—"Come, there is a good girl. Did I not say well, Nora? Why, you are a woman of spirit after all. I was wrong to quarrel with you. This was no fault of yours. You could not tell how cold it would be; never blame yourself then. By my honor I will marry you yet, if you only do this thing well;—but why do you not speak, Nora?"

"Make haste, make haste," in a voice of forced and tremulous calmness, was all the reply she made.

"Yes, let us hurry on," he answered; "the sooner it is done the better. But, I cannot take you with me to-night, Nora; you are aware of that. You must stay to avoid suspicion. And, mark me, be not too eager in the morning to take the alarm; and when you have to look at it along with the rest"—

But let us not pollute our pages with the minutiae of deliberate villainy which, in the pauses of the wind, he ceased not to pour into the ears of

Nora Boyle, till they had passed the farthest skirts of the declining moor, and were arrived beneath an arch of tossing and leafless branches. Through this the blast shrieked so loud and shrilly, that neither heard the other till they stood before an antique and extensive building at its farther end.

"Now, Nora," whispered Morton, as they advanced to a low door in the thickly ivied wall, "remember what I have told you; I will see you to-morrow: till then, give me a kiss"—

But she had hurried in through the unfastened postern, and he heard the bolts shoot and the chains fall on the inside ere the unhallowed words had passed his lips.

"She cannot mean to play me false," he muttered; she cannot do but as I have desired. She has no choice. Yet I will not trust her. I will round to her window, and see to it myself.

So saying, he turned from the door, and dived into the thick shrubbery that skirted the court-yard in front.

Mount Morton house was built on the precipitous bank of a torrent that poured the collected waters of its course into the Shannon, sometimes in a tiny cascade that was hardly visible, trickling down the face of its steep channel, and sometimes, as on this occasion, in a thundering waterfall that shook the trees upon its sides, and drove the beaten flood in a tumultuous repulse far over its level banks beyond. The rear walls of the building rose almost from the verge of the rock; and any ledge that their regular foundation had left, was inaccessible except from below.

Morton descended the steep and wooded bank till he arrived at the water's edge, which was now risen so high, that in some places there was barely footing between it and the overhanging precipice. The jagged and confused masses of rock that usually obstructed the course of the howling brook were now covered by a deep river that poured its silent weight of waters from bank to bank, uninterrupted, save here and there where a sullen gurgle told that some overhanging branch or twisted root was struggling ineffectually with its swift oppressor.—Every stock and stone, from the spot where he stood to the window of Nora Boyle, was known—alas! too well known—to Richard Morton; yet he paused and shuddered when he looked at the drifting tempest and black precipice above him, and at the swelling inundation at his feet. Bound upon whatever errand of sin, he might have clambered up the ragged pathway before, yet his hand had never trembled as it grasped branch or tendril, and his knee had ever been firm above the narrowest footing; but whether it was the increased danger of the ascent on such a night, or the tremendous consciousness of what that perilous ascent was undertaken for, that now unmanned him, he stood in nerveless trepidation, his hand laid upon the first hold he had to take, and his foot placed in its first step up the sheer face of the crag, motionless, till suddenly a strong light flashed successively from the three loop-holes of the hall, and after disappearing for a moment, streamed again with a strong

and steady lustre from the well-known window of his paramour. He started from his trance, and flung himself to the next ledge at a bound; thence toiling upward, now swinging from branch to branch, now clambering from crag to crag, sometimes hanging from the one hand, sometimes from the other, panting and exhausted he at length gained the projection beneath Nora's window. He caught the sill, and raising himself slowly, he looked into the apartment. A light burned on the high mantel-piece, and a low fire was gathering into flame below. On the floor knelt Nora Boyle, and before her, wrapped in blankets, lay the discolored body of the frozen child.

"Nora," cried Morton in a strong whisper, "what are you doing? You will ruin all! Put him in his cradle, and get to bed."

She raised her head with a strong shudder. "Villain, I defy you!" she cried, and bent down again—it was to chafe the little limbs with both hands.

"Villain! villain!" repeated Morton—"are you mad? do you know what you say? open the window, and I will show you what to do myself."

Her long hair, glistening with rain, had fallen down dishevelled over the hands; she threw back her head to part it on her brow, and bind up the wet locks behind; and, as with unconscious violence, she drew the dark and glossy bands till the water streamed from their hard knot, cast one glance of exulting abhorrence at the window, and cried again, "Villain, I defy you! *The baby is not dead!*"

"It is a lie!" cried Morton, furiously, but his heart misgave him as he uttered the words; and the chance of losing all by that unforeseen possibility, smote upon his soul with sickening suddenness. "No, no, Nora," he cried, "you are deceived. It cannot be. The body is as cold as a stone. You will be hanged for his murder if you go on.—Nora!"—for she did not seem to hear him, bending with her face to the infant's and constantly chafing with both her hands—"Nora! give it up and save yourself. Put him in the cradle. I will marry you—I will, by all that is sacred, if you do! I will make you Lady Morton, by Heaven I will, before to-morrow morning, if you give it up.—Nora! wretch! hear me, I will not be trifled with. Open the window or I will break it in," and he shook the stanchions furiously, but she heard him not.

"Oh, blessed mother, if ever I prayed to you with a pure heart, make my hands warm now," she cried, for the livid purple was already changing upon the little limbs. "Baby, dear baby!" she sobbed with bursting tears of joy, "are you coming at last to save me? Oh, open your blue eyes! smile upon me:—bless me for ever with one breath!—Oh, gracious God, I bless thee! his eyes are opening!" and she fell by the re-animated infant's side, swooning again; but from the excess of feelings, oh how different from those which had stricken her down, a conscious and despairing sinner at the foot of the cold stone on Derrimahon Moor!

Nora Boyle returned slowly and painfully to consciousness. The images of life's bright dawning in the eyes of the little one, and of the savage scowl that had glared upon her through the window, as the baffled villain saw his last dark hope dispelled, still floated before her confused senses, but she remembered nothing distinctly. Something was moving, twining, warm, among the long tresses on her neck.—Oh, blessed touch! it was the little hand with the soft busy fingers playing with her curls! She would have clasped the recovered treasure to her heart, but returning recollection of the wrong she had done him deterred her, and she could only sit and gaze with an awful and reverential wonder upon the miracle of Heaven's kindness that lay, moving and smiling in the now genial glow of the bright hearth before her.

She gazed till the fullness of her heart had almost overcome her once more, but tears at last came struggling up with the imprisoned passion, and poured it forth in long and relieving weeping. But her unburthened heart had hardly expended again within her bosom, when the thoughts of her own injuries, degradation, and abandonment, and the dreadful reflection that all had been endured for the sake of such a man as Morton, came crowding on her soul, and choked the relieving tears at their source. She covered her face with her hands, as if to hide herself from the innocent being before her, and it was not till she had knelt in long and fervent prayer that she dared at length to look upon or touch him. At last she arose, and, giving him one timid caress, lifted her sweet burden again, and bore him with steps that seemed, unsteady as they were, to tread on air, to his own empty cradle by the bed-side of the still sleeping nurse. She placed him softly in his little nest, and stole to the door,—returned—kissed him—he laughed, and stretching out his tiny arms, wound them round her neck, "Oh, blessed baby, let me away," she unconsciously whispered, as she strove gently to disengage herself, but he wreathed the playful embrace still closer and closer. She heard a door open suddenly, and a footstep on the lobby; then her own name called at the door of her chamber in a voice of fearful alarm—the voice of Lady Morton roused from her sick bed by some new calamity. Nora's first impulse was to go, to cast herself at her feet, to confess all, to implore her pardon; but the shame of that confession seemed so dreadful that she stood trembling in irresolute confusion till her kinswoman entered. Lady Morton was ghastly pale, as well from recent illness as from agitation. "Oh, Nora, are you here? has the baby been unwell?—No, no, you need not lift him now, but call the servants, dear Nora, for I can go no farther," she said as she sank exhausted on a seat. Nora gazed at her in wild confusion. "Leave the infant with me, Nora," continued Lady Morton, "and go rouse the servants, for I am terrified almost to death. There is some one drowning in the river!" Nora uttered one piercing scream and rushed toward the window. "You cannot hear it here,

Nora," said the lady, "the cry comes from under the black crag. Oh, God protect me from ever hearing such a sound again!"

Nora clasped her hands tight over her breasts to suppress the agony of rising despair, and rushed from the room. Her cries soon raised the household; and in a short time servants were thronging from the front with ropes and lanterns, and scrambling down the steep bank to the water's edge. Nora was the first at the river's brink. All was the moaning of the wind, and the sullen rush of waters.—"Lights, lights!" she cried, "bring hither lights, for it is here that the pathway crosses the crag; but I cannot find it."

"Ah, miss," cried old Felix Daly, the butler, as he gained her side with the dull light of his lantern; "the pathway is six feet under water by this; the man is not in Ireland that dare attempt it."

Suddenly Lady Morton's voice was heard from her window above, and there was something wildly earnest in her tones as they swept over their heads upon the wind—"Hold out your lantern farther over the water. I see something in the bend of the river."

The old man bent over the torrent with his arm extended.

"Farther yet," was all they could hear of the lady's next cry.

"I cannot reach farther, my lady," said Daly.

"Give me the light," cried Nora. She took the lantern from his hand, and, as a mass of loose rubbish, long straws, grass, and briars, gathered in some upland eddy, came sailing down the river, she cast it with a firm hand on the rude raft it offered. The lantern sunk through the yielding brambles till the light was almost level with the water, but some stronger branch, or firmer texture of the sods and rushes, arrested its farther descent, and, flickering up from the very verge of the stream, it floated away, casting a pale yellow light around, that showed the naked rocks with their waving crown of woods on either hand, and the brown twisted torrent between, like the back of a great serpent, writhing and rushing down the glen. It disappeared behind the black crag, and in breathless suspense they listened for the next cry from above. First came a scream sounding shrilly over all, and then they could distinguish the exclamations,—

"I see it now! alas! It is a man. He is caught upon a branch, and the water breaks over him. His hands and feet are swept out in the current. The light is sinking—it flickers on his face. Merciful Heaven! it is my cousin Richard!"

While Felix Daly listened to these words which came fitfully on his shuddering ears from above, he also heard a low voice by his side say, "God have mercy on my soul!" and at the same instant beheld Nora Boyle plunge forward into the stream. He seized her dress and shouted for assistance. The river struggled hard to hold its prey, and drew him after till he stood to his knees in the flood. Another step would have precipitated both into an irresistible weight of water beyond, for they stood upon an over-hanging bank covered by the stream;

but timely help arrived, and both were dragged from the reluctant torrent. They drew them out upon the bank, the old man weak as an infant, the wretched girl quite insensible. They bore her to the house; they laid her in warm blankets—they chafed, and at length revived her, even as she had revived the murdered infant an hour before; but when at length she opened her eyes, alas! there was no dawning of intelligence there. She raved all night in utter delirium. Lady Morton sat by her bedside, listening in horror and amazement to the revelations of her madness. First, she gathered that her child had been carried out, she could not find for what purpose; then she heard that he had been (as the miserable being expressed it) dead; and had she not held him even then breathing and moving in her own arms, she would have run to his cradle to have satisfied herself that it was not a changeling. But her fear and amazement turned to horror almost insupportable, when at length, Nora's involuntary confession disclosed her seducer's motive in making that theft the condition of their promised marriage, and that horror was again lost in gratitude and wonder, when she heard the exclamations of wild delight with which Nora acted over again the scene of her child's resuscitation; and, finally, she left her bedside at day-break, worn out with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow.

With the earliest light of dawn, the domestics were again by the river side. Its shrunken waters now yielded them a pathway to the spot where the body of Morton had been seen at night. Body there was none; but on the branch that had arrested it there still remained a ragged piece of cloth fluttering over the turbid stream, which now flowed many feet below that last and only remnant ever discovered of the miserable man. His horse was found dead, laired in a morass, near the pillar, girths and bridle broken. He had burst from his confinement, and foundered in the storm. Reason returned to Nora Boyle, but life was fast departing. Her kingswoman had given her her full forgiveness, and the last rites of her church had been administered. "Wilt thou too forgive me, dear child?" she said to the baby on his mother's breast. The boy stretched out his arms, she clasped him with a feeble embrace, and breathed her last in a blessing on his lips.

HAND-WRITING OF EMINENT MEN.—Washington wrote a fair, manly, straight-forward line, every letter legible and distinct; Jefferson's handwriting was bold and masculine; Bonaparte wrote a most unreasonable scrawl; Burke's was uneven and hurried; Hamilton wrote a running-hand sparing of ink; Canning's penmanship has a chaste and classical appearance; Brougham writes a hasty hand, but with a good pen and full of ink; Peel writes with a stiff pen, but with considerable taste and firmness; Dr. Chalmers writes as if he used the feather end dipped in the ink—a real scrawl; W. Irving writes a perfect lawyer's hand, as though he wished no one to read it but himself.

MORNING ITS SWEETS IS RINGING.

FROM THE ADMIRER COMIC OPERA OF CINDERELLA,

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR

BY JOHN M. WHITE.

Andante Gracioso.

Morning its sweets is ringing

Over each bower and spray),..... Flowers to life are springing, To

greet the opening day. Soft Notes a

round The water's murm'ring sound; Zephyr is gently

winging Round his sportive way. Birds on each branch are

singing, While echo repeats their lay. While

echo re-peats their lay. While

echo re-peats their lay. 'Tis an enchanted

groes, Sacred to peace and love.

STANZAS.

We parted, not as lovers part,
 No tear was in thine eye;
 No mantling blush was on thy cheek,
 Thy bosom breathed no sigh.
 Yet was there something in thine air,
 That seemed to all unmoved;
 Something that told my burning heart,
 Dearest, that I was loved.

For when I took thy gentle hand,
 To breathe my last adieu,
 Methought within my trembling clasp,
 That white hand trembled too.
 And when, too, from my faltering tongue,
 The parting accents fell,
 Thou didst not—dearest, can it be,
 Thou could'st not!—say, farewell!

Forgive if I have boldly erred,
 If fancy 'twere alone
 That stayed thy voice, and lent thy hand
 The tremors of my own.
 Forgive, forgive the daring thought,
 Forgive the hope, the love,
 That bids me seek thee once again,
 My bliss or woe to prove.

FAIR ANNIE MACLEOD.

A TALE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Those attachments that take place in early life, contrary to the wishes of tender and *not ambitious* parents, seldom, if ever, end happily. The *ignis fatuus* of passion, which leads the young and trusting maid to the arms of her lover, vanishes when the care of her own creating press upon the heart of the wife and mother.

In my native village, before I had entered upon that world which owes, like some descriptions of beauty, half its enchantment to the veil that shades it, I was acquainted with a young maiden, whose personal and mental attractions were of that cast which romance loves to portray.

Annie Macleod was the belle of our little hamlet. She had a bright and loving eye; a cheek ever dimpling with the smiles of gladness; and a fairy foot, which was as elastic as the stem of the bonnie blue bell, her favorite flower. Annie had many lovers; but one, a stranger at Roslin, was the chosen of her heart. To him her hand was often given in the dance; and many were the inquiring glances at, and frequent the whispered surmises about him, by 'kerchiefed matron and snooded maid. Annie's was a first love: and, like every thing that is rare and beautiful, when seen for the first time, was irresistible. Just emerging from the girl into wo-

manhood, with all the unweakened romance of nature playing round her day-dreams, and coloring the golden visions of her sleep, the manly beauty of the stranger's countenance, and the superior refinement of his speech and manners to the youth of that sequestered hamlet, came with all the power of enchantment to ensnare and bewilder her innocent mind.

Rumors about this favored stranger at length reached the ears of Annie's mother—unfortunately, she had no father. Questioned by her parent, her answers were in character with her youth and simplicity. She knew nothing of the stranger; but "was sure he was a gentleman, for he had offered, and really meant to marry her." Mrs. Macleod, upon this information, acted without delay. She forbade Annie, on pain of her paternal displeasure, to see the stranger again, unless he, by his own conduct, proved himself to be worthy of her. But on a fine Sabbath morning, when going to kirk, dressed out in all her pretty bravery, and blooming as the rose-colored ribbons that tied her bonnet, Annie met the stranger at the place where they had so often held trysts together; and there Robin Bainbogle, as he crossed the rude bridge that leads over a wild ravine to Roslin Castle, saw, as he said, "the bonnie lassie for the last time, wi' a face like a dripping rose." Tears Annie might, and probably did shed—but that day she fled from her home.

Years passed away. The mother of the lost girl sank under this blow to her parental hopes. The young maidens, Annie's compeers in age and beauty, became wives and mothers; and the name of "Fair Annie Macleod" was seldom mentioned but by sage matrons, to warn their daughters, or by chaste spinsters to draw comparisons to their own advantage.

It was on a dark and stormy night in November, 1792, that the pious and venerable pastor of —, was sent for to attend a dying woman. Wrapped in his plaid, the kind man walked hurriedly along the common footway to a settlement of squalid cottages, such as vice and poverty usually inhabit. In one of these cottages, or rather huts, he found the object of his search. Pale, emaciated, and sinking away, like the flickering light of an exhausted taper, lay the once beautiful—the once innocent and happy Annie Macleod. What had been her fate since she left her mother's roof 'twas easy to imagine, though the vale of secrecy rested upon the particulars of her history. Her senses were at times unsettled; and it was only during the short gleamings of a sounder mind, that she was able to recognise in the Rev. Dugald Anderson, the pastor of her sinless youth, and to commend to him, with all the pathos of dying love, the pretty, unconscious child that slumbered at her side. That done, her heart, like the last string of a neglected lute, broke, and the spirit that had once so joyously revelled in its abode of loveliness, fled from the ruined tenement of beauty for ever.

"And these are the fruits of love!" said Anderson, bitterly, as he eyed the cold and stiffened fea-

tures of Annie. "Oh! monstrous violation of that hallowed name!"

"Of a troth, 'tis a sair sight!" said an old woman, the owner of the hut; "and I count me the judgment o' the gude God winna sleep nor slumber on sic doings, as the ruin o' this pair lassie."

"No," said Anderson, emphatically, "the justice of God may seem to slumber, but is awake. Accursed is the seducer of innocence: yea, the curse of broken hearts is upon him. It shall come home to his heart and to his spirit, till he lie down and die, in very weariness of life."

The pious pastor took home the little Alice to the Manse; and after the remains of her mother were decently interred in the village kirkyard, a simple headstone, inscribed with her name, told of the last resting-place of "Fair Annie Macleod."

Some years subsequently to this melancholy event, the good pastor of ———, went out, as was his wont, to "meditate at even-tide." As he stood leaning over the white wicket gate, that opened from his garden into the church-yard, thoughts of early days and early friends came trooping to his mind.

"No aften friendships e'er can raise
The endearments of our early days
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it *first* began to love."

The last rays of the setting sun shone full upon the windows of the chapel, reflecting from them a thousand mimic glories. His eye glanced from the holy edifice to the simple tomb, partially lighted by the slanting sunbeams, as they quivered through the branches of the patriarchal trees, which here and there hung over the forgotten dead. Suddenly a man habited in a foreign garb advanced up the broad pathway leading from the village. Looking about him, he at last stood opposite a white headstone, over which a decayed yew threw its melancholy shadow. It was the headstone that marked the grave of the once joyous Annie. As if oppressed by some sudden emotion, he sank rather than leaned against the hollow trunk; but soon again returning to the grave, he knelt down, and burying his face with both hands, appeared to weep. The good pastor, interested in the scene, stood gazing unobserved at the stranger, who, after the lapse of a few seconds, rose up from his knees, and turned away as if to retrace his steps. Then again coming back, he stooped down, and plucking something from the green sward, kissed it, hid it in his bosom, and with rapid step left the church-yard.

Anderson returned into the Manse, drew a chair to the hearth, sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, and walked out into the little court that fronted the village. A feeling of curiosity perhaps led him to glance his eye over the way, where stood the only ale-house in the hamlet, when he saw the same stranger come out, and, crossing the road, stop at his own gate. To his inquiry if the Rev. Donald Anderson was at home, the good pastor answered in the affirmative, courteously held back the gate for the stranger to enter; while the

little bare-footed lassie who opened the door, seeing a visitor with her master, bustled onward, and ushered them into the best parlor, carefully wiping with a corner of her blue-checked apron the tall, spinster-looking elbow chair, and then withdrew to tell the young Andersons what "a bra' gallant the master had brought home wi' him."

The stranger's appearance justified Jennie's encomiums. Though past the summer of his life, the unextinguished fire of youth still lingered in his dark full eye; and his tall athletic person accorded well with the lofty bearing of his looks, and the refined courtesy of his manners.

"I believe," said he addressing Anderson, "you have the care of a young girl, whose mother died some years since?"

"You mean the daughter of Annie Macleod?"

"The same; and it is to ascertain her situation in your family, that I have taken the liberty to wait upon you."

"Her situation in my family, my good Sir," said the worthy man, "is that of a daughter to myself—a sister to my children. The calamity which robbed her so early of her mother was an inducement, but certainly not the only one, to my becoming her protector. I was acquainted with her mother in the happier years of her life: and the friendship which I had felt for Annie Macleod revived in full force when duty conducted me to her death-bed. I there pledged myself to be a father to the fatherless; to keep her unspotted from the world—the pitiless world, as the dying mother called it, in the lucid intervals of her wandering mind."

"What!," said the stranger; "did sorrow overcome her reason?"

"Alas! yes; for many weeks before her death they told me that her senses were completely gone; and when I saw her in the last mortal struggle, the delirium of mind was only partially broken in upon by flashes of reason."

The features of the stranger became convulsed, and he seemed to wrestle with some violent emotion.

"You were a friend—perhaps relative, of the unfortunate Annie?" rejoined Anderson.

"Yes—I was a friend;—that is, I—I—knew her," said the stranger.

"Then you will like to see my little charge?" and without waiting reply, the good pastor left the apartment; but almost immediately returned, holding by the hand a pretty fair-haired girl, with dark blue eyes, that seemed made for weeping. "This," said Anderson, leading her toward the stranger, "is Alice Macleod, or, as she calls herself, Bird-alane."

The stranger drew her to him; and taking her hand, gazed long and earnestly in her blushing face. "Why do you call yourself Bird-alane, my pretty child?"

"Because nurse called me so, when she used to cry over me, and say I had no mother and no fa-

* *Birdalane*, means in Scotch the last, or only one of their race—one who has outlived all ties.

ther to love me, and give me pretty things, like Donald and Ellen Anderson."

The stranger's eye fell, and tears hung upon the dark lashes that swept his cheeks. He rose, and walked to the window; and Anderson heard the long-drawn sigh that seemed to burst from a heart laden with old remembrances. Presently turning to the pastor, he said, "I am satisfied, good Sir, fully satisfied, that this friendless one cannot be in better hands, to fulfil her mother's wish, and keep her 'unspotted from the world.'" Then presenting a sealed packet, he added, warmly grasping Anderson's hand, "Be still a father to that orphan girl, and God requite you tenfold in blessings upon your own!" He stooped down, kissed the wondering Alice, and hastily left the apartment. Anderson went to the window, and in a few moments he saw a groom lead out two horses. The stranger mounted one, and putting spurs to his steed, Anderson soon lost sight of him in the windings of the road.

The worthy pastor, dismissing the little Alice to her playmates, prepared to open the packet. In an envelope, upon which was written—"A marriage portion for the daughter of Annie Macleod," was a draft for one thousand pounds; and on a paper folded round a small miniature, the following words: "A likeness of Annie, such as she was when the writer first knew her. 'Tis now but the shadow of a shade. The beauty, gaiety, and innocence it would perpetuate, are gone, like the hopes of him, who still clings to the memory of what she was, with all the tenacious regret of an undying remorse."

Some time after this event, business called Anderson to Edinburgh. One day, while perambulating the streets on his various engagements, he saw the self-same figure, which remained indelibly imprinted on his memory—the identical mysterious stranger, who had visited him at the Manse, issue from the castle gates, and descend with a slow step and melancholy air down the high street. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, prompted Anderson to follow at a distance, and ascertain who he was. It was Lord —.

"'Tis even as I thought, said the good pastor; "poor Annie fell a victim to the arts of Lord —. Alas! he was too accomplished a seducer, for such artlessness as her's to cope with."

The sweet ties that bind the sons of virtue to their social fireside are too simple for the epicurean taste of the libertine: the tender interchange of wedded minds, the endearing caress of legitimate love, are simple wild flowers, that wither in that hot-bed of sensuality, a corrupt heart. Never can the proud joy, the refined pleasures of a faithful husband, be his.

For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above:
To draw new raptures from another's joy,
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy,
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd,—

To own the link of soul, the chain of mind.
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined,—
Passion, to life's last evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm.

To conclude. The little Alice never left the Manse, where she lived as her mother wished, "unspotted from the world." As she grew to womanhood, her simple beauty and artless manners won the affections of Donald Anderson, the son of her benefactor. They were married, and often when Alice looked upon the smiling cherubs that climbed her maternal knee, the silver-headed pastor, as he sat by the ingle in his elbow chair, would put on an arch expression, and ask her where was Birdalane now! while Alice, blushing, and laughing, would draw her little nestlers closer to her womanly bosom, and so answer the good man.

After a life of active charity, full of years and good deeds, the venerable pastor of — slept the sleep of peace, in that church where he had often roused others from a darker slumber than that of death. After his decease, and written in the neat old-fashion hand of his father, Donald Anderson found among his papers a manuscript, dated many years back, containing the history of Annie Macleod; which, with some slight alterations, and the omission of particular names, (for obvious reasons) is now submitted to those readers, whose hearts will not permit their heads to criticise a simple and unadorned tale.

LINES.

Suggested by David's Picture of Napoleon Asleep in his Study, taken shortly before the Battle of Waterloo.

Steal softly!—for the very room,
The stately chamber of His rest,
Imports a gasping awe and gloom
Unto the rash intruder's breast—
Here, kneel and look!—but breathe not, lest
Thy gross material breath alone
Should wake that eye's immortal blaze,
That, like the Last Archangel's gaze,
Might scorch thee into stone!

He sleeps!—while Earth around him reels,
And Mankind's million hosts combine
Against the sceptre sword which seals
Their fate from Lapland to the Line—
While, like the giant roused from wine,
Grim Europe, starting, watches him,
The Warrior-Lord of Lodi's field—
O'er Jena's rout who shook his shield—
Is hush'd in slumber dim!

He sleeps!—The Thunderer of the World
For once hath, wearied, dropt the bolt,
Whose strokes split empires up—and hurl'd
To dust each purple-mantled Dolt,





Part of Oude on the River Gogra, India.

'Mid havoc, ruin, and revolt !
 Le, lull'd like baby by its nurse,
 The Imperial Eagle folds that wing
 Quiescent, whose awaking spring
 Shall shake the universe !

He sleeps ! and silence binds that tone
 Which cleft the Alps' eternal walls,
 And bridged his pathway to a throne
 Above the Avalanche's halls :
 Hark ! how that victor-voice appals
 Pale Austria's battle-line, when first
 He crash'd gaunt Nature's bars asunder,
 And meteor-girt, in flame and wonder,
 Upon Marengo burst !

He sleeps and dreams—oh, for the sense
 Of some sublimer sphere, to know
 Where strays the fierce intelligence
 Which scourged the nations here below !
 To the Empyrean doth it go !
 And would its wild Ambition strain
 To grasp the balance of the skies,
 And systems, suns, and stars comprise
 In one tremendous reign !

He dreams and smiles ! The Conquerer's brow,
 Gall'd with the Wreath's triumphal pride,
 Looks grandly calm and placid now,
 As if young Ехеніх never died !
 As if—Victorious Homicide !
 The rush of Borodino's stream,—
 His bony legions' freezing groans,
 And icy Russia's forest-moans,
 Are heard not in that dream !

The plan and pencil in his hand
 Have droop'd, as though their effort fail'd
 To draught the crimson sketch he scann'd
 In Fate's vast volume seven-seal'd :
 But earth shall see the page reveal'd,
 And hear its fiery purport too,
 Until her curdling heart's-blood stops—
 And, carnage-clogged, thy sickle drops
 Outworn, red Waterloo !

He dreams and smiles ! Yon blue-sea prison
 Uncages Fortune's crowned bird :—
 And France, exulting France, has risen
 Through all her borders, trumpet-stirr'd !
 He heeds it not—some vision'd word
 Hath shown him Ocean's distant wave
 Thundering the moral of his story,
 And rolling boundless as his glory,
 Round St. Helena's grave.

Away, bright Painter ! tell thy frere,
 Self-satisfied Philosophy,
 Whose ready, reasoning tongue would swear,
 That brow of Despot cannot be
 From crested Care one moment free,—
 Tell him thy Life-imparting eye,
 NAPOLEON's sleeping hour survey'd,
 And with one deathless glance hath made
 Immortal now the Lie !

PART OF OUDE, ON THE RIVER GOGGRA, INDIA.

In the time of Akbar, the city of Oude, which now at a short distance from the river's bank presents little but a shapeless heap of ruins, is said to have been a place of much importance, and of great magnificence. It is situated upon the south side of the river Goggra, and seventy-five miles from Lucknow, the modern capital, where the king holds his court in great splendor. "Oude," says Abul Fazil, in his history of Akbar's reign, "is one of the largest cities of Hindostan. In ancient times it is said to have measured a hundred and forty-eight coes (two hundred and ninety-six miles) in length, and thirty-six coes (seventy-two miles) in breadth. Upon sifting the earth which is round the city, small grains of gold are sometimes found in it. This town is esteemed one of the most sacred places of antiquity." There is nothing in the modern aspect of the town to confirm the account given by the Oriental historian, for though it occupies a considerable space along the banks of the Goggra, and contains a numerous population, it exhibits nevertheless no traces of having much exceeded in extent many towns of less note in the same district.

The ancient city of Oude, of which there still exist some striking remains, was the capital of the great Rama, an avatar or incarnation of the Hindoo god Vishnoo.

The ancient city of Oude having been the capital of this fictitious deity, we can readily account for the tradition of its extraordinary antiquity, extent, and magnificence. The interior of the modern town, except on the banks of the river, where the buildings are regular and uniform, presents but a sorry appearance compared with Lucknow and other cities of a similar class. Beyond the immediate neighborhood of Oude, the aspect of the country is anything but inviting. A large tract of jungle meets the eye, with here and there huge masses of rubbish, among which are the reputed sites of ancient temples once dedicated to Rama and other worthies of the Hindoo Pantheon. The modern town is the constant resort of religious mendicants, who make pilgrimages to the shrines of those divinities and canonised mortals, whose temples are reported to have stood in the sacred vicinity. These bloated beggars, who deem every other occupation unholy, are chiefly of the Rama sect; and here they may be daily seen perambulating the consecrated spots where altars were once

raised to the object of their idolatry, performing their numerous ablutions in the hallowed tanks, and going through the various mummeries imposed by the canons of their superstitious creed.

A FATHER'S CURSE:

BY THOMAS AIRD.

I.

A widowed father from the holy fount
Of Christian sprinkling, bore his first born babe
Through the autumnal noon, whose rich warmth lay
With fervid glistening on the glossy leaves
Of the young oaks through which he homeward passed.

And aye his restless hand
Arranged the garment in a lighter fold,
To overshadow that breathing face upturned,
Yet let it freely drink the vital air.
And oft scarce walked he in his gaze intent,
That fed on his boy's face,
Came out of his own loins,
Formed in the "painful side"
Of a dear mother—gone to barren dust.
O! the wet violets of those sleeping eyes,
That glisten through their silky-fringed lids!
Look to that dimpled smile! Look to those gums
That sweetly laugh! His little features change,
To fear now fashioned in his baby dreams.
With many a kiss and many a murmured word,
Fain would that father chase away the shadow!

The Sabbath sun,
Golden, went down the western afternoon.
His sloping beam, mingled with mazy notes,
Came through the leafy checkered lattice in,
Passing into a little bed of peace,
Where lay, in vestments white of innocence,
That child of many vows; no ruder sound
Than chirp 't' lonely sparrow in the thatch,
Or fluttering wing of butterfly that beat
The sunny pane, to break his slumber calm.
Before him knelt, in that mild solemn light,
The guardian parent praying for his boy,—
That God would give a trusting father power
To feed his young heart with the bread of life,
To bind his bold and flushing blood of youth
Within the sealed clasps of strict example,
With honor fenced, whose keen prismatic sense
Resolves the slightest borders of offence;

That he might be a man midst men;
His Christian being swelling still through all,
Wrestling with evil powers, prevailing still,

Through Him our wondrous Captain from above,
Whose shield was patience, and whose spear was love;

That in the end of days,
Escaped that deleful House whose dark foundations
Lie in the wrath of the Lord God of Hosts,
His life might pass into the Heavens of Christ,
Where crowns he puts upon his Sainted ones,
And with salvation beautifies the meek:
Amen! So let it be!

II.

But will it be!
Oh! ill instruction of still lapsing strictness,
Giving a double privilege to sin
From checks relaxed, and fitfully renewed
In tightened compensation! Thus fond love
And feeble will make prayers lose hold of Christ,
And cast a child out of his covenant.

The warm and rainy sunshine
Flushed o'er the green earth with its dewy light.
A rainbow colored on the darkened east;
One horn descending on a snow-white flock
Of lambs at rest upon a sleek hill-side;
The other showered its saffron and its blue
Down on a band of young girls in the vale,
Tossing their ringlets in their linked dance,
Laughing and winking to the glimmering shoon:
Through them and over them the glory fell
Into the emerald meadow bending inward.
Beneath its arch,
Of beauty built, of promise, and of safety,
I saw that father as a woodman go.
Behind him widely ran his little son,
A misty line pursuing him on through
The valley that lay glistening fresh and wide.
They reached a woody gallery of hills,
And there that father felled the stately trees,
Whose rustling leaves shook down their twinkling drops,

Wetting his clear axe, glittering in the sun.
Perversely sat aloof, and turned away,
Nor gratified his parent with attention
To what he did, with questions all between,
That boy among the ferns, intently fixed,
His bright locks sleeping on his bloomy head,
Plaiting a crown of rushes white and green.

He tore it with fierce glee;
And tore a nosegay gathered as he came,
Plucked with destructive hand, but ne'er to please
An eye that wondered at the colored freaks
Within the spotted cups of wilking flowers.
The young outglauncing arrows of his eye

Were tipped with cruel pleasure, as he sprung
 With forward shoutings leaping through the wood,
 O'er shadows lying on the dewy grass,
 Hunting a dragon-fly with shivering wings.
 The wild bees swinging in the bells of flowers,
 Sucking the honeyed seeds with murmurs hoarse,
 Were crushed to please him, for that fly escaped.
 The callow hedgelines chirping through the briar
 He caught, and tore the little fluttering wings.
 Then hied to where came down a sunless glade,
 Cold tinkling waters through the soft worn earth,
 Never sun-visited, but when was seen
 His green and yellow hair from out the west
 Through thinner trees, spun 'twixt the fresh broad
 leaves—

But ne'er it warmed the ground, bare save where
 tufts

Of trailing plants for ever wet and cold,
 With tender stools of slippery fungi grew:
 There in a sweet pellucid pool, that boy
 Drowned the young birds of summer one by one.

Back came he near his father,
 Yet to him turned not; whistling, looking around
 To see what farther mischief he could do,
 All petulant as if fear, no more than pity,
 Could drain the light from out that saucy eye;
 Then laid him down and dug into the ground.

Of turned to him the while
 His father fondly looked: O! growing thoughts
 Of boyhood's growing wants, and coming youth,
 Strengthened a parent's loins: faint shall they not,
 Strong for his son shall be: his careful eyes
 Shall wake, before the golden day's begun
 On the high mountain tops; forth shall he tread
 The summer slope, the winter's dun green hill,
 Where melting hail is mingled with the grass,
 To strike the gnarled elbows of the oaks.
 Now, as he turned renewed unto his toil,
 His bosom swelled into the heaved stroke.

The self-willed boy,
 Perversely angry that his father spake not,
 And holding in his heart a contest with him,
 Formed by himself, of coldness best sustained,
 Refrained no longer, but looked round in spite.
 He saw the sunbeam through the pillared trees
 Fall on his father's bald and polished head,
 Bowing and rising to the laboring axe:
 Mouth, eye, and finger mocked that parent's head!

III.

There stood a ruined house!
 In days of other years, perchance within
 Were beds of slumber, and the sacred hearth,

Children, and joy, and sanctifying grief,
 A mother's lessons, and a father's prayers,
 Where's now that good economy of life?
 Scattered throughout the earth!
 Or has it burst its bounds,
 And left this broken outer shell,
 Swelling away into the eternal worlds?
 The pathway to the mantled well grows green;
 The swallow builds among the sooty rafters,
 Low flying out and in through the dashed window.

Throughout the livelong day
 No form of life comes here,

Save now and then a beggar sauntering by
 The stumps, wool-tufted, of the old worn hedge,
 That scarcely marks where once a garden was:
 He, as he turns the crazy gate, and stops,
 Seeing all desolate, then comes away
 Muttering, seems cheerless sad
 Beyond his daily wants.

No sound of feet
 Over that threshold now is heard,
 Save when on black October eve,
 The cold and cutting wind, that blows all through
 The hawthorn-bush, ruffling the blue hedge-sparrow,
 Nestling to shun the rain
 That hits his flushed cheek with sore-driving drops,
 And forces him to seek those sheltering walks,
 Low running with bent head: But soon the awe
 Of things gone by, and the wood-eating worm—
 To him the *death-rick*—drives him forth again

Beneath the scudding blast,——
 I saw an old man, leaning on his staff,
 Draw nigh and go into that ruined house:

I knew him—'twas that father!
 This was the home to which he brought his bride:
 This was the home where his young wife had died:
 This was the home where he had reared his boy.
 For soon he came;

And many tears fell from his aged eyes
 Down to the borders of his trembling garment.
 He saw a man of stately form approach,
 And slunk away, that he might meet him not.
 That man his son! He, from his early years,
 Had wandered o'er the world in quest of gain.
 Much had he seen—the smoky blaze of war,
 The tents of peace, the courts of ancient kings,
 Vast fleets, and caravans of merchandise,
 And chariots of returning emperors,
 That come as the swift eagles, forests wide,
 Famous old rivers, high cloud-bearing mountains,
 Hills of grim thirst, and dry-consumed lands,
 Valleys of sheep and men-sustaining corn,

Cities, and people strange. Yet back he came
 Untouched by views of wide humanity,
 Narrow, and cold, and inconsiderate:
 Of wealth he had enough to build a hall
 Of pomp, not distant from his native place,
 Awe to command, to have a vain dominion
 In the same eyes that once looked on him poor.
 Common but cold regard had made him thither
 Take his old father from that native cot,
 Allowed to work no more—on him dependent.
 That cot's appearance mean, as now he neared it,
 Alarmed his conscious pride that there it stood—
 What but memorial of his poor descent?
 He saw his father tottering round its walls:
 Ha! shall the world behold it,
 And he thus more reminded of his birth?
 O! how he loathed that father's hankering spirit
 After old places! How he loathed those walls!
 Down shall they go, though half his wealth should
 buy them—
 There shall they not be seen—razed shall they be!
 With high and haughty hand he swept away
 That token of his boyhood's poor estate.

An old man sat with abased eyes
 Beside a path that led to a gay dwelling,
 Trembling, not daring once to lift his glance
 Even to the speckled linnnet on the bush:

"Twas he—that father!

Came sweeping silks, a haughty pair went past:
 That proud disdainful fellow is his son;
 And she that leans upon his arm, attired
 With impudence, his wife, whose wealth has made
 Him higher still, both heedless of their sire.

IV.

But were they blest!

Ill shapes around their childless bed, of Doubt
 And Jealousy young Hymen's lights put out,
 Curse-eyed Disdain was seen, came Hatred soon,
 And swift Repentance trode a waning moon.

But was this all!

That father died neglected; and in death
 With struggling love were mingled bitter thoughts—

A Father's Curse.

This, ere his head went down into the grave,
 Dug in a corner where meek strangers lie,
 Had upward sprung, a messenger succint,
 To trouble all the crystal range of heaven,
 To call on hell, to post o'er seas and lands,
 Nature to challenge in her last domain,

Not to let pass th' accursed.

I heard a Voice—it cried,

"The Storms are ready."

Forth flew into mid-air that Father's form!
 No longer mean, a potentate of wrath,
 To rule the elements and set them on;
 Severe his brow, dark waxing; fierce his eye
 As the starved she-wolf's when the night hail beats,
 And her cubs bite her yellow milkless teats;
 His feet with brightness burned; flew all abroad
 His hoary hair, as from a prophet's head;
 And the great winds were in his carried wings;

He called the Storms—they came:

He pointed to his Son:

I saw that son—no wife was with him now,
 No children pleaded for his naked head—
 Stand on a broken hill, abrupt and strange,
 Under a sky that darkened to a twilight:
 A huddled world of woods and waters crushed,
 Hung tumbling round him, earthquake-torn and
 jammed

From nature's difficult throes: cut off he stood
 From ways of men, from mercy, and from help,
 With chasms and ramparts inaccessible.
 The tree-tops streaming toward his outcast head,
 Showed that the levelled winds smote sore on him:
 Gaunt rampant monsters, half drawn from the
 woods,

Roared at him glaring: downward on his eyes
 The haggard vulture was in act to swoop;
 Rains beat on him, snows fell on him, hail strack
 him:

The forky jags of lightning from the cloud
 Played keen and quivering round him, faintly blue;
 And many thunders lifted up their voice:

All nature was against him.

Out leapt a belt,

And split the mount beneath his sinking feet.
 O'er him his father's form burned fiercely red,

Nearer and nearer still,

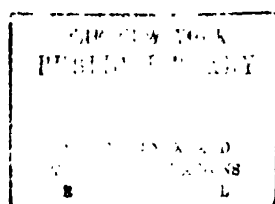
Dislimned and fused into one sheeted blaze.
 From out it fell a bloody drizzled shower,
 Rained on that bad son's head descending fast,
 Terror thereon aghast—he's down! he's gone!
 Darkness has swallowed up the scene convulsed.—

Trembling, I woke and cried,

"O! sons and daughters all,

Look to this emblem of a Father's Curse."

The true image of a free people, is that of a patriarchal family, where the head and all the members are united by one common interest, and animated by one common spirit; and where, if any are perverse enough to have another, they will soon be borne down by superiority of those who have the same; and, far from making a division, they will but confirm the union of the state.





Engraved by J. J. Cooke

St. Paul's
St. Paul's, the city



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MADRAS.

OR PASSING THE SURF.

"Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore."

"Madras," exclaimed the beautiful young bride of Edward Seyton, gaily tossing a crayon sketch from her husband's portfolio, "why, Edward, I never saw this before."

"No, Mary," answered her husband, with a touch of sadness in his voice, and something of a melancholy look crossing his fine countenance, "it is but lately I discovered it among some old sketches where it has lain hidden and almost forgotten for years. I made it some years since when we were cruising on that station, and but a few days after the occurrence of one of the most mournful incidents that ever happened to my eventful life. It was there I narrowly escaped death, and lost one I cherished as a brother. Did you not know Henry Broughton's sister?"

"Yes, but she was much my senior, and I have only a faint memory of her; you know her parents removed several years since to England, the father having fallen heir to the immense estates of the elder branch of the family in Northumberland."

"I remember hearing of it, but I was then with our squadron in the Mediterranean. Poor Henry Broughton! it was on that very spot," and he pointed mournfully to the picture, "that I saw the brave fellow for the last time."

"Poor Henry!" said the young wife, with a touching pathos in her voice, "I can just recollect the family going into mourning for him. But I always thought he was lost in a gale at sea,—at least so it was generally supposed."

"No, Mary, no. He had not even the fate to die, like a sailor loves to, at his post. He perished

not in battle, nor in storm, nor among his friends. His was a melancholy end indeed."

"What was it, Edward, if it was none of these?" "I know not whether I ought to call back the events of that day," said he with a melancholy look, "they always came across my memory with a dark and mournful certainty which, for the time, overpowered every other thought. Years, however, have passed since then, and in the excitement of an active life the scenes of that hour have lost something of their first terrible distinctness,—but, I know not how it is, the sight of that old sketch, to-night, has called them back again with all their former vivid intensity."

"Pray don't recur to it, Edward," said the young wife, laying her hand tenderly upon his arm, and looking up, into her husband's face with all that deep sympathy which is so touching in woman, "I was too curious—it pains you."

"No, I will tell it, Mary," said he, "perhaps it will relieve me of the melancholy which comes over me whenever I recur to it. I have never mentioned it yet to any one, but you know, Mary," he continued, half playfully, "I must keep nothing from you now, isn't it so?"

The young wife looked up, blushed, and answered with a look that told more than volumes.

"You never knew Henry Broughton," said her husband, "but you knew his elder sister, and as she was one of the most beautiful, and high-minded of your sex, so was poor Harry one of the noblest and most generous of ours. I well recollect the first day I saw him. We were just about to leave Hampton Roads on the cruise from which he never returned, when the Captain's gig dashed alongside, and with the old skipper came a slight, girlish, fair-haired boy, apparently a mere child, dressed in the uniform at that time worn by the midshipmen of our navy. The poor little fellow had been sent to sea to learn an honorable profession, because his father

since his bankruptcy could not educate his son at home as became his former station. He stood uncertain for a while on the quarter deck, alone, neglected, abashed, until the Captain suddenly recollecting himself turned round, and introducing him to us, ended by committing Henry Broughton to my oversight as the eldest midshipman on board. We were soon on intimate terms, if I may call that intimacy which subsists between a youth of nineteen and one like him. But Broughton had a mind above his years, he was besides so frank, so gentle, so winning in his manners that you could not, for the life of you, escape loving the bold and generous little fellow. He soon became a favorite with all on board. Even the rugged old tars would do any thing to please him, and the severity of the first lieutenant himself often relaxed itself when little Harry Broughton, as we all called him, had offended against some paltry rule of discipline. Always the first to turn out in a gale; never to be found skulking like some of the other youngsters, from his watch,—but at all times ready and eager to volunteer on any extra duty, he had gradually wound himself into the heart of every one on board, from the land lubbers in the waist to the Captain in his after cabin. If we went on shore, Harry Broughton was sure to be one of our company, for he was such a favorite with strangers on account of his beauty and youth, that we were always better welcomed if he was along. Besides he was so generally beloved, and was such a merry little companion that few were willing to forego his company. He was sick once for a few days, and there was as much anxiety in the ship while he was dangerous, as if the Captain himself had been lying at the point of death. "Poor little boy," said the kind-hearted doctor to me, as his patient lay tossing in the delirium of a fever, murmuring every now and then his mother's or his sister's name, "he may never live to see the ones he loves so well again."—and he never did live to see them, though his death did not happen as the tender-hearted surgeon supposed.

We had been out nearly three years, cruising on the Pacific station, when we were ordered home,—and glad were we all to hear the news, which was to restore us to a sight of the dear faces we had left behind. We stretched across the Pacific under a favorable wind that seemed to partake of our eagerness. Every thing on board was joy. The long, beautiful moonlight nights came and went like the sound of music, and a hundred gallant fellows danced away the evening watches to the rude sound of their violin. I remember one of those evenings in particular. We were bowling along under an easy sail through the beautiful waters of the Pacific, gliding by little fairy islands that seemed to start like green Edens from the water, and stealing amid the reefs of coral rock that rose around us in every direction. It had been a sultry day, but now the night had come, and the cool breeze deliciously fanned our cheeks, while the moon floated in liquid beauty above, flooding the heavens in a sea of light, and silvering the crests

of the long waves as they rolled lazily up from the darkness below. Far away the horizon seemed gradually to become less boldly defined, rising and sinking in thin tissue-like clouds, and then softly melting away into the heavens above. No sound came over the solitary seas, and only the faint ripple of the waves was heard as they dashed against our sides. The men were forward dancing, and amid the shuffle of feet and the rough but merry laughter, came up the lively notes of the violin. I was standing near the side talking with young Harry Broughton, and insensibly our thoughts reverted to the happy homes we had left behind us in America. Poor little fellow, how eagerly he longed to see that sweet mother and lovely sister of his once more. He could, for nearly an hour, talk of nothing else, and as he dwelt upon them his young heart became more agitated with thronging recollections, until at last I saw in the moonlight the hot tears running, one by one, down his young cheeks. He saw I observed him, and looking up said,

"Indeed, Mr. Seyton, you musn't think wrong of me for this, I can't always stand thinking of mother and Fanny, when I recollect how many thousands and miles are between us, and that perhaps I will never live to see them again. Indeed, Sir," and he wiped away the tears hastily, "one cannot always command his feelings."

"Harry," said I, "you need not fear any one would think less of you for loving your mother and sister. God knows I would be too glad to shed tears if I only had a mother to shed them for!"

"Oh! Sir, I'm sure you would, I never knew how I cared for her till I left her, and now I often think of all she used to say and do, and wish I had loved her more when I was at home."

"Ah! you are right, Harry, I once had a mother, but I've lost her now, and I would have given worlds when she lay dead in the room, if I could have called her back only to tell her how I loved her, and to ask her forgiveness for all the anguish I had caused her in my reckless youth."

"How glad I feel," said the little fellow after a pause, "that every day brings us nearer to home. I could almost worship this breeze, Sir, if it would only blow all the way. Oh! it will be so sweet when we reach Norfolk once more. I wonder if father and mother and Fanny won't be there to meet me, I should think they would—don't you, Sir?" and thus he continued, dwelling in his own boyish way, upon the happiness which was now only a few months distant, until the night had waned far into its middle hour, and the deserted decks warned us it was time to go below. Poor boy, the bright visions that smiled on his cheek that night, were soon to give place to a sad reality. He never lived to see them fulfilled. But I anticipate.

We reached the Phillipina islands, passed the straight, and at last entered the Bay of Bengal. We were all heartily tired of a close confinement on ship-board, and resolved to run up the bay and visit a few of the chief stations of the coast. It

was a glorious day when we first caught sight of Madras rising above the distant ocean like a narrow streak of silver, as the sun-light fell full upon its white walls and minarets, while the waves now hid it from our sight, and now again discovered it flashing brightly in the distance. As we stood on with the wind nearly on our quarter, the snowy city rose rapidly before us, until we could plainly discern the long, low beach of white sand, crowned with the walls of the fort above and the tremendous surf, rolling and thundering in ahead. It was a beautiful sight. The sky was clear and cloudless, the horizon had not a mist upon it, a golden light flooded every thing around, while the snowy walls of the eastern city rising beautifully into the blue heavens, and glittering with the beams that danced upon their pure white surface, reminded us of the temples of Athens, the sunny skies of Greece, and the old classic fanes that flashed in their whiteness on every song-crowned hill. The whole crew leant over the side or filled the rigging, gazing on the splendid spectacle, and as we lay off and on, keeping away from the fearful surf that makes the city almost unapproachable from sea, you could hear nothing but expressions of delight from all on board. Every heart beat high with pleasure—and it was no difficult matter to obtain permission to land. A party of the officers, among whom were Broughton and myself, resolved on making an excursion into the town.

"Give way, my lads, with a will boys—pull," said the lieutenant of our boat, as we dashed over the long, dark green waves, and leaving a whirl of waters behind us rapidly neared the land "we'll soon be up with the surf—give way."

I should have mentioned that there is no port for vessels within twenty miles of St. George's Fort, and as our frigate would be compelled to stretch out and in until our return, we had but little time for our adventure. We had intended when we started leaving the boats outside the surf and landing in the flats which are used for passing the breakers, and which being sewed together and without keels are admirably fitted to resist the jerking of the surf, and can, with great difficulty, be overturned. But when we neared the shore we saw that none of these native boats were at hand, and as we had but little time to lose, we lay upon our oars just outside the breakers and called a council to determine what to do.

"What say you, Seyton, to making a dash and passing it at once, it will be something to talk of, eh?"

I shook my head in disapprobation as I pointed to the huge billows that raced by us, and curling over a cable's length ahead, broke with a noise like thunder on the beach, while the shivered wave foamed and boiled in the wild vortex below.

"Give way, my sea-dogs, away!" shouted the third lieutenant coming up abreast in gallant style, "shall we dash in, Mr. Tiller?"

"It looks like a venture where one cast is death and the other a ducking—but what say you, Broughton?"

"Oh, Sir," said the little fellow, his eye kindling as he spoke, "they say that an English man-of-war's boat passed it a few years ago,—and I'm sure we can do it too. Besides, Sir, we can try it with one boat first—why it isn't such a high surf after all, and look there, Sir, they're watching us from the fort," and true enough the officers of the garrison were quizzing us already with their glasses.

I still, however, objected. I felt a strange kind of presentiment that some dreadful accident would occur if we ventured in the surf, and I dwelt earnestly upon the possible danger and real folly of such a course. A half an hour at most would bring out the flat bottomed boats of the natives, and meanwhile we could ride in safety on the edge of the boiling whirlpool. But it was in vain. The national pride of our men had been touched, and the lieutenant seeing it, wavered no longer, but shouting the order to give way,—our crew broke forth into a cheer, and then rapidly dashed up to the gigantic breakers.

The aspect of the surf as we approached it was really terrible. The enormous billows rolled in one after another, rising up like monsters to the sky, pausing a moment with their white crests combing before they descended, and then hurling their mass of waters down into the abyss below with the noise as of some mighty cataract. The very earth seemed to tremble beneath the shock. Far along the coast the waves were running in, curling, breaking and foaming into the gulf beneath, and tossing their snowy spray wildly up from the vortex, while the ceaseless thunder of this eternal worship rose up continually to its great author on high.

"Keep her away—that's it—run her along here till we pick out a better place," said Tiller.

"Isn't that a good opening, Mr. Tiller?" said little Harry, pointing ahead.

"You've a sharp eye, Harry, it's the very thing—pull away there, my lads," and we shot into the surf.

Hitherto all had been careless on board, and jests had been flying plentifully about, but as we dashed into the troubled vortex every man in the boat felt that a crisis was at hand, which, though voluntarily met, was not the less dangerous, and accordingly the deepest silence pervaded all, broken only by the noise of the oars and the quick orders of the lieutenant.

"Larboard"—shouted Tiller as he stood up waving his hand, "larboard a little more," and riding on an enormous wave we were whirled into the heart of the surf, with two gigantic billows madly pursuing us on our quarter. For a moment we thought the crisis passed, but all at once the wave seemed to lose its impetus, and gliding from beneath us broached us almost broadside to, while the foremost of our pursuers dashed against us and heeled us nearly over into the abyss. The other one was scarce a fathom off, we were losing all command of the boat, and could see with horror-struck countenances the wild gulf below, when a voice came from our colleague outside the surf,

"Look out, there's a shark on your quarter," and at the same instant 'Filler, perceiving the imminency of our danger, thundered,

"Larboard, hard,—ease off there,—larboard harder, for God's sake, down!" but the poor coxswain, startled by the ill-timed warning from the other boat, and conscious of the terrible situation in which we were, lost, for a moment, all command of his faculties, and before he could regain them sufficiently to obey the command of his officer, the other wave had struck us full on our broadside, and in another instant, with a wild cry of horror, we found ourselves struggling in the tumultuous surf.

When I rose to the surface I struck boldly out, but the sight that met my eyes I shall never, never forget. The boat was already broken in pieces and the fragments tossing wildly about, while her venturous crew were struggling here and there in the breakers. A poor fellow was just ahead of me buffeting the current which was setting strongly out, and gazing with agonising looks on a huge shark that lay eying him basilisk-like, just without the surf. The horror-struck man looked at the distant shore, then at his foe, then struck his arms wildly out, and as he felt the current gradually sweeping him, despite his fearful struggles, nearer to his terrible enemy, he screamed aloud for succor. But it was in vain. The other boat ventured as near as it could, but it would have been madness to have come closer. They called to him to strike aside and get more out of the current, but by this time the poor wretch was so alarmed that he scarcely knew what he did, and after a few desperate efforts, he gave a quick, shrill shriek, flung his arms wildly on high, and disappeared suddenly under the water. The next instant the blood-red hue of the surface told the horrid cause. All this had not occupied an instant, and it was with a quaking heart that I turned aside and struck away desperately for the shore. I felt that there was little hope of escape, but I was a good swimmer and as long as I could command my faculties I knew I had at least some chance of reaching land. To do this I hastily scanned the prospect around me in order to escape the current, and find a place where the surf rolled in less frightfully. Here and there I saw a companion buffeting the wild tumult of waters, and out to sea several were being picked up by the other boat. But the horrid sight I had just witnessed forbid all further escape from that quarter, and I was just turning to plunge headlong through the surf when I heard a faint cry beside me, and saw poor little Harry struggling not two fathoms off. He seemed almost exhausted, and unable to make any headway against the set of the current, appeared striving only to keep his head above the water.

"For the love of Heaven," he cried, "Mr. Seyton, here!" but as I dashed toward him the noble boy suddenly cried, "save yourself—I'm getting weak—tell mother and Fanny I died thinking of them."

"Courage, courage," I cried, "I'll be there in a minute, my brave lad," and I strained every nerve to reach him, but the current was so powerful that

it baffled for a while my most desperate efforts. One while the surf would sweep us far apart, and now dash us almost together. I saw with joy, however, that I gradually neared the gallant little boy. The boat outside meanwhile perceived our situation, and her crew fired with enthusiasm, cheered as they bent to their oars determined at all risk to secure us.

"Seyton,—hillo," shouted the lieutenant losing sight of us for a minute, "come outside, quick—for your life!"

I was now almost up to little Harry, who still continued supporting himself in the water with weary strokes and rapidly failing strength, when suddenly our companions in the boat shouted,

"The shark! the shark!" and the huge monster shot along not twenty yards off between us and our only hope the boat. I had not before noticed that in my efforts to reach Broughton the current had been sweeping us more to sea, and I now saw with horror as I made two or three desperate strokes, that I had got into the same tide which had proved too powerful for the poor wretch a few minutes before. My brain reeled as I looked. The boat was rapidly approaching, but the surf was too wild to suffer it to come to where we were, and between us the frightful monster venturing as close in as he dare, was sailing to and fro waiting for the tide to sweep us out.

"I'm going, Seyton, I cannot stand it any longer.—Oh! my poor mother and sister—God forgive me my sins," faintly said little Harry.

"Hold on a minute for Heaven's sake!" I cried for I was already within a yard or two of the sinking boy.

"Hold on," thundered the lieutenant from the boat, "we'll be there if we die for it—give way lads, for a life, hurrah!"

But the poor little fellow had held on till nature was completely worn out, and casting a wild look on all around, he faintly ejaculated "my mother, sister—oh, my God!" and then with a convulsive jerk of his arms sank like lead into the waters. The next moment I would have been by his side.

"Give way, give way, give way," roared the lieutenant wildly as he waved on his men.

"Come on, for God's sake, come on," I shouted as I dived.

But alas! my search was unsuccessful, and when I rose to the surface, I was far away from the spot where Broughton had disappeared, and nearing with frightful rapidity the monster on the edge of the surf, who was already poisoning his huge body to turn upon his prey. The boat was struggling in the surf a few fathoms off, but it was yet too distant to promise any effective aid. I looked hurriedly and with agony around, but no other help was nigh. Never shall I forget the emotions of that instant. A cold, dead, sickening sensation came across my heart, my brain reeled, my joints grew weak, and my arms seemed to refuse their duty, as I felt that the most gigantic exertions did not increase the rapidly lessening space between me and the ferocious monster. I could see his vast

flashes appearing and disappearing just ahead of me, and almost feel the lashing of his huge tail as it beat impatiently against the waters. He was now nearly at my side. I made one last, desperate, but vain effort to buffet the current, and giving up my hopes of this world and all I loved, I breathed a silent prayer for mercy to God, and shut my eyes upon the terrible enemy before me. A moment that seemed years ensued,—a moment of torture more horrid than I ever had conceived, when a loud, sharp cry rung out just behind me, and at the same instant a coil of rope fell beside me as a voice called out in broken English,

"Hold on!" and clutching the cord mechanically, I felt myself drawn rapidly in among the breakers, while the enormous monster perceiving he was about to be disappointed of his prey, struck the waves wildly with his tail, and dashed like lightning after me.

"In with him, hand over hand," shouted a voice in the boat which had so opportunely arrived, and whirled along with inconceivable rapidity. I felt myself jerked into one of the flat-bottomed boats common on the coast almost as soon as I had grasped the rope. At the same instant a thundering cheer rung from the crew outside the surf—but forgetful of every thing but my wonderful preservation, I fell down on my knees and thanked God that I was alive. When again I looked around, I saw we were riding in upon the surf and, that the huge monster disappointed of his prey had suddenly sheered out to sea as we entered the foam of the breakers. We were soon landed safe upon the coast, and I had then time to learn the manner of my deliverance. We had happily been seen, and a boat had put off to rescue us, which had already taken up several of our crew, when they discovered me struggling against the current, and had come at once to my aid, and had I not been so much engaged in endeavoring to save poor Harry, I would have noticed their approach sooner. As it was, only four of our crew were lost. Poor Harry, thank God! was washed on shore that same afternoon, and there was not a dry eye in the ship when they heard of his untimely end. Few of us that would not, at that moment, have died to bring him back to life. Even the old quarter-master wept over his little grave; and the good chaplain as he read the service with a faltering voice, watered the grave with his tears. Poor little fellow, they laid him there in his narrow home, far from his land and those he loved, and he too so young that he was fitter to be by his mother's side than buffeting the fearful surf. But it is all over. How his bright hopes were crushed! I have never thought of that fearful day without mingled gratitude and sorrow,—and so vividly was it impressed upon me that I shrunk from speaking of it even to those I loved the most. But to-night, Mary, I have broken the silence,—and now, love," he added sadly, "will you forget the reason why I made that sketch?"

"Forget it," answered the young wife, looking up, with her blue eyes swimming with tears "oh never!" J.

Written for the Casket.

BATTLE SONG OF THE INVADED.

"Emori potius quam servire præstat."

The foe, the foe! they come, they come!
Light up the beacon pyre,
Let every hill and mountain home
Give back the signal fire,
And wave the red-cross on the night,
The blood-red cross of war—
What though we perish in the fight,
Our fathers died before!

Up, meet the foe—on, to the strife!
For freemen's blades we hold,
And hands that fight for land and life
Fight not like those for gold!
Give shout and banner to the gale,
The trumpet—peal it forth,
Till our sons pour down from every vale
Like snow flakes from the north.

Hark! lo—their shouts upon the breeze,
Their banners in the sun,
And like the thunder of the seas
Their deep tread rumbles on!
We'll meet them here on each bold height,
In every glen make head;—
God give the battle to the right!
We will be free or dead!

We stand on sacred, holy ground,
Where thousand memories meet,
Our fathers' homes are all around,
Their graves beneath our feet,
Our roofs are smouldering far and wide
That late smiled in the sun,
Our brides are weeping at our side,
Gods! let the foe come on!

Hurrah! hurrah! he gleams in sight,
It fires the brain to see
How the proud spoiler flashes bright
In war's gay panoply!
We'll show him that our fathers' brands
Nor rust nor time can slay,
With tramp and shout, bold hearts and hands,
Up, freemen, and away!

The work is done, the strife is o'er,
The whirlwind thundered by,—
There's not from hill to ocean shore,
A foeman left to die.
Our brides are thronging every height,
They wave us weeping home,—
God gives the battle to the right,
Back to our hearth-stones come!

Written for the Casket.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

O you, whom vanity's light bark conveys
 O Fame's mad voyage by the winds of Praise;
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply.
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high;
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
 A breath revives him or a breath o'erthrows.

Pope.

Every inquiry that tends to improve the morals and happiness of the world, every argument whose object it is to make mankind think for themselves, and thus shake off that slavish uniformity observable in modern manners, is entitled to praise.—The mind which has for a length of time imbibed a peculiar train of ideas, or which has been accustomed to adopt, with sluggish indifference, the opinions of others, will be rarely found capable of generous or manly exertions; the appearance of difficulty disheartens, the prospect of opposition drives it to despair, until at last it sinks into languor and debility, exclaiming, like Gray's Prophetess,

"Leave me, leave me, to repose."

To oppose this mental degeneracy it has been the object of all ages and nations to excite a love of fame; it has been contended that "the respect and attention of the world during life, and its applauses after death, are sure means of exciting the mind to virtue; that Providence has implanted in the human breast a love of distinction; and that to attain this end man will undergo hardships of every kind, and sometimes even death itself." This argument has at first sight a very prepossessing appearance; but upon nearer inspection will be found replete with errors of a very pernicious tendency. The public mind is easily imposed upon; in whatever light we view it, we can make nothing more of it than the collected mind of individuals, many of them prejudiced, many vicious, and many utterly ignorant of the merits of the candidate who solicits their suffrage. Is the sentence of a body like this to direct our views and actions? Shall this "many headed beast" possess the metamorphic power of making vice virtue, and virtue vice? Every unprejudiced observer must in an instant be struck with the absurdity of such a tribunal, whose means of information are so vague and uncertain, and whose wayward decisions will frequently confer honors upon successful roguery, and sink modest worth into neglect and oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the dictates of reason, though men of enlightened understanding are convinced that true philosophy teaches us to follow virtue, the substantial good, rather than fame, her uncertain handmaid, poets and writers of every description, have ever fondly adhered to the idea of the immortality of their works.

It would be superfluous to mention the number of ancients who have thus proudly arrogated immortality to their various compositions, or the more specious and humble insinuations of the moderns, all ultimately tending to the same goal. To en-

deavor at once to root out a passion which error has so deeply implanted in the human breast, would be alike presumptuous and vain; but it may diminish the ostentatious swell of human greatness to reflect, that the shouts of a multitude are at best a very equivocal symptom of merit, since fame, as has been well observed,

"Not more survives from good than evil deeds
 The aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome
 Outlives in fame the pious fool that rais'd it."

It may also afford consolation to those who prefer the practice of virtue to the public display of it, that as men improve in knowledge, character will find its true level; that it is the characteristic of barbarous and bigotted nations to be satisfied and deceived by external splendor, and that in process of time the actions of men must appear in their proper light, and the immortality which they vainly assumed will be no more; or at least be converted, like that of the original depredators of the world, into an immortality of contempt.

Among the writers who have endeavored to expose the emptiness of fame, and the foolish vanity of those who toil in pursuit of it, few make a more distinguished figure than the author of the well known "Essay on Man," a work which, however erroneous it may be, as to its general philosophy, must ever be admired for the excellency of its practical maxims, and the concise, thought energetic, language in which they are clothed in the following lines:

"Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears him body from the grave;
 When what to oblivion better were consign'd
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind."

The reader is at a loss which to admire most, the truth of the observation, or the pointed and epigrammatic manner in which it is expressed; the equivocal on the last line,

"Is hung on high to poison half mankind."

is peculiarly happy, while the doctrine inculcated of the folly of placing in a conspicuous point of view those vices which should be quietly suffered to slide into oblivion, can never be sufficiently admired.

An acute and ingenious philosopher of the present day has exhibited, in a masterly manner, the dreadful consequences that frequently result from an obstinate attachment to reputation. But when the same author, in a work of profound investigation and philosophic research, would propose a new system of government, visionary indeed in some points, but in others "devoutly to be wished," and places the love of distinction among the highest motives to the exercise of virtues and talents, herein he seems to contradict himself. That an obstinate attachment to honor or reputation will frequently produce the effects he so forcibly represents, must be allowed; but, at the same time, a love of distinction, if it mean any thing different from a love of honor, will probably produce effects nearly similar. In truth, neither distinction nor

honor should be offered to rational beings as inducements to the practice of virtue. We have seen that these can be procured by the resemblance of virtue as well and frequently better than by the reality; and as long as this mode of considering the subject continues, so long will indolence, vanity, and vice continue to dazzle and deceive the world. If mankind could be once convinced, that to practice virtue is to promote the general interest, the advantages that would result from such a measure, and the universal increase of ease and happiness resulting from it, were exhibited in the strong coloring of reason, and at the same time adapted to the meanest capacity, unquestionably more general good would be produced than by holding forth rewards, which it is insulting to offer, and venal to accept, and which, instead of ending, have from their very essence a tendency to corrupt, by clothing virtue in the garb of selfishness and venality.

C. B. B.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1839.

Written for the Casket.

WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

Man may experience a reverse of fortune, he may be overwhelmed with sorrow and affliction, bowed down with poverty and want, he may be deserted by friends, and subject to the persecution of his enemies, yet his manly spirit should not droop under sufferings so heart rending in their effects, and the strength of his intellect, and the courage of his nature will endow him with fortitude and resignation to surmount every difficulty, and prepare him for every change. But how different with woman, a more tender flower of the garden of creation. How oft have the fond and cherished hopes of a kind mother been frustrated? how oft the happiness and peace of mind of a lovely daughter been destroyed? how oft the bright prospects of a fond sister been clouded by adversity?

Man may talk of his sorrows and his trials,—he may murmur at the unhappiness of his lot,—his spirits may droop, and his feelings become agonised by the ills of life,—but what are his sorrows in comparison with those of woman? the activity of business will strip them of their terrors; the bustle and tumult of the world, will in a measure obliterate them from his remembrance, but it is not thus with woman. She cannot, like man, traverse the distant countries of the earth: she cannot, like him, interest herself in the political affairs of the nation. Oh, no! her home is in the domestic circle, and if the “star spangled banner” of her country is only honored and respected 'tis all that she desires.

It may here, with propriety, be asked, what so often increases the sufferings of the female heart? Is it not the inconstancy of man? For whose sake does she leave her kindred and her home? To whom does she cling with a fond embrace when friends and the world have forsaken her?

Oh! if there is a tie sacred on earth 'tis that which binds man to his kindred spirit. Who so near to him as the companion of his bosom! And yet 'tis not often that man appreciates the kindness

and sincerity of the female heart,—he does not set a proper value upon a gem so productive of happiness to the possessor; and he treats with unkindness and disdain, the best and noblest friend he can boast of possessing.

U. H. J.

New York, May 12, 1839.

THE BRIDGROOM'S DREAM.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I heard a voice call,
As a voice from the tomb—
“Make ready the pall!
Weave the chaplet of gloom!
There's a lip breathing gladness,
A cheek like the rose,
Will wax wan in its sadness
Ere to-morrow shall close.”

The voice died away,
As the breath of the wind,
And the blushes of day
Chased the dream from my mind;
And I heard the sweet breathing
Of love at my side,
And saw a smile wrathing
The lips of my bride.

There were many that day
To feast in the hall,
And the harper sang gay
His blithe welcome to all;
There was jesting, and quaffing
From goblets of gold,
And the young maidens laughing
At tales of the old.

The day waned apace,
And the day “gan to gleam,”
When I looked on the face
Of my bride; and my dream
Chased the spirit of lightness;
Far gone was her bloom,
And unearthly the whiteness
That reigned in its room.

And I heard the voice call,
As a voice from the tomb—
“Make ready the pall,
Weave the chaplet of gloom!”
And the lip breathing gladness
Forgot its sweet tone,
And I stood in my sadness
Unloved and alone.

And I felt in my mind,
That the judgment was wise,
For love had untwined
My soul from the skies;
And affection more cherished
Than heaven's sweet grace,
Like the flowers that have perished,
But darkness embrace.

Written for the Casket.
BLUE-STOCKINGS.

BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

"MADAME MALAPROPOS—Alas! how few gentlemen now a-days, know how to value the *ineffectual* qualities of women!"—*The Rivals*

"A chapter on Blue-stockings!" said we, as we picked up an old novel called Blue-stockings Hall. So we sat down and began to think of our blue-stockings friends.

There is nothing like this sitting down to think. The fact is, men may say what they please, but this is any thing but a thinking world, and civilisation seems to have put thinkers to the ban of society. Any way, therefore, by which men may be made to think, ought to receive the commendation of every moral philosopher. We should like to know who invented chairs, pens, paper, and the other apparatus of your systematic thinker. He must, at any rate, have been a rare fellow. Byron says,

"A small drop of ink

Falling like dew upon a thought, produces

That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, shrink ;"

and yet this genius, by the mere invention of easy chairs and escritoirs, has set the brains of mankind agog ever since. The mechanic beats the poet! Really he must have been a divine fellow—that same author of the thinker's panacea—a merry singing fire and a well cushioned chair. One must be a dunce, indeed, if these pleasant accompaniments do not set the inner man to work.

We remember the first time we heard of a Blue-stockings. We were then a little shaver, with blueish sandy hair, the adorer of tops and marbles, a very Caligula on sugar plumbs, and utterly given to mischief. "Blue-stockings," we said, as glancing at the young lady thus called, our eye fell on the most delicate rose-colored silk hose that ever set off a pretty foot. "Blue-stockings!"—she was a lovely girl, and yet at the word a whole bevy of dandies took flight like a flock of startled partridges. We were a bit of a logician, and in a small way quite a philosopher: but it puzzled us that wearing blue-stockings should make a lady hateful. We looked again but there were the rosy feet, that "like little mice peeped in and out," so sweet, so *petite*, so delicate that we could—for even then we loved a pretty foot—have almost worshipped them. At last we remembered that our old sour, crabbed, Aunt Margaret, as stingy an old witch as was ever seen, and who never gave us either pennies or sugar plums, wore blue yarn stockings; and at once it flashed upon us that these gentlemen had seen Aunt Margaret too. We did not wonder they ran away. Association is every thing.

But what is a Blue-stockings? We never heard two gentlemen agree exactly to the same answer. Yet one thing, at least, is certain—a Blue-stockings must be a woman! It would be a perversion of language, a kind of literary *felo-de-se* to call a matter-of-fact gentleman by that uncouth name. The very dead would come forth against it. Old ladies in

hoops, stilling-fleet's whole *cortege*, Hannah More and her sisters, and the ghosts of the first blues *en masse*, would rise up to shake their grisly locks, and confound the atrocious felon. What a resurrection there would be! It would be worse than Dean Swift's battle of the books. We have always heard that ghosts were white, but we suppose these, in very spite, would be blue. Ah! there is nothing, after all, like sticking to one's rights.

But what are Blue-stockings? We stopped, the other night, to see a lady friend. As we passed up the hall, a confused chatter from the parlor startled us. It was like the hum "from innumerable tongues," or the sabled hissing in *Paradise Lost*. We cautiously opened the door, and lo! a Lyceum was inside. Here was a lady declaiming on *Geology*, there one disputing on *Metaphysics*; by our side two female *savans*, grave as doctors of the *Sarbonne*, were settling a knotty point in *Dialectics*; and on a sofa in one corner, was a fair girl contending for some dry abstraction in *Theology*, and shaking, in her ardor, her dark ringlets from one of the sweetest faces we ever saw. Hosts of sour-looking maidens, lean, thin, chalky, candavereous, were scattered in noisy groups around the room. Yonder was a visage that would have made an ascetic of a king, and further on a shape that would have scared even *Vulcan* from heaven. The few pretty girls there seemed either lost or demented. They flashed like star-light over the motley assembly. To finish the group, a sunny sweet sixteen, with her blue, swimming eye turned heavenward, was standing by the library-like centre table, and talking astronomically of the lost *Pleiade*. Alas!

"She also had a twilight tinge of blue!"—

how we longed, but in vain, for some wild *Sappho*-like burst on the immortal stars, some kindling aspiration from those pure *Madonna* lips.

"Mr. Short, do you admire the *Principia*?"—We turned, and a lovely sylph, just budding into womanhood, held up before us the philosopher's undying work. Her voice was sweet as the carol of a bird. She had an eye too that flashed magnificently. Had she been on the stage she might have rivalled *Malibran*. She would have brought down thunders at *Drury Lane*. And yet she had learned to despise music: she neither sang nor played. Alas! alas! for the Blue-stockings.

"Oh! what a sweet battery!" whispered one as we paused, not on the quay at *New York*, but by a powerful galvanic apparatus, which might have raised the dead, "how I should like to have one, it is so beautiful, so charming, so delightful, now ain it, Mr. Short?" and looking up into our face with a most witching pair of eyes, soft and dreamy as a star-light night, she began to talk of retorts, gases, vapors, baths, and the whole jargon of chemistry. And yet though that sweet girl was soon to be married—she could not make a cup of coffee. Heaven save the mark, what is the world coming to?

We took up our hat and dropped in to see a belle. We thought here, at least, we should be

safe; but she had just been to hear Mr. Combe, and was stark, raving, distractedly mad on Phrenology. She eyed our head like a hawk. We trembled lest our whole heart should be laid bare.—Thank heaven! we did not love her—she would have found it out in a twinkling. “Oh, so plain, so charming a science, the dear man is quite a philosopher, I declare!” and for nearly an hour she ran on about Gall and Spurzheim, developments, veneration, causality, ideality, and the rest of the clatter of the sublime science. In vain we tried to interest her on her old themes. Balls, concerts, books, the opera had no effect. Even Madame Gaubert’s millinery had lost its charm. She had caught the epidemic, and a very Antinous could not have stopped her. We left in despair, wondering if things kept on, whether by the twentieth century, the race of women as they used to exist, would not be extinct; the arts of sewing, knitting, and even coquetting be lost, and only a few housewives left, like fossil remains, to convince an incredulous posterity that such things actually had been.

Are we not coming to a doleful pass! Blue-stockings increase with frightful rapidity. They meet us at every corner, cross our path in every parlor, sit behind and before us in church, and torment us, poor mortals, eternally with their presence. A Blue-stocking is manifestly against the course of nature, they were never intended for social, domestic, civilised life, and they do all they can, by making the female character unpoetic, to destroy that high and exalted feeling for the sex, which has been handed down to us from the days of chivalry. But those gorgeous days have gone! The age of common sense and Blue-stockings has succeeded, and the glory of woman has departed forever. Does any one doubt now that a Blue-stocking is unnatural? If they do we will clinch the argument by saying with the Dutchman in the legislature, that if heaven intended women to be blues, they would have been born so. The old dunder-head was no bad philosopher.

Singular as it may seem we never met but one perfect sample of this class of animals; but she was indeed

“Most darkly, softly, beautifully blue.”

The very incarnation of the dreadful idea, a pure, unadulterated specimen of a literary fright, with more books in her brain than needles in her housewife, and withal a most utter contempt for the domestic duties of her sex. Most of them have some little longing left for these, as the outcast spirits are said to linger afar and gaze on their lost thrones—but she was an unmitigated, undeficated blue. The dear misguided angel was so in love with science that she vowed herself to perpetual virginity, lest the cares of a married life should interfere with her literary leisure. She is still a lonely maid, wowing learning and philosophy to her arms, and anathematizing poetry and us lords of creation together. We hope she is not eloquent, for should she preach a crusade against matrimony

what would become of us bachelors, the world, and the next generation? We say it with grief, should this literary hermitess found a nunnery, become the lady abbess, and die in the odor of sanctity, she would certainly be sainted by the blues. Just think of a blue saint! “Mercy upon us,” as the old lady says in the play, “what will they be at next!” But this is an age of steam, and at this rate Campbell’s last man will be upon us in a twinkling.

“Come here, Mr. Shout, do,” said a brilliant creature, beckoning to us with her fairy hand, “what is this?—I’ve positively forgot its name,” and the sweet tyro in minerals held up in her long, taper, jewelled fingers, a couple of pieces of uncouth rock. We have met this once startlingly fascinating creature since: but it is impossible to converse with her unless you are a confirmed Mineralogist, or carry, for reference, Lyell’s Geology under your arm. “Oh! the times—the manners!” Cicero when he thundered forth that immortal sentence against Cataline, must have just come from a bevy of Blue-stockng belles.

We once dined with an old schoolmate we had not met for years. We had never seen his wife before. She was rather a clever looking woman, with a fine, full, queenly form, and a reach of language, in the way of didactics, that was perfectly astounding. But such a dinner! One thing was underdone, and another overdone. The coffee was slops, and the potatoes vegetable brick-bats. The spoons were tarnished, the table-cloth a charming yellow, the knives spotted and rusty, and the whole room bare, uncomfortable, and but half in order. There was a tawdry cleanliness about it—if we may coin a word—which was dreadfully repulsive to one used to the exact neatness of Quaker house-wifery. Yet the lady was pleasing, seemed devotedly to love her husband, and with a charming prescience foresaw and supplied all his little wants. Still he seemed uneasy, perhaps unhappy. We could not account for it. At last she turned to us, and dwelling for awhile on the coffee, flew off in a tangent to Mocha, Araby, Egypt, Cleopatra, Anthony, and Rome, fascinated us by a few choice, though not novel sentiments, and finished with a quotation from an ode of Horace.—The secret was out. That old scoundrel of a Latin had spoiled an honest-hearted fellow’s happiness for life! The wife had been scanning Virgil when she should have been white-washing her house.

But to come back to the unmarried ladies. We have always noticed that, with few exceptions, a Blue-stockng is ugly, or old, or both. True, we have known a few lovely creatures to be stricken with this lunacy, but for the honor of human nature, we rejoice that they are rare. Beauty and Blue-stockings, like big feet and gentlewomen, rarely agree. We care not why, but such is the fact; and as the old chap says in the novel, “we take it that is sufficient for the present enquiry.” If you hear of a new Blue, depend upon it, in nine cases out of ten, she is some starched old maid, fretting herself into fits, and taking literature and sal-vo-

lative in alternate doses to restore her. In short, the being a Blue is presumptive evidence that the lady is as ugly as a Gorgon, and has a voice like a saw. What a bevy of Sirens the Blue-stockings of the nation would make, if by some magic, they could be gathered together. We wish, since every thing now-a-days is done by Conventions, that they would call a convention of Blue-stockings. Such a motley assembly as they would make! What a set of outlandish animals would come trooping up to the Congress! They would resemble the droves from all quarters that we see marching into Noah's ark in the magic lantern. And then what a sight these nondescripts would present after they had organised and got into debate. Here a fairy with a cross-eye, there an angel with a squint; here a long, lean ghostess, and there a chubby little witch; here a saffron-faced declaimer, and there a cadaverous young wit; here one with a long neck, and there one with none at all; snub noses and hook chins, red hair and bony cheeks; spectacled and bedizened; solemn and pompous; all lost in tumultuous debate; one bawling "order;" and another squeaking "hear;" pitching and tossing, screaming and screeching, thumping, stamping, chattering, while one half of the audience falls into fits at their looks, and the other half goes off into hysterics at their voices. Here and there, perhaps, a few witching creatures might be seen struggling like stray sunbeams through a cloud to shed their mellow light around them. Ah! their footsteps through that assembly would be like music. But alas! such beauteous visitants would be but stray spirits in this discordant assembly.

How is that Blue-stockings are so numerous? Why is the malady so popular? It must be because it is new. It is the creature of yesterday, fashioned by the distorted fancies of one or two of our lunatic grandmothers, and so unnatural is it that in the whole range of the beautiful such a character cannot be found. In the world of poetry, where the female character is brightest of all, is it not singular that no such prodigy can be pointed out? Shakespeare, perhaps, has excelled even himself in the enchanting creatures his genius has created: his magic circle teems with beings sweeter than imagination has conceived: we are almost rapt beyond ourselves at the witching beauties he conjures up around us, and yet no one of all the number was, or could have been your literary prodigy. The very elements of their characters forbid it. The grace that subdues us, the witchery that enchants us, and the airy beauty that melts us into admiration are all made up of the softer and sweeter points of the female character. From the simple-hearted Miranda to the magnificent Portia, there is the same feminine beauty in all they say or do. They charm us by what is not common with ourselves. They are not seraphs, nor angels, nor prodigies, but tender, endearing, confiding women, and in that lies the secret of their witchery. Shakespeare knew human nature deeply, and he has given his heroines those qualities which God and nature give them, which are the sweetest and

most winning in creation, and with which, in any clime, or age, or society, woman can steal into the heart. Oh! there is nothing like the low, and soothing voice of woman.

Yet all Shakspeare's characters please us by the attributes of the *mind*. We have often noticed, after perusing one of his sweetest plays, and when we were entranced by the magic of an Imogene or Rosalind, that we could not remember whether he had called them beautiful or not, or if we could what was the style of their beauty. It was not the face or the form,—it was the mind that enchanted us. But it was not mind after the manner of the present age. Even Portia, the most intellectual of them all, has a power peculiarly her own. So too is it with the rest. The deep love of Desdemona: the sweet modesty of Imogene: the charming wit of Beatrice: the fresh *naïveté* of Perdita: Hermione, Cordelia, Helen, Bianca, that sweetest creation of the sweetest poet's fancy; the gentle, beauteous Rosalind, are they not all enchantresses only because they have the hearts and sympathies of women? The female characters of Shakspeare! What painter has imaged them forth! A Raphael, a Lawrence, or a Sully might attempt it, but even they, alas! would fail. They cannot be pictured—they can only be dreamed of as you read. But we are falling into a rhapsody. If the Blue-stockings were to hear of it they would torture us to death.

Yet it is not with learned ladies we war.—Rarities should never be belabored. It is only with this affectation of learning, this parading of hard words that are not understood, this senseless clatter about prudence and philosophy that we have dared to find fault with. A true scholar is rarely a pedant: and a well read lady is not often a Blue-stocking. The wittiest creature we know is perhaps the most intellectual, and yet you might know her for months, without fathoming her acquirements. But there are others,—we cannot say we know them, for we always fly them—who are nothing but a clatter of words they mispronounce and sciences they guess at. You cannot enter their *boudoirs* without stumbling over dusty books at every step. You cannot take their hands, for they are fortified with walls of volumes,—and as to getting down on your knees, after the manner of your fathers, you might as well get down to a library. To talk of a pudding would give them the horrors—and to speak of a kitchen would throw them into fits. Geometry is their highest bliss, house-wifery they leave to barbarians. A tutor in green spectacles is their idea of an Apollo, and, if they had hearts to break, they would break them for a pedagogue and his biroh.

But we grow tiresome. We used to think the Quaker girls—"simplex numditiiis"—were the finest beings for wives, but alas! they seem to catch the epidemic quickest, and we actually know some who have thoughts of retiring into a desert and pursuing their delightful studies in solitary seclusion. To be sure the world is dreadfully monotonous, and the mind is to be cultivated by all

lovers of the rights of the sex. But alas! for us who are left behind. The gay, dippant, senseless creatures who swim through our ball-rooms and flirt with our sops, are no more fit to be the companions of men of sense than Blue-stockings are to be the wives of christians. All paste-board and cologne, conceit and affectation, a kind of torment in expectancy, they are almost the only ones left us to woo, win, and wed. Really at this rate marriage is but a splendid misery after all.

But what is a Blue-stocking? If you do not know by this time we fear you never will. It is a woman, a bore, a pedant, a fright, a double-dyed literati, a *savon* in a boddice, and "a that and 'a that." It is the great dread of all gentlemen of sense, and the "sich a love" of foolish misses and young orators of the parlor lyceums; it is, in short, a startling, shadowy, undefined monster, a kind of intellectual bug-bear, to frighten the good bachelors of this age out of their wits, and keep up in the next a decent love for science. A Blue-stocking and a ghost are, above all things, to be shunned. We never see either, but we begin, like a good Catholic, to *exorcise* them. We lately had this "Blue-stocking Hall" sent us to peruse, but we always kept it at a respectful distance, and read it in bodily fear from "Dear Reader" to "finis." We actually trembled lest the spirit enchained therein, should burst its shackles, and like the devil in the legend, carry us off through the window, with a smell of sulphur and a sound as of silver instruments. But the days of such capers have passed.

So much for Blue-stockings. They ought to be exiled to some lonely desert; and we propose by way of conclusion, that a Colonisation society be founded to settle them in the frigid zone. What a fine idea it would be to have all the Blue-lights at the pole. They would soon tell us what makes the Borealis.

Written for the Casket.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

"Memento me."

When years shall have hurried
Their course o'er thy brow,
And hopes shall lie buried
That gladden thee now,—
When youth's dreams have perished,
It's gay visions fled,
And the friends thou hast cherished
Are low with the dead;—
When old ties are all broken,
And friendships are not,
And thou hast but this token,
Forgetting, forgot,—
Then where'er my dwelling,
Far-distant or near,
This page shall be telling
Once turned he here.

MORTON.

THE FALLS OF OHIO-PYLE.

On the west of the Allegheny mountains rise the branches of the Youghiogeny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsman, as does also the river, which abounds in fish. These were the principal considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to ramble forth with my dog and gun, amid uninhabited solitudes almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters. On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I examined it, and finding it in good condition, I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport, and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered the diminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my four-footed companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water,—a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being overcome, he entered into the boat, and we rowed off.

My success fully equalled my expectations, and evening overtook me before I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which forbade my leaving the element on which I was gliding along. I have mentioned that it was autumn; immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of the year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell upon those sad and melancholy associations that suggest themselves to the mind, when nature in her garb of decay presents herself to the eye; it reminds us, that human pride, and human happiness, like the perishing things around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline; that the spring of life flies; that the summer of manhood passeth away, and that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the waters curled its surface in waves that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around. The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds. His last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow sombre lustre the umbered foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquility; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased. Immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees, and thick shrubs, filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so

as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced, imagination took a wilder range and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forests assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashions of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would change their figure, which again, from the same cause, would give way to another, and another, and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances. Distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels, and attendants, dwarfs and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of phantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions. Thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moon-beams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the denser masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance; while rising above them, the evening star twinkled with its solitary ray. I could not be said to feel pleasure; it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view: my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that overwhelmed me at thus beholding in their pride of loveliness the works of the creating Spirit.

In the meantime the boat sailed rapidly onward, with a velocity so much increased that it awakened my attention. This, however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had since his entrance into the boat lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me with his renewed barking, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land, and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his unwillingness he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an interrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked, that though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the boat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought with considerable anxiety for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat pre-

sented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time, my dog sprang over the side of the boat, and I saw him with considerable difficulty obtain a safe landing. Still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to retain his secure situation or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have before mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur; it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddered, and grew cold to think of the fate to which I was hurrying, without hope or succor, or a twig to catch at to save me from destruction. In a few moments, I should in all probability be dashed to atoms on the rocks, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death. I had seen him in various forms. I had been in camps where he rages; but never till now did he seem so terrible. Still the beautiful face of nature which had tempted me to my fate was the same. The clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds were above me, and high in the heaven, with the same dazzling brightness, shone the stars of evening, and in their tranquility seemed to deride my misery. My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects, a mist was over my eyes—but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Then strange fancies took possession of my mind. Things, of whose shape I could form no idea, would seize me, and whirl me around till sight and hearing fled. Then I would start from the delusion as from a dream, and again the roar of the cataract would ring through my ears. These feelings succeeded each other with indefinite rapidity, for a very few minutes only could have elapsed from the time I became insensible to the time of my reaching the waterfall. Suddenly, I seemed whirled along with inconceivable swiftness, and, in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or rather driven headlong, with amazing violence and rapidity. Then a shock as if my frame had been rent in atoms succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered, in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam; and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, lifted from the water, but human nature could not bear such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained. I heard no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep. But my memory was

totally ineffectual to explain to me what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the slightest idea of my present or former existence. I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorant of its origin, which I imagine a creature placed in the situation I have supposed would experience. I know not whether I make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure, but some allowance will, I trust, be made in consideration of the novel situation and feeling which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was. I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees, I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity; but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation. Of my sailing on the river—of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Ohiofyle, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it—but no one was visible. My next thought was to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house; but, on trial, I found that my limbs were too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alternative.

After this, I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time. Yet I had some occasional glimpses of what was passing about me. I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who, I thought, had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form, which had fitted around me. One day, as I lay half sensible on my bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow, and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers, it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the old man, was music to me—her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I had never before beheld. During the whole time of my illness, those white fingers, those bright blue eyes, and the sound of that voice, were ever present to my diseased imagination, and exerted a soothing influence over my distempered feelings.

At length the darkness that had obscured my mind and memory passed away; I was again sensible, and could call to mind with some little trouble a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still, however, of my reaching the edge of the rock over which the full stream rushes with fearful violence, of the shock which I experienced when dashed down the cataract, and of my terrible feelings, I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one with whom I might converse about these strange occurrences, and from whom I might

gather information concerning those things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree recruited, I endeavored to rise, and succeeding in the attempt, examined the room in which I lay, but no one was there; my next labor (and a work of labor I found it) was to put on some clothes which I found deposited on a chair. Being equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit, I commenced my operations. My first step was to enter into an adjoining room, which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was, however, likewise destitute, as I thought, of inhabitants; and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention, and turning round, I beheld with no small satisfaction my old fellow-traveller, Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog, and I was busily engaged in patting and caressing him, when, turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded on. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy had dwelt, stood looking at us, supporting with one arm the old man, her father, while, on the other, hung a basket of flowers. I stood gazing at them, without speaking. I know not what magic made me dumb—but not a word escaped my lips. She was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seeing me able to depart from my couch; chiding me at the same time for so doing without leave. She smiling said,

"I am, at present, your physician, and I assure you that I shall exercise the power which I have over you, as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible."

"But," added the father, "we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection; he is our guest, and not our captive." By this time, I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for this kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I was conscious I must have occasioned to them. But my politeness was cut short by the frank assurances of my host, reiterated more gently, but not less warmly by his lovely daughter. Carlo and I were now separated, much against the wishes of both, but my fair physician was inexorable, and I was compelled to turn in again, in seaman's phrase, till the morrow, and to suspend for the same time my curiosity.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favor me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my eagerness, and promised to satisfy my curiosity. It was easily done. The old man had a son, who, passing by the Falls of Ohiofyle some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the moanings and lamentations of a dog, and descending, to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river-side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of trees. From this situation, he had great difficulty, first, in rescuing me, and having succeeded in that point, in carrying me to his father's dwelling, where I had

lain several days, till by his daughter's unremitting attention (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgent business,) I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength. Such were the facts which I contrived to gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down, or slightly passing over every thing the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or tend to their own praise. As to themselves, my host was a Pennsylvania farmer, who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself a sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me (which they assured me was not the case.) Many other good things were said at the time, which I forget, for—shall I confess it? the idea that all that had been done for me was the effect of mere general philanthropy displeased me. When I looked at the lovely woman who had nursed me with sister-like affection, I could not bear to reflect that any other placed in a similar situation might have been benefited by the same care, and have been watched over with equal attention, and greeted with the same good natured smile; that I was cared for no more than another, and valued merely as a being of the same species with themselves, to whom, equally with any other, their sense of duty taught them to do good.

In a day or two my health was so much improved, that I was permitted to walk out in the small garden which surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling; its thatched roof, with patches of dark green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls, and chimney with the wreaths of smoke curling above it; the neat glazed windows; the porch, and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green grass-plot edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with "wee modest" daisies, and the moss-rose tree in the middle, were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever, and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host; but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy, too, at the thought of leaving the old man, and his beautiful and good daughter; "and yet it cannot be helped," I repeated again and again. "How happy I should be," I thought, "in this lovely spot, and perhaps, the daughter"—dare a man at first acknowledge even to himself that he is in love? "And why should I not be happy?"

I am now married, need I say to whom? And the white-washed cottage, with its mossy thatch, has the same attractions for me; nay, more, for it

is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me; my wife loves me; and her father is happy in seeing her happy. Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied, or in want. Often do I thank God for any blessings, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the Falls of Ohioyle.

J. S. D.

From the Polish of Adam Mickiewicz.

SONNET.

Written in the ancient capital of the Khans of Crimea.

The palace of the Siraya is deserted—
From its proud walls their pride has passed away;
No Pacha bends him in the vestibule:
And midst the sofas, and the seats of power,
And softer couch of love, the cricket sings,
And the worm gnaws. The woodbine through yon
window
Creeps in fastoons, and thus in nature's name,—
As on Belshazar's wall the hand of God—
Writes—"Ruin," on the tower untenanted.
In the mid court I see a marble vase,—
The fountain of the harem, time-respected,
Drips to the solitude its pearly tears,
And murmurs,—Love, power, glory, where are ye?
Shame! Shame!—the source flows on, and ye are
vanished all!

ENGLISH SMUGGLERS.

HARRY WOODRIF.

The smugglers are the only race of people in England who have not been at all acted upon by the improvements of society. Every where else civilisation has been hard at work; scouring through the land with the speed of a two-penny postman,—building schools, breeching Highlanders, and grubbing up the spirit of adventure from the very bosom of rocks and mountains. It has made a smart attack too on the gipsees, but with only a sort of pyebald success, robbing the galleys to augment the population of Botany Bay; taking off the edge of their daring, yet, by no means lessening their indolence, or their love of petty larceny. But the smuggler,—the sturdy smuggler,—is still the same creature he was fifty years ago, and even allowing him to be a villain,—villain is a hard word,—there is yet something noble in his doings and his sufferings. In fact, the good people of this city know as little about him as they do of Prester John, or the Cham of Tartary. I have some right to speak on the subject, for one part of my early days was spent on the sea-coast, when,—to my shame be it spoken,—I preferred the smugglers to my books; and, from many wild pranks, became a favorite among them. There was one outlaw in

particular, Harry Woodriff, or Woodrieve, who was much attached to the MASTER, as they called me, partly, I believe, from the engerness with which I listened to his tales of himself and his associates, and not a little because he mistook my romantic feelings for courage. Our acquaintance, or rather, our intimacy, commenced by my going out with him in a storm, to the relief of a distressed collier, when the chances were twenty to one against our ever returning; but with me it certainly was not courage; there was an exaltation of the spirits more like the effect of wine, as we swept along the waves, that at one moment rose like a mountain, and in the next opened almost to the very sands. I feared no danger, for I *felt* no danger, and there can hardly be courage without the consciousness of peril. But Harry was not the man to look so nicely into things; I had shown no symptoms of fear, and that was enough for him, who held that a stout spirit included all the cardinal virtues: ever after he loved me as a son, and many a tale did I gather from the sturdy smuggler, as he paced up and down the cliff with his glass in his hand, on the look-out for what the sea was next to bring him.

It was not, however, of Harry's early stories that I would speak at present, though a time may come for them too, but of our meeting two years ago, when we least expected it, and for an end that thrilled my blood with horror. Remember this is no fiction; here and there some local deviations are introduced, for reasons sufficiently obvious, but the main facts, are as true as that the sun is in the heavens.

It was in the autumn of 1820, that my friend, Lieutenant E——, invited me to pass a few weeks with him on the coast where he was stationed on the preventive service,—an invitation that had been too often repeated to be again slighted without offence to honest Frank, whose heart was much better ballasted than his head. Accordingly I set out a little before sun-rise, and by six o'clock at night I reached my friend's house. This was a snug cottage, about a hundred yards from a long bed of shingle, which had originally been thrown up there by the sea, and which now served as a defence against its encroachments. As it was impossible to drive the chaise up to the door, I was obliged to get out, and having paid the post-boy, shouldered my portmanteau, and strode forward to the cottage, where the first thing I heard was the voice of my friend, the Lieutenant, loud in anger on some half dozen subjects, which he contrived to twist together like the different plies of a cable, and of which my absence seemed to be the principal.

"Confound all landlubbers!—Peg, you jade, hand us up the supper—Kit not cleaned my barkers yet! If I don't give that fellow monkey's allowance—Betsy—What a d——d fool the captain must be to let them smugglers get off—Betsy—Well, well, George—Betsy—D——n it, you're as stupid as the girl. Hand over that bundle of cigars—I tell you what George,"—

"Well, what will you tell me?" said I, breaking in upon his medley soliloquy.

"George!—glad to see you with all my heart and soul, boy. You're just in time."

"Yes, I smell the supper."

"You shall smell gunpowder my boy, before you are two days older. A cargo from Dunkirk—red stern—twelve men and a boy—white gunnel—know all about her—figured on the other side," he added with a knowing wink, at the same time jingling some loose silver in his pocket. "D——n it all, I was afraid you'd be too late for the fun, but here you are, and in good time."

"I can't say I see the fun."

"But you shall, boy; you shall go with us; they fancy like devils; no sneakers among them."

I fancy my face testified no great symptoms of delight at the proposed amusement, for the Lieutenant, though not much given to observation, exclaimed quickly, "Your not afraid, lad?"

Still, I rather think, I should have declined this favor,—for Frank really meant it as a favor,—if his wife had not come in at the critical moment: no man would even seem to be a coward in the presence of a woman, and, before I well knew what I was about, my word was pledged to the business, to the infinite delight of Frank, who thereupon showed me, with great glee, a brace of barkers, as he called them, that Kit was to scour for my especial service. As to any danger I might run, that never once entered into Frank's calculation; he looked on these smuggling frays much as a fox-hunter looks on the chase, in which bruises and broken heads are necessary contingencies, not to be talked of for a moment, and which by no means take away from the pleasure of the pursuit.

Super over, and the regular allowance of pipes and grog being duly despatched, I was suffered to retire, with a promise from Frank of calling me if there was any stir among the smugglers; a promise that, it may be easily supposed, was altogether unsolicited on my part; indeed, I could have willingly dispensed with his punctuality on this point, but I knew him too well to doubt his keeping his word, and it was now over late to draw back; so bed therefore I went, in all that ferment of the spirits, which men of sedentary habits never fail to experience after a day of travel.

It was ten o'clock before I rose from my morning sleep,—the only sleep I had enjoyed,—and on going down to breakfast, I found that my friend was out, and myself very much in the way of Peggy and her mistress, whose daily occupations were at a stand-still from laziness. My hostess had involuntarily caught up a broom that had been left by Peggy, and I plainly saw that she was burning to commence a vigorous campaign against the dust and the spiders. In pity, therefore, to her troubles, I swallowed down my breakfast, without, indeed, the least danger to my throat, and posted off in quest of my friend, the Lieutenant, who, she told me, was at the battery, a name by which they had dignified a large mound of earth with two old guns, that might be said to be on half-pay, for though

they retained their place, they were never employed. It was not, however, my fate to reach the battery that morning, for I must needs try to make a short cut to my end, by which as many wise men have done before me, I lost it altogether. The ground, a large tract of open country, was intersected by dykes; the first of these, having low banks, and not being very wide, I got over easily enough; the next was too much for me, and I therefore bent my course to a narrower part, which again led me into another difficulty, to be avoided by a similar circuit, and so on, till I was completely entangled. The greater my efforts now, the more they removed me from my object, and, at last, they brought me to a small hollow, partly formed by nature, and partly by the chalk having been originally dug out for the purpose of making lime; three sides of it were perpendicular rocks, with here and there a few broad weeds, not unlike dock-leaves, shooting through the interstices; the fourth sloped roughly down to a depth of ninety feet, or perhaps more, and was covered with briars that twined their long thin arms with the high grass, and made the descent a work of toil, except by one beaten path. In breadth it was about two hundred feet, in length full twice as many. In the bottom was a cottage and garden, as I expected, for I had been used to these artificial glens in Kent, where they are sure to find occupants the moment they are deserted by the chalk-miners. A soil is easily and cheaply formed from the sea-weed, while the exclusion of the wind, and the reflection of the sun from the chalk, make a shelter for trees and vegetables, which will thrive there much better than on the open downs, exposed as they are to all the bleakness of the weather, and the influence of the salt sea-air.

Curiosity led me down into the hollow, where I found the door of the cottage, and the first object that attracted my attention was a young girl, apparently not more than seventeen years of age; even in a drawing-room, amidst lights and crowds, the enemies to all romance, I should yet have noticed her as something singular; but here, in this wild glen, where the mind was previously prepared by local circumstances for the reception of every fanciful impression, I felt as much startled at her presence as if she had been a shadow from the world of spirits. Her form though extremely elegant in its proportions, seemed as light and airy as if no earth had entered into its composition; her hair curled in jet-black ringlets about a face that was as pale as marble; her eyes were of a deep blue, with an expression that was something akin to madness; and a dark melancholy sat on her forehead, that seemed to fling a shadow over the whole face, and deepen its natural paleness. What rendered her still more striking was the utter discordance of her dress and manners with the luxurious poverty about her, in which wealth and want were strangely blended. A deal table, scored and stained, was waited upon by half a dozen mahogany chairs, of as many fashions as there were chairs; two large silver goblets stood in the same row with a party of coarse white plates, flawed and fractured

in every direction; and a Brussels carpet was spread on the floor, though the laths of the ceiling showed through the plaster above, like ribs from the thin sides of poverty. On the mantel-piece, which was tolerably well smoked, was a handsome gold time-keeper, flanked by a whole host of tobacco-pipes in every possible stage, from the black stump to the immaculate whiteness of the perfect tube. Higher up, guns, pistols, and cutlasses were ranged in formidable order, and with the same love of variety no one weapon had its fellow. I had been too much used to such dwellings in boyhood not to guess pretty well upon what company I had stumbled, and when a man came out of the inner room I was prepared to see a smuggler, but not to see Harry Woodriff. It was Harry, however!—the identical Harry!—and though full fifteen years had elapsed since we last walked together on the cliffs of Kent, I knew him that instant; it was impossible to mistake that peculiar face; the features were too strongly cast originally to be much affected by time, which, indeed, had only hardened the mould against successive years, and not altered it. His name burst from my lips involuntarily—"Harry Woodriff!"

"Aye, aye," exclaimed the old man, without the least symptom of recognition.—"What cheer now, messmate?"

"Don't you know me, Harry? Don't you remember your old friend George, and our going off to the brig *Sophy*?"

"What! the Master!—Sink the customs! you can't be he: George was a little rosy-faced chap no higher than this table."

"That was fifteen years ago, Harry; and fifteen years will make a difference in your *little rosy-faced chaps no higher than the table*."

"Right, messmate;—Sink the customs! and so you are the Master!—D—n you"—And he grasped me with his iron hand till my bones cracked again, though without the slightest change of feature on his part, or any symptoms of emotion in his voice.—"Am as glad to see you as though you were an anker of brandy—Nance, girl,"—turning to his daughter, who had hitherto looked on our meeting with silent curiosity,—"*Fetch us a drop of the right stuff, and a clean pipe—Though stay, there's plenty of pipes here.*"

"I don't smoke, Harry, and as to drinking,"—

"You don't drink neither?"

"Not at this hour."

"Why Lunnun has clean spoilt you, Master—you could smoke, and drink too for that matter, and without asking whether it was morn or midnight.—But you're another-guess sort of chap now. You had better have staid in Kent, Master."

"Why did you leave it?"

"Wouldn't do—grew hot as h—ll—sink the customs!"

"I doubt whether you have much mended the matter by coming here."

"Aye, aye; hard times, Master, when a poor man can't eat his bread and cheese without fighting for it first.—Net that I much mind that either, if

things were a little more on the square, but 'tis d—d hard to fight with the rope round one's neck. It was all fair enough when they looked after the cargo and let the man alone: if they could seize the goods, that was their luck; if we got off, that was ours; and all friends afterward. But now if they catch you, they haul you off to jail, and if you fight for it, they hang you up as though you were a pirate.—Sink the customs!"

"Better take to some other business."

"Why, look ye, lad; I'm hard on sixty, and that's over late to go on a new tack. But here comes Nance with the grog—What's that bottle, girl?"

"Some of the claret that you brought over last week for the inn-keeper of——"

"A vast heaving, Nance—Not that I think Master would tell tales, but,—draw the cork."

This was more easily said than done, a corkscrew forming no part of Harry's domestic economy, and for a long time Nancy worked at it with a broken fork to very little purpose.

"Hand it over," said Harry, and he gravely knocked off the neck of the bottle.

"There; I've done it—Brave liquor it is too, so help yourself, Master.—Sink the customs! Do you call that helping yourself? Here's a change! You could put your beak deep enough into a pint pot when you were a younker."

"Let me help you, Sir," said Nancy, and she filled up my glass with a grace that certainly did not belong to a smuggler's cottage. I could not keep my eyes off her, and the old man must have read my thoughts, for he spoke as if in answer to them.

"She did not learn it of me, you may be sure, Master; it was all got at Miss Trott's boarding school."

"So, so," thought I—"Another precious instance of parents educating their children above the situation they are to fill in life,—refining them into misery." Something of the same kind was evidently passing through Nancy's mind, for her eyes were suffused with tears, to the sore annoyance of the smuggler, who was doubtfully fond of her notwithstanding his apparent apathy, and who was loved by her in return with no less sincerity.

"What's the matter with you, Nance?—Squalls again!—Is there any thing I can do for you?"

There was a beseeching look in Nancy's eyes, the meaning of which I did not then understand, but which was perfectly intelligible to Harry, for he added, though in his usual even tone,—*"That is, any thing but the old story. Is it a gown you want? Silk!—Brussels lace? Only say the word, and it's yours; for not to tell you a lie, Nance, if you wished for all the shells that lie between here and Dunkirk, you should have them or I'd drown for it—Sink the customs!"*

And all this he said without the least correspondence of tone, or, indeed, any symptom of feeling except that he laid one of his huge iron paws on the girl's right shoulder, and gently patted her. Nancy made no answer but by leaning her head

on her father's brawny bosom. Following up my first idea of the unfitness of such a situation to a girl of her habits, I referred her grief to that cause; and under the idea of pleasing her, I ventured to suggest that she would do better by seeking her fortune in the world, and even proffered my assistance. She cut short this proposal, however, with a tone of energy and decision that completely silenced me.

"I shall go no where, Sir, without my father. Where he is, there his daughter must and shall be."

There was a moment's pause; I was too much confounded by the manner of this address to make any reply: Harry kept on smoking his pipe as if we had been talking of matters that in no wise concerned him, and in a language that he did not understand, while the girl herself seemed to be struggling with some internal resolution. For a few moments she fixed her wild flashing eyes on me with a gaze so keen that it made the blood start up into my cheeks, till at last, as if satisfied with the inquiry, she repeated in a milder tone, "I will not leave my father—Is this a time to leave him?" And she pointed to his grey hairs—"Is this a place?" I will not leave him. But oh, Sir, if you are his friend, persuade him to quit this life, which must sooner or later end by the waves, or the sword, or the gallows. Persuade him, Sir;—'tis a better deed than giving ten alms to the poor, for in that you save the body only, but here you save both soul and body. Persuade him, Sir;—he shall not want—indeed he shall not—I will work for him, beg for him, steal for him—"

The poor creature burst into tears, exclaiming, "O father! father!"

"Hey for Dunkirk! No soft-water, Nance; you know I can't abide it.—So, hark ye in your ear."

He drew his daughter aside, whispered a few words with his usual imperturbability, and finished by exclaiming aloud, "I will! sink the customs!"

"But will you indeed?"

"There's my hand to it—smuggler's faith!—Will you believe me now?"

Nancy only answered with a kiss; but there was still a restless expression about her eyes and lips that showed she was far from being satisfied; at the time I attributed it to some lurking distrust of her father's sincerity, for I had no doubt that he had promised her to give up smuggling; shrewd, however, as this guess was, it did not happen to be quite correct, and it was only by combining one fact with another that I afterward got at the whole truth. It seems that Harry had risked all he possessed, nearly four hundred pounds, in a single venture to Dunkirk, under the conduct of his son, and his promise to quit the free trade was with express reference to the safe return of his cargo,—a sort of compromise that could not altogether quiet the fears of Nancy. To those who are unacquainted with such scenes it may appear strange that the old man did not rather go out with the boat himself; but the fact is, that in smuggling, as much, if not more, depends on the management by land

than by water. Experience has shown these people that they can put very little confidence in each other; the temptations to betray are much too strong for their slender stock of honesty; and the chiefs, therefore, seldom trust more than one of their associates with the secret of the boat's landing-place, which one the rest follow at a moment's warning, through brake and briar, over moor and mountain, like so many wild ducks after their leader. Now, Harry thought, and wisely, that such a secret could be trusted to no one so well as to himself, and he had therefore sent out his son, a stout able young fellow who had been brought up to the business from his cradle, while he himself staid behind to look after the landing of the cargo.

It was now nearly two o'clock, the Lieutenant's dinner hour, and I rose to take my leave, saying, "To-morrow I will be here, again."

So saying, I left the glen and returned to the Lieutenant's; but, notwithstanding my improved knowledge in the geography of these parts, I did not arrive time enough to save my credit with my little fat hostess, whom I found in sad tribulation, fretting and fuming over half-cold fish, fowls done to death, and pudding that was as heavy as lead.

The day passed as might have been expected; my friend, in his capacity of host, toiled like a mill-horse to entertain me, and I, as in duty bound, labored equally to be entertained, though it was by objects that could have no interest for me whatever. I was dragged successively to see his new cutter, the two old guns, the kennel of his seamen,—I can give it no better name,—and the berth of his Mids, who, according to his idea of things, were lodged like princes. Their principality, however, did not appear to me a subject for much envy; it consisted of two apartments, one of which was a general bedroom, and the other a general parlor. The floor was sanded, and the white-washed walls were ornamented with a variety of long and short heads, and sundry witty inscriptions, such as "Tom Jenkins is a fool," "Sweet Polly Beaver," "Snug's the word," &c. &c. The windows, indeed, looked out upon the sea, and close under them was a patch of garden, which the Mids, in the lack of better occupation, had surrounded with a wall, formed of rude chalk blocks loosely piled together without cement; under this shelter a few cabbages contrived to run to seed amidst a luxuriant crop of thistles.

Having seen these lions, we returned to tea, and passed the dreary interval between that and supper-time in a water excursion, which only wanted a more congenial companion to have been delightful. I know nothing more annoying to a man of romantic habits than the being linked in with your plain matter-of-fact folks, who have no ideas associated with any subject beyond what are presented to them by the obvious qualities of form and color. My friend, though an excellent seaman, was precisely one of these: he saw nothing in the ocean but a road for shipping; and as to the sky, I question much whether he ever looked up to it, except to take an observation. Still this water excursion was not without its use; it had whiled away three

hours, and that was something; it had procured me an excellent appetite for supper, and that too was not to be slighted; and lastly, the sea-air had so much influence on me, that, when bed-time came, I dropped fast asleep the very moment I laid my head on my pillow. My sleep, however, was anything but quiet; I dreamt, and my dreams were full of grotesque images, and all more vivid than any I have ever experienced either before or after. The agony was too great for endurance, and I awoke. To my surprise there stood Frank by my bed-side, a pair of cutlasses under his arm, and a candle in one hand, while with the other he pulled and tugged at me might and main. He had no doubt been the black dog of my dreams, for his fingers were closed on my arm with the gripe of a blacksmith's vice.

"Why, how now, lad? You ate too much of the pork last night." And with that he gave me another shake as if he meant to shake my arm out of its socket.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" I exclaimed, for I was not yet quite awake; and black dogs, and Nancies, were making a strange medley of it in my brain.

"There's no time for talking—but clap on your rags as quick as may be."—And I set about dressing myself almost mechanically, while he paced up and down the room, as if he had been walking the quarter deck, whistling a very popular, but not very elegant tune in all manner of time, now fast, and now slow, according to the rise and fall of his fits of impatience. In a few minutes, the last tie was tied, and the last button buttoned.

"All ready, lad?—Here's your cutlass then, and your barkers. And now we'll clap on all sails and be up with them in a jiffy."

I was by this time fully aware and conscious of our business, for the night air, that blew on me as we left the cottage, sobered down the fumes of sleep in an instant. The wind was cold and boisterous, rolling the clouds along in dark broken masses over the sky, where neither moon nor stars were shining, but there was a dull grey light that just served to make the darkness visible. Frank was incessantly urging me to speed, though we were going at a brisk rate, and as we went along communicated to me the whole matter, as an additional stimulus to my tardiness. This was precisely what I anticipated; a smuggling boat had long been expected on this very night, according to his information from the other side of the water; and some fishermen, bribed to his purpose, had kept a sharp look-out from their smack, and had thus been able to give him timely warning of its approach. This story was told with great glee by my friend, but I must honestly confess that, "I had no devotion to the business." While all was dark, and still, and nothing announced that the fray was near, and I had reason to believe that it was at least a mile from us, I only felt anxious and bewildered; but when a sudden shout burst on us, followed by a rapid discharge of fire-arms and the turn of the cliff showed us the battle that moment

begun and not a hundred yards from us—what a change then came over me!—It was not fear, for it had none of the palsy of fear; my hand was firm and my eye was certain; but it was a most intense consciousness of self and of the present moment. I felt I scarce knew how, nor even at this distance of time can I well make out what were my feelings; to be thus suddenly dragged from warm sleep to deal with blows and death on the midnight shingle, was enough to stupify any man of peaceful habits, and such mine had been for years. At this moment, a voice seemed to whisper close to my ear, "*Mary!*" So perfect was the illusion,—if it was illusion,—that I involuntarily echoed, "*Mary!*" and looked up for the speaker. Yet no Mary was there—how, indeed, could she be!—Still it was her voice; I was neither drunk, nor dreaming, nor lunatic, and yet I heard it as clearly as ears could hear it, and at the sound my heart swelled, and I felt that I could dare any thing. In an instant I was in the very midst of the fray, dealing my blows right and left with all the fury of a maniac. As I learnt afterward, my death had been certain twenty times in the course of the scuffle, if it had not been for Frank, and still more for poor Harry, who was fighting among the smugglers, yet could not forget his young friend, though his hand was against him. Many a blow that was meant for me was parried by their watchfulness; but of all this I knew nothing: when all was over,—and it had scarcely lasted ten minutes,—I had only a confused recollection of having struggled stoutly for life amidst sword-cuts and pistol-shots, and men dropping as if struck by some invisible power. It is difficult to make any body understand this, who never has been in danger, or who has so often faced it, that the circumstance has lost its novelty; these are sensations that belong only to the first time of perilling life, and are totally independent of fear or courage; they cannot occur a second time.

The fray ended by the seizure of all the goods, the death of five smugglers, and the capture of two, who afterward contrived to get away. As to the rest, they all escaped, as I then imagined, by favor of the dykes and their better knowledge of the country, with the exception of one poor wretch, who was desperately wounded; him they bore into a near boat-house, which was nothing more than a rude shed, pitched and tarred, and covered with dry seaweed, as a sort of shelter for the nets and skiffs when not employed. Hither I went with the rest, and looked upon a scene that I shall not easily forget; the poor creature was lying on the ground, pale and dripping with blood; his neckcloth had been taken off, and his clothes were torn to tatters. As the torches glared on his eyes, they seemed blue and glassy, and as if fixed in their sockets; he was evidently dying, and though I had often looked on death in hospitals, I could not stand this sight. The visitations of nature may be even more painful to the sufferer, but there is something soothing in the idea that they are visitations of nature; the sick one is struck by the hand of the Deity himself

he is only undergoing the common doom: but a violent death is always connected with the idea of crime or of unusual suffering; it is an end that might have been avoided; and as I gazed on this poor creature, my very heart was sick; every thing was beginning to swim before me, when I rushed out into the open air, and even there I was forced to lean a few moments for support against the shed.

As I began to breathe more freely in the night-wind, my attention was caught by the sound of voices, and on looking round, I saw on the shingles below, on the other side of the dyke, where the fight had first taken place, a young girl, supporting a wounded smuggler in her arms; it was too dark to distinguish their faces with any degree of precision, but their voices soon betrayed them to me. My blood ran cold as I listened to the following short dialogue, for I was in the shadow and could not be seen by the speakers.

"Sink the customs? It's of no use, Nance; I'm fairly aground, and you han't strength enough to shove me off again. So here I must lie, old rotten hull as I am, till they find me, and then I swing for it."

"But try, father; only try; lean on me."

Again she endeavored to drag or rather support the old man forward, and her efforts were really wonderful for a creature so slim and lightly-formed. she actually succeeded in dragging him up a low bank, and even a few yards beyond it, but there her strength failed; she could go no farther, and it was only by an almost superhuman exertion that she held him from falling.

"It won't do, Nance; this shot in the thigh won't let me move an inch farther—so here I must be caught, and I suppose they'll hang me for being found in arms against the King's officers. Sink the customs! They shan't tie a noose about my neck, however. We'll blow up the ship sooner than she shall fall into the hands of the enemy. So give us a kiss, my girl—God bless you. And now—hey for Dunkirk!"

And I saw him hold a pistol to his breast, which Nancy seized with a suppressed scream. Poor thing! her gestures at that moment would have wrung pity from a heart of stone.

"For God's sake, father—for your Nancy's sake—there is yet hope. Some of our friends may return before the king's men leave the boat-house."

"Not much likelihood of that, Nance; they'll hardly slip their own necks into a halter to save mine."

And I stood listening to all this like a fool! I must have been bewildered—stunned by what had passed. But I was now awake again, and, cursing my own dullness that could waste so many precious moments, I dashed down in the dyke, waded knee-deep through the mud and water, and with infinite difficulty clambered up the opposite bank, where I was instantly observed by the old smuggler.

"Sink the customs! They are here, Nance."

In another moment I was at his side, but in that moment the pistol was discharged, and he dropped into my arms mortally wounded, exclaiming:—

"Sink the customs! You are too late to hang me, mesmate. Nance, my girl, they cannot say your father was hung; you're a wife now for any man,—the best in the land, let him be who he will. Sink the customs!"

"'Tis I, Harry—your friend, George Seymour."

"What the Master!—Give us your hand—d—n you!—You're a brave lad, Master—fought better than any six of the King's blue jackets, thof it was against myself.—But, Master,"—

He tried to go on, but could not, and was evidently bleeding apace internally, though one little drop of blood upon his lips was the only outward sign of injury.

"Master—you'll think of"—

Again the words were as if stifled in his breast as he pointed with a shivering hand to Nancy. But I replied to the sign, for I understood it well—too well.

"She shall not want a home, Harry, while I have one."

"God bless you, Master. Nancy, my girl, where are you!—The night grows so dark—or something is coming over my eyes—kiss me, Nance."

And Nancy moved toward him with a calmness that was truly frightful. As she stooped to kiss him, something like a smile passed over her blue lips.—May I never see such a smile again!—In the same moment Harry was slightly convulsed, and with a groan that was scarcely audible he expired in my arms.

By this time, the Lieutenant and his party, who had been alarmed by the report of the pistol, came up to us, and explanations were asked and given in less time than it has taken me to write or my readers to peruse them. Frank carefully minuted down every thing in his pocket-book, and, having given the dead body in charge to a party of his seamen, attempted in his rude way to comfort Nancy. The poor girl, however, was not in a state to need, or listen to, comfort; the blow had stunned her into insensibility, and there she stood a thing of life, but without its functions. After many fruitless attempts at consolation, he exclaimed in a tone that under any other circumstances had been ludicrous,—

"By G—d! the poor thing has gone mad or stupid! I tell you what, George, we'll have her home with us, and put her in Bet's hands; she's a better doctor than half our old women in the navy."

This was no sooner said than done, and without either thanks or opposition from Nancy, who seemed to have lost all powers of volition. The Lieutenant's wife, however, feeling that such a case was something beyond the usual range of her practice, begged the ship-surgeon might be sent for, and willingly sank into the subordinate situation of nurse, to the sore displeasure of Frank, who hated the very sight of a doctor. Yet neither the skill of the one, nor the more than sisterly attention of the other, availed any thing. The morning came, and she was evidently mad; a second, and a third day followed, and still she was no better; the idea that

her father lived, and was to be hung, had got firm hold of her mind, and nothing could root it out. All we could say was in vain; she brooded on this one thought with a gullen silence, much worse than any violence of frenzy could have been; and I now began to feel myself placed in a most awkward situation by my promise, so unwittingly given, to the father. It could not be expected that Frank would trouble himself many days longer with a maniac, and what was I to do with her? One moment I wished the poor thing might die, and in the next was angry with myself for my selfishness:—then again, I cursed the hour that brought me on such an unlucky visit; when, as if all this was not enough, I was summoned to the coroner's inquest, sitting on the body of Henry Woodriff. I was not a little surprised at such a call, but it seems I might have spared my wonder; for however the smugglers may perish, this ceremony is never omitted, and the inquest had already sat on the others who were found dead near the beach.

Internally vowing to leave this abominable place within the next four-and-twenty hours—never to return,—I set off in obedience to the summons of the law, and found the inquest assembled in the parlor of a little public-house, divided only by a field from the village. Here too was Frank, with a party of his sailors, either as witnesses or accessories. The foreman of the inquest was a short stout man, with a round face, and a short nose turned up as if in scorn of the two thick lips that opened beneath it, and a pair of yellow, flaring eyes, though destitute of all expression. He looked full of the dignity of his office, and, as I entered, was in the high tide of discussion with a stout young smuggler, who, by his tone and manner seemed to care very little for any body present. This proved to be the son of poor Harry; and he spoke out his mind as plainly as his father would have done, though not quite so coolly.

"Then, I'll be d—d if you do. Gentlemen, as you call yourselves, there's ne'er a Crowner of you all shall drive a stake through the old man's corpse, while there's a hand to this body."

"Respect the dignity of the court, young man. Your father, being compos, did make away with himself. I take it, gentlemen; the evidence is sufficient to that effect; but we'll presently examine Mr. Seymour—"

"My name is Seymour."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Seymour; I'll speak to you directly.—Your father, I say, being compos, did make away with himself, and the law, in that case made and provided, says,—"

"Damn the law. I say, whoever runs a stake through my father's body, I'll send a bullet through his head. So now you all knew my mind, and let him try it who likes it."

With this he burst out of the court, to the great dismay of the foreman, who, when he recovered from his surprise, said in a tone of grave importance:—

"This is contempt of the court, and must be punished."

The Lieutenant, however, put in his veto; for with all his roughness he did not want for feeling, and the gallantry of the young smuggler had evidently won his heart.

"Psha! the poor fellow only speaks up for his father, and he has a right to do so."

"Yes, but with your leave, Lieutenant E—,"

"Come, come, Master Denton, I know you are too kind-hearted to hurt the lad for such a trifle."

"Trifle! Do you call it a trifle to damn the court?"

"Well, call it what you will, but let the poor fellow go scot-free. He has enough of it already, I think; his goods have been taken, his father killed, and his sister is run mad."

"Why, as you say, Lieutenant E—, I am not hard-hearted, and—Oh, Mr. Seymour, I beg your pardon for detaining you. We want your evidence as to this business, merely as a matter of form. You were present when Harry Woodriff shot himself.—Administer the oath to Mr. Seymour."

The oath was accordingly administered in due form, and I was reluctantly compelled to tell the whole business, which still farther authorised the little foreman in his darling scheme of burying a man in the meeting of four roads, and driving a stake through his body. I do not believe he was really of a bad disposition, but this ceremony flattered his importance, besides that it gratified the appetite for horror so common to all vulgar minds. To have been present at such a sight, under any circumstances, would have delighted him, merely as a spectator; but to have it take place under his own immediate auspices, was too great a treat to be given up for any consideration that Frank or myself could offer. In addition to the mere pleasure of the thing itself, his persistency gave him in his own eyes all the dignity of a man resolute in the performance of his duty, however unpleasant, and in spite of the most powerful solicitations. We were, therefore, obliged to yield the point, and leave the field to the little foreman, who instantly selected half a dozen stout peasants to keep watch over the body.

In coming out we saw a knot of smugglers in earnest conversation at the end of the street, about fifty yards from us. Among them was young Woodriff, whose gestures spoke pretty plainly that the council was not a peaceful one, and the Lieutenant was not slow in guessing their purpose.

"Do you see them, George? Just as I thought:—they'll have a haul now at the old smuggler's body before night is over, and I'll not stand in their way for any coroner's quest of them all—not I. It's no seaman's duty to look after corpses."

As he said this, we came close upon the little party, who were suddenly silent, eyeing us with looks of scorn and sullen hatred, that made me expect a second fray; Frank, however, was too brave to be quarrelsome.

"You need not scowl so, lads; I have only done my duty, and mayhap I may be sorry to have it to do, but still it was my duty, and I did it, and will do it again, if the same thing happens again. But

that's neither here nor there. All I meant to say was, that I shall keep a sharp look-out on the water to-night for any boat that may be coming over; and, in case of the worst, I shall have all hands aboard. So, good bye to you."

"The Lieutenant's a brave fellow after all," said one, as we walked off—

"I never thought worse of him," replied young Harry; "but if I find out the scoundrel who first shot my father, b—t my soul, but he's as dead a mass as any that lies in the church-yard."

"Come on, George," cried the Lieutenant; "If I seem to hear what these fellows say, I must notice it, and I don't wish that, if I can help it—poor devils!"

It may be easily supposed, that the day did not pass very pleasantly, with me at least, who was not used to the trade of murder, though on Frank the whole business made very little impression; he was too much accustomed to such things to be much affected by them,—for a sailor's life is one of occurrences, while that of a studious man flows on so equally, that a simple thunder-storm is to him a matter of excitement. My brain seemed to reel again, and I was heartily glad when eleven o'clock gave me an excuse for retiring, for I was wearied out—mind and body, and wished for nothing so much as to be alone.

It was a dark and stormy night, though as yet no rain fell; the thunder too rolled fearfully, and the lightning leapt along the waters, that were almost as black as the clouds above them. I was too weary for sleep, and feeling no inclination to toss about for hours in 'bed, placed myself at the window to enjoy the sublimity of the tempest. At any other time this splendid scene would have been delightful to me, but now it awoke none of its usual sympathies: it was in vain that I tried to give myself up to it—my mind was out of tune for such things. Still I sat there, gazing on the sea,—when my attention was diverted by a gentle tap at the door, and ere I could well answer, it swung slowly back on its hinges, and Nancy stood before me, with a lamp in one hand, and a large case-knife in the other. I thought she was asleep, for her eyes, though wide open, were fixed; and her voice, when she spoke, was subdued and broken, exactly like one who talks in his slumbers. Something, however, may be attributed to the excited state of my fancy.

"I must pass through your window, it opens upon the lawn—for the front door is locked and the key taken away by the Lieutenant, who is out at sea to-night on the watch for smugglers."

As she muttered this indistinctly, she glided across the room to the window, and, undoing the button that held it, walked slowly out. Still impressed with the idea of her being asleep, I made no opposition, fearing that she might be seriously affected in health or mind by any sudden attempt to wake her. At the same time I resolved not to lose sight of her lest she should come into peril from the cliffs or the dykes, and accordingly I followed her steps at a short distance till we came to

the public-house. Late as the hour was, the people had not yet gone to bed, for lights were shining through the kitchen-window, and from the room immediately over it came the glimmer of a solitary lamp that stood on a table by the casement. Hitherto Nancy had gone on without taking the least notice of my presence, which had served to confirm me in the idea that she walked in her sleep,—but now she turned round upon me—

"The Lieutenant's wife told me truly; he is here; but not a word; follow me softly,—as though you feared to wake the dead."

I saw now that she was really awake, and my first impulse was either by force or persuasion to take her back. And yet to what purpose? If her madness should grow violent I could always overpower her, and at any rate we were going to, and not from, assistance. I did therefore as she bade me, and followed her in silence, while she went cautiously up to the window, and having examined what was passing within with all the deliberate cunning of a maniac, then gently lifted the latch of the door, which opened into a narrow brick-passage to the left of the kitchen. At the end of it was a short flight of stairs, and these led us into the room where I had before observed the lamp was burning; in the middle of the chamber was a plain deal coffin on tressels, in which lay the corpse of Harry, all but the face covered over with a dirty table-cloth. I now saw plainly that the peasants had held their watch below from pure fear of being in the same room with the dead, and a state of partial intoxication might account for their having left the door open,—but to what purpose was this visit of Nancy's? She did not long leave me in doubt.

"Now, Mr. Seymour; you call yourself my father's friend; you have eaten of his bread;—will you see him hung like a thief on a gibbet?"

The strangeness of this appeal startled me so that I knew not well what to answer. She repeated the question while her eyes flashed fire:

"Will you see him hung!—hung!—hung!—You understand that word, I suppose."

"My dear Nancy,"—

"By God's light, coward, I have a mind to put this knife into you. Don't you see he is their prisoner—in chains?—And to-morrow he will be tried and hung—Yes, my poor father will be hung."

And in her changing mood she wept and sobbed like an infant; this, however, did not last long—

"But they shall not—no—they shall not. Here, take this knife—plunge it into him, that they may not have him alive—'tis a hard task for a daughter, and since you are here, take it and stab him as he sleeps—mind you do not wake him though—stab home,—no half-work—home to the heart—you know where it is—Here—here."

She placed my hand upon her heart as if to show me where to strike—I drew back shuddering.

"Coward!—But you shall do it—it is a task of your own seeking—you came here of your own

free will—I did not ask you to follow me—and you shall do it!"

I knew not what to say or do, and for a moment thought of flinging myself upon her to force away the knife, when I heard a scuffle below. A few blows were exchanged, a single pistol-shot discharged, and immediately after was the tramp of feet upon the stairs. Nancy uttered a loud shriek—

"They are here!"

Scarcely were the words uttered than she rushed up to the coffin, and ere I could prevent her, plunged the knife twice or thrice into the dead body. In the same instant the room was filled with smugglers, headed by young Woodruff, who was astonished, as well he might be, at the extraordinary scene before him.

"Mr. Seymour!—Nance too!—Poor girl!—But we have no time for talking, so all hands to work and help bear off the old man to the boat—we'll soon have him in fifty fathoms water out of the reach of these b—d harpies."

"My father!—you shall not take my father from me!"—shrieked the poor maniac.

"Be quiet, Nance!—Gently, lads, down the stair-case—look to our Nance, Mr. Seymour—gently, lads—I'd sooner knock twenty living men on the head than hear one blow given to a dead one."

So saying, and having again briefly entreated my care of his sister, he followed the corpse out, while the unfortunate maniac, quite contrary to my expectations, made no further opposition. She leant for a time against the window without speaking a word, and, when I tried to persuade her to return, very calmly replied,—“with all my heart. To what purpose should I stay here since they have taken my father from me? They'll hang him now, and I cannot help it."

"My poor girl, your father is dead."

Nancy smiled contemptuously, and, passing her hand across her brow as if exhausted, said, "I am ready to faint; will you be kind enough to fetch me a glass of water."

She did, indeed, seem ready to drop, and I went down into the kitchen to fetch the water. Seven or eight smugglers were there keeping watch over the peasants, and the sentinel, mistaking me for an enemy, levelled his pistol at my head; but the priming flashed in the pan, and, before he could repeat the attack, an old man, who had often seen me with Frank, stepped between us just in good time to save me by his explanation.

Upon telling him my purpose he directed me to the well in the yard, at the same time putting a lantern into my hand with a caution to "look to the rotting tackling."—A caution that was not given without good reason, for the wood-work round the well was so decayed that it would scarcely bear the action of the cylinder.

In a few minutes I had drawn up the bucket, and hastened back to Nancy with a jug full of the water. To my great surprise she was gone, and I now saw—too late indeed,—that her request for water was merely a trick to get rid of me, that she

might the better escape, though, what her farther object in it might be, I could not possibly divine. It was not long, however, before I learnt this too; for on looking out of the window, I saw her, with the lamp still in her hand, pushing out to sea in a small skiff, that was half afloat, and held only by a thin cable. How she contrived to throw off the rope I know not, but she did contrive it—perhaps she had the knife with her, and cut it. Be this as it may, she was pushing off amid the breakers that burst about her most tremendously, and kept up a most violent surf for at least half a mile from the shore. Was not this under the idea of rescuing her father?

In an instant I gave the alarm, and the smugglers, leaving the peasants to do their worst, hurried off with me to the beach. Nancy was now about a hundred yards from the shore in the midst of a furious surge, for though it was too dark to see her, the glimmer of the lamp was visible every now and then as the boat rose upon the waters.

"By G—d! it's of no use," said the old smuggler,—"No skiff can get through them breakers."

"Well, but she has."

"Not yet, master—see—the light's gone—it's all up with her now."

The light had indeed gone, and not as before to rise again with the rise of the waters. Minute after minute elapsed, and still all was dark upon the waves,—and the next morning the corse of Nancy Woodriff was found on the sands, about half a mile from the place where she had first pushed off amid the breakers!!!

G. S.

SONG.

BY C. WOLFE.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow

O'er that brow a shadow fling?

Go, forget me—and to-morrow

Brightly smile and sweetly sing.

Smile—though I shall not be near thee;

Sing—though I shall never hear thee;

May thy soul with pleasure shine

Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Go, forget me, &c.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,

Clothes the meanest things in sight;

And when thou, like me, art going,

Loveliest objects fade in night.

All things looked so bright about thee,

That they nothing seemed without thee,

By that pure and lucid mind

Earthly things were too refined.

Like the sun, &c.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,

Softly on my soul that fell;

Go, for me no longer beaming—

Hope and beauty! fare ye well!

Go, and all that once delighted

Take, and leave me all benighted;

Glory's burning—generous swell,

Fancy and the Poet's spell.

Go, thou vision, &c.

THE VELVET GOWN.

A TALE OF A VERY GREAT BALL.

"Never trust to appearances."

"A velvet gown in a ball room!" exclaimed Miss Sophia Metheglyn, bridling up, and insolently passing a lonely lady, at a great ball in the little town of —, which had been got up on purpose to entertain Sir Spencer Traverstone, who had just come of age, and into the possession of the family estate, and a seat in Parliament for that interesting little borough. The male inhabitants were interested in getting up this great ball, because they wanted a new road made at their representative's expense; and the ladies, that is to say, the unmarried ladies, were interested in getting up the ball, because Sir Spencer was a bachelor, and every individual lady felt that it was possible the baronet might feel disposed to "pop the question" to herself, and make her Lady Traverstone. Lady Traverstone! The name was worth struggling for, especially by those whose papas and mammas were nothing but "Mugge's," "Twist's" and "Greenwigg's"—names destitute of all aristocratical associations, and when pronounced leading the hearer to conclude that the fair possessors were not of the most refined class of creatures of earth's mould. "A velvet gown in a ball room!" exclaimed Miss Sophia Metheglyn, with a sneer, as she gave her hand to Captain Gorget, of the militia, and was led by him through the first figure of the quadrille.

"A velvet gown in a ball room!" ejaculated Mrs. Major Meggridge, upturning her nasal promontory, with dignified contempt.

"A velvet gown in a ball room!" whispered divers young ladies, flaunting in satins, and silks, and muslins, bedecked and bedizened with ribands and artificial flowers of all the colors of the rainbow.

The object of the gayer-looking ladies' contempt was a fair and delicately-formed girl, who did not seem to be personally acquainted with anybody in the room, and who conversed with the old gentry master of the ceremonies only, and he being held in very slight estimation by the beaux and belles of —, and only kept in his office from motives of charity, the lady in the velvet gown was unanimously declared to be a nobody; and though the plain white rose in her braided hair intimated that she was willing to dance, she was not invited: the

Muggs's and Metheglyn's had declared her a "no-body," and, of course, no gentleman could ask the lady out after that.

The young ladies who had adorned themselves to catch the eye of Sir Spencer, and his heart into the bargain, now began to think it very strange that the baronet did not make his appearance. He had stated positively that he would be in —, on the day in question, and would also positively attend the ball in the evening. The flowers that had been gathered in the morning to be strewed before him as he walked up the passage to the saloon, had already assumed a very sickly hue, and the nineteen little boys who had been hired to cry "hurrah!" outside the door, on Sir Spencer's arrival, had gone home to bed; the lights began to burn dim, and the music to be unsteady. The gentlemen then looked at one another significantly, as much as to say that it was a very great slight, and a shame, that Sir Spencer did not come; their thoughts involuntarily descending into their pockets, as they looked around them at the costly preparations. The disappointed young ladies showed that their tempers were ruffled, in various little ways, and, of course, the lady in velvet was the subject of some rather malicious remarks. As the disappointed belles grew louder and louder in their criticisms, they, of course, reached the ears of the subject of them. Miss Waggebridge "thought it a pity that ladies did not understand what sort of attire was consistent with the rules of propriety in a ball room!" and Mrs. Henry Fitzwankay insinuated that "velvet was cheap wear in the long run, as it served for any and all occasions." This produced a general titter among the gentlemen, who vowed that Mrs. Fitzwankay had said a very good thing; but the ladies, more spiteful than ever, tossed up their beautiful heads, and one and all agreed that "velvet was not cheap at all, unless some people got it from other people, who had done with it." The lady in the offensive velvet did not seem at all discomposed by the remarks of the company, but chatted with the master of the ceremonies, who was delighted with the lady's condescension.

Suddenly the shouting, at the top of their voices, of five of the nineteen little boys, whose maternal parents had whipped them, and sent them back to the doors of the assembly rooms, to earn the promised sixpences, sounded like fairy music upon the ears of the assembly. Up started beaux and belles; the musicians with sudden energy struck their strings, and blew their wind instruments, to the tune of "See the conquering hero comes!" the gentlemen shook their pocket handkerchiefs, and hustled about as if they had a great deal of business upon their hands; and did not know what particular part of it to touch upon: the young ladies exerted their best abilities to look amiable and interesting: all was bustle, animation, and excitement. The gouty master of the ceremonies hobbled to the door, and there stood with all the dignity that he could command, to receive the baronet; and even the lady in the black velvet gown appeared delighted. At last, in came Sir

Spencer Traverstone, dispensing gracious smiles to all present, and looking so delightfully interesting that every female heart was subdued. The baronet rapidly made his way through the lane of happy beings to the top of the room, where the lady in velvet was sitting, and the lady arose as Sir Spencer approached. To the great surprise of all present the baronet took the lady by the hand, and addressing the company, said—"My respected friends—Business of public importance has detained me at —, until this time, and I am sorry that I cannot remain long in so happy a party, as my presence in London is required immediately; indeed, I must set off to-night. Though I could not be with you at the time appointed, I have, I trust, shown that I sincerely appreciate the kindness in which your invitation was conceived, by requesting one who is most dear to me to attend your festivity. Although already dressed for travelling, and no change of attire being practicable, (for the best of all possible reasons, that her wardrobe was on its road to London), my dear Lady Traverstone set off immediately, and I, no doubt, have occasion to thank you for your very kind and very generous reception and entertainment of her ladyship—*my wife!*"

The consternation of beaux and belles may be conceived; the ladies hung down their beautiful heads, and the gentlemen stammered, and twisted their pocket handkerchiefs, and first looked up to the ceiling and then looked down upon the floor. The calling for another dance relieved them from their embarrassment, and to their places they rushed with admirable dexterity; but when the dance was over, and every gentleman having collected their thoughts, had resolved upon paying the most gallant attention to the velvet gown, the discovery was made that Sir Spencer Traverstone had departed, and the black velvet was no longer visible. Enquiries were made, and it was found that Sir Spencer and Lady Traverstone had left in their travelling carriage five minutes before. And not only was a husband lost to some one of the young ladies of this interesting locality, but the gentlemen, also, were obliged to pay for their new road themselves!

LEXINGTON.

THE INVITATION.

Come where the nightingale singeth,
Her chime, at the close of day;
Come where the butterfly wingeth,
Her glittering noontide way—

Together we'll rove
Thro' meadow and grove,

And our souls shall be steeped in music and love;

And O! I will be

All this world to thee,

And thou and thy love shall be dearer to me!

INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

Bernardine.—I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with bullocks. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke.—Oh, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bernardine.—I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Measure for Measure.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praiseworthy part of the world, who have been born and bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom fortune has left to shift for themselves!" Such was my feeling ejaculation when full of penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended my way to the attorney who had swept together, and, for the most part picked up the crumbs which fell from my father's table. He was a little, grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk from washing, or that they had bought it second-hand, and were pretty nearly out at the elbows. They were completely emblematic of their possessor, whose religion it was to make the most of every thing, and, among the rest, of the distresses of his particular friends, among whom I had the happiness of standing very forward. My business required but little explanation, for I was oppressed by neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down to consider the readiest means of turning an excellent income for one year into something decent for a few more. My adviser, whose small experienced eye had twinkled through all the speculations of the age, and, at the same time, had taken a very exact admeasurement of my capabilities of turning them to advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted application; for another I wanted capital. "Now," said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irremediable, we must do what we can to supply the latter. Take my advice,—insure your life for a few thousands; you will have but little premium to pay, for you look as if you would live for ever; and from my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits, and the various chances against you, I will give you a handsome sum for the insurance." Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the proposal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil habits which had procured me his countenance. We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an Insurance office, where they were supposed to estimate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and were shown into a large room, where we found several more speculators waiting ruefully for the oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was a large table, round which, at equal distances, were placed little lumps of money, which my friend told me were to reward the labors of the Inquisition, among whom the surplus arising from absentees would likewise

be divided. From the keenness with which each individual darted upon his share and ogled that of his absent neighbor, I surmised that some of my fellow sufferers would find the day against them. They would be examined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice of their constitutions, by noses which would smell a rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How, indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony, expect to lurk in the hole undisturbed when surrounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry enough to devour one another? Whenever the door slammed, and they looked for an addition to their cry, they seemed for all the world as though they were going to bark; and if a straggler really entered and seized upon his moiety, the intelligent look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these gentry had assembled, the labors of the day commenced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon their natural lives, were afflicted with a natural conceit that they were by no means circumscribed in formation for such a project. In vain did the Board endeavor to persuade them that they were half dead already. They fought hard for a few more years, swore that their fathers had been almost immortal, and that their whole families had been as tenacious of life as an eel itself. Alas! they were first ordered into an adjacent room, which I soon learnt was the condemned cell, and then delicately informed that the establishment could have nothing to say to them. Some indeed had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer, but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man."

"I am the strongest gentleman in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No—the rheumatiz,—nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

"Oh, he died young; but then he was kilt in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No; they were all kilt in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, niver fear; I'm the swatest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which isn't often."

"What, sir, can you drink a little?"

"Three bottles—and aisy."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face, and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Divil a bit, sir. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles—"

"Never mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides, I intend to get married if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose among the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row" and "three bottles" rang hurry-scurry, around the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demurring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to shew herself, to be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her late husband had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds, and a widow!"

"Ah, madam," observed the chairman, "your husband made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. ——— a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of the dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes toward me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one, "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders too," said another, "not likely to be knocked in a row."

"Strong, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third, "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be further examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till

I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a fault in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand the lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in — street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity of your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty, disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but if you choose to bet the insurance you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said the cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me, "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, gratis."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epitaph Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust at the world, would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain — provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly, on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half-way

up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtle-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heart's-ease and love-lies-bleeding; the very canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and I would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen year's purchase. Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round, for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Gray," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half finished drawing of Apollo, which was, equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. "This witch," thought I, "is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus! I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple grey, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognise me. I was not quite prepared for this, and, in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologise and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence, and the East Indies, liver complaints and Life Insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation and papeter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-

bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union. "Oh, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband upon that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Grey and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, as they say at the Insurance Office!" The widow looked comically at the recollections which I brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty upon stilts; but put us on fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirables jokes, repeated touching passages from a new Poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalised, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eyes sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to the West Indies, or of going Missionary to New Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by the yellow-fever, or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lively hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance.

Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite; my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogised my modesty till it was well nigh burned to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate allusion to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third and the fourth and the fifth day, with twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took it upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last, with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once, to decide the question with the Insurance Office, and determine the course of my travels. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so.—What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered. "I am a sinner, a counterfeiter, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond, ——— but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped from her knee.

In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend the lawyer.

DEAR SIR,—It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me

oblige you to become an ensign in the West Indies or a Missionary in New Zealand, you may rely on my interest there.

THE PARTING.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Oh! is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in neither heart
Affection e'er did dwell?
And is it thus we sunder
Without or sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear?

We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,
Where first it was our lot
To breathe love's fondest vow!
That vow we joyed to tender
Within this hallowed shade—
That vow, we now surrender,
Heart-bankrupts both are made!

Thy hand is cold as mine,
As lustreless thine eye;
Thy bosom gives no sign,
That it could ever sigh!
Well, well! adieu 's soon spoken,
'Tis but a parting phrase,
Yet said, I fear, heart-broken,
We'll live our after days!

Thine eye no tear will shed,
Mine is as proudly dry;
But many an aching head
Is ours before we die!
From pride we both can borrow—
To part we both may dare—
But the heart-break of to-morrow,
Nor you nor I can bear!

THE PICTURE.

A horrid wood of unknown trees, that throw
An awful foliage, snakes about whose rigid
Festoon'd in hideous idleness did wind,
And swing the black-green masses to and fro.
A river—none knew whence or where—did flow
Mysterious through; clouds, swollen and lurid,
shined

Above, like freighted ships, waiting a wind;
And moans were heard, like some half-utter'd woe;
And shadowy monsters glided by, whose yell
Shook terribly th' unfathom'd wilderness.—
Where! The Great Maker his invisible
And undiscover'd worlds doth yet impress
On thought, creation's mirror, wherein do dwell
His unattained wonders numberless.

CATHERINE OF LANCASTER.

OR THE TOURNAMENT OF TOLEDO.

"Lay of love for lady bright."—Scott.

It was a day of unclouded splendor: the bells of Toledo rang out their most joyous peals; all that was gay, gallant, or beautiful among the English, Portuguese, and that part of the Castilian nobility who were disaffected to the existing government, were there assembled to witness the bridal festivities of the young King of Portugal and the Lady Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose marriage was there celebrated with a grandeur suitable to the rank of the royal bridegroom and the magnificent spirit of the father of the bride, who contemplated in this alliance the aggrandisement of another part of his family.

It is scarcely necessary to remind those who are acquainted with the chronicles of those days, of the claims which that Prince made to the crown of Castile, in right of his second wife, Constantia, eldest daughter of Peter the Cruel. To substantiate this claim he entered Spain with an English army of twenty thousand men, and the promise of farther assistance from his nephew, Richard II. of England. This, and the probable co-operation of the King of Portugal, caused great uneasiness to the reigning King of Castile, John of Trastamara, who, though his defective title was powerfully counterbalanced by the popularity of his government, and the disgust which the majority of the Castilians felt to the line of Peter the Cruel, was yet aware that the Duchess of Lancaster was not without a strong party among the old adherents of her father in Castile. The pretensions, of this lady were, indeed, likely to receive the ablest support from her husband, one of the richest and most powerful princes in Europe; and, above all, the family alliance now formed with the King of Portugal rendering his assistance no longer a matter of political speculation, raised to their acmé the hopes of the aspiring house of Lancaster. The hand of the fair heiress of these hopes and expectations was consequently sought by many a noble and even royal suitor, among the princes and grandees of the Peninsula, now assembled at Toledo to assist at the tournament proclaimed by the King of Portugal in honor of his bride.

Of these the King of Portugal's brother, Don Pedro, was the man most favored by the Duke of Lancaster; but the Lady Catherine beheld her princely lovers with equal indifference, and appeared oppressed with a melancholy for which no one could account, and which contrasted strongly with the gaiety that surrounded her, and with the overflowing happiness of her sister, the Queen of Portugal.

Attached to each other by a more than sisterly love, these Princesses appeared to have forgotten that they owed their birth to different mothers, and the sadness of the Lady Catherine was generally attributed to the approaching separation between

herself and that beloved sister. The royal bride herself was among the foremost in placing the dejection of the young Princess to that account; for, not even to her had Catherine revealed the cause of her disquiet. Well, indeed, was she aware, that the Queen of Portugal, notwithstanding her gentleness, sweetness of temper, and unbounded affection toward herself, was, in pride and zeal for the aggrandisement of her family, a true daughter of the house of Lancaster. It was not to her, therefore, that Catherine could declare that, while her alliance was sought by almost every royal house in Europe, her heart had been given in secret to an obscure individual (who, whatever were his graces of person and manner, and knightly accomplishments) she could not conceal from herself was a nameless adventurer.

At the bull-fights, riding at the ring, and all the other late chivalrous exercises of skill and courage, the prizes had been won by a young cavalier, unattended, save by a single squire. His only adornments were his white plumage and scarf. He displayed neither banner with armorial bearings, nor heraldic devices on his shield: no one knew him; and, contrary to the custom at such pageants, he gratified not the curiosity of the assemblage by raising his vizor when he received the palm of conquest. To the courteous entreaties of the Duke of Lancaster that he would declare his name and quality, he replied that he was a soldier of fortune, a wandering knight, who could claim no other name than that which he received at his baptism; and as he bore that in common with so many of every Christian nation, it could afford no particular satisfaction to that illustrious company even were he to reveal it.

In like manner he declined all invitations to partake in the princely hospitality of the Duke of Lancaster; and they who beheld him daily sharing in all deeds of hardihood and chivalric enterprise, sought him in vain in the banqueting rooms, or in the princely halls where the fair and the brave nightly assembled, to conclude with dancing and minstrelsy the diurnal pleasures prepared for them by the royal bridegroom and the father of the bride.

The general interest and curiosity excited by this singular conduct was felt by no one more powerfully than by the Lady Catherine, who, charmed with his knightly prowess and noble bearing, earnestly desired to penetrate the mystery that surrounded him.

It was with a feeling of pleasure which she could scarcely account to herself for experiencing, that she recognised his stately figure among a gaily-dressed group one evening at a mask given by her father on the banks of the Tejo. He wore the habit of an ancient Paladin, and appeared as though his sole business at this entertainment were to watch her movements. By a singular coincidence she had assumed the dress and character of a Saracen princess, and she availed herself of this circumstance to address him with the license allowed by this fascinating diversion.

"So far from Paris, Sir Paladin, when the Moor so closely besets the walls of the good city?"

The stranger Knight started at her observation, and replied—"Fair enemy, are thy words lightly spoken? or is it from the daughter of the invading Sultan that the loyal Paladin receives a friendly warning?"

"Sir Paladin, I see you are not a ready reader of riddles, and I leave you to the enjoyment of the perplexity I have unwittingly occasioned," said the Princess, turning from him with an air of playful coquetry. "Leave me not, fair arbitress of my destiny," said the Paladin, detaining her, "till I have poured forth my passion at thy feet."

"How, Sir Paladin! does a Christian Knight avow his love for a Pagan lady? What will holy mother church say to conduct so unworthodox?"

"Alas, fair tyrant! you but amuse yourself with the sufferings your beauty inflicts," said the Knight, withdrawing the Princess to a more retired spot. "But how can I, the nameless and obscure son of a nameless race, how can I dare to hope that a mighty princess, the sister of a queen, and the presumptive heiress of a crown, would listen to a suit like mine!"

"You forget, Sir Knight," said the Princess, faintly struggling to disengage her hands from his passionate grasp—"You forget that I hold conference with you only in my assumed character, and with that freedom which the divertisement of masking permits. If you proceed to address me as Catherine of Lancaster, I must resume the fetters of state and haughty reserve which that name and rank imposes on their possessor." She sighed as she concluded. "Would," said the Knight, "that that lofty name might be forgotten, and that exalted rank exchanged for the lowly estate of a village maiden, that I might be allowed the opportunity of proving how little a heart like mine regards the adventitious circumstances of birth and grandeur."

The Knight would have been indeed a novice had he not perceived that this language was far from displeasing the Princess. She had almost unconsciously seated herself beneath the shade of the orange-trees that overhung the moonlit waters of the Tajo, and had removed her mask for the benefit of breathing the fragrant breezes that played round her, and sported in her hair of darkest luxuriance. Perhaps the Knight, well versed in all the movements of the heart of woman, might suspect her of wishing to display the touching effect which moonlight gave to her beautiful dark eyes, and transparently pure complexion.

"It is not in the stately-halls of Toledo, or in the royal balcony, at the games where the kings and princes of the land contend to win your smiles, that you appear in your true power and loveliness, fair Plantagenet," said the Knight, gazing passionately on her. He, too, had removed his mask, and it was with feelings of the most thrilling interest that the Princess contemplated, for the first time, the features of her beloved; and, as she timidly raised her eyes to his face, she was struck with his manly and

heroic beauty. His complexion was of the true Castilian olive, and his features of that noble cast which gave her the idea that his was no common lineage. Glossy raven hair clustered in rich curls round a forehead of lofty beauty, and the somewhat stern expression of his countenance was softened by eyes of the most melting and lovely blue.

"And who is it," said the Princess, sighing, "that would address to Catherine of Lancaster language which she must not hear except from royal blood?"

"Which he who boasts not even nobility for his portion must therefore pour forth hopelessly," said the Knight; "and yet he is bold enough to believe, that had the lofty distinctions of the Prince of Portugal been his to back his suit withal, he should not have sighed in vain."

"Ah, think not," she replied, "that ambitious feelings would influence the heart of her who would prefer a cottage on the banks of the Tajo with love, to a throne without, and who would not for a moment hesitate to exchange the proudest diadem in the world for the wild flower-wreath of peace gathered by the hand of love." She sighed and sank into silence.

The Knight threw himself at her feet, and by his passionate eloquence drew from her a full confession of the secret interest with which she had beheld him from the first day he made his appearance in the lists. "And now," said she, "that you have obtained from me an acknowledgment of all my weakness, let me no longer remain in ignorance of the name of him to whom I have blindly given my maiden heart."

"Demand it not, fair Princess!" said the Knight, resuming his mask, and drawing the folds of his cloak yet closer round him. "It is a name that must not even be whispered within the walls of Toledo, where I appear, even when shrouded within this disguise, at the risk of that life to which thy pure and unbought love has given a value which it never before possessed in my own eyes. Farewell, most lovely, most beloved lady! my moments are numbered, and I must away."

"But when, and where, shall I see you again?" asked the Princess, anxiously.

"At the approaching tournament, lady, I shall be among the combatants, and shall gather the inspiration that will lead to conquest from thy eyes. I shall behold thee as usual surrounded by noble flatterers and princely lovers.—But, oh, Catherine! remember, they do not, they cannot love thee like him who rushes through all perils, and braves chains and death to catch but a look or smile of thine."

"In the lists, then, I shall expect to see thee," said the Princess, "yet, among the numerous cavaliers resorting thither, many may chance to wear the same colors and martial array, as thou, chosen of my heart."

"Give me, then, fair Princess, some token, by which valued distinguishment thou shalt recognise him who boasteth no heraldic bearings, or crest of

nobility," said the Knight; and the Princess, selecting from the orange trees that overshadowed them a sprig, rich with the fragrant blossoms, presented it to him, bidding him wear it for her sake. "Ay!" returned the Knight, pressing it to his lips, "and ever will I preserve it as a memorial of this sweet hour."

The approach of a crowd of masks forced them to separate, and the Princess retired to her own apartment, and sought her pillow, not to sleep, but to recall every particular of the scene which had taken place between her and her mysterious lover.

Howsoever sweet might be the remembrance of that scene, her reflections on it were sufficient to banish the smiles from her lip, the color from her cheek, and to cloud her brow with that expression of pensive thought which at length attracted the attention of the court. That the appearance of mystery is seldom assumed for worthy purposes, or by those who have not very urgent reasons for concealment, may be established as a general maxim; but, while this truth appealed in all its force to the reason of the Princess, her heart obstinately refused to admit a doubt injurious to the honor of the brave Castilian.

On the morning that was to witness the celebration of the tournament, it was observed by her ladies in waiting that she rejected all the magnificent dresses ostentatiously offered to her attention by her tire-women on this important occasion, and selected a simple robe of white taffeta, made in the Castilian mode, with pearl ornaments; and, instead of the tara of gems which she had been accustomed to wear when she appeared in public, her beautiful dark hair was unadorned save with a single sprig of orange blossoms, and with the string of pearls which confined her long white veil, whose transparent folds were carelessly arranged, so as partially to shade her snowy bosom and exquisitely-formed arms.

"Although the simplicity of that dress well becomes the touching cast of your style of beauty, my fair sister," observed the Queen of Portugal, when they met in the gallery of the palace, "yet methinks robes and jewels befitting your high station would have been more suitable to the princely divertissement which your royal brother-in-law has provided, as much in your honor as in mine."

"Truly, royal sister," said Don Pedro, who now joined them, "the Lady Catherine is minded to show how far her unadorned loveliness will surpass the charms of the over-dressed beauties of Spain and Portugal."

"In complimenting my poor charms at the expense of your fair countrywomen, Sir Prince, you seem to forget that I am, by the maternal blood, at least half a Castilian."

"Ay!" and the bright heiress of the Castilian throne!" returned the Prince, tendering her his homage.

"I did not accuse you of forgetfulness on that point," rejoined she, disdainfully; "and well, I

trust, are my princely suitors aware of that ap-
panage to Catherine of Lancaster."

"You forget, fair Madam, that your dowry is yet to be won at the point of the sword," retorted Don Pedro, reddening; "and little, I ween, does that lover deserve to be taunted with seeking you for the sake of a heritage which is to be forced from Henry of Trastámara."

"Fie! fie! Don Pedro!" exclaimed the young Queen; "had your brother Juan wooed me in this fashion I had doubtlessly preferred one of my father's 'squires to his kingship, or gone to my grave as Philippa Plantagenet. And yet, Catherine, I must say that you received your subject's homage in a manner uncourteous enough to provoke a retort from a better tempered Prince than Don Pedro."

"Her ungraciousness shall have no other effect on me than to nerve my arm in the lists, where I trust this day to prove myself such a champion in her cause as her hopes of the Castilian succession may require," returned he; "her colors, I see, are white; of the same immaculate hue shall be my scarf and plumes. She has unkindly refused me a token for a love favor; but this day I will wear in my crest a sprig of our national flower, the orange blossom, with which she has chosen to adorn her raven tresses."

"No!" said Catherine, turning petulantly from him; "I have given you no permission to wear my colors, and methinks those of your liege lady, my sister, would better become you."

"The laws of knight-errantry do not preclude a champion from wearing the livery of a cruel mistress, and this day, fair Catherine, I shall appear in yours."

"With the assurance of my sincere wishes for your overthrow for your wages withal," returned the princess, and they parted.

From the earliest hour in the morning, Toledo, and every avenue leading thereto, had been thronged with gallant and noble adventurers. The flower of English, Spanish, and Portuguese chivalry were there assembled, well mounted, and splendidly caparisoned. The city was a scene of gay bustle and confusion. Banners and plumes were waving, music was resounding, and steeds were curvetting through every street. Train after train of gallantly-arrayed horsemen appeared, and, taking the road to the scene of action, disappeared only to be succeeded by fresh bands of knights and cavaliers resorting to this chivalric pageant.

Never was tournament more splendidly attended than this. Many a noble and even royal knight bore the colors of the lady Catherine; but among them all the Prince of Portugal alone wore orange-blossoms in his helmet; and she looked in vain for him, who should have been also distinguished by this token, among the gallants who saluted her by lowering their lances as they passed the balcony where she was seated, with the Queen of Portugal and the Duchess of Lancaster her mother.

The King of Portugal, after breaking a lance in honor of his bride, at her request declined entering

farther into the business of the day, and joined the Duke of Lancaster as one of the umpires of the lists.

It was Don Pedro's good fortune to overcome every adversary who presumed to engage his powerful arm; and, toward the close of the day, none among the knights and nobles assembled evinced any desire to dispute with him the honor of the victory. The Duke of Lancaster, therefore, directed him to order his defiance to be three times repeated; and, should the third challenge remain unanswered, he would be entitled to the prize as the victor of the day.

Already had the echoes twice returned the inspiring notes of Don Pedro's trumpets, and twice had the warlike notes been suffered to die away without reply; but how did the heart of Catherine flutter with tumultuous emotions when the third triumphant flourish was answered by a faint blast from a distant trumpet! All listened with overwhelming interest as the sound was more distinctly repeated, and the next moment the streets of Toledo echoed to the furious riding of a single knight, who had far outstripped his squire and trumpeter, and soiled with dust, and breathless with speed and agitation, now rode up to the lists, and, throwing his gauntlet on the earth, pronounced these words:—

"I a Christian knight and true, do hereby, in the name of St. Michael and St. James, accept the defiance which the successful combatant has just offered to all the world, and challenge him, in presence of this goodly company, to enter the lists with me forthwith, there to prove which of us two is more worthy to wear the colors of the brightest Princess in the world, the Lady Catherine of Lancaster."

"First prove, presumptuous man!" returned Don Pedro, "some qualification, which may entitle an obscure and crestless adventurer to challenge the son of a king."

"Then let this badge, Don Pedro, satisfy you that I am not only entitled to offer defiance to a younger brother of the House of Portugal, but even to the proudest monarch in the world, who could not plead his quality to decline the challenge of a Knight of St. Jago without risking the name of Craven," said the cavalier, throwing off the cloak he had hitherto worn, and pointing to the cross of that illustrious order.

"By the soul of the great Edward, my father!" exclaimed the Duke of Lancaster, kindling with the knightly enthusiasm of his youth, "if Don Pedro refuse now to meet you in the lists, I will myself fill his place, and esteem myself honored with breaking a lance with so worthy an adversary."

"And yet, of all men breathing, the Duke of Lancaster is the last whom I would choose to engage, even in mimic hostilities," returned the Knight.

The Duke of Lancaster eyed him with attention for a moment, and then said—"Beshrew my heart, Sir Knight, I would I knew what father is made proud by a son like thee."

"And I, Sir Duke," replied the Knight, "if it

were permitted me to call your Grace father, would not envy the heir of any legitimate monarch upon earth his title or expectations."

"I like your spirit, brave youth," returned the Duke, smiling; "it well accords with your knightly prowess; and, had I ten champions like thee in my army, I should trust soon to see the claims of my Duchess to the crown of Castile recognised, and the usurping family of Trastámara reduced to their duty."

"Truth, my Lord Duke," replied he, "the audacious rebels would well deserve any chastisement your Grace could devise, if they submitted not to such fair sovereignty."—He bowed his plumed head to the royal gallery as he spoke, and the Duchess and her daughters returned his salutation with equal courtesy. "Go to, go to, Sir Knight!" said the Duke, laughing; "your gallantry well becomes you; but if you carry it much farther, I shall suspect your business at my court is not so much on chivalric emprise as to ensnare the heart of our fair heiress."—"He who can win her may well deserve to wear her!" said the Knight; "therefore to the lists, Don Pedro! I trust we shall both contend like men on whom bright eyes are glancing."

The particulars of the combat, though long and furious, it is unnecessary to relate. It may readily be imagined that it possessed powerful interest to the spectators, especially to the Lady Catherine, who, pale and breathless, awaited the event in excessive agitation; yet could not withhold a smile when the Knight of St. Jago, with a malicious blow, scattered Don Pedro's white plumes and orange-blossoms to the gale. The next moment, however, was sufficient to restore her to seriousness, when, with a furious shock, the lances of both combatants were shattered, and horses and horsemen went down together, with a tremendous crash.

The combat was then resumed on foot; and, after a few passes, a deafening shout from the Castilian part of the spectators announced that victory was decided in favor of their countryman, who, by a well-aimed blow on the helmet of Don Pedro, stretched him, unwounded, but breathless, on the plain.

"I do not bid you demand your life," said the Knight; "that would be taking an ungenerous advantage of the smiles of fortune. Neither do I ask you to resign your pretensions to the Lady Catherine, which would be infringing on her proper privilege of rejecting or accepting among her lovers whomsoever she listeth; and, besides this, I am persuaded, that, like myself, you would resign her only with life."—So saying, he offered to assist Don Pedro to rise; but the Prince, with a furious gesture, rejected his aid.

The victorious Knight then advanced to the front of the balcony, and, kneeling before the Queen of Portugal, received from her hands the prizes—a ruby chain of great value, and a ring of exquisite workmanship, set with the most precious gems.

"This toy," said he, laying the chain at the Princess Catherine's feet, "may perhaps be rendered worthy of the acceptance of the lady under whose colors I have fought, by its being the meed of valor conferred by the hands of royal beauty. As for the ring," added he, "the devices on it are so well suited to the sweet bonds of wedlock, that I, being a poor bachelor, shall retain it in my own keeping till I can induce some gentle lady to take compassion on my forlorn condition, and to accept it as our bridal ring."

The Queen of Portugal and the Duchess of Lancaster laughed heartily at this sally, and commended him for his provident care for the future; telling him, "that it would be his own fault if the ring remained long in his own possession, as ladies seldom frowned on a victorious champion." And, indeed, had the Knight looked around the circle, he would have seen a store of bright eyes glancing on his noble figure, and seeking to penetrate the envious vizard that concealed a face doubtlessly worthy of a form so fine. But, to the disappointment of every one, he refused even the solicitations of the royal party to stay and share the banquet, and join in the dance which was to conclude the amusements of the day; and, vaulting on his fiery jennet, he rode off the ground long before the ladies had retired from the balcony.

The bridal festivities were at length concluded, and tilts and tournaments were to be exchanged for the business of the red campaign; festive halls for the battle-field, and the soft songs of love and pleasure for the cry to arms.

Active preparations were now making, both by the Duke of Lancaster and the King of Castile, for the commencement of hostilities.

Some weeks had elapsed since the day of the tournament; and, since that time, Catherine had neither seen or heard aught of the secret object of her love. And now the painful idea intruded itself on her mind, that he must be one of the adherents of the usurping King of Castile.

All communication had been for some time cut off between the kingdoms of new and old Castile, and every person entering Toledo was examined with the most rigorous care by her father's order. This confirmed her suspicions that her lover belonged to the Trastámara party.

One day, when she had been indulging her melancholy musings in solitude, she received a summons to attend her father in his closet. She found him alone with her mother; and, after a few prefatory speeches, he told her "that he had just received a proposal of marriage for her, which he had determined to accept, and expected her to receive with perfect submission to his will."

Catherine, at this commencement, turned very pale; and leaned for support against her mother's chair.

"Be not alarmed, my child," said the Duchess, observing her agitation; "you are not called to any painful sacrifice, but only required to become the consort of a young and amiable Prince, who will hereafter raise you to the throne of your grand-

father, Peter of Castile. In a word, Catherine, being willing to spare my unhappy country the horrors of civil war, I have resigned my title to the crown of Castile in your favor, and your father is graciously pleased to accede to my entreaties of giving peace to Spain by bestowing you on the son of Juan of Trastámara, who has this day demanded you in marriage."

Catherine burst into tears, and remained silent.

"How! perverse one! and is it thus you reply to intelligence which ought to fill your heart with gladness?" said the Duke angrily.

Catherine wept yet more abundantly, and at length faltered out her dislike to the marriage.

"Do not suppose," said the Duke, "that I am bound to observe your childish caprices, in the rejection of every princely lover who honors you by seeking your hand; but, if you prefer a union with the Prince of Arragon, or of Portugal, to becoming the wife of Henry of Trastámara, I will give you that alternative; therefore decide quickly—shall I bestow you on Philip of Arragon?"

"He is older than yourself, my dear lord!" said Catherine, sobbing; "and marvellously ill-favored besides."

"Oh, then, I suppose Don Pedro is your choice?"

"No!" returned she angrily; "I will never become the wife of so evil tempered a Prince, who flouts me even in his days of courtship, and seeks me only for the sake of my heritage, and because he sees I loathe his address."

"Then," said the Duke, "as you reject these, prepare yourself to-morrow to receive Henry of Trastámara for your husband; for, by the soul of the great Edward, my father, I will no longer be trifled with." So saying, he strode out of the room, leaving Catherine overwhelmed with affliction.

"Why, my daughter, should you thus object to a man whom you have never seen?" said the Duchess. "Fame, I assure you, speaks bright things of Henry of Trastámara; and, if he resembles what his father was at his age," she added, with a sigh, "methinks the brightest maiden in Christendom might be flattered by his addresses."

"His father was your relation, Madam," said Catherine.

"He is my relation still; but how much more he *was*, is known only to myself and him," returned the Duchess, with emotion. "The ties of love that united my cousin Juan's heart and mine in early youth, long subsisted after the hatred of our parents had arisen to a pitch most deadly; and secretly did I indulge the hope of one day sharing my lineal throne with the beloved of my soul—but fate had willed it otherwise. Catherine, you resist your father's mandate, and sullenly refuse to be convinced that it is rarely in the power of a Princess to marry the object of her affections. You see me the happy wife of a beloved husband, and you esteem me one of the fortunate few. But, oh! my child! you know not—may you never know—the woes that clouded the morning of my life! How can I ever forget the pangs that rent my heart,

when, divided for ever from the love of my youth, and placed as a hostage in the hands of the Prince of Wales, by my unnatural father,* who pawned the heiress of the land as a pledge for a debt which he never meant to pay, and, finally, left her unredeemed in the hands of a justly-incensed ally to pay the penalty of his broken faith. It was with feelings whose bitterness I will not attempt to describe, that I gazed, for the last time, on the land of my fathers and of Juan, from the deck of the Prince of Wales's vessel. It was my own fair inheritance; but I was borne from its shores, as a forfeit for my father's treachery, by a foreign Prince. But let me do justice to the magnanimity of the generous Edward: it was with the holy tenderness of a brother that he bore himself toward my partner in affliction, your aunt Isabel, and my-elf, during the voyage; but nothing could soothe my proud spirit, or mitigate the anguish of my heart. Very different were the feelings of Isabel, when we arrived in England: she had left no fond tie behind to endear her native land to her, and she was delighted at exchanging the monotony of a convent for the splendor of the most gallant court in Europe. Finally, she became, as you well know, the happy wife of your uncle York, then the Earl of Cambridge. But I, though wooed by your Princely father with all the fondness and ardor of which his noble nature is capable, and powerfully persuaded by the Prince of Wales to smile on his brother's suit, remained in hopeless sorrow with a heart immovably wedded to the remembrance of my native country and Juan. Alas! the news I soon received from Spain was such as to overwhelm me with affliction the most poignant. Poignant, do I say? that word can give no idea of the stunning agony that wrung my heart, and oppressed my brain, till reason itself tottered, when, informed that my father had died by the hand of the Count Trastamara, his bastard brother, and that brother the father of my Juan! It could not add a pang to my affliction to hear that the fratricide had followed up his crime by usurping the crown of Castile, my own inheritance, while I remained a captive in a distant land. Alas! I felt only that the hope of years must now be relinquished; for, even religion, morality, nature itself forbade me to espouse the son of the murderer of my father. A burning fever, occasioned by mental anguish, followed; and though, through the tender cares of my sister and the Princess of Wales, I did recover, I remained for months in a state of infantine weakness. It was during this period, Catherine, that your father evinced the most touching proofs of his love, in the solicitude with which he watched every turn of my malady; holding me dearer on the bed of sickness, and stripped of my inheritance, than when in the bloom of

beauty, and presumptive heiress of Castile. Juan had become the husband of another. Pride aided reason in the conquest of a love so calamitous. I beheld myself, too, a stranger, and an unredeemed pledge, in the hands of the King of England. The choice was in my own power, to become his daughter as my sister had done. Lover and friends had forsaken me: I had neither a country nor a father. Reason and gratitude alike moved me to become the wife of the Duke of Lancaster. Won by the entreaties of the Prince of Wales, that friend so true, and the disinterested affection of Prince John, I at length consented to become his, and never had cause to repent of my resolution.

"However strong was the youthful passion I had entertained for Juan of Trastamara, it was in time effaced by the love with which I repaid the conjugal tenderness of your father; and the sweet cares of maternity which, in due time, followed our union, succeeded in obliterating the idea of the faithless Juan from my heart. And now, my child, I trust you will, from the example of your mother, learn to submit to the destiny that awaits you. Your father *will* be obeyed; and let not the sorrows of my youth be renewed by witnessing a vain contention between objects so equally dear to me."

Catherine, thus urged, threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed out her acquiescence to her wishes on her bosom. The re-entrance of the Duke, her father, was unobserved by her, till she heard him thus address her mother:—"How, now, Constantia, is the perverse one inclined to return to her duty?"

"My dear Lord, she has just consented to sacrifice her inclinations to your paternal authority, and is ready to receive Henry of Trastamara for her husband, since you will it so."

"Tis well!" returned the Duke; "and now let her confer some value on her obedience by drying those refractory tears, and looking on these tokens of his love, which Don Henry has sent his betrothed bride."

Catherine averted her eyes, with an air indicative of the strongest reluctance.

"Come, come!" said the Duke, "you know I will be obeyed in one instance as well as another." So saying, he unlocked and placed before her a small golden casket enriched with gems. "Ha!" exclaimed he, raising the lid, "methinks our young bridegroom elect has not given very costly proofs of the magnificence of his spirit in his bridal gifts."

Catherine cast a disdainful glance from under her long dark lashes at the casket; but, starting from her seat, uttered a cry of astonishment at the sight of its contents. These consisted only of a sprig of faded orange-blossoms, and a very small packet which bore this superscription—"The bridal ring of Henry of Castile."

To tear asunder the silken folds that enveloped it was but the work of a moment; the next served to convince her that it was the identical ring the palm of conquest had bestowed on the victor at the tournament of Toledo.

* When Peter the Cruel solicited the assistance of Edward the Black Prince against his rebellious subjects, he placed in his hands his two daughters as hostages for the performance of certain articles agreed on between themselves; and, afterward, breaking his agreement, he left the young ladies in the possession of the Prince, who brought them with him to England.

A flood of bewildering thoughts and strange recollections now rushed over her mind; and overcome by her contending feelings, the ring dropped from her relaxing grasp—the color forsook her cheeks—she heard not the inquiries of her terrified parents—but sank, fainting, on the bosom of her mother.

Were her senses deceived, or was it really the fond voice of love that recalled her from the semblance of death? and did her unclosing eyes indeed behold truly what she saw the Knight of St. Jago kneeling at her feet, and conjuring her, by every tender epithet, to revive, and look upon him once more?

She seemed like one under the influence of a dream; but it was no delusion. It was her own, her beloved cavalier, whose ardent glances recalled the color to her cheek, when her father presented him to her as Don Henry of Castile, her future husband; and the burst of tears which relieved her full heart flowed from feelings to which no words could do justice, when she heard herself hailed as the bright peace-offering of a divided nation, the future Queen of the land of her ancestors, and the destined bride of the chosen of her heart, the noble and heroic Henry of Trastamara.

FAREWELL TO MARY.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Where is the heart thou once hast won,
Can cease to care about thee?
Where is the eye thou'st smiled upon,
Can look for joy without thee?
Lorn is the lot one heart hath met,
That's lost to thy caressing:—
Cold is the hope that loves thee yet,
Now thou art past progressing:—
Fare thee well!

We met—we loved—we're met at last,—
The farewell word is spoken;
O Mary, canst thou feel the part,
And keep thy heart unbroken?
To think how warm we loved, and how
Those hopes should blossom never!
To think how we are parted now
And parted, oh, for ever!—
Fare thee well!

Thou wast the first my heart to win,
Thou art the last to wear it;
And though another claims akin,
Thou must be one to share it,
Oh, had we known when hopes were sweet,
That hopes would once be thwarted,—
That we should part no more to meet
How sadly we had parted!—
Fare thee well!

JACK O'FARRELL'S BRIDE.

Such a set of fellows as the —th Dragoons, I never met with in the whole course of my life.—Talk of friendliness and hospitality! they would beat old Solomon, who had a table that stretched from one end of Palestine to the other. Their invitations are not given for certain dinners on certain days, but for weeks and months. "There now, there's a good fellow, you'll dine with us till Christmas; we've got a new messman, and the claret is fresh from Dublin." I accepted the invitation, and intend paying it off by instalments of a week at a time; no constitution could stand their hospitality for a longer period without a little repose. I am now resting on my oars, and getting quit of a slight unsteadiness of the hand in the mornings, which made the eating of an egg as difficult an achievement as any of the labors of Hercules. In about a month I shall be equal to another visit, but in the meantime I will just take a little memorandum of what occurred while I remained with them, by way of keeping their memory green in my soul. The first day nothing remarkable occurred during dinner. The colonel was in the chair, and a jollier-looking president it has never been my luck to meet with. Large, soldiery, and somewhat bloated, he formed a famous combination of the Bacchus subduing lions and conquering India, and the same Bacchus leering into a flaggon and striding a cask. I am bound to confess, that the latter part of this resemblance is suggested to me by the sign-post of this very decent hostelry in which I write, where a prodigious man, without any particular superfluity of costume, is represented sitting on a puncheon of vast size, with a face so red, so round, so redolent of mirth, and with such a glance of irresistible whim in his eye—I'll bet a hundred to one the painter of that sign has had the honor of an interview with the gallant Colonel O'Looney. There never was a man more popular in a regiment.—On parade or at mess he was equally at home. Not one of these mere boon companions who swallow potatoes bottle-deep, and are fit for nothing else, but a man armed at all points, one who "the division of a battle knows," as well as the flavor of a vintage. He seemed some where about fifty years of age, with a considerable affectation of the youth about him. The baldness of his crown was scrupulously concealed by combing the long straggling side locks over it; and his allusions were extremely frequent to those infernal helmets which turned a man's hair grey in the very prime of boyhood.—He had never left the regiment, but gradually climbed his way up from a humble cornetcy to his present lofty rank, without, however, losing the gaiety which had made him so much liked and courted in the first years of his noviciate. Such was the colonel when I saw him ten days ago presiding at mess. His tones were delicious to listen to. The music of five hundred Tipperamen distilled into one glorious brogue, would give but a faint idea of his fine rich Tipperary,—and all so softened by the inimitable good-nature of his expression!

—Upon my honor, a story, without his voice to tell it with, loses almost all its value. When the bottles began their round, the usual hubbub commenced; but after one or two routine bumpers, my attention was attracted by a conversation at the foot of the table.

"Faith an' yese quite right," said the Colonel in answer to some observation, "in what ye say about marriage. There's a stark-staring scarcity of the commodity. Here have we been stationed now in this city of York for six weeks, and divil a young fellow of us all has picked up an heiress yet. Now, mind me, when I was here about thirty years ago, it was a very different story. We had something or other to laugh at every day in the way of the ladies,—either a start off to Gretna Green, or a duel, or a horse-whipping. But now, by the sowl of me, there's no sort of amusement to be had at all."

"Pray, Colonel, are there any heiresses in this neighborhood at present?" drawled forth a young cornet.

"Faith, surely," replied the Colonel, "ye ought to be on the lookout for that yourself. I've enough to do to pick up information on my own account."

"I merely wanted to benefit a little by your experience," rejoined the other.

"Experience? is it *that* ye're wanting? Well, I'll just tell you a bit of a secret. That same experience is the very divil in a man's way when he thinks of doing the civil thing to a young lady that has the misfortune to be rich. Young fellows like you are trusted by guardians and mothers, and cattle of that sort, and even by the damsel herself, because they see no danger in a youth with so little experience. I found it so myself when I joined the regiment first. Never was known such a set of fine frank open-hearted creatures as I found all the young darlings at every party I went to. No shyness, no fears, no hurrying away at my approach in case I should ask them to dance with me; but now that I have had about thirty years of this same practice in the art of courtship, there's no such thing as getting near the sweet cratures even to whisper a word. Every mother's son—daughter I mane—of them, gets away as soon as possible from such a dangerous divil as a young fellow with so many years experience. Mothers and aunts throw themselves into the gap to cover their retreat, and lug me off to the card-table that they may keep their eyes on me all the night.—Ach, when we were stationed here in the glorious eighteen hundred, mothers and aunts never troubled their heads about such a sweet little inexperienced lambkin as I was."

"But you were talking of heiresses, Colonel," said the cornet, hiding a laugh at the jolly commander's attributing the change which he perceived in the reception he met with from the ladies to any thing rather than its right cause, "you were talking of heiresses, were there many of them in this neighborhood at that time?"

"Oh, plenty; they either were or pretended to be; so the honor of carrying them off was all the

same, ye know. Whenever an officer got three days' leave of absence, he was sure to bring back a wife with him; the postillions on the north road grew as rich as nabobs, and their horses as thin as lathes: all that a girl had to do was to say she was an heiress; nobody ever asked her what it was of; whether an estate or a law suit—off she was to the old blacksmith before the week was out, and married as fast and as sure as her mother. Then came the cream of the joke, for there was always some insolent brother, or cousin, or discarded sweetheart, to shoot immediately on your return, so that the fun lasted very often as long as the honeymoon."

"And how many of the officers were lucky enough to get married?"

"Och, every one of them, I tell ye, except myself and Jack O'Farrell. Did I ever tell ye how nearly owld Jack and I were buckled?"

"No, Colonel," cried a great many voices, "let us hear."

"Gintly, my lads, gintly. I'll tell ye first of my friend Jack. I'll take a little time to think of it before I tell ye my own adventure." Here the Colonel sighed, and said something about agonised feelings and breaking hearts, which contrasted so ridiculously with his hilarious countenance and Herculean figure, that we could not avoid bursting into a very hearty laugh. The Colonel, after appearing a little discomposed, for I believe he considers himself no contemptible performer in the art of pathetic story-telling, joined in our laugh, tossed off a bumper and began.

"Well.—Jack O'Farrell was the most gallant-looking fellow I ever saw—great red whiskers, shoulders like the side of a house, bright fiery eyes, and a gash from a shillelah across his brow, that made him look a handsome copy of the divil, as a soldier should. He was a Galway man, the best-tempered fellow that ever was seen in the world, and had been out five times before he was twenty. One of them was with his uncle, fighting Dick Callaghan of Oonamorlich, (he was shot afterward by Sir Niel Flanagan, in the Thirteen Acres;) so, said Jack—"I only took him in the shoulder, for it's unchristian to kill one's relations." Jack came across, and joined us in this very town. In a moment he won every heart at the mess-table; he drank four bottles of claret, thirteen glasses of brandy and water, and smoked two-and-twenty cigars; and then saw the chaplain safe to his lodgings, as if he had been his brother; it did us all good to see such a steady fellow. Well, just at this time, we were in the heat of running away with the women, fighting the men, and playing the divil entirely; and Jack resolved to be equal with the best of us. There was to be a ball, a public ball of some sort or other at the County Hall, and I saw my friend Jack particularly busy in making his preparations. He packed up his carpet bag, dressing-case, and a brace of horse-pistols, and having got a week's leave of absence the day before the dance. 'And what's all this you're doing, Jack?' said I. Now, my lads, I've been so long

away from owld Ireland, and rattled so much about the world, that I've lost the Irish intirely, or I would try to give you an imitation of Jack's brogue, but that's impossible for a tongue that has the trick of the English."

The Colonel luckily did not remark how some of us were amused with this apology, for not being able to speak like an Irishman, and went on—

"An' what's all this you're doing, Jack?" said I.

"Doin'! an' what should I be doin'!" says he, 'but puttin' up my weddin' garments!'

"Your wedding!" says I; 'are you going to be married, Jack?'

"Faith, an' I hope so," says he; 'or what would be the use o' this wonder o' the world?' holding up a beautiful colored silk nightcap between his fingers and thumb.

"And who is the lady, you sowl?'

"How the devil should I know?" said Jack.—'I haven't seen her, nor asked her yet; but I suppose there'll be plenty at this ball. I'm going to have a post-chaise at the door, an' I'll bet ye I'll show ye Mrs. Cornet O'Farrell before ye're a week owldier.'

"Done," and "done!" we said; and it was a wagger.

"Jack and I went into the ball-room together.

"I wonder if Mrs. John O'Farrell is here," said Jack, as he looked round among the ladies.

"Faith," said I, 'it's not for me to answer ye; ye had better ask them; but I truly hope Mrs. Cornet O'Looney is not in this collection, for such a set of scare-crows I never—'

"Ouch, ullaloo, man, hold your tongue; it's not for the beauty of them one cares, but just the fame of the thing, to have carried off an heiress; and an heiress Mrs. O'Farrell must be, that's a sure case; for ye see, barrin my pay and a small thrifle I owe my creditors besides, I shall have nothing to support the young O'Farrells, let alone the wife and the maid.'

"Just at this time a rich owld sugar merchant, with a whole possee of daughters, and other ladies, came bustling into the room.

"There now, Jack," said I, 'now's your time. Here comes owld Fusby, the sugar merchant from London, and half a dozen heiresses pinned to his apron. Off with ye, man. Ye can't go wrong; take the very first that will have ye. I tell ye, he's rich enough to cover the Bog of Allan with melted gold.'

"Then he's just the sort of fellow I want—so wi' ye'r lave, I'll go and do the needful to the tall young woman in blue. If he gives her only a thousand a foot, she'll be a very comfortable companion in a post-chaise.'

"Jack was introduced in all due form, and in a minute was capering away in the middle of the floor as if he were stamping hay; and thinking all the time of the chariot at the door and Gretna Green. His partner seemed very much pleased with his attentions. She simpered and curtsied to all Jack's pretty speeches, and I began to be rather alarmed about the bet. She was very tall, very

muscular-looking and strong, and seemed a good dozen of years older than the enraptured Jack. If she had been twenty years older than his mother it would have been all the same, provided she had been an heiress, for at that time, as I tell ye, we were the only two bachelors left who had not picked up a wife with prodigious reputation for money, and Jack was determined to leave me behind in the race. After he had danced with her four or five different sets, he came up to me in raptures,—'Isn't she a dear sweet sowl!' said Jack, 'and such a mowld for grenadiers! She's a Scotchwoman too, and that's next door to an Irishman anyhow.'

"If she's a Scotchwoman," said I, 'you must be sure of your ground—they haven't so many heiresses among the hills as in the fat fields of England. What's her name?'

"There now," said he, slapping his leg, 'ain't I a pretty fellow? I've danced with her half the night, and niver asked her what her name is. I'll go and ask her this moment.' And accordingly he marched up to her once more, and carried her off in triumph as his partner.

"Pray, Madam, may I make so bowld," he began, 'as to ask you what yer name may be—for owld Mr. Fusby spakes so much wi' the root of his tongue that I can't understand a word he would minton.'

"My name," replied the lady, 'is Miss Sibilla M'Scrae of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart.'

"And a very pretty name too, upon my honor," said Jack; 'what size may Glen Buckie be?—you'll excuse me.'

"Oo, in our family we never can tell to a mile or twa what the size of any o' the estates may be—but I believe it's about seventy-five thousand acres of land, besides the four lakes and the river.'

"Seventy-five—*thousand* did ye say?" exclaimed Jack, quite overcome by his good fortune; 'and I hope yer family's well, ma'am. How did ye lave all yer brothers and sisters?'

"I haena got ony brothers, and my sisters are pretty weel, I thank ye.'

"An' I'm very glad to hear *that*. Do ye happen to know what my name is? I am John O'Farrell, Esquire, of Dallynamora, in the county of Galway, of a very ancient family—and what do ye think of the name, ma'am?'

"Oo, it just seems a very pretty name.'

"Do ye raelly think so? An' how would ye like to have it yourself?'

"I think it would just do as well as ony other.'

"Och then, my dear Miss M'Scrae, you're just the sort of cratur I wanted—I've a post-chaise at the door.'

"Indeed?'

"Yes, indeed, my charmer, and a pair of pistols in it too.'

"Indeed?" again replied the lady, looking very conscious all the time.

"Aye! and a sweetheart in this ball-room that will go off with me to Gretna Green this moment.'

"Dear me—and wha is the happy ledly?'

"'An' who the divil should it be, but just yer own self, Miss Sabilla M'Scrae!'"

"'Me, sir!'" said the lady, endeavoring to blush; "are you serious? Ye should na trifle wi' a young lass's feelings."

"'The divil take all trifles of the sort—I'm serious, my darling, and I'll prove it—will ye go off with me this instant?'"

"'Had we no better wait till we've had the supper, sir? Ye know we've paid for't in the ticket.'"

"'Faith, an' there's some sense in that; and will you be riddy the moment after?'"

"The lady blushed, and looked her consent, and Jack was in raptures all the time of supper, meditating on the four lakes and the river, and the seventy-five thousand acres of land. Supper at last was ended, and a new dance formed. Jack, who had by no means neglected either the champagne or his partner, whispered into her ear, 'Are ye all riddy now, my sweet Sibilla! the horses must be tired waiting.'"

"'Weel, since ye insist upon't, I'm all ready enough—only my shawl is in the leddy's robing room.'"

"'Is it, faith?'" said Jack; "then I'll go for it this moment." He was back with the speed of lightning, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and without attracting any observation, handed her down stairs into the post-chaise, jumped in after her, and rattled off as fast as the horses could gallop.

"Soon after this the old sugar merchant and all his train prepared to take their departure. I waited to hand them to their carriage, but the little fat old woman, his wife, came rushing into the room, kicking up such a terrible dust—"Och!" cried she—"Oh dear! oh dear! Somebody has taken off my shawl—real Ingy—worth eighty guineas every shilling—there's a thief in the room!—only think!"

"Every thing was thrown into the greatest confusion; some of the ladies fainted, and ye niver saw such an uproar in yer lives. At last, it was discovered, when every lady had taken her own shawl, that the only one unclaimed was that which had been worn by Miss Sibilla M'Scrae. That lady herself were nowhere to be found; search was made for her every where in vain. The little old woman stormed as if she was practising for bedlam.

"'This comes,' she cried, 'of having beggarly Scotch governesses that wear cotton shawls. I've suspected she would come to no good ever since she has been so intimate with the potticary's boy.'"

"'Potticary's boy!'" thought I, "faith this is beyond a joke entirely—I must be after Jack;" so I slipped away from the confusion, got into a post-chaise and four, and set off in pursuit of O'Farrell, hoping to overtake him in time to save him from marrying an heiress without a penny, who wore nothing but cotton shawls. In the meantime, information had been given that the lady was seen stepping into a post-chaise, accompanied by a tall man in a cloak, with very red whiskers—"Oh, pursue them! pursue them!" cried Mrs. Fusby—"the wretch has stolen my Ingy shawl, and gone off with the potticary's boy—I know him by the description—his hair is as red and coarse as unrefined at twopence a-pound." Nothing would satisfy her rage but instantly giving chase. A magistrate was disturbed from his slumbers, an information of the robbery laid before him, and in a very short time a couple of constables were scouring down the road with a warrant to apprehend the suspected delinquents.

"Here were we all tearing along—Jack and his lady—myself—and the two thief-takers,—never was there such a race in the memory of man. I found I was gaining on the lovers every stage, and when I got to a village on this side of Durham, I found I had overshot my mark, and actually got before them. I discovered there were two roads to the place, and that as it was the only point for miles and miles where they could change horses, they must come to it by the longer road, which it seemed they must have taken. Being quite satisfied with this, I ordered myself a comfortable breakfast, and patiently waited their arrival. I had laid an embargo on all the horses, so I was certain they could not get on without my knowledge. Just as I was sitting down to my stewed fowl and beef-steaks, I saw their carriage rattle up to the inn; and in a few minutes after, another chariot—postillions hot—horses all of a tremble—drove up furiously to the door. 'Who the devil can this be?' thought I, for ye see I knew nothing at all about the thief-takers—"Will this be another couple, I wonder?" But when I saw two coarse, strong, blackguard-looking fellows get out, I could not tell what to make of the whole business. Out of the first carriage came Jack in his plain clothes—for I forgot to tell ye did not go to the ball in his uniform—looking very tired and sleepy—and handed out his huge raw-boned partner, whose beauty was by no means increased by her night's frolic. I did not exactly know how to proceed; so I sat down to my breakfast, and enjoying the thoughts of surprising Jack; and consulting with myself how to break the matter to him in the pleasantest manner. But my cogitations were broken off by hearing Jack, who was in the next room to me, only divided by a thin partition, saying, 'Well, gentlemen—the divil take howld of yer sows!—what do ye want with me?'"

"'Only a little private talk with you, sir—that's all,' said one of the men in return.

"'Niver mind yer private talks—say your say, and be quick about it, or by the piper that!'"

"'Come, come, no nonsense, master,' said the man; 'you know well enough what we be come about, I darsay—did ye ever hear of one Mr. Fusby, sir?'"

"'Oho!'" said Jack, "so ye're come about that, are ye? An' ye'll stop us from goin' on to the ind of our journey!"

"'Yes—back you must go with us to York—them there is very serious charges.'"

"'Och, d—n the charges—I'll pay all yer charges—ye may stop here and eat and drink like a couple of corporals—but this very day I'll find my way into Scotland.'"

"We'll see about that," replied the man, sulkily, "We thought you might have been trusted without the irons, but the gentleman seems anxious for the fetters. Out with them, Tom!—to his companion."

"Fetters!" said Jack; "to be sure I am anxious for the fetters; and the old Blacksmith will fix them as tight as a Bishop."

"Bishop's a rare good 'un, no doubt, sir," said the man; "but we can do that as well."

"Do that? Do what, ye spalpeens?"

"Why, splice you, and this here lady together, sir; she's an accomplice after the act."

"After what act, ye brute baste! We're not married yet."

"No, nor won't be this bout. Come, out with the darbies, Tom; we hain't time to be palavering here all day."

"Hark ye, gentlemen," said Jack, growing more and more enraged and astonished, "this window is pretty high, thank God, and will break a gentleman's neck very prettily; so I advise ye to be off, and out of hearing, before I can crack this egg, or, by the poker, your wives may buy their mourning."

"Come, come," replied the man, no ways daunted, "we must have no more of your blarney; we are up to all such tricks. You are suspected of stealing Mrs. Fusby's property."

"Is it you they mane, my dear?" said Jack to the lady. "Ye may go back, my men, as fast as ye please, and tell the little fat owl woman, the sugar-seller's wife, with my compliments, that Miss Sahilla M'Scrae, of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart, is not her property at all; and is very much obliged to her for her care, but will keep what she has got."

"Will keep what she stole off with?"

"Just so," said Jack, nodding his head.

"And do you confess," continued the man, "that she has got the article with her?"

"Ye may say so, when ye write home to yer friends; and a very pretty article too, don't ye think so, my dear?" said Jack, drawing himself up, and looking as pleased as Punch.

"And you won't give it up?" said the man.

"By no means."

"Then we must force you."

"Och, must ye?" said Jack; "and I'm particularly obliged to ye for yer kindness."

"I now heard a scuffle; and two heavy falls, rapidly succeeding each other, made me recognise Jack's one, two. In a moment I rushed into the room, nearly killed with laughter at all the conversation, and there I found Jack, his nostrils widened with passion, and his whiskers redder than usual, standing over the two unfortunate strangers, who were groaning most piteously on the floor.—The moment he saw me, he burst into one of his wildest shouts of joy. 'Och, only look here, O'Looney, my darlint; these two gentlemen with the bloody faces are friends of Mr. Fusby, and are sent off to stop our journey to Gretna Green.'

"And I'm very glad to hear it, Jack," said I.

"I call you to witness, sir," said one of the men, getting up, and putting a handkerchief to

his eye; "we are deforced in the execution of our duty. I order you to assist us in the King's name."

"Faith will I, willingly," said I.

"Jack upon this was almost choked with passion. He stood and scowled at us all, and then folding his arms across his chest, asked, as quietly as he could—'An' tell me now, gentlemen, what it is ye really want?'"

"We want possession of your body. This here is our authority," said the constable.

"My body?—Ye hell-degs, are ye a set of doctors? and do ye think I'm a corpse?"

"No," said the man, "we don't take you for no such thing. It's likely you know more of doctors and corpses nor we do. Ain't you a pottercarrier's boy?"

"Pottercarrier! D'ye mane an apothecary? and do you take me for his boy! *me, me*, John O'Farrel, Esquire, that is so soon to be proprietor of seventy-five thousand acres of land, besides Lord knows how many lakes and rivers? Och, ye infernal scoundrels, I'll physic ye."

"Saying this, he advanced to murder the two men, but I stooped him, and said, 'Listen to me, Jack: you shall not go to Gretna Garden this time. She's nothing but a governess, that teaches little girls to spell, and ate bread and butter without dirtying their fingers.'

"Who do ye mane, O'Looney?—Miss Sibilla M'Scrae of Glen Buckie and Ben Scart?"

"Yes, faith do I," said I, "and no other. Ask her."

"Jack turned round to the lady, and said, 'Pray, madam, do ye tache little girls to ate bread and butter and spell without dirtying their fingers!—Are ye not one of the heireses of all the fine land and water you towld me off?' The lady, though I suppose she felt her position a little uncomfortable, was not very easily frightened, and braced it as bold as a statue."

"To be sure," she said, "I'm governess to the wee children at Mr. Fusby's, and learn them hoo to speak English. Ye never askit me that. But I'm heires, for a' that, to Glen Buckie and Ben Scart."

"And what may the rint-roll be, madam?" said Jack, looking rather more peaceable.

"Oo, 'deed, the rent-roll's just nothing, for it's a' hill grund, excep' the moss."

"Jack made a low bow, took her by the hand, and led her to the policemen. 'Gentlemen,' he said 'let me present you with the lady that has caused all this uproar, and Mrs. Fusby is quite welcome to her property again.'

"That won't do, sir," said the man, who now began to recover his confidence. "Here we are sent out after this lady and you, on suspicion of your having stolen a piece of goods."

"And a pretty piece of goods she is," said Jack, "to talk to me of her seventy-five thousand acres of land! Take her, I say."

"Yes, we'll take her into custody, and you too, in spite of your fine talking. She's thought to have stolen Mrs. Fusby's shawl last night in the

ball-room ; and by the description, that's it lying on the sofa.'

"Whew!" said Jack, who now discovered the mistake. 'Och, I see it all now—this bates Bannagher entirely. Why, ye villains, I took the shawl.'

"I call you to witness, sir, he confesses the robbery," said the man, addressing himself to me.

"Keep the tongue in your head, ye rascal!" continued Jack. 'How the devil should I know whose shawl it was? I took the first that came. I tell ye, that on the word of a gentleman and an officer'

"O, sir," said the man, 'we are all officers here—police-officer, or medical officer, it's all the same, I reckon.'

"I now saw the whole business, and was like to die with laughing at the man continuing to believe Jack the apothecary's apprentice. However, I undertook to be answerable for Jack's appearance, and he and I returned in one chaise to York.—The matter was easily explained to Mrs. Fusby, and even Miss Sabilla was forgiven. I'm not quite sure what became of her afterward ; but I suppose she eloped with somebody else, for the example of our regiment made a flyaway match indispensable among all ranks of the people. I won my wager of Jack, who told me, that all the way down he had been thinking, that if he made all possible allowances for the number of her sisters—saying even if she had seventy-four of them—he would still step into possession of a snug little farm of a thousand acres, besides his share of the four lakes and the river. Now, wasn't that a narrow escape from the blacksmith?"

"Yes—and now, Colonel," said we all in a breath, "tell us your own adventure?"

Colonel O'Looney sighed, and shook his head. "No, no, my lads, no more stories to-night—I'll keep mine for some other occasion. In the meantime, pass round the bottles, and keep them constantly moving."

I'D BE A SPIRIT.

I'd be a spirit, happy and holy,

Wand'ring at will o'er the fields of the blest,
Never to visit this dark world of sorrow,

But when despatched on some kindly behest ;—
When at His bidding, the spirit of spirits,

With soft wing descending to visions of night,
To whisper to some dying mortal the promise,
That turns his dark grave to a temple of light.

I'd be a spirit, happy and holy,

Bound to the bright and the blessed above,
Not by a chain that in time can be broken,
As the light links that bind us poor mortals to love ;
But highest communion of thought and of feeling,
Ineffable love that no self can control,
All centered in one, e'en the sun of redemption,
That calls into blossom the spring of the soul.

I'd be a spirit, happy and holy,

Waking my lyre in those love-lighted skies,
Where sun, moon, and stars never shine, but the glory
That streams from the Godhead is light to all eyes ;
Or by waters of life, where the bright tree is growing
Of knowledge, not known to the proud sons of dust,
Weave garlands to crown the blest spirits that enter
Through "much tribulation" the rest of the just.

X.

THE LILY HAND.

In a letter to the Editors of the Gasket.

GENTLEMEN :—

When I saw my old friend the Gasket appear under the auspices of the new proprietors, in a shining dress, and the bright array of the names of the literati pledged for its support, which you were kind enough confidentially to hand me, I felt myself called upon to redeem a pledge which the friendship of many years has imposed upon me.—My locks are somewhat whitened with the frosts of many winters, and even now, the quill shakes in my old hand, yet the fire of intellect, thank God, burns undimmed, and the memory of my youthful days is vigorous and bright as ever. There are green spots amid the waste of past years over which the mind lingers with pleasure, till I forget that I am old, while imagination bids me join in the romp of my boyhood days, and I hear the shout of merry companions, ringing out in joyousness—familiar and fresh, as the music of "Old Lang Syne." I might give you many a sketch of jolly companions, the light of whose brilliant intellects have long been quenched in death, who, with all their gaiety and light-heartedness, passed but a brief hour upon life's stage, and then, beneath a weight of sorrow, passed beyond the reach of laugh or shout forever. I shall give you a short history of one or two hereafter, and you will pardon the garrulity of age, if under cloak of its privileges, I relate an incident of my early days, which, if it has no other merit, will possess the interest of truth, an ingredient in few tales that appear at the present day.

Above all things I hate a tale writer. A man who spins out his pages of diluted nothingness at sixpence a paragraph, without even the ingenuity to tell a good lie. The world has been flooded, and set all agog by the romantic propensities of these eternal tale writers, as if our daughters had not enough of nonsense instilled into their brains by nursery legends, and the piling *billet-doux* of their school mates, without having their maturer years spent in a continual chase of ridiculous phantasies. I have always looked upon novels as a device of the devil, for surely he was not more successful in wining our good mother from the delights of paradise, and the kind confidence of Father Adam, than are these atrocious books, in subverting all natural affection, and in supplanting filial esteem and a reverence for the hearth and homestead of youth. It is a melancholy reflection, that deplorable as it is, nearly all man-kind, as well

woman-kind, are open to the seductive influences of this passion. It is something soothing to the pride of an old man, to be able to say, that he for one, was never led off by fictitious nonsense on a wild goose chase after happiness in pursuit of beauty, wit, genius, accomplishments, and all the fine things which exalt the character of the heroines of these trashy novels.

Reader I had one of the queerest kinds of courtships, and one of the funniest weddings you ever saw or heard of—I'll tell you about it.

I was sitting one evening, about forty-five years ago, carelessly sipping my wine, and gazing with the good nature which it inspires upon the fire which sparkled and croaked before me, engaged in various conjectures, on the probable chance of fortune, when I was suddenly interrupted in my vague speculations, by the entrance of a damsel, closely wrapped in a large shawl, superabundantly fringed. On entering my domicile, she drew a hood (which were worn in those days) close over her face, so as to obscure almost entirely her features—not so close, however, as to render nugatory the power of a pair of mischievous black eyes, which threw a playful light from beneath their lashes, as I made an awkward speech, which was intended partly as a salutation, partly as a welcome to my fireside. As aunt Deborah was out, upon some kind office of charity, I felt myself most provokingly embarrassed, which the more it became apparent, served the more to increase the merriment of the fair damsel; for after my awkward salutation, a dead silence reigned.

I made three or four "*a-hens*" preparatory to some half dozen words which stuck in my throat, with an obstinacy that defied all power of utterance.

The damsel, as if to beguile the time, and with a coolness, when contrasted with my perturbation of spirits provoking to witness, suffered one of the prettiest little hands that I had ever beheld, to drop from beneath its hiding-place, the huge shawl, and with its delicate, taper-like fingers, began playing with the fringe, throwing, at the same time, a glance at me, from the lustrous eyes, which shone sparkling from beneath the fold of her hood.

I felt at once that my destiny was sealed.—There was no resisting such an influence, and when words would be wasted, I thought it was madness to speak. Nature has given an eloquence to the eye which makes the tongue mute. I shifted on my chair, and tried to imagine that it was a dream—I rubbed my eyes to dispel the delusion—but no, when I looked there were the slender, waxen-like fingers, carelessly tossing the fringe, and anon becoming entangled in its meshes; and the black eye too, star-like, seemed to twinkle as I gazed. I felt my pulse quicken, and the blood dance with a hurried glow through my veins.—The ends of my neckcloth, from a pulsation which nearly choked me, began bobbing like the legs of a "Dancing Jack," and my whole frame shook like an aspen—I felt that I was in a predicament. Had I been a gentleman of the least experience in such

matters, I should not have been so sadly nonplussed; but there I sat fidgeting and shaking as if in anticipation of the hearing of my death warrant. I resolved inwardly, however, to enact no antics, but to wait for the lady to break silence, (most ungallantly) and to endeavor, in the meanwhile, to regain my composure, and began in a short time to imagine I was a philosopher, and that the fire of my blood was under control.

A suppressed titter from the fair one upset my equanimity, and starting from my seat, in an instant, one arm was around her, and with the other I attempted to remove the shawl. A slight scream, and an instant and positive remonstrance, stayed proceedings.

I felt somewhat embarrassed, the lady appeared perplexed, so after an awkward *a-hem*, I expressed myself ready to hear and obey her commands.

"Follow me," said the sweetest voice that I had ever listened to, and on the instant she darted out of the door, I took my hat and obeyed the mandate.

The night was so dark that you could scarcely see your hand before your face. Yet the lady travelled a path which led through a thick copse for more than a mile, as one familiar with the ground. I had never attempted the feat, and had it not been for the figure of what appeared to me to be my *fairy* guide, which, however indistinct, served to mark the path, I should have become lost and entangled in the underwood and freize, which lined the path on either side.

But I was in for the adventure, and now that I had started, worlds could not have tempted me to return. There was something so mysterious in it that I resolved, come what might, to follow her, even up the mountain side, the foot of which skirted the plain beyond the copse, through which our journey lay, and which had the reputation of being haunted by ghosts and hob-goblins of various forms. The benighted countrymen had time and again affirmed, that at the witching hour of night might be seen, a maiden with her fiery steed, dashing down the steep declivities, regardless of the rocks, which shot out in projecting masses; and that her wild charger leaped down the dark precipices, and defiles without harm or danger. Others affirmed that a will-o'-the-wisp flitted along the ravine, beguiling many a traveller to ruin: and that thousands had followed its leadings, and had never returned. The village, however, still continued populous, and none of its inhabitants had ever been carried off, by "the maiden of the fiery steed."

My nerves were strung for the adventure, however, and I followed on; and although I had quailed before the light of the maiden's eye, when sitting at my fireside, it was not from fear. I was now out on the open heath, for we had emerged from the copse, and I felt as if I could defy man or devil, with so bewitching an angel beside me.

The small, white, queenly hand, *did* the business for me. As we neared the foot of the mountain my companion stopped.

"We will need a light," said she, "to scale the mountain, which must be done, in order to effect

the enterprise, in which, by following me, you have enlisted." "I suppose you do not fear to follow me." "Lady," said I, "I will follow wherever you lead—fear I do not know."

To my astonishment she held out to me the delicate little hand, which, in the fervor of the moment I clasped in mine, and then tenderly pressed it to my lips. She gently withdrew it from mine, and every nerve thrilled at the departing touch. I was in a reverie in an instant. So pure, thought I, so lovely a being as thou, can never design me ill, and I involuntarily blushed, that I could have been guilty of imparting to her, even in thought, such an intention. The fact was, I began to suspect that I was in love with the damsel, solely on account of her *hand*. I have a theory of my own about small hands, which I may take occasion to spin out in an essay. In truth, there is no such thing as a *lady*, with great paws attached to her arms. Every *lady* has a *hand*, a small hand, along which the light blue veins are seen to steal, and in which the current flows *gently*. There too, are the delicate nails, so flesh-like, so pearly, that you scarcely know whether they are not too beautiful for the taper-like finger which they adorn.

The light which the maiden supposed we would need she came provided with, for throwing back a fold of her large shawl, she produced a small, dark lantern, the door of which she opened, and proceeded on her journey. Merely motioning me to

follow, she led me for some miles among the declivities of mountains, and at last stopped at a rude hut—the door of which, at a signal given, was opened by a lank, withered old crone, who appeared to be the very embodiment of a fury.

"And ye're come at last, are ye," was the salutation of this Gypsy, as the maiden appeared before her. "And do ye expect to keep a body all night waiting up for your blains; I tell you mistress Jenet, when the good mon comes I'll tell him of your stroll from the mountain; and to bring the fair stranger to the retreat wi' you—shame on you for a fool."

"Hannah," said the maiden, "I did my father's bidding, and shall account to him for my conduct," and throwing aside her shawl, and the hood to which was attached a short cloak, after the manner of the times, she turned to me with a most winning grace of manner, and curtsied me a welcome, and revealed to me at the same moment, the most beautiful countenance that I had ever beheld, and a form of most exquisite mould.

She avoided my gaze in an instant, and drawing a rude chair to the fire for my accommodation, disappeared.

In her absence I propose to give the localities, which will impart additional interest to the narrative—this indeed a veteran tale writer would have done ere this.

LENOX.

To be Continued.

LINES.

"Since all must end in that wild word, Farewell!"

We met before in childhood's years, we meet less gaily now,

With secret pangs thy cheek is pale, and clouded o'er thy brow;

And we must learn to wander on, o'er scenes of woe and pain,

Nor ask from dark futurity if we may meet again.

Were friends as fond, and love as true, as dreams or fables tell,

Say would their value overpay the anguish of farewell?

When too subdued to cherish hope, too wretched to complain,

We turn from all to weep and say, we ne'er shall meet again.

Yet will I hope, though shores and seas must hold us now apart,

That thou may'st come in after years revised in form and heart;

Or if our lot in distant lands, life's weary round ordain,

There is a land I name not here, where we may meet again.

Farewell, farewell; this feeble strain is all unworthy thee,

But gloom and care have fettered now this fancy once so free;

Yet would I brave a world's reproach, or brook a world's disdain,

To hail thee on that joyous day when we shall meet again.

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.

AS SUNG BY MR. DEMPSTER.

COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT.

Andante Grazioso.

Andante Grazioso.

A musical score for a piece titled "Andante Grazioso." The score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major, indicated by a sharp sign (#) before the common time signature (C). The music is in common time. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes, including a prominent D note in the first measure. The overall tempo and character are indicated by the title "Andante Grazioso."

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The voice part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and the voice part has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The piano part includes a section marked "cres." (crescendo) and a section marked "f" (forte). The voice part includes a section marked "f" (forte). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of music, and the second system contains the next two lines. The piano part ends with a double bar line, and the voice part ends with a double bar line.

I have wander'd on thro' many a clime, Where

f p f p

Legato.

THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN.



spot where I was born, But none appear'd so sweet to me As the

spot where I was born.

*I have wander'd on thro' many a clime,
And gas'd on palace walls;—
I've never wished that step of mine,
Should tread those stately halls;
For 'midst the pomp that circled me,*

*I still should be forlorn;
Give me, give me the lowliest cot
On the spot where I was born,
Give me, give me the lowliest cot
On the spot where I was born.*

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

NOTICE.—Owing to the early period at which the *Casket* is forced to go to press, no work can be noticed in the Review Department unless received before the twentieth of the month. Publishers, when they favor us with books, will address them to "THE CASKET, 36 Carter's Alley." This is necessary to prevent mistakes, as the "*Saturday Evening Post*" is issued from the same office.

CHEVELY, or the man of honor.—by Lady Lytton Bulwer.
2 vols.—Harper & Brothers.

This work, from the talent it displays, the situation of the authoress, and the excitement it has occasioned in London, deserves a more extended notice than we shall feel at liberty this month to bestow on any other book.

No one can rise from the perusal of *Chevely* without feeling that Lady Bulwer is a woman of talents equal to her beauty, and that in this novel she has woven together a story of the heart, which did it stand solely on its merits as a tale, would be no contemptible production. The incidents are natural, the characters strongly drawn, the events follow one another in fit succession, and withal there is a want of the clap-trap that makes a novel almost a comedy, and fits it rather for the stage than for the parlor. There is little of startling incident, and less of stirring excitement in the work before us. It is emphatically a quiet, gentle, unpretending picture of the heart, and though it displays the workings of that heart's sternest passions, they never break out into those scenes of wild energy, and terrible catastrophe which mark the *Salvator Rosa* school of romance. The Lady Julia suffers, but she suffers like a woman, and in her struggles and those of Mowbray against their ill-timed passion, we are neither startled with the extravagances of the German writers, nor shocked with the want of nature which the French author would display. From beginning to ending *Chevely* is a tale of the heart, and most beautifully are the workings of that master-passion, Love, laid bare. Lady Bulwer is another instance to prove that woman can write more truly than men can on the tender passion.

But *Chevely* is not only a novel, it is a satire, and a scathing one too. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, M. P.—the Baronet's brother, Lord Melbourne, and a host of others from Lord Durham to

"Curs of low degree,"

are aptly introduced into the work, and—some of them at least—sketched off in the darkest colors. If we may judge of the truth of all the portraits from the fidelity of a few, we should pronounce the husband of Lady Bulwer a monster in the shape of man, who, while he excels all living writers in sentiment, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, is one of the grossest of mankind at heart. If he has sat for the portrait of Lord Clifford, well may he rue the day when he first neglected and then abused the

authoress of *Chevely*. There is a coarseness in this character, a violent irascibility, a want of proper respect for the female sex, which adds to, and increases the disgust entertained toward him, attending us from the first moment we beheld him, though all his brutality to Lady Julia and his cruelty to his poor, innocent victims the Lees, until we almost delight in the retribution which overtakes him at the close of the second volume. That it is a picture of the novelist we will not pretend to say, but the loose morality displayed in his works, and his fondness for heroes who talk loftily of philosophy while murder is in their hearts, have long convinced us that if any thing prevented him from living the vilest life, it was not the strictness of his principles, nor his horror at vice. Not that we would charge an author with all he writes. Far from it. But we do say, and we say it fearlessly, that the author of such works as *Alice*, *Aram*, *Falkland* and *Maltravers* has little of morality, or he would never have scattered such moral pestilences over society, to poison the young, mislead the unwary, and advance that fearful sophistry "that vice itself loses half its evil by losing all its grossness."

It is evident, however, whatever we may think of the likeness, that Lady Bulwer intended Lord Clifford as a picture of her husband. Of the propriety and decency of thus holding up the Baronet to public scorn we have nothing now to say, though if Lady Bulwer had consulted her better feelings, or even followed the example of her heroine, she would have paused long before she exhibited to the world her own folly, and her husband's brutality.

It is evident, however, from the tone of the novel, as well as from the history of this ill-fated marriage, that if Sir Edward Bulwer is a Clifford, Lady Bulwer is a tartar. Miss Wheeler, for that was her maiden name, was the daughter of a respectable widow. She was a pale, handsome, slender girl, and Bulwer when just fresh from college, was attracted by her beauty. His aristocratic mother opposed the match. But the romance of the two young beings overcame every difficulty, they met at a third person's house, and were finally united. Mrs. Bulwer pretended to be satisfied with what could not be helped, but ever since Lady Bulwer and the whole family have disagreed. Whose fault it is we do not say; but her husband finally banished her to the country, and lived himself in *bacheler rooms at the Albany*. Here his lady several times

dropped in at unseasonable hours; and the consequence has been that he has now taken refuge at the house of COUNT D'ORSAY; in order to be safe from such intrusions. These are plain facts and they prove that in point of faithfulness the Baronet is by no means unexceptionable. No one, however, has ever whispered a word against Lady Bulwer's fame.

"CHEVELY" is valuable, moreover, as a picture of English high life. But it develops a tone of society there, wherever woman is concerned, which is a proof how debauchery will eat out all that is noble and generous in the heart of man. We are warranted in stating, not only on the authority of Chevely, but on that of the English Magazines and Reviews themselves, that wherever any thing can be gained by trampling on a woman the *lordly* feelings of Englishmen will not hesitate to do it, no matter how much misery and even agony it may produce. A woman's feelings are nothing if they stand in the way of the selfishness of man. Nor is any rank exempt from this. From the Queen to the Peasant it is all the same. Victoria has been libelled, the purest ladies of the realm traduced, and the most innocent and gentle proscribed, insulted, and absolutely *written down*. Nor is there any escape;—for to whom shall they appeal? Will manhood step forth to their defence? Alas! the days of chivalry have gone, and the glory of Europe departed forever. If the pack of libellers is once untrammelled on a woman's reputation, her own sex avoid her as they would fly the pestilence, and she is left alone, unfriended, and defenceless to sink before her assailants, or combat hopelessly against overwhelming odds. How have Miss Martineau, Lady Hastings, and Mrs. Norton been treated? There is no "*esprit du corps*," if we may so speak, among the sex. But how different is man! Crime-stained as he may be, his own sex are always ready to defend him, and too often to join in hunting down any woman he may proscribe. It is rather a recommendation than a stigma for a *gentleman* to be known as the destroyer of virtue. He may be a bad father, a faithless husband, a gay, worthless debauchee, and yet instead of being shunned by all who care for virtue, he is greeted with smiles and hailed with applause, in every ball-room,—while perhaps, the very one whom he has marked out for his next victim is among the foremost to welcome his approach. Thus woman is traitress to herself, and careless to-day of that agony which may be hers to-morrow. May such a state of society never lay its blight upon our happy land!

We now take leave of "*Chevely*." It is a caustic, burning production,—and perhaps after all, the only way left in Lady Bulwer's hands to save herself from the martyrdom of saloons, coteries, and unprincipled men. But we have nothing to do with family quarrels.

ROBIN DAY. Dr. B. rd. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard.

. This is a rambling, desultory novel, of the narrative kind, full of disconnected incident, with a hero

who flits along in a will-o-the-wisp-way over hill, bog, and glen, from New Jersey to Virginia and the Creek Indians, and finally brings up in Florida amidst a perfect cataract of adventures. There is enough plot in the two volumes to furnish out a whole library of modern romances; and as for dangers, murders, and hair-breadth escapes, they tread upon one another's heels from the first chapter to the last. The most voracious miss cannot fail to be satisfied with the general slaughter that falls upon all but the hero, who carries his charmed life through every danger, safe alike from oyster-shells, robbers, armies, Indians and pirates, until he is finally engaged to his dark-eyed Isabel on an open boat in the ocean, discovers in a day or two that she is his sister, and at length finds himself at once the heir to large estates, and the husband of the little Nanna. This is a series of adventures which sets even Humphrey Clinker at defiance.

But though Robin Day is so wild and erratic a work, it has many fine passages in it. On the whole, however, it is inferior to other productions from the same author. It is, almost too coarse, and of a school somewhat antiquated. But there is much in it to please. A touch of satire, here and there gives a *piquancy* to the work. Among the humorous parts of it we would instance the valorous doings of General Dicky Dare, when he roused his school-fellows to rebellion, and in a pitched battle overthrew the school-master, because the despotism of the birch was anti-republican, "and agin nat'ral rights" as their leader sagely expressed it. The cures of the Indian doctor also afford room for mirth, and the simplicity of the hero, in his earlier travels, borders on the ridiculous.

Why does not Dr. Bird return to the school of novel-writing in which he began? He has now travelled the whole field, and proved himself capable of composition in any line of prose-fiction,—why will he not sit down to that species in which he excels, and delight his fellow countrymen with novels such as *Calavar* and the *Infidel*?

RICHELIEU—a play—by Sir E. L. Bulwer;—one vol. Harper & Brothers.

The great novelist, whatever else we may think of him, is a man of unquestioned genius, and has done much for the literature of his land and line. After having attained the highest elevation as a writer of fiction, he has lately turned his vast powers of mind to a new species of composition, and, unless we greatly mistake, is destined to become as immortal as a play-writer as he is already as a novelist.

"*Richelieu*" is the finest of all his plays. With as much poetry in it as in the *Lady of Lyons*, it far surpasses it in all the requisites for being acted on the stage. There is more incident, more rapidity in the action, more variety in the character, and more of those sudden surprises which give such stage effect to a piece. The danger which seems inevitable to Richelieu in his castle; the series of rapid events by which that danger is arrested; the report of his death with the rise of his enemy,

which throws the lovers into such difficulty; the unexpected appearance of Richelieu, his failure to remove the anger of the king, and the sudden production of the treasonable papers by which the monarch is convinced, the foes of the cardinal ruined, and the life of De Mauprat saved, are all evidences that the author understand the machinery as well as the poetry of his profession. The curtain drops amid the happiness of all in whom we are interested, and Julia, sweet Julia is restored to joy, and to De Mauprat.

There are many fine things in the play, and there are some bad ones. Among the latter we rank the soliloquy of Richelieu, which, although distinguished by some excellencies, is on the whole unfit for the mouth of such a character. It is the hardest thing in poetry to write a good soliloquy, and beside Shakespeare and Byron we know not who has succeeded. Will Richelieu's learned dissertation, miscalled a soliloquy, compare with those splendid bursts which break, free, natural, uncontrollable, from Hamlet or from Manfred? The great fault of Bulwer is that he makes his characters speak as if they were writing. They are always on stilts, or discoursing like Academicians.

The dialogue, however, in the last act when Richelieu is discovered by the king, is free from this fault. Then Richelieu is "every inch" a cardinal. We feel for his woes, take fire at the king's injustice, and are awed by the lofty philosophy of the ruined minister. Few passages, in the whole range of the drama, surpass that in which Richelieu appeals from the injustice of his monarch to posterity. It is a thought worthy of fallen greatness.

The character of Julia is beautifully drawn. We almost, with De Mauprat, feel witched into loving her. She is a fine relief to the bold, dark character of her uncle, whose gloom is broken only now and then by occasional flashes of generosity; and we close the book doubtful whether most to admire the stern prime-minister, or love his gentle, pleasing niece.

THE HISTORY OF THE NAVY OF THE U. STATES.
J. Fenimore Cooper—2 vols.—Lea & Blanchard.

There was nothing which the libraries of American students stood more in need of, than of a faithful history of the transactions of our infant Navy. The accomplishment of such a work, should in no case be left to foreign pens; for however desirous honestly to pen the task, there are prejudices which can never be overcome; and there is a want of truth in the detail that can never be atoned for by faithful description, and carefully collected facts. We want something more in the history of a young people, or of any thing which concerns them, than the bare narration of their

acts. There is a spirit and a tone which must be imparted, to render the picture true to nature, which can be given only by one of themselves.

Of all American writers, Mr. Cooper possessed the best abilities for an historian of our Navy.—With a mind imbued with the spirit of a seaman, having, from familiarity with the service from early youth, become thoroughly acquainted with its character, and with a mind disciplined by study, and enlarged by travel and observation, he was eminently qualified, to detect abuses, and to expose them, to perceive our superiority in other respects, and to prove it, and to blend with his narrations, such reflections as awaken a spirit desirous of abolishing the one, and of sustaining and strengthening the other. The prejudices, which he displayed in some of his recent works against classes of his countrymen who had roused his ire, have been wisely laid aside, and no where appear in the work; but with the generous, whole soul of the seaman's friend, he has brought the whole power of his mind and heart to the accomplishment of his task. The chain of history is complete, and he has blended with facts well known, many things that were new, or were known but to officers in the service, and their intimate friends. The facilities of Mr. Cooper to reach these sources of information were ample, and he employed them; and for stirring description, accuracy of statement, and flowing and easy style, blended with a pure philosophy, he may take his place beside the benefactors to, and ennoblers of, his country's literature, Prescott, Bancroft, Sparks, and others.

BIRTHS, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES—Theodore Hook
2 vols.—Lea & Blanchard.

This is one of Hook's best novels. It is designed to show the sad effects of distrust between man and wife, yet there is a variety of incident in the plot, and a vein of sly humor running through the whole, so characteristic of his pen, that we could have detected him at a glance. Old Jacob Bately is a fine portrait of the selfishness of the overgrown rich, and his false security in the honesty of the villainous attorney, contrasts finely with his open-eyed caution in reference to every one else. The hollow heartedness of "the world," is finely sketched, and the melancholy fate of poor Helen is touching in the extreme; yet there are some dull chapters in the work which are the private mark of all book makers. A man who writes, merely to fill two volumes, when the plot is exhausted must necessarily be dull at times, and it is a question whether it would not be better, both for publisher and writer, to make but one volume of stirring incident, than to prose in a diluted manner the pages of two volumes.

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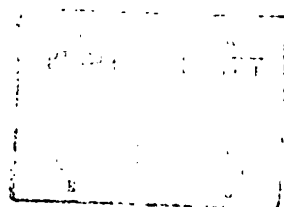
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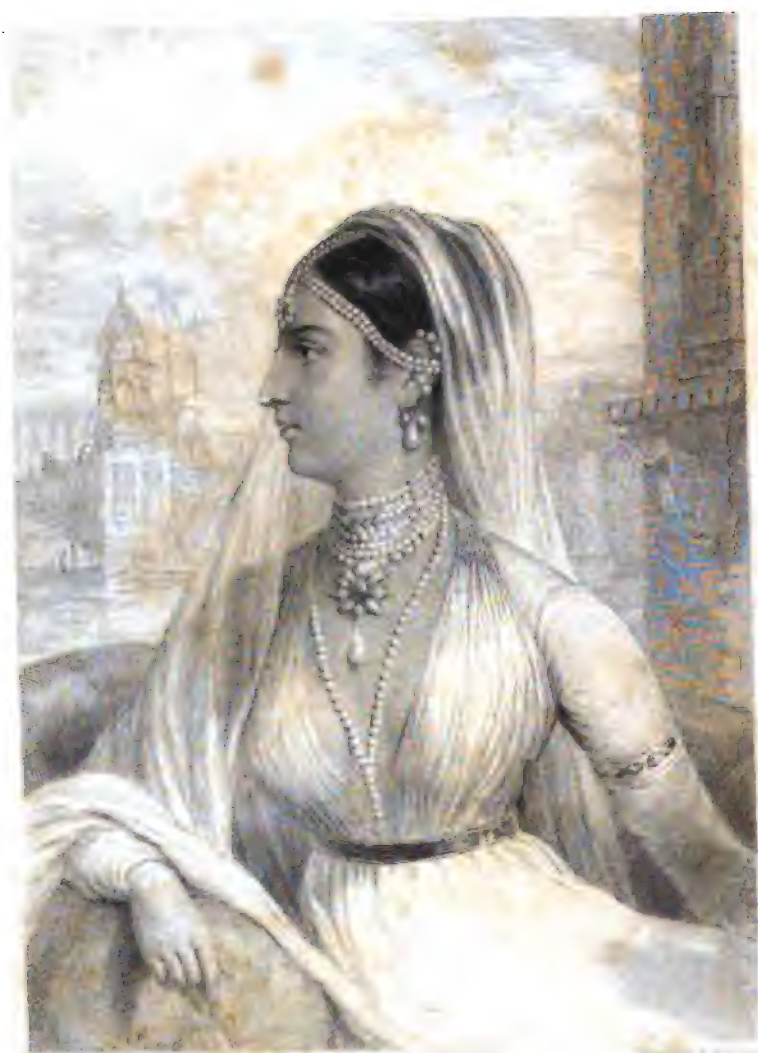
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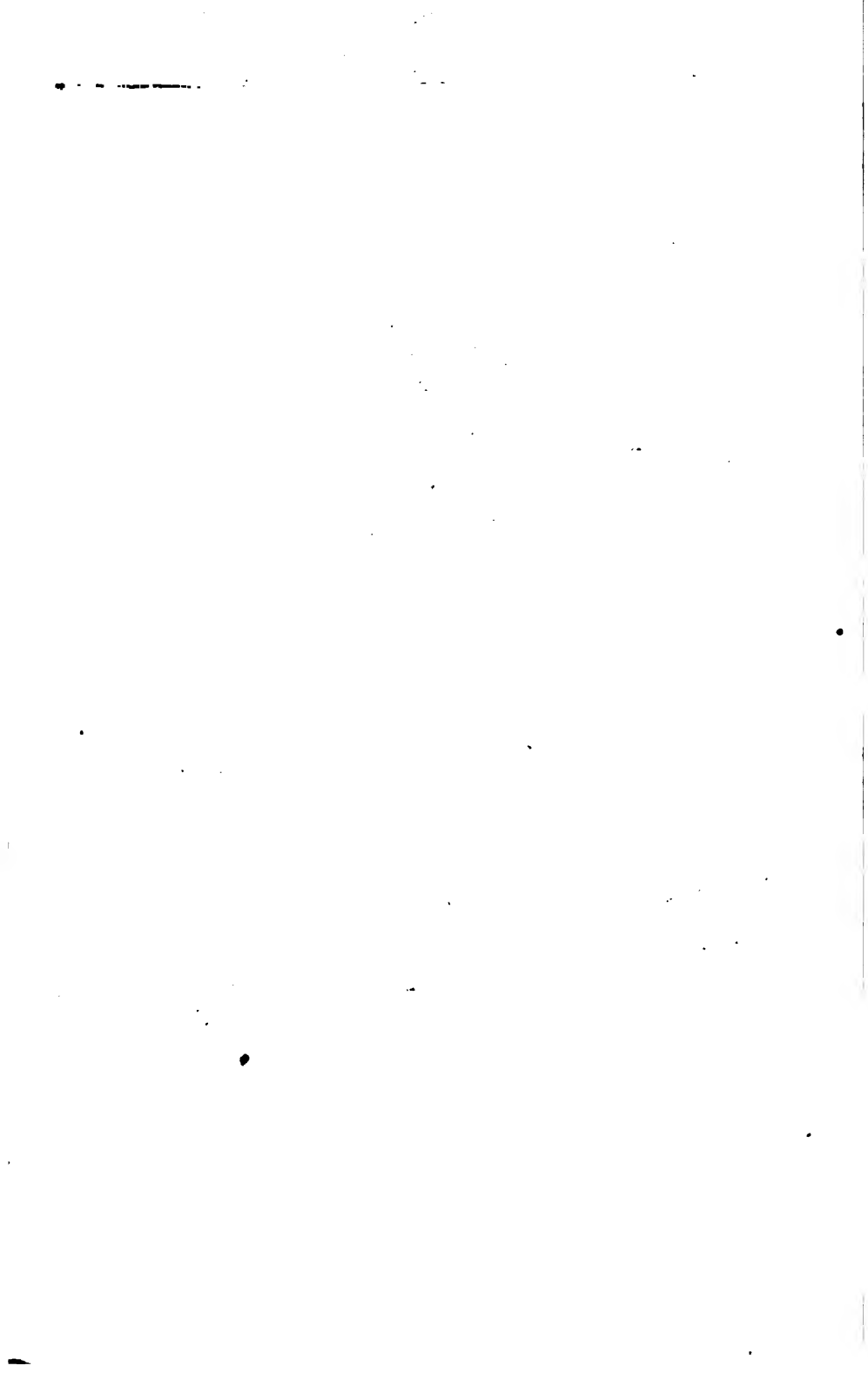
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And lends thy form its stately grace.
Child of a Chief—a Warrior's bride,
Philadelphia, June, 1839.

Words utter not her joy and pride,
As springs her lover to her side!



THE
CASKET.

Vol. XV.]

JULY, 1839.

[No. 1.

THE RAJPOOTNEE BRIDE.

BY MISS E. H. STOCKTON.

I.

SORR falls the light o'er Rajasthan,
While she, who is its loveliest daughter,
Still in her bridal gems arrayed,
Sits gazing out upon the water.
Her eye and lip wear light and smile—
The light of love—the smile of pleasure—
As expectation visions sweet,
The coming of her bosom's treasure.
Ah, fairest one! it needeth not
Those pearls and gems thy charms adorn-
ing,
To make thee brighter in his eyes,
To whom thou art the star of morning.
The cygnet's music so divine,
Were not as sweet to *him* as thine,—
While still for him thy charms uncloze,
As to the bulbul doth the rose.

II.

What though thy rounded cheek refuse
The ruby's glow, the lily's hues?—
As stars are fairest seen at night;
So eyes like thine of flashing light,
Beam not beneath a brow more white! }
And rarely 'neath a northern Heaven,
Is such an ardent spirit given,
As that which glorifies thy face
And lends thy form its stately grace.
Child of a Chief—a Warrior's bride,

Philadelphia, June, 1839.

Of both the joy—of both the pride—
What shade of woe, or thought of fear
Should find one instant's dwelling near!

III.

The sky hath many a rainbow hue,
The wave hath many a picture fair,
And music, like a spirit's voice,
Comes floating on the fragrant air!
But she—bright dreamer! heedeth not
The levelness of earth or heaven,
And vainly to the zephyr's wing
The lotus hath its perfume given.
For oh! the glory of *her* skies
Shines on her from her chieftain's eyes,
While at the murmur of *his* voice
Her thoughts, like echoes sweet, rejoice.
For him to live—with him to die—
She asks no brighter destiny!

IV.

The stars are out—the moonbeams glide
Like pearls upon the silver tide,
The bulbul warbles to the rose,
As one by one her leaves disclose;
Yet none of these, in this sweet hour
To wake that radiant smile had power;—
Words utter not her joy and pride,
As springs her lover to her side!

LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO.

"But to-day
With the strange waywardness of human thought,
A story has come back to me which I
Had long forgotten."

J. P. Willis.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no life like that of a lawyer. Full of activity and incident it affords a series of constant excitements. It is the school in which to study human nature. Few professions but what display character in one shade of development or another, though rarely in more than one; but the lawyer views it in all ranks and conditions of life, sees the workings of the human heart in every stage of its varied passions, and studies man alike in the palaces of our princely merchants, the squalid hut of poverty, and the cell of the haggard felon. Mirth and woe, wealth and poverty, crime and innocence, they are all his daily companions; and from the stirring excitement of the court-room, he retires only to the tale of wrong his client unfolds, or to the wild turmoil of political contention. For him years are compressed into days; and dramas, could he live, would be acted before him down

"To the last syllable of recorded time."

The author of the following sketches has thought his leisure might not be unprofitably spent in recording a few of those unwritten histories which have fallen under his own personal observation. They are "owre true" tales of poor humanity,—and if they are not deemed wholly useless, the writer will think himself repaid. He writes not for fame, for he writes unknown. He writes not for effect, for he pictures only truth. Yet he has outraged no one's feelings, nor invaded the sanctity of private life. His characters, though real, have long since been gathered to their fathers; and under their disguised names few will be able to detect the originals. He might have had a greater variety, or have thrown off more thrilling pictures if he could have brought himself to draw indiscriminately on his memory; but he respects the dead, and he is tender to the living. He has only, from the long array that rises in his memory, to choose such as have no name nor lineage behind, or else have passed where these humble sketches can never meet their eye. He offers them as a proof of the old philosopher's saying that "*truth is stranger than fiction.*"

Some of the following histories ran through years; and to relate them as they came to the ears of the narrator, would take away from them much of the interest they may possess. The writer, therefore, has sunk the character of the mere chronicler; and endeavors to tell his tale as may be best calculated to inculcate its moral. Some of them may be sad and melancholy, and therefore little popular with vitiated tastes; but let the writer be believed when he asserts, that a life of some activity has convinced him that however sunny youth may be, few, like him, survive its dreams without echoing the sentiment of him of Uz, "man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble." Life has its dark sides as well as its bright ones,—and the cup we quaff is one of mingled bitterness and sweets.

THE GAMBLER.

It was a rich and elegant apartment. The floors were covered with a costly carpet, the most expensive furniture ornamented the room, and on the walls were hung a few fine pieces from the older masters. The hour was past midnight. The chandelier burned dimly, throwing a faint light over the crimson drapery around, and just permitting you to see that

on a sofa, with her face buried in her hands, and the tears trickling down between her taper fingers, at the mistress of this lordly mansion. Why, with all this gorgeousness and wealth, did she weep there an almost broken hearted wife?

Emily Languerre was an orphan and an heiress. At an early age she had married one every way worthy of her pure and guileless heart, and for four years of unalloyed happiness all had been beautiful and bright. But alas! when the sky is fairest, the storm may be already gathering on the horizon, and before three winters had darkened the curls of her little boy, a change gradually came over her once adoring husband. It could all be told in one word—he had become a gambler. Amid the fashionable amusements of the day, card playing was pre-eminent, and though he indulged in it at first to spend an idle hour or to gratify a friend, it was not long before he acquired a liking, which was soon lost in an uncontrollable passion for the excitement of play. From the sport it became the necessary of life. His cheek grew pale, his eye became wild, he spent half the night at the gaming table, and it was rumored that his fortune had already deeply suffered. His meek wife, however, had borne it all without complaint. Her looks of tender entreaty were all that told how bitterly she felt it,—they were voiceless, it is true, but they cut the gambler to the heart.

It was long past midnight, and still that lonely wife waited for her husband. Even his late hours had long past, and she began to fear that some accident had happened to detain him. Her suspense, at last, grew painfully oppressive. She knew not what to think—her mind was tortured with a thousand fears. Oh! there is nothing like the agony of waiting for those you love hours after your reason tells you they should have been by your side. At last she rose, and went to the window. Suddenly a step was heard coming up the street, and her heart beat quicker at the sound. But it was only the watchman. She turned away, sought the couch of her boy, and looking on his cherub face as he lay there in the sleep of innocent childhood, found relief in a flood of tears.

Her quick ear at length heard her husband's step in the hall, and springing up, she brushed away her tears, and hurried to welcome him.

"Oh! Charles, I am so glad—thank God! you are safe—I was afraid some accident had happened to you," and a smile struggled through her half dried tears.

Her husband stared at her vacantly an instant, and seemed tortured with an upbraiding voice within. He appeared, for the time, ashamed of his career; but the demon that had possession of him whispered him to drown his feelings in an angry reply.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "have n't I often told you you hurt your health by waiting up at this rate. One can't be out without having it thought he's killed; but that is the way——"

The wife had, hitherto, looked incredulously at him. It was the first time,—bad as his conduct otherwise had been,—that he had ever spoken harshly and angrily to her. It went through her heart like an ice-bolt. She only gasped "Charles," and turned her face away to hide her tears.

The man stood like one struck dumb. The words had scarcely left his mouth before he would have given worlds to have recalled them. That single name, so gently, so meekly said, told more than volumes of upbraiding. Yet his pride for a moment forbid him to acknowledge his error, and his evil genius whispered him to harden his heart against the mute eloquence of his wife. But he had still some noble feelings left, and they at last triumphed.

"Emily," he said, "Emily—forgive me. I am beside myself—I hardly yet know what I do," and as he spoke, you might detect in his care-worn face, the ravages of hours of unusual suffering.

His gentle wife turned round,—so ready is woman to forgive—and had already placed her hand in his, when noticing the haggard look of his countenance she eagerly exclaimed,

"But what is the matter!—You look sick, troubled—your dress is disordered—are you unwell—has any thing happened—shall I bring you some wine!—what can I do for you? Oh! speak, Charles—quick."

The man was deeply moved by the tender anxiety of his wife. He buried his face in his hands for a moment, and groaned aloud. He seemed to have something which he dared not tell. At last raising his head, he said with fearful calmness, for the muscles of the face, the while, were working with the intensest feeling.

"Matter, oh! Emily I have ruined you. This morning I was a rich man, to-night I am almost a beggar. You have heard it all—you and your child are paupers—hate me now," and with the terrible calmness of despair he stood there like a doomed criminal, yet afraid to raise his eyes to meet the gaze of his injured wife.

"Is that all, Charles?" she calmly asked, after a momentary pause, "is that all!—Oh! if

it will only persuade you to leave off play, all will yet be well. We have life and health, and happiness, and with them we can again be happy. Nor are we ruined—even if we have lost all——”

“Not quite ALL, thank God!” murmured her husband.

“Then we shall yet be happy,” almost sobbed the wife, yielding to the glad belief that her husband was repentant, and losing in that blissful feeling all dread of other woes, “we shall yet be happy. We have enough for a competency, and we will go away from this wicked city and all its temptations, and finding some quiet retreat in the country, we will live there in our little cottage; and you will love me and little Henry as you used to; and you will no longer leave me to watch till my heart almost breaks; and the joyous days we once had will again revisit us; and you shall read to me as I sew, and Harry prattles sweetly on your knee, while the very birds will sing gayer for our joy, and we shall be so happy—so very happy,” and as the scene rose up before her, so much in contrast with her late unhappiness, she leaned her head upon her husband’s shoulder and wept for gladness.

He, too, was affected almost to tears. His better sympathies were once more aroused, and he vowed as he looked upon his wife never to touch a card again. Oh! there is something irresistible in the mute eloquence of a woman’s tears. Dark indeed must be that soul, and hard and seared that heart which can withstand the silent pleading of an injured wife.

“Noble, neglected woman,” he exclaimed, as he pressed her to his bosom, “how have I wronged you. But it is over,—I will never touch a card again—if I do, may utter, irretrievable ruin come upon me.”

“Hush, hush,” murmured his glad wife, “how dreadful you talk—only let us get away from this city—we shall be too happy!”

And well had it been for all, if in the first moments of his new resolution, he had taken the advice of his wife, flown from the city as from a pestilence, and sought safety in some quiet spot, where temptation could not reach him, and where his wife and child might have fixed him firmly in the paths of virtue. Would God he had done so!—then might we have been spared his dark and eventful history. But alas! for the self confidence of man. His affairs, when they came to be examined, were found far less involved than, in the madness resulting from the consciousness of losing vast sums on the night on which he abjured play, he had at first supposed them. He even found, that with strict economy, his old establishment might be supported. As yet his losses were a secret, and his pride revolted from disclosing them, by flying from the city. In an evil hour he resolved to remain. That hour rung the knell of his ruin.

But why dwell on the painful picture? The fall of most men is much alike, and the history of one is that of all the rest. It is a melancholy thing to trace the poor victim in his downward course; to behold him gradually losing every high and lofty sentiment; to see him, day by day, becoming more callous and degraded; and to gaze on him at last, sinking from immorality to vice, from vice to recklessness, from recklessness to utter abandonment, until he becomes a mere vagabond, despised, shunned, and insulted by all. Our pen refuses to trace the Gambler’s ruin with such tedious minuteness. But he trusted, as many a man before and since, to his own fortitude, and he fell in his short-sightedness. He was one day bantered into a gaming house, for what harm could there be in merely looking on? For awhile he resisted every effort to draw him into play. But he little knew the enemy he had to contend with. As the game proceeded, he grew insensibly interested in the event; his old habits once more started into life, and his thirst for the excitement began to awaken; his eye kindled, his hand trembled, his breath came shorter, he even unconsciously bet on the result; one by one his late formed resolves faded away and were forgotten, until at length his passion was fully re-awakened; he was on fire with the fever of his exciting pastime; he won; he betted again; he took up the cards himself; he became, as it were, maddened with the contest; and long before he left the house, he was once more an eager Gambler. Before the power of his master passion, his vows, his promises, his resolutions, were as willow-withes in a giant’s hand. Even the meek face of his wife was forgotten, and with wild eye and excited mien, he left the gaming house at midnight.

It was long before he was cool enough to think, but when recollection at last came, tongue cannot tell the tortures of his bosom. He remembered his vows, his wife’s entreaties, his little boy, and his own faithlessness, until his soul seemed on fire with remorse. He trembled to meet the silent, upbraiding look of his wife. Hell was in his bosom, and a thousand furies at his heart. A recklessness, a phrenzy seized upon him,—he stopt at an eating house, and swallowed draught after draught of brandy; he strove in inebriety to drown his feelings; and, for the first time, he reeled home a drunkard. Who can tell the agony at his fire-side that night! Gambling and drunkenness!—How many hearts have

been broken,—how many hearths made desolate,—how many wives hurried prematurely to their graves, by the prevalence of these destructive vices! When once they are united, their poor, miserable victim is undone forever.

Well, time passed on. The stage darkened, for the curtain was already falling. In one short month the wife and mother felt that all was over, and as she clasped her babe to her bosom, and prayed for its deluded father, the hot tears would fall upon its little brow until it too would cry—it knew not why. In less than a year the first act was up. They were sold out by the sheriff, and in the dead of winter forced to seek a shelter among the necessitous and degraded. Friends, acquaintances, all left them. Far better had they been carried to their graves!

Years passed by; and one cold night in November, a man was seen stealing along a dirty and narrow street, in the southern suburb of our city. He was clad in a coat long since tattered, and now ready to drop off his back; his hat was crumpled and crownless, and wind and weather had bleached its original jet to a dirty, brownish hue. Such a miserable object—thank God! one rarely sees. And then, toe, his looks! Pale, haggard, trembling with premature disease, and worn out with drunken debauchery, his maudlin eye rolling frightfully around, he reeled along from one side to the other, scarcely able to pick his way along the dark and dirty alley. The cold, fine, drizzling rain was falling from the sky, driving into the face of the wayfarer, soaking through his tattered garments, and penetrating his frame with that keen, freezing sensation, a north easter only can produce. The heavens were of a dingy, slaty hue. They seemed settling not a rod above the low roofs. The light from the street lamps around, struggled vainly to penetrate the mist, and only betokened their presence by a few luminous halos, shining dimly through the foggy atmosphere. The black and tottering houses frowned gloomily around. The loose window shutters rattled in the tempest, and the wind howled dismally around the corners of the streets. Here and there, beneath the broken door-steps, the long grass grew; the cracked and time-stained walls rose desolately above; and along the streets, like sentinels watching over this scene of ruin, were scattered the crazy awning posts, from which the canvases had long since rotted away. The pavement was uneven—the kennel full of filth. It was altogether a sight as desolate as man would wish to see, and even a dog would not have tarried out on such a night; yet that beggared wayfarer still shuffled on, stopping at some low cellar, to listen to its curses and songs of infamy, or hurrying along, up one street and down another, seemingly without aim, and only pausing now and then to mutter an imprecation at the tempest, or cast a scowling glance at the stormy sky. Cold nor rain seemed he to care for. Hour after hour passed by, and still he wandered on. The fiends of remorse were busy at his heart—gambling and drunkenness had failed to drive them from their lodgement.

The grey morning was already dawning, when this miserable wretch turned into a still narrower alley, and entering the door of a low and ruinous frame structure, groped through its narrow entry, up its narrower staircase, and stood for a moment on the landing, as with a curse he jerked off his hat, and slung the rain in showers from it on the wall. The noise of his footsteps had scarcely ceased before the creaking door was timidly opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, not more than nine or ten years old, shading with one hand the candle he held in the other, stepped out upon the landing, and closing the door behind him, asked in mingled anxiety and dread,

“Is that you, father?”

It was a strange thing to hear that tender word in such a place; and it might have melted the vilest heart, coming as it did from a creature so beautifully delicate as that sickly boy. But what can move the drunkard’s bosom?

“Yes, wet to the skin,—curse it,” said the man—“why ain’t you abed and sleep, you brat?”

The little fellow shrunk back at this coarse salutation, but still, though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

“What are you standing there, gaping for?” said the wretch,—“It’s bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in in the morning,—get to bed, you imp,—do you hear?”

The little fellow did not answer; fear seemed to have deprived him of speech; but still holding on to the door-latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

“Ain’t you going to mind?” said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury, “give me the lamp and go to bed, or I’ll break every bone in your body.”

“Oh! father do n’t talk so loud,” said the little fellow bursting into tears—“you’ll wake mother, she’s been worse all day, and has n’t had any sleep till now,”—and as the man made

an effort to smother the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said, "you must n't,—you must n't go in."

"What does the brat mean?" broke out the inebriate angrily—"this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey me?—take that, and that, you imp," and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seamed with a hundred cracks. The chimney-piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, and a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a ricketty bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Languerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth. Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by year he had fallen lower and lower in the sink of infamy; and yet still through every mishap that sainted woman had clung to him,—for he was the father of her boy, and the husband of her youth. It was a hard task for her to perform; but it was her duty, and when all the world deserted him should she too leave him? She had borne much, but alas! nature could endure no more. Health had fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were dim and sunken. She was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her,—*she was dying of a broken heart.*

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep, and she half started up in bed, the hectic fire streaming along her cheek, and a wild, fitful light shooting into her sunken eyes. There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom, but what can penetrate the seared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The man beside was in a passion.

"Blast it, woman," said the wretch, as he recoiled into the room—"is this the way you receive me after being out all day in the rain to get something for your brat and you? Come, do n't go to whining, I say"—but as his wife uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and fell back senseless on the bed, he seemed to awaken to a partial sense of his condition, he recoiled a step or two forward, put his hand up to his forehead, stared wildly around, and then gazing almost vacantly upon her, continued "but,—why—what's the matter?"

His poor wife lay like a corpse before him, but a low voice from the other side of the bed answered, and its tones quivered as they spoke.

"Oh!—mother's dead!" It was the voice of his son who had stolen in, and was now sobbing violently as he tried to raise her head in his little arms. He had been for weeks her only nurse, and had long since learned to act for himself. He bathed her temples, he chafed her limbs, he invoked her wildly to awake.

"Dead!" said the man, and he was sobered at once—"dead, dead," he continued in a tone of horror that chilled the blood, and advancing to the bedside, with eyes starting from their sockets, he laid his hand upon her marble brow, "then, oh, my God! I have murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are not dead,—say so—oh! speak and forgive your repentant husband!" and kneeling by the bedside, he chafed her white, thin hand, watering it with his hot tears as he sobbed her name.

Their efforts, at length, partially restored her, and the first thing she saw upon reviving was her husband weeping by her side, and calling her "Emily!" It was the first time he had done so for years. It stirred old memories in her heart, and called back the shadowy visions of years long past. She was back in their youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him as the lover of her youth. Oh! that moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed there for very joy.

"Can you forgive me, Emily!—I have been a brute, a villain—oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt."

"Charles!" said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through that chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit—"I forgive you, and may God forgive you too;—but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him. A long pause ensued.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman—"I have long wished for this moment, that I might say something to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!" murmured the repentant man.

"I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in,—I feel that I shall never see another sun." A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

"Oh! no,—you must not, will not die," sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame—"you'll live to save your repentant husband. Oh! you will!"

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his and continued feebly.

"Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world,—but God's will be done!—I am weak—I feel I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand."

The little boy silently placed it in hers, she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued,

"Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender,—it is the only thing for which I would care to live"—she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings, "will you promise me, Charles?"

"I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will," sobbed the man; and the frail bed against which he leaned shook with his emotion.

"And you, Henry, you will obey your father, and be a good boy;—as you love your mother,—you will?"

"Oh! yes!" sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, "but mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you!—oh! do n't die!"

"This is too hard," murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her, "Father give me strength to endure it!"

For a few minutes all was still,—and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low, death-like tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that giving way to his grief pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

"Henry, where are you?" faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

"Henry,—Henry," she said in a louder tone, and then after a second added, "poor babe, he does n't hear me."

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

"Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle wants snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love—I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?"

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

"Oh! God," murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter and fainter,—"*this is death!*—Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—"

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the gambler. Starting up from his kneeling posture, he gazed wildly upon the corpse, and as he gazed remorse already began to gnaw at his vitals. He felt himself her murderer, and the recollection of her sainted purity in forgiving him only smote him the deeper. The fiends of hell were at his heart, and revelling in his bosom. His brain reeled, his eyes swam, his steps tottered beneath him, wild figures flitted before his fancy, and snatching up his hat, he cast one look on the angelic countenance of his wife, and then rushed frantically out into the storm.

Long lay the boy beside his mother,—but his swoon at last was over, and when he recovered his recollection, he was alone with the dead. He scarcely noticed it, however: for his grief was too big to endure. One short moment he gazed around the room, but feeling he could do nothing, he covered the face of the corpse with the sheet, sat down by the bed—

side, and burying his face in his hands, began to cry. Hour after hour passed on, and still he moved not,—the only sound beside his sobs was the pattering of the rain upon the roof, and its melancholy drip upon the floor. When, long after sunrise, his half insane parent returned with some of the neighbors, he had fallen over on the bed, and was sleeping quietly beside his mother. A smile was on his face—perhaps he had been dreaming.

Well, they buried her. Few followed her, in her coarse, pine coffin, to the pauper's grave. But as the callous sexton flung the sods upon the lid, with a jest at her former fortune, one wild, heart broken wail rose up from the little group, so utterly, so fearfully despairing that even the grave digger paused an instant in his task. It was her little boy!

For awhile the repentant husband remembered the admonition of his wife, and withstood every craving to return to his former courses. But alas! human nature is weak; and when the fangs of the destroyer are once fixed, no earthly power can tear them from their hold. The grass was scarcely green upon the grave of his murdered wife, before he had once more gradually relapsed, by the same means as before, into his old habits. He heard one day the rattle of dice as he passed a low tavern; he paused, walked on, hesitated, looked back, and slunk at last into the room. His history is soon told. His little boy, however, was saved. His wife's relatives, who had lost sight of him for years, at last obtained a clue to his residence, and at once snatched his child from his contagion. They consulted me, we took him away, and the father knew too well to attempt to recover him.

Years passed by. The man became a gambler by profession, and experienced all the reverses of its wild, erratic life. One time he was revelling in his ill-gotten gains, and another time he was a penniless, unsheltered wanderer. Yet year by year he sunk lower; and every winter found him more poorly provided for its storms. Wherever he went, too, he was haunted with an undying remorse. In vain he wandered from city to city, in search of victims, or to drown his upbraiding thoughts. The bowl gave him no relief. In the intervals of inebriety, he was possessed with worse torments than before. Oh! he would have given worlds to have felt as he once felt, to have looked once more on life with a bright and happy heart, to have wandered again by his father's little streamlet a pure and artless boy.

Five years rolled by, and he was once more a beggar. He was more,—he was a felon. Distress had driven him to crime, he had been detected, and the blood-hounds of the law were already on his track.

It was a cold, tempestuous night in December, when he found himself amid a raging snow storm, flying on foot across the open country before his pursuers. The night was setting in, dark, blustering, withering. The wind swept wildly over the fields, now dying away in mournful wails, and then screaming by in the wildest intonations,—whirling the fine snow in clouds before it, and driving it into the fugitive's face as he attempted to make head against the storm. In the gullies of the road the snow had already drifted waist deep, and was fast collecting in still larger quantities, to entrap the unsuspecting traveller. You could not see a dozen rods before you. There was something awfully fearful in that wintry landscape! The darkness settling around, the wind sighing through the trees, the wilder shriek of the puffs of the gale, and then the almost supernatural stillness that followed, at times, its moanings, when the flakes poured down in such millions from the sky, that it seemed as if that poor, half-dead fugitive was fated to be buried under them.

Night came, and still he struggled on. His look was haggard, his lips were blue with cold, and his teeth chattered as he drew his ragged garment around him. Disease was marked in every lineament of his face; his eyes were hollow and ghastly with watching; and you could have seen by the toil with which he moved that he was very—very weak.—Yet fear forbid him to seek shelter, and had he wished it he knew not where to turn. Every now and then he paused to cast an agonising look upon the bleak, cold sky, or see if he could catch, amid the wailings of the tempest, the distant shout of his pursuers.

Yet fierce as was that storm, it was nothing to the one raging in his bosom. It seemed as if all the misdeeds of his life had chosen that hour to return upon and torment him; and amid all his memories, none was more dreadful than that pale face of his murdered wife, seeming to meet him at every turn. There she stood, just by that snow-bank, looking as pale, and wan, and heart-broken as she did the night on which she died. Anon! she was gliding by his side, gazing steadily into his face wherever he turned, and upbraiding him with those calm, and suffering looks for his faithlessness to her poor, deserted child. Turn as he might it was there, and there, and there. Oh! terrible were the stings of that wretch's conscience. He groaned aloud, and sitting down by the way-side, covered his face with his hands.

But the storm raged louder and louder yet,—and the wretched fugitive as he began to grow benumbed, remembered that to sit still was death. Wretched as he was he would not

die. He made an effort to advance, but weakness, sickness, and cold prevented him, and staggering a few paces he fell exhausted upon a snow-bank. He grew desperate with fear,—he tried again and again—he shouted aloud in uncontrollable agony. But no ear heard his cry. Oh! what would he then have given for a sight of his pursuers! Death had set his fingers on his brow, and already he felt their icy grasp around his heart. He struggled, he screamed, he uttered the most frightful imprecations in his phrenzy. Once more he essayed to move, but he might as well have tried to wipe away his years of crime. He felt he could do no more, and he howled like a madman in his terrible despair. Now he prayed wildly for mercy,—now his curses seemed bursting from the lips of a fiend. Despite his frantic struggles the snow gradually drifted around him; his shrieks grew weaker and fainter, and at last ceased altogether. Before midnight he was lying, half buried, a stiffened, unshriven corpse.

I was driving, the next morning, in my sleigh, from the county town of ———, where I had been to attend a trial of some importance, when just as I was entering a wood, after traversing an open country of a mile or two, my horse suddenly started, shied, and almost threw me from my little vehicle. Thinking I saw a hat lying by the road, I alighted.—There was a heap of snow close by it, and with trembling hands, for I foreboded the result—I brushed away the light covering, and started back as I gazed on the haggard features of the gambler, set rigidly in death. Amid all the ravages of disease, and though I had not seen him for years, I knew him at once. His dark end is now told—it was a fitting close to a life of guilt.

D.

May 23d, 1836.

SHORT STAGES.

BY OLIVER OLDFELLOW.

A.—— cramped piece of penmanship as ever I saw.

Tony Lumpkin.

WELL, Harry, how are you? Positively you look like a married man; bless my soul how many children are there in the stage; I expect we shall have a regular *squall*, ha?

I made the above ejaculations to a fellow passenger, as I stepped into a stage at Sander-son's, a short time since. We had been college chums, and he had been for some time what they call "*settled* in the world." That is he was married. He had been a merry companion at college, and my heart inwardly bounded at the sight of his jolly, good natured countenance, as he sat at the stage door, upon the middle seat, holding in his arms a cherub, of some ten months.

"Well, Oliver," said he, "you see me '*settled down*,' doing the matrimonial like a worthy servant—how is Mary?"

Why, Harry, the fact is, I have not seen her for some two years, I believe she ran off with a Medical Student, nobody knows where.

"The blague you say—then you lost her at last, after all your fine sayings, and fine verses—I'll tell you what it is Oliver, this romance is all humbug. The ladies go in for matrimony—none of your whining, puling, sentimental, ballad writing fools, all poetry and no sense for them, they go for the substantial,—the matter of fact. Why man ask a girl if she will have you, with a hearty sincerity in your countenance, and you have done more to win her, than you will do by writing verses till you are blind; I've had some experience in the matter, I say, and I tell you boy writing verses will never win a fair lady. Set that down as an axiom. These stages by the way are denced things, the *short* ones I mean—they fixed me for this life. I'll tell you the joke, from beginning to end, Oll, and when I'm

done, judge for yourself whether I have n't learnt a thing or two by riding in stages. Why man, they are the world in miniature—you see I am enthusiastic—stages! why man short stages, I mean, they have caused more happiness and unhappiness in the world, than all sulkies and single buggies, stanhopes's and what not, put together. Let a fellow be squeezed up in a stage coach, his knees a perfect jelly, and while in the agony let him be relieved, by the sight of a bewitching blue eye, peeping over the shoulder of the fat gentleman on the middle seat, and I tell you Oliver, *he's gone*, there's no use of laughing. I tell you *he's gone*, sir, I've tried it—I know it—he's gone, or is name's not *Haines*. These are all my children, and I'll tell you, sir, if you ride in a short stage in front of a blue eye, you'r a gone goblin—it happened so to me—it will happen so to you—it will happen to any body—try it."

"Well, Harry, bless me, don't run on at this rate, but go on with your story, the stage will be full of new comers directly, and I shall be deprived of the benefit of your experience. I like your rhapsody much, but the facts man, the facts."

"You shall have them. Why you see I left college a roving blade, as you well know, in for all kind of devilry and fun, so I happened in at the old Hotel, in Third street, known as the Mansion House, having just arrived in Philadelphia, after a ramble up the Hudson. I had n't been in the house an hour, and had scarcely time to have my trunks and fixins stowed away above stairs, when a bewitching little fairy, with the neatest turned ankle I ever saw, tripped across the hall where I was sauntering, and looking up into the face of an old gentleman by my side put the query,"

"Pa, do you really think we shall start at three in the morning?"

"Certainly, my dear," said the old gentleman—"Our business admits of no delay. So see that you have every thing put away, that's a good girl," and gently drawing her up in his arms, he imprinted a kiss of affection upon her ruby lips.

"I need n't tell you again that I was in for the adventure at once, so stepping up to the venerable looking old man, I remarked that I was happy to hear that I was likely to have company, at so unseasonable an hour as three in the morning. Perhaps, continued I, we may be fellow travellers—pray, sir, what road do you propose taking?"

"The Easton I think, sir," and I thought I discovered a quizzical look out of the corner of the old gentleman's eye, as he thus briefly answered my query.

It is gratifying sir, continued I, to find that I shall not be a solitary sojourner.

"Why yes, company to a man not given to solitude or to books, is it all times agreeable, and to such even at three in the morning. Good evening," said he, leaving the hall, "I presume we shall meet in the morning, sir."

Good evening, sir.

Waiter, said I, I'll thank you to have my trunks and portmanteau in the bar room this evening, I leave in the morning at three, call me, if you please, half an hour before that time.

"Yes, sir."

"Now Oil, I wish you to take notice this is the most important part of the whole story, it puts the lie upon the maxim, that he who sleeps an hour late in the morning may run all day without catching it at night; I'll prove to you, sir, that the man who ought to get up at half past two, may lay till half past three, and find himself in the evening much further than when he started in the morning. I tell you, sir, there's nothing like experience to sharpen a man's wits and to make him philosophical."

You see I was awakened at half past two by a thundering rap—"Half past two, sir," shouted the waiter, at the top of his lungs. "Be down in ten minutes," so drawing the comfortable closely about me, I consigned myself to a comfortable snooze, and heard nothing until the loud crack of the coachman's whip, as he drove into the yard, and a rap at the door as if the hinges had been started, joined with the cry of "The coach sir," started me into the middle of the floor, "wait but five minutes," continued Darcy, "I'll be there in half the time," said I, as the old State House bell tolled three,—"Passengers for Easton shouted the driver."

"All ready but one gentleman, sir," hurry him up then, "we're behind time now," Coach! Hurra!

I blundered for a full quarter of an hour round the room, nothing appeared to be where I had left it, when into the room burst Cuffy with his eyes as big as saucers—you'll be left, sir, the driver wont wait, and says he'll leave if you're the President. You better stay till to-morrow, sir.

"As may be supposed, my toilet was hastily and poorly arranged, while the hurly burly below stairs seemed to increase every moment. The trunks had been dragged over the floor without much regard to the nerves or repose of the lodgers, and now the hurried tramp of feet proved that but few seconds were left. I heard the stout oath of the driver, while

groping about for my last article of apparel, and heard the sharp crack of the whip, and the rumble of the wheels as I flew down the stair way. In a moment I was at the bottom, through the hall, and into the street, but the stage had a fair start, and no alternative remained but to give chase. The driver seemed to be aware of the pursuit, and appeared to redouble his speed, and whirled around the corners as if every passenger possessed a charmed life. I could see the stage box dancing up and down as the lamps were passed with the swiftness of an arrow,—at least it appeared so to me—and anon, were lost in the darkness. The clatter of the horses' hoofs seemed to increase in number as the distance became greater at every instant. I bawled aloud, but to no purpose; so after giving chase for eight or ten squares, I had the gratification to see the villainous driver stopped in his mad career, by a decent spill of the passengers, who rolled over in dire confusion, as a wheel spun from the axle-tree, and left them minus its support."

Well, Harry, why do n't you go on—was any body hurt?

"Not a bit of it; but you see, Oliver, that's an important era in my history, and it makes me feel—but to resume the narrative. The shattered vehicle was soon replaced by a little coach box, dignified with the name of 'a short stage,' into which we were regularly packed and crammed with utter disregard of skin and bones. The fact is, I was compressed into a perfect mummy, and dark as it was—mind you it was not day-light—had it not been for the consciousness of the presence of the little fairy footed divinity, I believe I should have vented my anathema upon the proprietor of this little caboose, and have taken up my song of departure. But what cannot a bewitching angel of sixteen overcome."

How did the thing terminate, boy?

"Why the fact was, my good fellow, that when day-light appeared, I found myself in the wrong coach, spinning out to Bethlehem instead of Easton, but it was all one to me, as there sat my little tormentor snugly squeezed up in one corner of the coach, by the side of her frowning papa, who had suspected me from the first, and had endeavored to mislead me. But it was no go, and I suppose the old gentleman thought so, yet he baffled every effort to get into conversation with him or his daughter and with the plentiful use of snappish monosyllables attempted to silence the whole coach; but I suppose you know me well enough, Oll, to know that I was not to be put down in that sort of style. So I exerted my utmost powers to please, and finally succeeded in creating quite a jollification among the pent up way-farers. It was the light of the mild blue eye which shone in the corner that kept up my spirits, as every now and then a playful ray shot from beneath its lashes. It was the sweetest countenance that I had ever beheld—so angel-like—so heavenly, it seemed like 'no mortal mixture of earth's mould.' Occasionally a mischievous smile flitted over her regular features, and anon, a volume of deep feeling shot up into her very brow, as the coarse joke of some thoughtless way-farer, jarred upon the strings of her spirit's harp. At times I could look into her clear, blue eye, and fancy that I saw heaven shining in its depths. The fact is—to cut the matter short—I was in love.

"The old man watched me like a hawk, but I felt in a joyous, as well as a loving mood, and joke after joke flashed out, which as they served to beguile the tedium of the way, occasionally relaxed the sternness of his features, but never, for an instant, did he suffer himself so far to forget his fears, as to join in the conversation. Once only his daughter spoke, in reply to a question put by a fellow traveller; and to my ear, the silver tones of her voice, 'spoke most enchanting melody.' It was not till we stopped at Bethlehem, when I became regularly presented to the old gentleman and his daughter, by a friend of both, that his rigidity was suffered in the least degree to relax.

"Henry Howard," exclaimed he, as my name was announced; "why boy, I knew your father well—My daughter, Mr. Howard;" "Emeline this is a son of my much lamented friend, Col. Howard. You remember his calling when we lived in Broadway."

"Perfectly," said she, as she made a graceful courtesy, and gave me—as I thought—the kindest look possible.

"We shall be happy, Mr. Howard," continued Mr. Clarkson—for such was his name—to have the pleasure of your society."

"I remain here," said I, but a week, and shall feel myself honored with the privilege—"do you expect, sir, to remain long at this place?"

"A fortnight or so; after which we return to Philadelphia."

"I need scarcely say that I availed myself of the old gentleman's kindness to such an extent, that Emeline became, in my opinion, necessary to my existence. She was my companion in every walk; and as we rambled through the woods, plucking the wild flowers, and parti-colored leaves, listening to the songsters of the shady grove; or arm in arm, sauntering carelessly along the by-paths, I felt a holier feeling come over my soul than any I had ever known."

"Henry," she would say, as she gazed up into my face, "what could be more lovely than a life spent away from the noise, bustle, and frivolities of the world, amid such scenery as this. Who would exchange the life of the poorest laborer among these hills, for all the luxuries of a city palace." "True, Emily," I would reply, "the heart seems to have a fresher glow of feeling, as we drink in the pure air, and gaze upon the rich sun light, tinging the ever varied foliage of nature with a thousand dyes. I am tired of the hum and monotony of city life; and it is only when holding high communion with nature in her loveliness, that I feel the greatness of man, and of the destiny that awaits him."

"Oliver, I suppose, you are tired with these details—but what I am about to say may be of service to you hereafter. We had wandered out on a sweet evening about sunset, and had betaken ourselves to a grassy knoll, about half a mile from any habitation, and were gazing upon the landscape which lay out in loveliness before us. There seemed to be a hushed and holy quiet settled down upon the spirit of each; and as we sat silently conversing with our own thoughts, and reflecting upon the beauties around us, and the wisdom of the hand that devised these wonders, my hand unconsciously to myself strayed into hers, and I slightly pressed her delicate little fingers, musing the while, how poorly all that nature can boast had been contrived but for the heart that was given us to enjoy it." As I was thus ruminating she looked up suddenly, and with a sweet, yet as I thought melancholy tone, said—"Do you know, Henry, that we leave to-morrow," I started from my reverie, but to fall into another; I felt the delicacy, and the full import of the query. She had then wondered at my silence—had possibly listened to my tones as day after day wore away, anxiously waiting the revelation of my love; she saw the sun sink behind the horizon, and feeling that it might be the last we should ever gaze upon together, she had turned and asked if I knew that she was to leave me. I felt the rebuke, and my heart smote me for my sin.

"It was a holy moment, Oliver, and my heart did not chide me as I imprinted a burning kiss upon her fevered brow—did she reprove me—no! She had tasked herself to the utmost to put the question, and she now sunk with child-like submissiveness upon my bosom"—"Was 't it so my dear?"

Bless me, Oliver, I never introduced you to Mrs. Howard, forgive me, dear Sir—Mr. Oldfellow Mrs. Howard.

"I am glad you thought of it my dear," said the lady, "for I was just about interrupting you rather rudely. You will agree with me, Mr. Oldfellow, won't you? I think it is time to stop the story."

"Certainly, Madam, since it has been so happily terminated"—why Harry, you're a lucky fellow!

"Why, yes, Oliver, somewhat so—you see these are my six children—tolerably well jammed in this box, confound these 'SHORT STAGES.'"

"The fact is Harry, you are too happy."

Why ye'es, I can't well deny it—but—Try it Oliver.

THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM F. SMALL, ESQ.

WHAT gives to man his majesty of mien—
Walking with eyes directed to the stars,
Exulting in his strength and destiny—
What makes him "lord of earth" and brings
within

'The compass of his will the winds and waves!
What lifts him far above all moving clay;
Ranks him but little lower than the hosts
Of heaven, and bids him elevate his hopes
To their high state and everlasting joys!
'T is thought—that undefined, inscrutable,
And ever soaring essence which inspires
His heart with virtue and his breast with
pride;
Cheers him when sinking, pressed with grief
and care,

Nerves him to battle, with an adverse fate,
To triumph over death, and fills each sense,
With attributes approaching those of God!
Then let us husband well the priceless gift;
Make it our constant care; improve its strength,
And point it to its destined purposes—
The growth of wisdom, and the spread of
good!

Give to its power an universal chart
To range through nature's rich instructive
fields;
To thread the paths of science and to soar
On wings, unfettered, to surrounding worlds,
Still gathering truths to feed the soul's desire
Of knowledge—boundless, useful, and sub-
lime!

CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. I.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!

Childs Harold.

THE STRANGE SAIL.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio!"

"Keep her to it, quarter master," shouted the first lieutenant, "*hold on all for your lives.*" Down it came. As if leaping from the pitchy darkness ahead, foaming, flashing, roaring in the awful tumult of the storm, the huge wave hurled its torrent of waters upon our bows, swept the decks, wrapped us in clouds of foam, and while every timber quivered like a reed whirled wildly away into the darkness astern. As it rushed hissing by, a lone, half-stifled shriek rose fearfully upon the gale, and then died away in the wailings of the hurricane.

"A man overboard!" rung across the decks.

Never had I heard that cry at so awful a moment. It is at all times a thrilling thing, but never more so than in the darkness of the night and amid the howlings of the tempest. The strongest stands aghast, and the stoutest nerves shiver, as its notes of wild alarm rise over all the din of the hurricane. Never had I heard it without a cold sickness at the heart, as I thought of the poor wretch struggling in the waste of waters, and knew perhaps that no human power could save him from his terrible doom. At such times there is a deep horror falls upon the crew; and I have seen the noisiest deck hushed into silence as that ominous cry, rising over the deep tones of the tempest, peals out like a voice from the dead.

"*A man overboard!*" was echoed from fifty voices trembling with alarm.

"Cut away the life-buoy," thundered the officer of the deck springing upon a gun, and peering into the darkness astern as he held on by a rope, "stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat,—quick, there, my lads,—*Hillo!*"

The men needed no incentive. The boatswain had scarcely piped her crew before they had rushed to their stations, and stood eagerly waiting the order to launch to certain death upon that stormy sea.

"Up with the rocket," and whiz it rushed on high.

"Hark! was that him?—hillo!" They listened, but no answer followed.

"Run up the signal lantern,—hillo!—hillo!"

"Can you see him?"

"No."

"Can you hear any thing?"

"Nothing."

"Hillo!—hillo!"

"Aho!—a-ho-o-y!"

"Is the buoy in sight?"

"No, sir," was the mournful answer.

"Bring here that rocket."

The thin reed hissed on high, leaving its long train of light flashing in the gloom, and gracefully arching over against the pitchy sky, broke into a thousand shivering sparkles, that

illuminated the horizon like a shower of falling stars, disclosing far down to leeward the life-boat tossing wildly on the surge, or burying in the clouds of foam that swept swiftly by. All at once it heaved up against the dusky back ground, and for one breathless instant hung there in bold relief. A second of thrilling suspense ensued, and every eye was strained to catch the figure of the lost seaman. With a deep breath the officer turned away. *The man was not there.*

"Belay all with that boat," suddenly broke forth, in the trumpet tones of the old commodore, "steady, quarter master, steady, HOLD ON ALL," and as another giant billow deluged our decks and swept hissing over us, the old man could be seen holding on near the gangway, his grey locks dripping with the brine as he ejaculated, "it's madness to try to rescue him;—God Almighty have mercy on his soul!"

The shock was so tremendous that the old ship reeled, and sinking heavily into the trough, seemed as though she would never emerge from the tons of water that had poured upon her decks. At last slowly and wearily she rose dripping from the deluge, and like one stunned rolled her vast yards heavily to windward.

"Keep a sharp look out there, forward, Mr. Danforth!"

"Ay, ay, sir," I shouted back.

I was standing on the fore-castle partially sheltered by the bulwarks from the showers of spray that flew half mast high, as the frigate plunged and struggled against the head sea; and for near an hour I sat there on my lonely station, listening to the wild roarings of the hurricane as it rushed through the rattles, or peering anxiously into the impenetrable gloom ahead. The shouts, the hurrying, the trampling of feet, and the bustle of the vain attempt to rescue the drowning man had long since subsided, and a deathly stillness hung over the almost deserted decks, broken only by the tread of one of the watch, or the low, plaintive wail of the passing tempest. The wind overhead was tearing by, moaning and shrieking through the rigging, as if a thousand unearthly beings mourned in the storm, their wild cries now ringing audibly in my ear, and now dying away in a melancholy cadence to leeward. Around all was darkness. The huge foremast behind me seemed to lose itself in a black cloud above, and the battle lantern at my side threw its struggling beams a few feet faintly out and then spent them in a vain attempt to penetrate the thick gloom. In vain I strained my eyes into the obscurity ahead. Nothing could be seen but the white caps of the billows flashing in the gloom, or the dark shadow of some wave, huger than its fellows, heaved ominously up against the midnight sky. At times when the lightning streamed out, sheeting the rushing waters with its pale, deathly light, a glimpse might be caught of the vast arena of agitated waves, tossing, roaring, foaming, and whirling along before the wind, now buried in clouds of flying spray, and now rearing their white heads up frightfully in the supernatural glare. But when the flash had subsided all became wrapt in deeper gloom than before, leaving a greenish hue tinging every thing around, and crowds of wild, mis-shapen figures flitting before your aching eyes. Strange, unearthly tones mingled in the tempest, and wild voices seemed to call and be answered in the gloom; now it was as if the cry of the drowned topman was ringing in my ears, and now a hundred gibbering fiends echoed his despairing cry, or mocked him with unearthly laughter as they swept down on the wings of the gale. The hollow dash of the waters against the bows of the ship had a new and startling tone for the ear. Even the thrashing of the reef-points against the sail lent their strange music to the mysterious sounds around. Not a voice came up from the dark and seemingly deserted decks; the cries of the watch had ceased to break the supernatural silence with mortal sounds; the wild tones that rung around wailed more and more mournfully as the night advanced, and long before my watch was up I was awed, subdued, and thrilled by the strange feelings, almost approaching to superstition, at my heart.

Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder and old Taffrail stood beside me. He was a weather beaten tar, with the frost of sixty winters on his brow, and one who had served in the early navy of our country during her first struggle for independence. No man on board was more respected. He was on most points an oracle, few could splice a rope better, or sooner unhand a sail, or tell a tougher yarn under the bulwarks. His face was usually rough and sunburnt as it was—lit up by a pleasant smile; but now there was something so singular about it as the dim light of the battle lantern gleamed across its rugged front that I started involuntarily.

"An awful night, Mr. Danforth, the spirits of the storm are aroused, and the Lord Almighty is abroad in his majesty."

The deep, earnest solemnity of the old sailor, chimed in with my own thoughts, and I answered,

"Yes, it is a fearful night. Many a poor fellow will say his last prayer before morning, and many a wife that is now sleeping sweetly will rise up a widow. The God of heaven, in his mercy, protect the widow and the fatherless!"

"Amen!" said the deep, startling voice of the old seaman as he bared his white locks to the tempest.

There was a pause of some minutes, during which my heart was too full of feelings of the deepest awe to speak. The old man seemed to be lost in the same sensations. At last he broke the silence, but in a low and solemn tone.

"Did you know Jack Danson, sir?"

"Was it Jack then that was lost?" said I in some surprise, "poor fellow, he was as bold and gallant a lad as ever loosened a fore-top-sail."

"You may well say that," answered the old man mournfully. "I've known him from a lad, and we've been messmates for the last ten years. By day and night, in storm or calm, with fair weather or foul, in battle or out of it, we've been always together, till I loved him as a son, and the lad, I believe, sir," and here his rough voice grew thick, "loved me as his own father. We trod the same watch, and shared our mess together. I was once wrecked with him, sir, and we both lived for three days on a biscuit we broke between us. We've fought together, and when I was wounded he tended me like a nurse. He was such a hearty lad too, but he's gone—he's gone—young and active, and happy, the wide sea has swallowed him, while I am left here an old shattered hulk—why was n't it I?" and the old man paused, while his strong frame shook with emotion; but directly he continued, "he'd a sort of forboding, sir, of his fate. I tried to laugh it out of him no later than last night,—but the mark was upon him, his watch was up, his log was run out—did you ever lose a friend, Mr. Danforth?"

The question was put so unexpectedly, and contrasted so touchingly with the events of the evening and the awful scenes around, that it struck at once to my heart, and called up the memories of the early dead.

"I have, Taffrail," said I, grasping his horny hand. "God knows I've not forgotten how terrible a thing it is."

"I thought so," answered the aged seaman, "for you always seemed different from the other young gentlemen, as if you had a heart like, and could feel for a desolate old man."

"There is nothing like sorrow to teach us sympathy," said I,—“but this poor fellow, he had a mother and sister whom I understood he supported—what will become of them? alas!”

"They shall never want while I've a shot in the locker, or a timber of this old hull hangs together," fervently ejaculated the old man; and I fancied I felt a hot tear fall upon my hand, as he raised the cuff of his monkey jacket and hastily drew it across his eyes. "I once had a sister myself, sir, and I know how hard a time 't would have been for her, had I left her penniless by death. She was a sweet and lovely being, sir, too pure, and holy, and heavenly for this sinful world of ours, and so her Father called her away to his bosom. She's been in the cold earth this forty years,—and since then I've never had one to love me till Jack and I met. I remember how I used to hear her afterward, in the still, lonely watches of the night, whispering to me in that sweet voice, with which she would run weeping into my arms after a cruise. Many a long night, when no mortal ear was nigh, I've heard her in the low wind, or fancied I saw her pale, sweet face gliding by, in the moonlight, over the solitary seas. But it's all gone now. I've not heard it for years." He paused, and then added mournfully, "it's not often, sir, these old memories come across one, but at times they will tear up an old man's heart. Thank God, my time's nigh up, the old ship gets more rickety every day, the spars will by and bye go by the board, and then old Tom Taffrail, will part his cable at last. It do n't matter, when that day comes, whether the shell is launched from the grating, or follows poor Jack Danson over the beam."

For a moment neither of us spoke. The old seaman stopped under the pressure of his feelings, and I felt that sympathy would be best expressed in silence. I have heard it said that seamen are always thoughtless, and that sorrow never lies for a moment in their hardened bosoms, but, believe me, it is a libel on the best and noblest hearts that ever beat in a human breast! In the calm, in the storm, in the battle, in the revel, and by the dying couch, in every mood and condition of life, I have seen them, and ever found them the same. And now, as I stood there on that lonely fore-castle, listening to the warm feelings, gushing from that old man's soul, I felt that forty years of toil and tempest had not frozen over the memories of his early days.

"I wonder if it's true, sir," said he in a calmer voice after a pause, "what they say about spirits visiting their old friends; I've always thought so, sir, and it's not agin reason, though it may be agin book-larnin that the great creator suffers the dead to hold companionship with the living. I'm sure I've often heard 'em in the night-watches. It's an awful storm abroad, sir, and there be strange voices on the gale, hark!—did you hear that, sir?" and the old man suddenly sank his voice to the lowest whisper, and clutched my arm eagerly, as a faint, but wild, unearthly cry seemed to shoot out of the gloom ahead, wail mournfully by us, and

then die away to leeward in melancholy notes. I was not superstitious, but I have often seen sights to make me shiver; and now the old man's affrighted looks, the conversation of the last half hour, and the seemingly supernatural agencies in the winds around, contributed to fill me with an awe and bewilderment nearly equal to his own, as this strange wail once again went mourning by. As its last note sank away in the gloom astern, I almost fancied I distinguished the voice of the lost mariner, as when he swept by me with his dying shriek.

"Did you hear it then, sir?" gasped old Taffrail, "is n't it *his* voice? The Lord help us from our sins!—I wonder if the dead sail, sir?—but look there—look there!" and he pointed with his quivering finger over the starboard bow, where a white object for an instant could be seen flitting along, and then as suddenly disappearing like a whiff of snow-white smoke blown away by the winds; while the tempest howled wilder than ever around us, and a huge wave breaking over our bows, hurled its cold spray as high as the yard arm in showers above us. I was startled. I could not discredit our united eye-sight, and I believed it impossible for any ship to come in such frightful proximity to us without running us aboard. I felt awed, chilled, bewildered. The darkness, meanwhile, was as impenetrable as ever, the lightning no longer streamed at intervals over the white waste, and we were laboring and straining in the vortex and quivering at every leap our maddened frigate took. Again the old man clutched my arm convulsively, and I saw the white spectre-looking sail, open like a sea gull's wing in the gloom ahead, and then as instantaneously vanish, as though it were foam flung from some giant wave. It could not be a vessel,—the thought was madness. I had heard of wild stories and strange sights at sea, but here was one that taught me to laugh at a sailor's superstitions no more. Again it re-appeared as if shooting across our forefoot, again the hardy old tar grasped me by the arm, and again that lone, startling, unearthly cry rung fearfully upon the gale, rising over all the tumult of the tempest and lifting up its melancholy wail like a warning from the tomb.

"Ahoy, there," I shouted, struggling against the wild feelings that were stealing over me, and resolved to discover whether this strange visitant was of earthly kind or no, "ahoy, what sail is that close on the weather bow?"

My voice rang out sharply over the blackened waters, but though I listened for some moments not a sound could be heard in reply. The old man too stood by my side, reverently baring his grey hairs to the breeze, and gazing earnestly after the vanished apparition, as he leaned forward over the bulwarks with his hand to his ear to catch the slightest sound. None for a moment came. Then rose up again that supernatural cry, chilling the blood at my heart, and making my nerves shiver with strange affright as it went by on the rushing night breeze. At the same moment the mysterious sail opened a point more ahead, and flashing a second broadly in the darkness, died away again in the impenetrable gloom. I was perfectly amazed. I could not discredit the evidence of my senses, but my better reason struggled long against the conclusion they would lead me to. Let it be remembered that we were lying into the wind, and that the strange sail, if sail it was, had first appeared on the lee-bow and then shot directly across our track right into the wind's eye, and that, too, without seeming to lessen her distance from us,—a manœuvre, which the most inexperienced reader will see to be impossible for any vessel to accomplish. Yet, if eye-sight was to be credited, it had been done. The strange cry, too, established the presence of the singular visitant. What could I believe? The superstitions of the sailors were fresh in my mind, and, as I turned toward the old man beside me, he ejaculated in a solemn tone,

"I'm thankful there's a God in heaven," "them's not mortal voices, nor are they sinless souls that sail that craft."

"By — I impiously exclaimed, making a desperate effort to shake off my rising bewilderment and terror, "there goes the spectral sail again,—who's that craft, ahoy!—hail back or I'll fire?"

"Young man, take not the name of God in vain at this awful hour," said old Taffrail, with stern solemnity. I answered not, but springing to a musket, I fired a point ahead of where the apparition had last appeared. The same melancholy wail came back in reply, the wind tore crashingly by seeming to join in the requiem, a hundred wild voices went past on the breeze, and over all, ringing fearfully in my ear, rose the death shriek of the lost fore-top-man. I could stand no more, but staggering back, I fell senseless into the arms of the awe-struck old man.

The mind is a wonderful thing, and who shall penetrate its mysterious workings? At first I had been less startled by this strange appearance than old Taffrail, but as moment after moment, and trial after trial had added to my suspicions, until they amounted to absolute certainty, the control I possessed over my faculties gradually diminished, until when I uselessly fired at the spectral shadow and fell staggering back; my brain was in a whirl of

contending bewilderment and madness. It passed off, however, almost as instantaneously as it had come on.

"Forward there—what's the matter to windward?" hailed the officer of the watch from the quarter deck.

I was just recovering, and the sound fell on me like one awaking from sleep. As the hail came struggling against the wind I made a desperate effort to arouse, and collecting my reeling faculties I shouted back,

"I thought—I saw—a sail, sir, nearly abeam."

"A sail!—has any one else seen it?"

"Yes, sir," said a look-out near the main. "I caught sight of it just as Mr. Danforth fired."

"Where did you first see it, Mr. Danforth?" said the officer of the deck.

"On the starboard bow—standing right across our track."

"It's but an illusion—Main there, did you see it too?"

"No, sir, but Tom Bates saw it,—and he says as how it's the Flying Dutchman," continued the look-out in a whisper.

"Silence!" thundered the officer of the deck, "and mind your eye to windward—" then turning to me he asked, "how does it look ahead, Mr. Danforth?"

"Wild as a whirlpool and black as a wolf's mouth; the sky lifts a little now, sir, over the weather bow."

"Lifts!" said the old man, with thrilling emphasis, at my side. "Yes, sir, it's brightening right over where *they* disappeared. God preserve us! for there's a squall tearing down upon us like a whirlwind," and motioning across his body he pointed to a thin belt of light in the distant horizon, over the spot where the strange sail had just vanished. The vessel was no more to be seen. Had it been there we could not have missed it.

"We have seen that to-night to make us well nigh as dead, Mr. Danforth,—we don't know what's on the seas, or who has commission to sail again a hurricane like this. You hailed 'em, sir, and we're reaping it already,—look there!" he said in that low, solemn tone, that had already thrice thrilled me to the soul.

The words had scarcely left his mouth before the wind, which was a point or two on the weather bow, screamed out an instant in wilder agony, and then moaning sadly, died away, as if blown out; while a few moments of supernatural stillness ensued, during which the dark curtain of clouds abeam of us was suddenly lifted up and a spectral lightness flung over the stormy seas, disclosing the agitated vortex before and around us, and casting into bold relief the huge, dark billows that rose, like the bosom of a panting monster heaved against the sky. This second of boding stillness had scarcely passed, before a low wail rose and died away in the distance, as if it were the lamentation of some spirit of the storm; then came a melancholy moan, gradually deepening as it neared us, until it was lost in the wild roar of the hurricane, that rushing ruthlessly along, levelled the waves before its resistless fury, marking its track with a line of driving foam, and bursting at last upon the devoted ship abeam, tore, screamed, and howled through the rigging, burying us to the lee-scuppers, as it bowed our tall masts like willow wands to the water. I had but time to shout,

"Meet it with the helm—in with every rag—away there all," before the vast fabric was lying almost on her beam ends, while torrents of water poured over her sides and down into her waist. A minute more and she seemed settling forever; and wild cries rose up and rung along her decks, as the startled crew, aroused from their hammocks, rushed tumultuously up the gangway,—while the rapid orders of the quarter deck mingling with the roarings of the tempest and the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe produced a tumult, that seemed the forerunner of inevitable destruction. At last she seemed to heave a little, she rolled heavily from her prostrated situation, and was just beginning like a jaded courser to urge slowly ahead, when a crack louder than thunder was heard above, and the huge teapail torn from its fastenings and whipped into shreds, streamed out a moment from the mast and then went like a snow flake down the wind. The ship staggered, reeled and fell dead into the trough. A stifled shriek, as of a hundred men, rose partially upon the gale, but the stern discipline of a man-of-war forbid it to find full vent. I gave up all for lost.

"Hard up, quarter master, hard up!" thundered the old Commodore, making his appearance at this emergency. His voice filled us all with hope and energy.

"Hard up it is," growled the veteran at the binnacle.

"Does she come round yet?"

"Not yet, sir,—she's as dead as a log."

There was no chance for us unless to cut away our masts. It was a dreadful necessity, as it would force us to give up our cruise and disable us in case of emergency. But it was our only hope.

"Away there, boarders, with your axes—stand by to cut away the lanyards of the mizzen rigging," thundered the Commodore.

The men darted to their duty, each one holding by a rope as the seas poured in cataracts over our sides. A minute the old man paused before he gave the order to make a wreck of his darling frigate, and then came in a thick voice, full of pent up emotions, the loud command,

"Cut away there—sharp—sharper, my lads!" and we heard the dull strokes of the axes, the crack, the crash, and the mast with all its beautiful hamper went a wreck over our quarter.

It was an awful moment that ensued. The ship groaned audibly, and seemed powerless; she was apparently settling faster into the water than before; and six hundred men holding their breath in the agony of suspense, drew a long respiration and gave up all for lost. Meanwhile, the surges rolled over and into her, as if already revelling in their prey, and deluges of white, frothy foam swept whirling along her decks. All felt that life depended on that minute. Many a wild prayer rose up then, from lips that had not prayed for years, and many a poor father groaned as he thought of his distant little ones, and saw no hope of his ever pressing them to his heart again. One,—two,—three seconds slowly crept by, a dead feeling of hopelessness came, crushing the hearts of all, when suddenly I felt the tempest shifting more ast, and at the same instant, the old Commodore at the binnacle, shouted clearly through the hurricane,

"She pays off—God Almighty be praised for his mercy!" and trembling irresolutely a second, her bows fell rapidly away, she whirled around on her heel, and gathering headway as the tempest struck her aft, rolled, struggled and plunged for a cable's length, and then drove like a race horse before the gale. Despite the discipline of the service, a wild shout of mingled thankfulness and joy roared from six hundred voices on that stormy sky.

"Clear away the wreck," thundered the Commodore, after the momentary tumult had subsided. "Mr. Sands, you'll have out the storm stay sail and scud her till morning. Get her a little neat, but by all means tight, and then pipe all hands down again, for the poor fellows are wearied and want rest. Ah! Mr. Danforth, is that you?" for my watch was just relieving, and I had come aft. "I've to thank you for the part you acted to-night; you first saw the squall coming up, and had all been as quick as you, we might have been saved *this*," and he pointed mournfully to the stump of the mizzen mast. "I knew your father, and a gallanter man never fought for his country. You're worthy to be his son. Hadn't it been for you, tardily as they obeyed you, we should have been in eternity before now. God bless you, I envy you your dreams to-night," and the noble old man grasping my hand, gave it a pressure that I shall never forget. With a tumult of various feelings I descended the gangway. The danger we had just escaped, the mysterious appearances of the preceding hour, and the coming of the squall out of the grave of the spectral sail, all lent their influence to thrill, stagger, and bewilder my mind, and sent me to my hammock in silent awe and gratitude. I tossed about for a few uneasy moments, but worn out nature at last triumphed, and I fell into the deep sleep of a tired seaman.

When morning dawned the gale was rapidly subsiding, but the long waves still rolled mountain high around, heaving their vast bulk away into the sky, and then sinking fearfully down into the abyss beneath us. As the day advanced the swell became longer, and the huge billows seemed to run a furlong in length, rolling their dark heads like unquiet monsters along, now crested with the white spray that glittered in the sunshine, and now sullenly raising their dark shadows in bold relief against the far-off heavens. Away in the distance the horizon was flashing with a line of foam. A few light, fleecy clouds scudded across the sky, and a sea bird here and there could be seen skimming along the caps of the billows, or shooting with its white wing up into the dark blue sky. Not a sail was in sight. Our canvas was spread in clouds above us, every thing on board was taut and neat, and the sailors, gathered forward in groups, were laughing gaily as they recounted old yarns, and looked forward to a speedy prize. All around seemed bright. The breeze sung pleasantly through the cordage, the sunshine played merrily upon the waters, and the joyous feeling that always follows a storm, pervaded every one on board.

As I stood upon the quarter-deck looking idly upon the horizon, the events of the last night recurred to me as the incidents of a dream. I recalled the stirring excitement, the lost fore-top-man, the conversation with the old man, the singular appearance of the strange sail, and its mysterious disappearance, until it seemed as if I stood in a magic circle, where all these shadowy incidents came and went before me like the figures in a panorama. I tried to believe them imaginary, but there was the lost mizzen-mast; and poor Jack Danson had not answered to his name that morning. The strange sail still remained unexplained. All was doubt, while one or two of my brother midshipmen waggishly charged me with being "fou," and seeing double. The sailors, however,—at least such as heard of it, had but one mind on the subject,

and long before the morning watch was up, they had come to the conclusion that the strange sail on our bow was nothing more nor less than *The Flying Dutchman*, or at least one of the smaller craft of that old chap, Davy Jones.

By sunset the sea was well down, the breeze had fallen moderately, and with all sail set we were running for —, the nearest neutral port, in order to refit. The next morning we were already logged many a good knot, and the men were about being piped to breakfast, when the look-out reported a strange sail to windward.

"Is the coffee ready?" asked the Commodore.

"It's in the coppers, sir, just ready to be served out."

"Very well, then delay it a while,—how does the sail look now?" said he, hailing the look-out.

"She's an armed schooner, I judge, sir, coming down afore the wind, with every thing drawing, sir."

"Let the ship be hauled close, then, Mr. Jackson," said the Commodore, turning to the officer of the deck, "put on as much more as she will carry, and then pipe the men to breakfast—by that time we shall be able to make something more out of her."

The shrill whistle of the boatswain summoned the men to their duty, the sails were close-hauled, the helm put hard down, and in a few minutes, we were beating right into the wind's eye, and flinging the spray to the fore-mast yard arm, as we thumped against the waters.

"How does she bear now," said the old veteran, re-appearing on deck, and as he said so he lifted his glass for a moment to his eye. "Ah, Mr. Jackson, it's not a prize yet—it's the gallant little *STORM*."

"So it is, sir," answered the lieutenant, as he took the glass from his eye. "I might as well then not open the magazine."

"Hardly, sir," said the Commodore with a smile, "but hoist the signal to communicate. Let her come to under our lee."

The gun was fired, the signal fluttered aloft, and directly the answering bunting shot up to the mast head of the trim little craft to windward, and soon afterward she shifted her course a point or two and stealing swiftly along, like some aerial spirit of the deep, glided across our bows, wore round, and seemingly without mortal agency,—for her decks were almost bare,—came up into the wind until her sails were shaking. A moment after, a boat shot from her sides, danced a few minutes on the waters, and directly after her captain ascended our side and was ushered into the cabin.

"Dick Danforth!"

"Harry Irvine!"

The personage I thus addressed was a middy from the schooner, and in him I unexpectedly recognised an old schoolmate I had parted with some four years before. He was much younger than myself, but we had always been great cronies, and our unexpected meeting was, therefore, full of pleasure to us both. We soon lost ourselves in old times, and I had already got him down into our mess room, and was bringing out the old jug, when a brother midddy poked his head into the room and said,

"Danforth, the skipper's been after you these ten minutes, we've hardly known where you were,—I'll do the agreeable to Mr. Irvine till you come back,—Jamaica or brandy, sir!—push the bottle," and with the easy familiarity of a sailor, he took a seat on the locker, and plunged at once into conversation with his new companion.

Wondering what might be the cause of this sudden inquiry I hurried from the mess-room, and soon stood in the presence of the aged Commodore. He had been busily engaged with Captain Drew, the commander of the schooner, and the table before them was garnished with a bottle of wine, a few glasses, and strewed with maps, and charts. At my entrance he addressed himself to me. He always went right to the point.

"Mr. Danforth I have sent for you to offer you the refusal of a cruise with Captain Drew. We are so disabled that we shall have to make the next neutral port, and shall not be able to get to sea for a month at least. Meanwhile, the Guinea Coast will be left wholly free from our Cruisers, unless I despatch *THE STORM* there. This I have resolved to do. I shall draft fifty men from our crew and add them to yours," said he, turning to Captain Drew, "and with that number you will be able to board the stoutest Indianman you may meet, beside being strong enough to venture a skirmish with men-of-war of even heavier metal than yourselves. I shall, however, only spare you one of our youngsters, and," turning again to me, "if I have not mistaken your character, Mr. Danforth, it will not be your fault if that one is not you. Is it so?"

It was the very thing I would have wished. I knew amid the crowds of youngsters on board the frigate, there was but little chance for distinction, and less for promotion. Besides, Captain Drew was a daring, chivalrous seaman, and no man could sail with him long with-

out having plenty to do. His little craft was like a forlorn hope, the post of honor and the resort of brave men, and the offer of the Commodore was therefore highly complimentary. Moreover, Harry Irvine and I should be messmates. I at once agreed to go.

"Well then," he continued, "I trust you will ever be as fearless and as watchful as I have found you to be. Remember, your advancement in the profession you have chosen will depend upon yourself, and I have now given you an opportunity by which, if you but do your duty with a tithe of the assiduity which you lately displayed, you cannot fail to distinguish yourself, and perhaps," continued he, smiling, and touching my shoulder, "when we next meet I may congratulate you on having obtained promotion. You will be the oldest midshipman on board, and if you distinguish yourself in some gallant action, it may not be a very hopeless case. Captain, I believe we have done, but a glass of wine before we part."

I felt the tears welling into my eyes, and a quick, choking sensation rising into my throat, at a kindness as unusual as the old man's, and raising the glass to my lips, I hurriedly drained it, and then, to hide my emotions, touched my hat and rushed from the cabin.

"Jiminy, Dick, what 'll you take for your place!" said one mid of the crowd gathered around me as I packed up my traps.

"Split my timbers, as the bo'sain says," echoed another, "but you're in luck."

"Death's beads and cross-bones!" laughed a wit, "I think I see you already gazetted for promotion into the other world. Captain Drew, takes men to heaven deucedly fast."

"A dollar that he's a swab in a year."

"Well, lads," said I, as they announced the boat, "we've had a merry cruise together, let's have a merry parting!" and I poured out a brimmer.

They all eagerly did the same, for who ever knew a mid to refuse the jug?

"The mess—God bless it!" said I.

"Danforth!" roared my companions in reply, "drink it down, hurrah!"

And so we parted.

"All hands make sail," shouted Captain Drew, as he reached the deck of *The Storm*, "bring her up into the wind, and now for Africa,"—and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, we were dashing into the wind's eye, and leaving the frigate rapidly to leeward. Her course was soon altered, and she was seen with all her canvass aloft, standing away on the larboard track, and sitting along on the distant waves, like some huge water-fowl skimming the waters. Long before noon she was well down on the horizon.

Philadelphia, June 10th, 1839.

THE JACOBITE'S LAST SONG.

"There is an old tradition that a Jacobite Chevalier, when a price was set upon his head and he was out on the hills, received a memento from his betrothed. A few hours after he was set upon and slain."

REMEMBER thee, Mary!

Remember thee yet!

Thy star is above me,

And can I forget?

It's watchers at even

We vowed we would be—

I gaze, 'till from heaven

'Thou whisper'st to me.

Remember thee, Mary!

The spoiler hath come,

I once had broad manors,

I now have no home;

I'm on the hills, lady,

The storm rages free,—

But wrapt in my plaidie,

I dream, love, of thee!

Remember thee, Mary!

My henchmen have fled,

My king is an exile,

My kindred are dead.

They've sent out their rangers

To hunt me, and slay—

But what are life's dangers

Since thou art away!

Remember thee, Mary!

The hound has my track,—

I hear from each hill-side

His yell echo back—

I ask them no parley,

Tho' death bows my knee—

Huzza for Prince Charlie!—

One sigh, love, for thee!

KISSING ONE'S COUSIN.

A VISIT TO THE DOMICILE OF JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

"Ah, Mr. Editor, this is too great an honor—walk in, my dear sir—John, a chair for the Editor,—wheel up that self-actor,—another to put his feet on,—his hat and cane—"

"Do n't disturb yourself, Mr. Short,—do n't disturb yourself. I see you've got your wine and your meerschaum—I 'm just in time."

"Egad, sir, and I 'm glad of it—John, a meerschaum for the Editor, or stay, won't you have my East Indian hookah?—it 's delicious to smoke thro':—tell the butler to bring up a half a dozen of that Maderia that was corked in '93—do sit down, sir, and be cozy like—we 'll have a glorious night of it,—egad, sir, but I 'm honored—my very dear sir, your health."

"Your's, Jeremy,—and another for the Blue-Stockings."

"Ma! ha!—and how did it take,—eh, my boy?"

"Made a terrible fuss, Jerry,—roused them like a hive of bees—buzz, buzz, buzz we had it for a fortnight—anonymous letters by the bushels. I would n't have cared though if they 'd paid the postage,—bless the dear souls, here 's to them again!"

"With all my heart—and I wish the sweet angels were here to pledge us—I kiss my hand to them."

"Talking of kissing, I declare!—why, Jerry, you 're as bad as ever—you 're second only to Johannes."

"Ah! a rare fellow, glorious chap was that same Johannes—he treated of it like a science—but, egad, sir, he did n't go *through* his subject, he forgot the greatest of all,—he never expatiated upon *kissing one's cousin*! We 're old men now, at least I am, and can speak advisedly,—but high or low, far or near, in cups or out of them, there 's nothing like *KISSING ONE'S COUSIN*! I affirm of all it 's the most delightful. Others fight, or scream, or pout, or grow sullen, but a cousin,—the dear things—always take it half coyly and half kindly. And then they do blush so! By the bones of my ancestors, it 's the cream of them—I 've a story about it 'll convince you—but *do* fill up your tumbler, while I knock the neck off this second bottle—'93, glorious. Your health again, sir!

Have you ever kissed your cousin? No!! Do it, I beseech you, sir, before you say your prayers to-night. Kissing! Egad, sir, I 've been used to it from a boy. I remember when I went to school, a little, sandy-haired, big-pated shaver, with a head full of mischief and a pocket full of nuts, how I used to have some little, blue-eyed favorite, whom I always gifted with a kiss and a gingerbread, as regularly as I eat my breakfast.—There were two sweet, little girls—one was my pretty cousin—who sat each side of me in school,—and when the old pedagogue turned his blind eye toward us—he had but one blinker as the sailors say—I used to steal a kiss from the blushing little creature on one side, and so make the opposite little fairy pout and look half jealous, and then when he 'd turned his back, I 'd kiss her in turn, and all would be right again there, but wrong on t' other side. It was a nice matter to keep it balanced—but then there was the excitement of it! A merry time had I with these little angels in that old moss-covered school house, God bless it!—I must drink a tumbler to its memory.

Well, but there 's as much in the time and manner, sir, as in the rest of this amusement. It 's not so much the kiss as the way in which you get it. I would n't give a *son* for a kiss at a party, or in a romp, or even playing pawns, unless behind the screen. I 'd a little girl once to say, "If oo comes here, I 'll kith on," but it hurt my feelings, agonised them, sir, and I would n't have kissed her for a new penknife. No, no!—to be prized, it must be got by tactics, regular scarp and counterscarp, trench, bastion, mine, and then carry it by assault at last. Oh! how I used to love, in the summer evenings, when the old folks got napping in a corner, to get their sweet little daughter in another, and there, all in the dark, kiss her so deliciously—and she afraid to say anything, lest the noise should wake them up and shew what a pickle she was in. That 's kissing for you! Or, when rambling on the river side with a party of young folks, to linger behind with some pretty little partner, and when nobody was

looking, to kiss her *so* slyly! Or, to go apple gathering, and when you'd filled your merry little fairy's apron, and she couldn't resist, just to put your arm around her, and to kiss her ruby lips! Ah! there's nothing like the freshness, the purity, the single-heartedness of youth. As we grow older, sir, we grow conventional, and the ladies too—dear, lovely creatures—lose their first heaven-born modesty, and get in its place the forwardness of the hoyden, or the affectation of the prude. Modesty's the sweetest virtue of woman,—and so the devil counterfeits it when the pure coin is lost. Ah! do n't be modest, Mr. Editor—fill up—this fourth bottle is delicious. Here's to the Casket, my boy!

A bumper!

By Woden! there'd be soul though in you, only you have n't kissed your cousin. Ah! it took *my* little cousin! I'd always a bit of a time to get to kiss *her*. She was a sweet little angel! And then she was *so* modest,—and as she grew up she never altered a bit. I saw all the rest losing their first freshness of soul,—some getting prudish, and others getting wild,—some giggling when kissed as if it was a treat, and some sitting still as statues, and sighing, "I'll scream!"—some tearing and shouting *so*, and some actually slapping one—the hoyden!—yet most of them too glad to get a kiss from any one. I began to scorn their hypocrisy, and at last to despise them all. It was only my pretty little cousin that kept up in my bosom a good opinion of the sex. She often got really angry at my capers;—and as for kissing *me*!—she would n't have done it if all the prophets from Moses down had foretold it, or the President of the United States, or even the good old pastor of the village had gone down on their knees before her. I do n't know how it was—I saw other cousins kissing and kissed, and that too till it got quite common,—but it was n't the fate of such a poor, predestinated, unloved sinner as I. It drove me well nigh mad. I tried art, plot, bribe, persuasion, every thing—but it would n't do. *Kiss me*—but your tumbler's out and your meerschaum's dying—why, my dear sir, she'd talk with me, walk with me, sing for me, and gather the sweetest roses for me,—but she would n't kiss me. It was outrageous. I vowed to endure it no longer. To be crossed in my wishes, sir! I got up one frosty morning, ran off to another uncle's, and vowed I'd never go back again till I was my own master. They told me Ellen cried for days after I'd gone,—but my blood was up, I was n't to be made a mock of, to have people sneer at me!

I was gone five years. The first year I was at college, and bore my absence passably; for though I could not help thinking of my cousin, I always put myself at once into a passion, and so got rid of it pretty well. But after awhile I began to feel mighty desolate, and missed the walks, the songs, and the sweet roses, and often wished I had n't been in such a hurry—but it was no use now,—I'd vowed not to go back till I was a man, and I always kept my word. So when I left college I thought I'd go to see the world, and set out accordingly for the West, and betwixt hunting and fishing I managed to spend a year or two very well. I had n't intended to have gone beyond St. Louis, but I heard so much about the good buffalo hunting just up the river near the Rocky Mountains, that I resolved to take a run up there for a day or two, and have a little shooting by way of sport. But when I got there I liked it so much, that I concluded to stay a week or two longer.

Well, I had been absent—say, three years or more—making tours on the Prairies, and out among the Black-foot Indians, hunting buffaloes on the hills, smoking my pipe with the chiefs, and kissing the Indian girls, God bless 'em!—when it occurred to me I was nearly twenty-two, and that it would be about as well to be a Christian again, or at any rate to see how that pretty little cousin of mine was coming on. So I set out with a party of traders, and betwixt fighting and speechifying, managed to get to the mouth of Yellow-stone and so to St. Louis and civilisation. I learned a good deal in that shooting jaunt to the Rocky Mountains, and came back as you may well suppose—as shrewd as a Sioux. But that's neither here nor there, and I only mention it to shew that a man that's seen the world, hunted buffalo, and been to the mouth of Yellow-stone, is n't to be despised even in the kissing a pretty cousin, as I'll shew you by and bye.

It was a bright sunny day when I rose the hill that overlooked the village where I was born, and where my pretty little cousin dwelt. The clouds lay piled in fleeces at the west, or were rolled away like massy curtains to let the setting sun peep out, while his mellow beams streamed forth, lining the dark drapery with gold, and bathing a thousand hill-tops with their liquid light. Just beneath me lay the village, embowered in dark green trees, with its modest little church steeple shining in the summer sunset. Beside the white spire was the church, and not far off the parsonage, flanked on one side by the lawyer's house, and on the other by my good old uncle's aristocratic residence. They were, as in all villages they are, the three best houses in the place,—for if the advisers of our birth, our lives, and our death, do n't deserve to live well I'd like to know, my dear sir, who does?—Fill up—fill up, egad, we'll toast the whole three, sir, and give each a bumper—I stopped awhile to look, but though a crowd

of sweet memories rose to my throat, and though I had been to the Black Hills, and shot buffalo, somehow or other I could think of nothing but my pretty cousin, and I caught myself running my eye over the landscape to trace her favorite walks,—and then again wondering—and I felt a little uneasy as I thought of it—whether she had n't got married by this time,—or, puzzling myself to guess if she was as lovely and as saucy as ever, and still so provokingly hostile to kissing her good-for-nothing cousin. I felt a fluttering at the heart, which ended, as I rode up to the gate, in a queer kind of feeling, as if the blood in that region had ceased to flow, and my whole left side been filled up with lead. But I recollected I had shot buffalo, and I thought it was no use to be afraid of a pretty cousin. So I threw my bridle to a strange servant, and walking up to the door, relieved myself by giving a most thundering knock.

"Is Ellen in?" said I.

"Yes, sir," said the maid, as she held the door ajar and stared at me as though I had been a perfect stranger, the busy! This was n't the kind of reception I fancied, so I just lifted my hat, and cavalierly pushed by her into the hall.

"What name shall I give Miss Barton?" said the astounded maid.

"None!" said I, forgetting that I was in a land of ceremonies, and highly indignant at the conduct of the maid, "none,—tell her I want to see her," and throwing open the parlor door, I walked in and flung myself on the sofa, leaving the maid perfectly amazed that a man almost as yellow as a Creole, should not only ask to see her mistress, but refuse to send his card up to a beauty who was worth fifty thousand dollars, and to crown all, actually walk uninvited into the parlor. I heard her slam the front door, and saw her go up the entry wringing her hands, but I only ran my fingers through my curls, and began humming a Black-foot tune which a pretty little Indian girl had learned me.

Directly the door opened, I was troubled with that confounded choke and flutter again, as my pretty little cousin walked in, looking more beautiful than even she used to, or in my wildest dreams I had pictured her. I left her a little girl not quite thirteen,—I found her budding into womanhood, at sunny, sweet eighteen. Her form was like a sylph's for lightness, but was already developing the full roundness of the capitolian Venus. Her face had the same regularity of feature, and the same exquisitely sweet expression as over; while her jetty hair, modestly curtained over the brow, in part hid the rich, brunette cheeks beneath, and gave a relief to the dark eyes that still sparkled and flashed as when they used to laugh at me in my boyish days. I have seen many a beauty, but never did I see such brilliant eyes as hers. They had, too, such long, dark lashes, drooping so modestly over their deep light! She advanced hastily into the room, expecting no doubt, from my refusal to send up a name, to see some intimate acquaintance, but beholding what seemed to be a perfect stranger,—for I purposely sat in a deep shadow,—she came to a sudden halt, like a startled fawn, and stood there with her bosom palpitating under her white dress as if it were a breathing snow-drift.

"Ellen," said I, advancing into the light.

It acted like magic. At first she started eagerly forward ejaculating "coz!" while her dark eye flashed with delight; then she hesitated, blushed crimson, and looked down; and finally suffered me to clasp her little hand in mine, and submitted to a kiss which I am afraid was anything but cousinly. In an instant, however, she recovered from her surprise, and, though the lady shone in all she said, she was my own little cousin still. She was a lovely being. Her conversation equalled her beauty, and her vivacity was bewitching. Then, too, she had such a wit. It almost made one ashamed of himself to talk to her. "Could I but get one kiss from this pretty cousin of mine!" said I to myself, and then I fell into a reverie.

Well, sir—but here's to us both—from that time forth it became the great object of my life to effect that which I had failed of in my youth, and which my lovely little cousin so provokingly persisted in refusing. Why, sir, we were cousins, and, pray, what was there improper in it? Besides had n't I been absent five years and more, and now when I returned and was kissed by all, uncle, aunt, nurse, down almost to the washerwoman, it was absolutely outrageous that she alone was to stand out and be obstinate. But she was so lovely, that I could n't get angry at her, and, besides, what use would it have been to fume and fret? It was n't the way to conquer,—I'd learn't that anyhow,—and it would have been ungallant in the highest. How should I win? I had but a couple of months to stay, and she was so popular, that all the beaux of the county were thronging in her train. I'd a hard task before me, and it would have disheartened many a one—but I had been to the Black Hills and shot buffalo.

There was one of her suitors named Thornton, whom she seemed to like better than the rest; and I must say during the first month of my visit, she coquetted with him a good deal at my expense. It used to give me a touch of the old flutter now and then, but I consoled myself that, as I was not in love, there was no sense in getting jealous, and besides, Mr.

Thornton's favorable reception had nothing to do with my object. So I took to humming the Black-foot tune, and teasing my pretty cousin about her favorite lover. You've no idea, sir, what a change it made. She denied it at first, then grew absolutely worried that I would n't believe her, and finally, shewed me a pretty marked preference on every occasion. But I was *only* a cousin, and nobody took any notice of it. Ah! sir, those cousins play the deuce with the girl's hearts! They're always untangling your daughter's silk, or bringing her the last new novel, or plucking her a fresh moss rose, or lifting her over the pebbly, little brook; and then, too, you let them take such long walks in the summer twilight,—or, ride for hours alone on a September afternoon,—or, sleigh away for miles on the clear, moonlight nights of December, with nothing but themselves for company,—and all this time when they are both just budding into life, and fall into love as naturally as I smoke my meerschaum. Egad, sir, I've got two daughters myself; and, though I was a quiet young man, I saw a good deal of your love matters,—and let me tell you that no cousin comes palavering about my house, with his flute and his familiarity,—for if he does I'll either make up my mind at once to have him as a son-in-law, or else kick the young rascal, neck and heels, down the staircase. Cousins, indeed!

It was just such walks I took with Ellen. They were all set down to the score of cousinship, but they were so delicious, that I regretted the time had come for me to depart, and wished that one's cousin could be with one forever. But it was no use, I was n't worth a copper dollar, and unless I could get some heiress to marry me for pity, I saw no way of living without roughing it through life. I was too proud to trespass on the bounty of my uncle, and had actually carried it so far as to make my quarters at the village inn. It may be the good old man could see further than I,—he only smiled, and shook his head, and left the expostulation to his wife. So it happened that my visit was nearly up. Happy, too happy had been those months, and my pretty little cousin was the cause of it all. *She*, sweet angel, like all the rest charged it to our cousinship—but I, at last, began to open my eyes, and half suspected the truth, for I had noticed that my cousin, unconscious to herself, seemed very fond of my presence. I learnt it all by close observation, sir,—a faculty I picked up among the Sioux. I once admired a cape on a girl's shoulder—for I do hate your low dresses—and lo! the next day that I saw my pretty cousin, the dear creature had such a modest cape on! I praised the tie of a ribbon carelessly the next afternoon, I declare it's every word true, sir,—she met me in the evening with that very fashioned tie. And yet I do n't think she was conscious of it. It came natural to her to do so. She would have died had she thought I noticed it. These may seem trifles, my dear sir, but the proudest of us all have seen the day when such little proofs of affection from the one we love have sent a thrill through every nerve in our frame, and in our ecstasy almost lifted us from the earth. Ah! sir, it do n't do to laugh at these trifles;—many a noble, many a monarch would have given his broad lands, his greatest victory, or the finest jewel of his crown, to win such a trifle from the one he loved. I'm wandering—the two months were up—and, yet, in all this time I had n't got a kiss from my cousin.

It was the night but one before I was to go away. I determined to make a last effort. We were sitting by the window, and the old folks were next door. My sweet little cousin looked pensive, and doubtless felt so; for though I had been to the Black Hills and shot buffalo, I was somewhat sentimental myself. It was just the night for melting thoughts; and the moon shone tenderly upon the river in the distance, pouring her silvery light like fairy verdure on the distant hills. My pretty cousin sat by my side, and we were talking of my approaching departure.

"I shall be very busy to-morrow, and I do n't know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening," said I.

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till her very soul seemed pouring out from beneath the long black lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered,

"Why not?—you know how glad we are to see you."

"Why not?" said I, a little piqued at that word *we*; for to tell the truth, I half suspected I was in love with my pretty cousin, and had, as you know, flattered myself that it was reciprocal. "Why!—because I shall be very busy,—and besides I heard Thornton ask you the other night to go to P——, to-morrow evening with him—and of course, my pretty coz, you go."

"There goes *that* Thornton again," said she, "I declare you are too provoking—you know what I think of him."

"Ah! but," replied I wickedly, "why make engagements on the night an old school-fellow is going away?"

Her gaiety was stopped at once. She hesitated an instant, and then answered,

"I told him I'd answer him to-day, and I thought we were all going together—but I'll send him a note declining at once—you know you do n't think what you say, cousin."

I laughed it off—and directly rose to depart.

"How very soon you are going!" said she, in her pretty chiding voice,—and I thought there was something unusually melancholy in its flute-like tones.

"And you're going to kiss me," said I gaily, after a little merry conversation. "Cousins always do it at parting among the Black-feet."

"Indeed I ain't," said she saucily.

"Indeed you are," said I boldly.

"Indeed, in very deed, Mr. Impertinence, you mistake for once, even though you have shot buffalo at the Black Hills," and she tapped her tiny foot on the floor, and pouted her rich, red lips saucily out, looking for all the world as if about to give me a flash or two of her brilliant repartee. But I was in for it:—and I determined to see whether love and the Black Hills could not conquer reserve and wit. I thought I would try the latter first.

"Is n't it your duty?" said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if doubtful whether I was quizzing or not.

"I can prove it by the Talmud," said I.

A funny smile began to flicker round the corners of her mouth.

"I can establish it, text by text!"

"Indeed!" said she archly, smiling maliciously at my anticipated perplexity. But I was ahead of her.

"Do unto others as you would wish to be done unto—is n't it proved my pretty coz?"

"Well, really you deserve something for your wit, and more for your impudence,—you're quite a logician,—did you learn that too at the Black Hills?" and her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw I was no match for her in wit, so I betook myself to my other ground.

"Well—good bye, coz."

"So early!"

"Early!" and I began to pull on my gloves.

"You'll be here to-morrow night, won't you?" said she, persuasively.

"Do you really wish it?"

"How can you doubt it?" said she warmly.

"But I shall interrupt a tete-a-tete with Mr. Thornton," said I teasingly.

"Pshaw! Mr. Thornton again," said she pettishly.

"There was a moment's silence, and at its end came a low, half-suppressed sigh. I began to think I was on the right track.

"You won't grant my favor!—if now it was to mend Mr. Thornton's glove—"

"It's too provoking—" she burst out in her old mood, but directly added in a pensive tone, "how can you think I care so for him?"

"How can I?—you do fifty things for him you would n't do for me."

"Cousin!"

"I ask you for the smallest favor—I take one for a sample, and you refuse—you are a very unfair cousin," and I took her hand.

"Why?" said she, lifting her dark eye till its gaze met mine. It thrilled me in every nerve. "Why?" and her voice shook a little.

"Because you never do any thing I ask you to."

"Indeed I do!" said she earnestly.

"I wish I could think so," said I pensively.

We were standing by the window, and I thought her hand trembled as I spoke; but she only turned away her head with a sigh, and, without speaking, gazed out upon the lawn. At another time, perhaps, she would have listened to my language differently; but I was going away, perhaps forever, and it made her so pensive. Yet she did not know her own feelings. Something told her to grant my boon—it was but a trifle—it seemed so foolish to hesitate—but then something whispered to her that she ought not to do it. But then it would be so reserved and uncavalantly to refuse—and might I not be justly offended at her prudery? What could she do? I could hear her breathe, and see her snowy bosom heave, as she held her taper finger in her puzzle to her mouth. The conflict was going on between love and reserve,—and yet, poor little girl!—she knew it not! But I had been to the Black Hills, and shot buffalo!

"And you really won't come to-morrow night, without—without—" she paused and blushed; while the low, soft, half-reproachful tone in which she spoke,—softer than an angel's softest whisper,—smote me to the heart, and almost made me repent my determination. But then it was so pretty to see her look perplexed!

"Ellen," said I as if hurt, "I am serious—you do 'nt think I'd trifle with you, but I never before tried to test how true were the professions of those I loved—if one is thus bitterly deceived, I care not to try again," and half letting go her hand I turned partially away.

For a second she did not answer, but she looked upon the ground. Directly a cloud came over the moon, and just as the whole room was buried in sudden shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of my little cousin's heart, I felt a breath like a zephyr steal across my face, and—what's the use of denying it?—I had conquered. But a hot tear-drop was on my face; and, as I pressed her hand more warmly than became a cousin, a sudden revulsion of feeling came across her, the true secret of her delicacy flashed like sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how utterly she had betrayed herself, her head fell upon my shoulder, and I heard her sob. My heart stung me,—vain, ungenerous sinner that I was,—and I would have given worlds to have saved her that one moment of agony. But in another instant came the consciousness that I loved her. We spoke no word, we whispered no vow, but as I felt how pure a heart I had won, a gush of holy feeling swept across my soul, and putting my arm gently around her, I drew her to me as softly as a mother embraces her first born babe. That moment I shall never forget. She ceased to sob, but she did not as yet look up. It might have been five minutes, or it might have been a half an hour—I could keep no measure of time. At last I said softly.

"Ellen!"

"Will you come to-morrow night?" whispered she, lifting her dark eyes timidly from my shoulder.

"How can I refuse, dearest?" said I, kissing the tears from her long lashes.

"Well, what followed, Jeremy?"

Whiff—whiff.

"What followed?—for heaven's sake, tell us!"

"What?"

"Yes!"

"Why a Mrs. Jeremy Short, to be sure."

J. S.

Philadelphia, June 6th, 1839.

THE COTTAGER'S DOOR.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

THE sunlight is gliding behind the high hills,
And the bright clouds are piled for its couch of repose,
And lullaby murmurs are heard in the rills,
And the night bird is singing its song to the rose.
Tho' bright is the couch of the glad god of day,
And sweet are the murmurs the rivulets pour,
Yet brighter the eye, with its blue laughing ray,
And sweeter the voice at the Cottager's Door.

The ear of the cotter, as homeward he hies,
Is filled with the sound of its musical tone,
And in fancy he pictures the glad gleaming eyes,
That wait but to meet the fond glance of his own;
He hears, on his home-track, the echo of feet,
And his heart's gushing fountain doth well nigh run o'er,
When his blithe bounding little ones leap forth to greet
And welcome him home to the Cottager's Door.

He kisses the bright berry cheek of his dame,
He lays his broad hand on his baby's fair head,
And listens, to catch from its lips the sweet name
Of Father—the first little word they e'er said.
Soft twilight advances, the little ones crowd
Around the dear knee for their pillow once more,
And the bright silver moon, thro' a blue summer cloud,
Gleams down on the group at the Cottager's Door.

VERBAL WONDERS IN LATIN.

BY J. JONES, ESQ.—PHILADELPHIA.

SINCE the days of the Spectator, it has been fashionable, among critics, to laugh at those wits who display their ingenuity, not in weaving a tissue or thread of striking and brilliant thoughts, but of effecting strange and difficult combinations, contrasts, or coincidences among mere sounds. These wonders were regarded in ancient times in a very serious light, and the practice of this solemn trifling occupied the secluded hours of the studious and learned, to a degree which at present appears incredible.

I have just been amusing myself with a collection of these flowers, gleaned from an immense number, which, at different times, have sprung from monastic leisure and industry. Enigmas and acrostics abound in our own language, and overflow the pages of magazines and diaries; but what are now manufactured only by boys and girls, were deemed the choicest products of learning and diligence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. I have been astonished at the number of *enigmas*, in particular, which are to be found in antiquated folios. A riddle in the Latin language, however uncommon in the present times, was formerly a favorite and almost universal form of composition, when no language but Latin was thought worthy to be written. The following on *Sleep*, is a tolerable specimen of these enigmas:

Sponte mea veniens varias ostendo figuras;
Fingo metus vanos nullo discrimine veri;
Sed me nemo videt, nisi qui sua lumina claudit.

What at present is known by the name of Charade, and which some may probably think a modern invention, has been familiar to monastic wits these five hundred years. There are few words in the Latin language which have not been carefully dissected, and a riddle extracted, not only from the whole, but from each of its component parts, when these parts, separately taken, had a meaning. The fruit of this ingenious operation is dignified with the sonorous name of *griphus*, or *logogriphus*. Among numberless examples of the *griphus*, take the following, built upon the word *muscatum*, a nutmeg; which may be dismembered into *mus*, *musca*, *mustum*:

Si caput est, currit; ventrem conjunge, volabit;
Adde pedem, comedes; et sine ventre, bibes.

But the most fertile of all these contrivances is the *anagram*. This consists in taking the letters of a given word, and forming new words out of them, by dropping some of them, or by changing their order. The way in which this kind of ingenuity, or rather labor, is designed to affect us, is by contrast or similitude. Thus that literary pioneer, John Alstedius (or Alsted,) has given us a happy specimen of the characteristic anagram in modelling the letters of his name into the word *Sedulitas*. This brilliant discovery gave birth to the following lines, which *Clarissimus Alstedius*, chose for his motto:

Ut possis, mea mens, doctis que deoque placere,
Sit pia sedulitas; sedula sit pietas.

Thus also, another patient genius took the letters of the words, *Rudolphus secundus de Austria imperator*, and combining these *disjecta membra* anew, produced the following:

Andoris vacuus, tu de splendore triumphas.

There is another species of the anagram, which consists in taking from a given word, those of its letters which denote numbers, and in putting these numbers together, some marvellous coincidence is discovered. This species has been learnedly denominated *eteostichon* or *chronostichon*.

So much regard did the *chronostichon* formerly attain, that the restoration of Charles II. 1660, was commemorated by a medal with this inscription:

CeDant arMa oLem paX regna serenat et agros.

One of the grandest and most venerable efforts of this kind of ingenuity displays itself in the acrostic. Examples of this occur in the arguments of Plautus' comedies, and in many other classical productions. In more recent times volumes might be filled with the acrostics that have been built upon the names *Jesus* and *Christ* only. The latter, if we believe St. Austin and Eusebius, is found, in this shape in certain sybilline verses, whose authenticity it would be heresy to question. The following is a famous acrostic on the name of Jesus, and its complexity and ingenuity certainly lay claim to some praise:

I	nter cuncta micans	I	gniti sidera coel	I
E	xpellit tenebras	E	toto phœbus ut orb	E
S	ic cæcos removet	S	U S caliginis umbra	S
V	ivicans que simul	V	ere præcordiis mot	U
S	olem justitiæ	S	ese probat esse beati	S

The echo is a mode of filling up a sentence significantly, by repeating the last syllable or syllables of a question or sentence. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, gives us an amusing example of this conceit. The following is a specimen in Latin, in which, particularly the first and last lines, there is a good deal of shrewdness:

Dic an dives ero, si carmina scripsero? *Sero.*
 Ipse ait hæc. *Ait hoc.* Cur ita clamat? *Amat.*
 Vere novo sponsum me fore remis? *Eris.*
 Quæ nes difficiles sunt in amore? *Mora.*

The greatest subtlety, however, is displayed by those who work at the *palindromus*, which is the appellation given to a verse, the words, syllables, or letters of which may be read backward without a total destruction of sense or of harmony.

Thus, some minute critic, has discovered that the words in the following line of Virgil,

Musa mihi causas memora quo numine læso,

may be read backward without any variation of numbers or sense, thus:

Læso numine quo memora causas mihi musa.

Phielphus presented the following compliment to Pope Pius II. which, though apparently a benediction, will, if read backward, produce directly the reverse:

Conditio tua sit stabilis, nec tempore parvo
 Vivere te faciat hic, Deus omnipotens.

If we reverse the order of the words, the same numbers are preserved, but the meaning is reversed:

Omnipotens deus hic faciat te vivere parvo
 Tempore, nec stabilis sit tua conditio.

This art of transposition is carried to its highest point of difficulty when a verse is produced the whole of which may be read backward, *letter by letter*, without the least alteration either of the numbers, the sense, or even of the words themselves.

One of the Scaligers plumed himself exceedingly in producing the following line, which is of this kind:

Si bene te tua laus taxat, sua laute tenebis.

But this effort of genius is far exceeded by the following, which, on account of its mysterious structure and significance, has been gravely ascribed to the devil:

Signa te signa, temere me tangis et angis
 Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

By these various methods, it is probable, that the Latin language has been more thoroughly wrought, has been more completely turned, twisted, dissected, and compounded, than any language whatever. Every religion has borrowed from it its language. Every science is indebted to it for its terms. It has been made the medium of every system of laws. It has been modulated by every conceivable system of numbers. Every thing Hebrew or Greek has been made, anciently or *modernly*, to assume a Latin dress. Even the authors of late times, whose writings are originally German, Italian, English, or Spanish, have been transferred into the Latin tongue. It is the longest lived, and most extensively diffused of any human language, since it was spoken and written with equal facility and excellence on the banks of

Arno and Tyber, in the age of Cæsar and Leo, ages separated by an interval of fifteen hundred years, and since it is studied, even at present, and is familiarly known to the studios, in India, Europe, and America; on the Ganges, the Danube, the Maragnon, and the Mississippi.

The Latin language is supposed to teem with every thing reasonably delightful and instructive; and so it does; but a tolerable acquaintance with *modern* Latin will inform us, that it likewise contains the most voluminous monuments of human error and folly; that the whole mass or body of it has passed through the punster's mill, has been pounded into its minutest fibres in the *graphical* mortar; and has been sifted clean away in the *anagrammatical* sieve.

CONSUMPTION.

BY MISS E. H. STOCKTON.

ALL through the dreary winter months
We nursed her lovely form,
And trembled at the slightest gale
Or threatening of a storm.
How solemnly we guarded her,—
How tearfully caressed—
And oh! with what an anxious gaze
We watched her troubled rest!

And when the searching winds of March,
Swept by with moaning sound,
How *still* became our hearts with fear,
How pale each face around.
And eagerly—yet half afraid,
We marked the slightest change,
And fancied in her tones of love
A cadence sadly strange.

We could not bear to see her fade—
To note her failing voice,
E'en though its murmured melody
Still faltered out—rejoice!
Her eyes looked larger than of yore,
Her brow more purely white;
And oh! we shuddered when she held
Her hand against the light.

That hand was tremulous and thin,
Yet oft, when tears we shed,
She pressed it tenderly in turn
Upon each drooping head!
O she was lovelier every hour,
And dearer every day,—
And made our lowly home a place
For angel guests to stay!

But winter storms at length were gone,
The flowers began to bloom,
And as she stronger grew, a light
Broke in upon our gloom.

And joy too deep for words to tell
Was ours, one balmy day—
It was the softest and the last
Of the sweet month of May:—

We bore her gently to the shade
Of an old, favorite tree,
We placed her on the very spot
Where she had wished to be.
We wept sweet tears of gratitude,
And smiled with strange delight,
To see how freshly bloomed her cheek
And how her eyes grew bright.

And one—the youngest of our band,
Twined roses for her hair;—
And merrily our mirth rung out
Upon the pleasant air.
Then, when our hearts were full of hope,
E'en *then* she bowed her head,
And with a blessing on her lips
Her lovely spirit fled!

Yes! in that very home of life,
That seemed but made for bloom,
Death in our midst unheeded stood,
And claimed her for the tomb.
We put the red-rose garland off—
It was but mockery there,
And gathered half-blown buds of white
To place upon her bier.

We had no words to tell our woe—
We were too sad to speak,
As one by one, we pressed a kiss
The *last*—upon her cheek.
And since when all around are gay,
And birds are on the wing,
We hasten to our loved one's grave
With the first flowers of spring.

THE LILY HAND.

Concluded from our last Number.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to enter into a geographical delineation and detail, in order to take the reader step by step unconsciously into the labyrinth of my tale. But a rough outline cannot be amiss to the proper appreciation of the incidents and characters which must be brought before the eye, in order to acquaint him with the regular adventure, part of which has already been detailed. The verdant and extensive plains of Western England, have been the subject of many a traveller's theme, and perhaps no part has more charms for the unpractised eye. But the feelings awakened by the beauty and the grace of the English landscape, dotted with the neat and unpretending cottages—which, as they are above all praise, are frequently the subject of it—give place in the mind of the traveller, to the more strong and active emotions awakened as he approaches the lofty mountain, the deep valley, the roaring torrent, and the steep precipices—for which North Wales is so celebrated. It ought to be the land of inspiration and of song. Rivers and torrents almost without number, roll and dash through its mountain valleys. The scenery which rises almost perpendicularly on the mountain side from the very brink of its streams, while anon the dark defiles, deep, narrow and barren, which serve to designate the course, which the sullen stream takes between the mountains—the summits rough, stony and sterile, heighten the sublime in effect, render the contrast more broadly marked, and combine with the verdant plain below, to give the highest poetic influence to that region.

In North Wales, in the heart of Montgomery, and amid a cluster of mountains, towers the huge mass of Plinlimmon. The vales intervening between the many heights, diversify the bleak and barren regions, otherwise calculated to inspire nothing but impressions of dreary sublimity. The mountain chain on the side of Clwyd in the County of Denbigh, gradually sinks, and at the level plain for about twenty miles in length and four or five in breadth, presents the most brilliant picture of fertility, heightened doubtless by contrast, and is justly considered the most beautiful spot in the whole island. Being in the summer of 1794, an inhabitant of Dublin, and a merry youngster of nineteen summers, I had occasion to pay this delightful spot a visit, on some family affairs; the signature of all the members being necessary to convey some property, which my father on behalf of the heirs had been authorised to sell. I shall never forget the light-heartedness with which I sat out upon this journey. The fame of the maidens of this tract of country, which at that time was denominated "The Valley," though with what regard to propriety I never could ascertain, imparted a zest to the journey which nothing else could have given. The romance of my boyhood still clung inveterately to me, and I anticipated some "cheerie" times with the gay damsels of this renowned place. My humor and my brogue too, were fresh as my years, and with a heart delighting in gaiety and fun, I doubted not, that I should create quite a sensation among the girls of the place. The only individual with whom I could claim acquaintanceship was an old Aunt, who had the merit of having dandled me in her arms in childhood, and who with the utmost tax of memory I was unable to recall, there was beside an Uncle, whose face I had never seen, a notable character among the mountaineers, and who with his daring feats had made his name famous. He was justly accounted the best wrestler in Wales, and as I had acquired some celebrity for my skill in the same manly exercise, I thought that with the help of young and fresh limbs, I might be able to trip up the heels of the old gentleman upon the greensward, and thereby win immortal honors. I confess my heart beat with some emotions at the thought of attempting the feat, but what is too hard for the warm heart, the sinewy arm, and the high hope of an aspiring, young Irishman, with his head full of love and the ladies! There was some reputation to be made too, by the encounter, even if I was worsted, for so great had become the reputation of the veteran, that no man on the mountain had dared for years to grapple with him; and of course he felt among them like the game cock of the barn yard. I revolved many expedients in my mind, by which I fancied I might take advantage and having recently acquired the knowledge of some *new trips* from a French dancing master, I pictured the old gentleman with his heels in the air, so repeatedly and vividly before my mind, that I finally began to imagine that it might be no great exploit after

all. But time jogged on in his course, as I lessened the steps of my journey, and on the evening of the third day I found myself, after much inquiry for the good lady, at the cottage door of Aunt Deborah. It is needless to say, that it required some persuasion to induce the old lady to believe that I was the same "Donald," that she had rocked and dandled nineteen years before, but her matronly experience finally came to her aid, and she decided that "it must be true."

"Donald," said she with the rich Irish brogue which she still retained—"An sure ye have n't travel't the journey bi yoursel, mun. An' it's the Lord's marcey, that ye had n't a been benighted and clean lost i' the bogs o' yer own country, or been kilt by the Welchmen o' this."

I endeavored to console the good lady, however, with the reflection, that what ever *might* have happened, I was at least out of all possible danger for the present; which, as her perceptive faculties were not very obtuse, she readily perceived and granted. After enjoying a hearty repast, from the cheer which was plentifully set before me, and having answered the thousand and one questions, which the old lady's loquacity rendered more necessary than her lack of information, I retired to bed for the night.

It is needless to say, that I dreamed of love and bright eyes, and that the visions of the night were not only blissful, but, partook of the general hue of my waking thoughts. I fancied that the eyes of more than one fair maiden, had beamed approvingly upon me, and when the sun peeped through the casement in the morning, I awoke with the happy consciousness, that I was the most genteel fellow alive. I had been guilty of making love-vows to more than one ruddy cheek damsel with the hue imparted by the "praties," in the good land of Old Ireland, where the bloom of health and beauty is heightened by this beloved esculent. What had I then to fear from the girls of the Valley, when my eyes had met the approving glances of the sweet little dears at home.

There is no principle more predominant in the heart of a true young Irishman, than that of a deep devotion to the female sex. In him it is a controlling principle, and while the blood courses freely through his veins, the fire of his devotion never remains unfed at the heart. There is a chivalrous spirit in the Irish Nation peculiarly its own, and a want of selfishness where the heart is interested, which can be found in no other. So much so, that even among the most abandoned and degraded, if "the good man" takes into his head to give his partner a "bateing," "an' sure an' he has the right to do it, seeing its his own woman," it would be a sorry act for a meddlesome wight to interfere to prevent the transaction, for the good mistress would not fail, even under the smart of the husband's blows, to apply the broomstick to the head and shoulders of the intruder.

As I gazed out into the Village, all seemed rife with festivity and merriment, and it was evident at a glance, that it must be a holy-day among the Villagers. There was a troop of merry damsels with their heads bedecked with flowers, tripping carelessly along. And here were the lads of the place, with the best their trunks could afford, donned, in high expectation of meeting the chosen of their hearts upon the greensward. The May-pole was already reared within sight upon the green, and the ground around it bestrewn with flowers, and I rightly conjectured that there would be merry times ere the sun ran his course for the day. It instantly recurred to me that the May morning had been forgotten as well by Aunt Deborah as by me, and hastening below stairs, I found that the good lady was no less sound a sleeper than myself. She was not long, however, in making her appearance, having been awakened by my first movement, and gave me the hearty blessing for the day, so peculiar to the Irish Nation.

"An' Donald," said she, "sure an' I niver mentioned till you the merry making o' the day, and sure boy, but ye 'll take a turn on the green, wi' the best o' 'em." I assured her that I should not be found wanting in spirit, but should mingle in the jollities of the Village, and perchance make love to the May Queen. "But Donald, that same may be nobody but Jenet, yer ain kith an' kin, and sure boy, but mony's the eye that would be sore vexed, did ye receive but a smile fra' the lady."

She was mistaken, however. When I joined the merry throng, in company with a lad, whom my good Aunt had selected, I was received with a hearty welcome, and soon became one of themselves. Jenet was absent, as I soon found from the conversation and looks of the village gallants. There was much regret among the whole group, in which even the ladies participated, when it was ascertained from some recruits from the mountains, that the indisposition of her Uncle, would prevent her becoming a participant of the sports of the day. It required no very keen perception, to see that she was a universal favorite, and I inwardly longed for a sight of the fair Cousin, whose sweetness of temper and engaging qualities, drew forth so many encomiums, and whose beauty was so generally appreciated and praised. There were many bright eyed damsels amid the merry throng, but my heart seemed to desire

the presence of the fair unknown.—So high is the ambition of man in affairs of the heart, that he can never suffer himself to pay court to any but her whom fame, or his own choice designates as the bright particular star, in the hemisphere of his fair acquaintances.

It was indeed a sight to gladden the heart, to witness this array of Village beauty, surrounding the fairest—by common consent—the Queen of the day, with the bright blossoms in their hair, and the tastily arranged wreath of spring flowers around their snowy brows. It seemed as if nature delighted to minister to their pleasure, and to impart to innocence additional charms. I had mingled with some of the fairest daughters in the higher ranks of Dublin, and had some, though but slight opinion of my taste, yet to me this troop of Village maidens far excelled the brightest and gayest that I had ever before beheld. The pleasant pastimes around the May-pole were somewhat new to me, bred amid the hum of business, and of the City, the whole seemed like a fairy scene, and I entered with much delight into the festivities of the hour; there was nevertheless a lurking thought of the absent beauty, which served to keep my heart in check from particular regard to any one of the ladies, yet I received the kisses which in the various pastimes were freely bestowed with a hearty good will. Many a cherry cheeked lass, blushed at receiving the salute from “the stranger,” yet I could perceive no lack of willingness when the favor had been fairly won. The old folks applauded, while the young ones were the willing players, and many an old father’s and mother’s eyes lighted up with paternal pride, as their favorite gave evidence of superior skill, or seemed selected from the throng as objects of momentary regard.

There was an old man, who leaned upon his crutch, while his silver hair hung down to his shoulders, with the most venerable look of any in the group, who seemed to laugh the loudest and the loudest of any upon the green, and I found that his approving smile, or his laugh of derision had more effect upon young men who joined in sports, than the applause, or reviling of all the other spectators together. I soon ascertained that he was a kind of patriarch of the Village, and bestowed his regard only upon the worthy. He had been the most athletic man of the place, and in the sports of the times, never found an equal, until “Jack of the Mountain,” young in years, had imperceptibly gained strength enough to warrant, a wrestle with the old man, but the trial ended without the desired result, for after an hour’s tussling, it was decided by the umpires, that Jack of the Mountain was too young a man to be permitted to worry by length of time, to secure a victory over “Old Daddy Strong.” The villagers had dropped his name which was McCulloch, he being of Irish descent, and had given him a cognomen, derived from his great muscular powers.

This “Jack of the Mountain,” the reader must know, was no less a person than the uncle of whose prowess I have spoken, and whose indisposition had deprived the company of the presence of Janet. But if “Old Daddy Strong,” was pleased with the sports of the ring, around the May-pole, his joy knew no bounds, when the young men separated from the merry maidens, to exhibit their prowess, in the more manly exercise of running, wrestling, jumping, and all the train of hardy feats for which he himself had been so famous.

I stood for a long time a spectator of the exciting scene, as I saw one and another stretched upon the green by his more active, or athletic competitor, not wishing to obtrude myself into the sports, but wishing to be requested to join. The old man was not long in detecting the idler, and with a sharp rebuke bade me mingle in the sport. I did so with alacrity, and in a short time gave some evidence of my ability as a wrestler. There was one young man who had made himself conspicuous for strength in the early part of the morning, by hurling the bar, and various other feats, and who had stood aloof during the lighter sports, because, as I heard it whispered, “the fair Janet was not of the company,”—who eyed me with what I took for something like scorn, but which the old man interpreted into a desire to engage with me, should I continue successful.

“You’ll ha a chance my boy,” said the old man addressing him, “to try yer arms wi’ the fair stranger, I’m a thinking, ha!” The young man said nothing, but still continued to eye me, though I thought when the word *fair* escaped the old man’s lips, that I detected a scornful curl of his.

From what afterward transpired, I found that he was supposed by the villagers to be destined to wear the mantle when age should impair the strength of my Uncle Jack. No young man could withstand him, as a wrestler, and few seemed disposed to try; the broken heads of their comrades, whom they had seen whirled in the air, by the strength of arm of this young giant, acted too strongly upon the nerves of others, to lead them hastily to the venture.

My blood had always been of the most excitable nature, and when I detected what I supposed to be scorn upon the lips of the young man, my blood boiled for the encounter, and stepping up to him I challenged him, for a wrestle. A shout rose from the spectators, and all other pursuits were suspended in an instant. The old man seemed more excited than

ever. He hobbled up to me on his crutch,—shook my hand, laughed outright—and wished me “luck”—looked at my opponent,—asked him “if his back was clean,”—“warranted that he would find grass on his jacket in a few minutes”—and laughed and chuckled at the joke. I saw the color rise to the brow of the young man, and felt, that he was nerved to desperation for the encounter, but I was in for the feat, and resolved come weal or woe, to toss him in the air if possible.

Our holds were taken, and he seemed to grip me with the power and ferocity of the tiger. Mine was not much less slack, and at the word given by the old man, the struggle commenced. He seemed determined to conquer by main strength, and as we tossed up and down without any decided advantage being gained by either party, I felt as if my very bones were cracking beneath his grasp. He evidently found that he had more than ordinary to accomplish, and seemed to redouble his efforts,—I too was not idle, I tried every trip of the science, but he stood upon the ground as if planted like a pillar. I tugged to whirl him to the ground, but his body seemed as unyielding as the stately oak, which towers erect in the storm. Some of the spectators cried out at length, for us to desist—but the old man brought his crutch to the ground, and gave the emphatic NO, while our efforts were renewed with increased fierceness; as yet I had tried neither of the trips taught me by the recent master. In fact I thought it idle to attempt it, with a man who stood as if nailed to the ground as fast as he planted his foot upon it. Our struggles became more and more desperate, for a moment I perceived him at fault, I gave him the unexpected trip, and we fell to the ground, he undermost amid the shouts of the spectators, and the huzzas of the old man. He seemed as if he was in the element of his wishes, he took off his old hat and whirled it round in a fury increasing its speed with the clamor at every circle. As we arose from the ground, the young man flew at me with the desperation of a wild beast despoiled of its young, but Old Strong instantly interfered, and respect for him was too great, for any to dare to defy his authority.

I shall never forget the countenance of the young man at that moment, shame, pride, anger and revenge, seemed struggling for the mastery, nothing soothing that the old man could say, no jest of his companions could calm the agitation of his spirit, which showed itself in the tremor of his frame. It seemed as if all he gloried in on earth had been wrrenched from him in a moment. The sports of the day were deadened at once. The pride of the village, after the excitement was over, was apparently as deeply touched as that of the young man, whose agitation drew forth my sincerest commiseration. Could I have restored him to noble bearing and dignified and haughty confidence, I would have suffered defeat, even, myself. Why he should take it so much to heart, I did not learn till evening, in company with Aunt Deborah, and although the old lady was proud of my achievement, she wept, when she communicated the intelligence that Jack of the Mountain had vowed, that “no man who had ever been laid with his back upon the green, should be the husband of Jenet,” “an’ you Donald,” said the good lady, “you would not wish to mar the happiness of young Strong.”

The fact flashed upon me at once, that the old gentleman had given way to momentary excitement, and that he was not really glad of my victory. And I expressed to my good Aunt my suspicions. “As for that Donald,” an’ I do n’t know but you may be right, but the old man never thought much of “Jack of the Mountain,” since the hard tussle, they had together, an’ I’m not sure that he’d like his boy to be married till Jenet, “but your Uncle’s house-keeper is the kin o’ young Strong, an’ faith she’ll do all for the match.” There was something flattering to my vanity in all this, and I began rather to rejoice in my success, than to remember the discomfiture of young Strong.

It was the third night after this, that the occurrence took place of which I have already apprised the reader. The old man had become somewhat better, and hearing of my arrival and of my exploits, had sent Jenet to bid me repair to the mountain, the damsel, of a laughter-loving and frolic mood, received permission of the old man, to surprise me, and, if possible, to frighten me out of my conscious importance, by some little trick by the way, and having tarried until night-fall at the edge of the mountain, accomplished her errand as the reader has been informed. There was something so singular in the adventure, that I scarcely believed my own senses, and it was not till a comfortable glass of grog from the flagon of the old man, who soon after entered and gave me the usual welcome, had restored me to the proper possession of my nerves, that I was induced to accede to it as reality.

I found old “Jack of the Mountain,” a jolly old blade as ever drank a can of good ale, and discourse by his fire side, made me almost forget my fairy guide, but I was at length restored to the consciousness of her existence by her entrance into the room upon some office of housewifery.

“And Jenet,” said the old man, “here’s your Cousin Donald, girl, you seem bashful for two that have journeyed together. Tell me boy, did she cut any of her pranks by the way.”

In faith, but she's frightened the sleepy Lowlanders half out of their wits, with the canny lantern. You've heard of "The Fiery Maid," while you sojourned below, haven't you.— "But, no, Deb knows the joke and says nothing." However, I found to my cost that the maiden was as wild and as fearless as her Uncle in his strongest fight could depict her, she had let my Aunt into the secret of her mission it appeared, and the good lady, had pretended to depart on an office of charity, while her niece played off her pranks upon me. The actual distance of the house on the mountain from the residence of Aunt Deborah, had been seemingly increased by the tricks of Cousin Jenet, who had taken me around the dreariest route, with the intent of frightening me out of my wits. She laughed outright, when I upbraided her with a design to ensnare me into some ravine, by way of securing her lover, young Strong, and said she believed her Uncle would assure me that his brawney arm had no charms for her, though her father and her Uncle had presumed to select him, and his hands too, giving me a look from beneath her lashes, which made the blood tingle through my veins,—are so rough and bear-like, that I fear to allow him to touch me."

"Jenet," said her Uncle, "I'll ride to your father's to-morrow, and see what he has to say of this stroll by night, with so comely a lad as Donald here."

The blood shot up to the very brow of the girl, as she was thus linked with me, and she turned and rushed from the room to hide her confusion.

"Love at first sight," cried my Uncle. "Donald, what soft things in the way of converse beguiled the way up the mountain side—ha, boy."

There was merry piping on the mountain top some weeks after this, and a gathering of the damsels from the Valley, and of lads from all parts. The notices had been issued in the Welsh style, and as I find a copy in my portfolio, I give it herewith.

May 23d, 17—

"As we, Donald Jones and Jenet Cyslett, intend to enter the matrimonial state, on Friday, the 27th instant, the young woman intends to make a bidding upon the occasion, at her father's house, called Slin-forge, in the parish of Clwyd, in the County of Denbigh, where your agreeable company is humbly solicited, and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow upon her then, will be thankfully received, and cheerfully repaid by her father and mother, whenever called for on a similar occasion."

This custom of making presents to the bride, has existed in Wales, from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and it is a grievous insult, to attend a marriage gathering without complying with it. In fact no Welshman ever thinking of doing so, knowing, that "upon the like occasion," it shall be returned.

Reader, I shall not tire you with any thing like a description of the ceremony, nor shall I detail the sorrow of young Strong, and the anger of my Uncle's house-keeper, nor shall I tell you how old Strong forgot his enmity to the family over the good liquor, which operates like oil upon the wound of a Welshman's spirit, nor yet shall I tell you how the bride trembled, when her delicate little hand was placed in mine. But "*the maid of the fiery steed*," ceased to be the term of the Lowlanders, though many affirm, that she "may yet be seen o' nights hovering o'er the brink of some ravine, or dashing with her fiery charger on the mountain side, over projecting rocks, and down the precipices, regardless of danger." There are others too, who tell of a fairy form sailing on moonlight nights upon the dark stream and which when pursued, flits like a will-o-the-wisp up the mountain side. But I have it on the authority of my old woman, that these things are not true, but, she adds, with a knowing look, that she once knew a person led a chase up the mountain, who ever after was a sincere believer.

LXXOX.

THE FOUNTAIN GLEN.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

I stood beside my boyhood's spring,
And heard its silvery song,
And saw the cliff its shadow fling
The lonesome glen along;
And thought of that delightful time,
When first I paus'd to drink,
And listen'd to its pleasing chime,
Beside the glistening brink.

With many a field of sloping green,
And rural charm to ken,
'T was then to me a luring scene—
A fancy-peepled glen;
And still it shar'd a beauteous hue,
But o'er the lawn's repose,
With every memory-haunted view,
A blended sadness rose.

The olden tree that graced the spot,
Had wither'd grown and bare,
And merry wild-birds sought it not,
To woo and warble there;
The sod was verdant where it flung
Its branches o'er the way,
But from the root no scion sprung,
To grace the trunk's decay.

The paths, familiar feet had worn,
The creeping grass o'erspread,
And where the tufted seat was torn,
The serpent made his bed.
Where erst I mark'd, ere summer's close,
The playful robin wheel,
The vulture from the swamp arose,
And left his loathsome meal.

The cot its whited sides display'd,
Beneath the shading tree;
Along the marsh the streamlet stray'd,
And skimm'd the minnow free.
The browsing kine were on the plain,
And sought the breeze's wing,
Or low'd adown the travell'd plain,
Or loiter'd by the spring.

Sweet fountain of the lonesome glen,
That gusheth in the sun!
O'er pebbly bed, and weedy fen,
Thy flashing waters run;
But from the warm and radiant sky,
That lights thy shelving lawn,
Though bloom and beauty linger nigh,
Life's early charm has gone.

EVENING SKETCHES.

BY WILLIAM B. MANN.

THERE is something beautiful in a summer midnight, when the sky is serene, and silence is upon the earth, and the whole world is slumbering as noiselessly as if hushed into an everlasting sleep. The soul in such an hour breaks from the shackles of its earthy tenement, mounts heavenward, and becomes lost in bright and holy musings. Byron has said that "man's control stops with the shore," that he has not strength to change the ocean, nor to render it tributary to his power; and who has not thought as he gazed upon the heavens in the depths of midnight, that "man's control" stops also with the earth; that although he may make desolate the fairest portions of creation, though he may change a blooming paradise into a barren wilderness, yet he cannot mar the firmament, *the glory of God*;—nor can the impious hand of the creature affect in the least the Heavens which are *His handiwork*. For the same stars which beheld the attempts of an Alexander to enslave the world, looked down and smiled upon the efforts of a Napoleon to accomplish the same object after an interval of some thousand years.

I love in moments of sadness to gaze upon the sky and think how many aching hearts, how many grief-stricken beings, have for centuries poured forth their complaints and told their sorrows to that same moon which now shines upon us. There is something so melancholy, so mournful, so majestic, and yet withal so pleasing in her pale countenance, that we cannot wonder that by ancient nations there was rendered to her a part of that worship which is only due to the *Most High*; for it was then as it is now the custom of the human heart to be so ravished with the gift as to forget the hand of the *giver*. She was worshipped by the Phenicians and was called by them, Astarte, "Queen of heaven with crescent horns," and to her the Sidonian virgins paid their midnight vows.

From my earliest youth I loved to gaze upon the moon; and upon the stars which were the objects of my boyish wonder. Since I have grown up into the world and became a part of it, and the toils and the cares of life begin already to thicken around me, but I still love to steal silently from the crowd and gaze upon her face, while thoughts of other days rush thick and fast upon my memory. It seems but as yesterday when I stretched myself under the tree in my father's yard, and caught a glimpse of her face through the over-spreading boughs. But a few short years and she will not shine *on* me but *above* me. Yet her countenance will not be less lovely nor her rays less bright, but she will still roll on in her glory till the last trump shall sound and the Heavens themselves shall be no more.

STANZAS.

I WOULD that I was young again, that on my youthful brow,
Time's signet had not traced its lines so heavily as now,
That my young heart beat wild and free, as erst it used to do,
When life seemed calm as cradled seas before my childlike view.

I would that I was happy now, as then I used to be,
In dreams of childhood's gay romance beneath the greenwood tree,—
To listen to the merry notes of feathered songsters there,
And think the world would ever be, as then, all bright and fair.

No storm-cloud cast its shadows o'er the brightness of my way,
Or dimmed the light and purity of pleasure's sunny ray;
The gushing fount of early bliss was sparkling to our eyes,
Bright as the flashing brilliancy of distant, starry skies.

The hours of youth with merry flow were hastening along,
Like fairy barques when wafted on to notes of lute and song,—
The siren whispered melody, and listening to her spell,
We never thought that in this world dull care had power to dwell.

No dim-drawn vision checked the rise of youthful revelry,
Or crushed affection's rising hopes that struggled to be free;
No wintry blast swept o'er the plain to chill each budding flower,
But happiness dwelt sweetly there, like once in Eden's bower.

I would that I was young again, for then the hand of time
Had marked my path, with follies, less—perhaps with less of crime;
But youth's gay, happy hours have fled, and mingled with the past:
And shipwrecked hopes are all that's left—the darkest, and the last.

THE DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN the autumn of 18—, I was making "the grand tour," and on my way from Paris to Marseilles, I met with an extraordinary adventure, which I will relate in all its strange and harrowing details. The hill at Autun, covered with its vineyards and their rich fruit, is picturesque and pleasing; but the gathering time was then past, and the scene was flat and dismal; my companions in the diligence were by no means persons of elegant manners, and to make bad worse, a drizzling rain kept falling, and the dampness of the atmosphere caused a depression in the spirits of myself and fellow-travellers. We had not gone far beyond Autun, when the diligence stopped at the entrance of an avenue, which opened into the high road, and led to a splendid mansion, evidently the abode of a person of rank and distinction. A small party of elegantly dressed persons stood at the gate, and it appeared that one of them was about to proceed with us in the conveyance. Two servants came forward, bringing travelling bags and trunks which were duly fastened upon the roof, and this done, a fine-looking young man, in a military cloak and travelling cap, separated himself from the party, which consisted besides himself of an elderly gentleman and two ladies, one of whom seemed to be the mamma of the other, and after kissing the ladies' hands, he advanced and took his seat, without taking the slightest notice of the other passengers, and then putting his head and part of his body out from the window, he maintained a conversation with the ladies until all was ready for starting; and then came the parting words, the words which always fall mournfully on the heart, but most mournfully upon young hearts that love. Several voices exclaimed "A pleasant journey!" but one small timid voice added, "*Adieu, Jules!*" There was sweet music in that timid voice; it spoke audibly to the heart, though it scarcely reached the ear. And all who heard it, felt that by the speaker of those parting words, our fellow-traveller was beloved.

The young man also repeated the word "*adieu!*" but it was in a much firmer and gayer tone, and he waved his hand and agitated his body, without seeming to care in the least for the other passengers, or to mind the personal inconvenience he put them to. At length the diligence moved on, and the chateau and the party at the gate were left far behind. M. Jules now began to settle himself in his seat, and to cast inquiring glances at his fellow-travellers, by all of whom he was similarly regarded. He was a fine looking young man, with symmetric figure and a dark expressive countenance; but his eye had an expression of gay recklessness in it, which did not raise him in my estimation; and there was a thoughtless light-hearted joyance in his manner which vexed me. I had at first set him down as a perfect hero of romance. He was very communicative, and gave us to understand that he was a military officer, that the old gentleman, from whom he had just parted, was his uncle, one of the richest land proprietors in Burgundy, and that the younger of the two ladies was his daughter, Josephine, to whom our companion was on the point of being married; and, of course, we were favored with very glowing descriptions of her beauty and virtues. He was journeying now to make preparations for the wedding; and intended to throw up his commission, abandon a military life, and reside with his wife six months in the country, and the rest of the year in Paris. Such were his arrangements, stated in the course of a lively and animated conversation, which was only interrupted by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, and we found that our journey was arrested by a multitude of persons of all sexes and ages, singing, shouting, dancing, fiddling. We soon discovered that we were in the midst of a fair. "Why," exclaimed a fellow-passenger, Madame Vernet, after taking an almanac from her reticule, and inspecting it rapidly, "this is St. Ursula's day."

"*Ursula!*" exclaimed M. Jules with an expression of surprise, with which alarm appeared to be associated.

"Yes!" rejoined Madame Vernet, handing the almanac to him; "you see, it is St. Ursula's day."

M. Jules took the almanac in his hand, and appeared to look at it, then repeating the word "Ursula" in a low tone, he returned the book to its owner.

"Ah!" said Madame Vernet, "I suppose Ursula is the second name of your destined bride."

"No!" replied Jules, faintly, and then became silent, thoughtful and reserved.

Evening had by this time drawn imperceptibly on, and upon the hills appeared the last faint reflection of the departed luminary of day; all nature appeared to be calm; the trees were still, the birds sung not among the leaves, the very air was mute, and silence led to reverie—reverie to sleep; the postilions had ceased to swear, and none of us knew how the time had passed when the coach had stopped for supper at Chalons-sur-Saone.

After a hasty meal, again we set out upon our journey, none more anxious than M. Jules. "Are we out of Chalons?" he was constantly enquiring. So frequently was this question put, that at length one of the passengers said "Why do you ask?"

"I have no particular reason for asking," he replied.

"Were you ever at Chalons before?" rejoined the passenger.

"Yes, I was quartered there with my regiment once."

"You have some friends here, then?"

"No," he rejoined quickly, and hastily; the conversation therefore dropped, and very soon afterward the whole of the passengers were in the arms of Morpheus. We could not have slept long before a terrible shake awakened us all; the vehicle had stopped again. The night was extremely dark, and the wind howled mournfully through the trees that skirted the road, a small light upon which, as if from a lanthorn, indicated that we were about to receive an accession to our numbers. The diligence had stopped to take up their passenger.

"We are quite full already," was the general exclamation, when this discovery was made.

"There is still one vacant place," growled the conductor.

There was no disputing this point; but we grumbled, nevertheless, for we had been very comfortable hitherto, and the addition of another person was by no means welcome.

"It's only a young lady," said the conductor, in a tone of voice which indicated he was in a very bad temper. "It's only a young lady, who will not take up much room." Presently a small figure in white appeared upon the steps; "She will not trouble you," added the conductor, "for she is deaf and dumb; I have carried her before now to Lyons—the devil take her! She has always occasioned me some misfortune." The female had by this time got in, and taken her seat. "Wo-o! wo-o!" cried the conductor, addressing the postilion, "Mind the horses, they are rearing terribly." And then directing his conversation to a man in the garb of a priest, whom we could see by the light of a lanthorn, standing in the road. "Adieu, M. le Cure, you may be sure I'll take care of the young lady!" Crack went the postilion's whip, and again we were proceeding on our journey.

We were all very desirous of knowing something about our fellow passenger, but as she was deaf and dumb, it was of no use saying a word to her; the ladies, indeed, got up a conversation upon the double misfortune of the poor girl, but that soon ended, and then they moved and fidgeted, to attract attention, but she sat very quiet, and took no notice of any body. An unpleasant chilliness now came over us; we pulled up the windows, drew our cloaks close around us, and the ladies put shawls over their bonnets. But we still felt uncomfortable, so much so, indeed, that M. Jules let down one of the windows, declaring that the external air was warmer than the atmosphere we breathed in the diligence. We found this to be the case, and all of us were puzzled to solve this philosophical mystery. We did not shiver now so much as we had done before, but nevertheless, all complained of a very uneasy sensation; and many jests were made upon the subject, and at length some one said that it was entirely attributable to the deaf and dumb girl. We again endeavored to lull ourselves off to sleep, but could not, one awoke in a fright, another was constantly starting, a third had frightful dreams, and M. Jules moaned so dreadfully, that we were obliged to shake him, and then he told us he had been troubled with a dreadful nightmare.

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Vernet, "we ate too much for supper at Chalons." And every body concurred in the opinion thus expressed.

At length day dawned, and the first beams of morning falling upon the white dress of the deaf and dumb girl, again collected our attention toward her. We looked at her in silent amazement. Such a form we had none of us ever beheld before; we were fearful of trusting to our senses, and thought it an illusion. But the sun rising above the horizon put an end to our doubts, and the frightful appearance of our companion became evident. Her skin was of a deadly white color, and it seemed to cover nothing but bare bones; her lips were thin, so thin indeed, that they scarcely enclosed a perfect set of projecting teeth, and two small eyes sparkled like live coals from the bottom of immense orbits with a vivacity of motion which made her turn her singular countenance from one side to another with an appearance

of insatiable curiosity. Her eyes seemed to interrogate us all in succession, and there was a smile upon her lips, but it was so inconsistent with the general character of her countenance that we averted our heads: it was as if death's head were laughing on our faces.

The silence which the contemplation of this strange figure led to, was first broken by M. Jules, who said, "Were it not for the respect I entertain for the present company, I would say with the conductor, I wish the d—l would take her. Did you ever see such a face as hers! She makes us all shudder."

His observations were interrupted by the extraordinary looks of the subject of them; she gazed rapidly upon us all, and then burst into a fit of laughter but to the sight only, for we heard no sound. This silent laughter raised in us feelings of horror; but not the least sympathy for her misfortunes. We had not time to express our feelings to each other, for directly afterward a sudden jolt occurred, and the falling of the diligence intimated that the axle-tree had broken. The confusion which this accident threw us into was great, the females shrieked, the gentlemen expressed themselves in terms not to be mentioned by ears polite. The deaf and dumb girl quickly scrambled over the other passengers and got out first. Happily no one was hurt, and as soon as we extricated ourselves we all congratulated ourselves, except the conductor, who gave vent to loud imprecations. "I knew how it would be," he said, "that speechless woman has brought all this misfortune upon us. This is the third time she has wrought mischief."

Happily there was an inn by the road side in which we could take our breakfast, while the diligence was being put in travelling order again. It was a delightful morning, and though there was nothing in the scenery to make it attractive, we, nevertheless, preferred a ramble to staying at the inn, while breakfast was being prepared for us. At a short distance from the house there was a large cross, surrounded by young elm trees. A small hedge, formed by sweetthorn and common bramble waved gently around a grass-plot, extended round the stone at the foot of the cross. It was the most picturesque object in the neighborhood, and M. Jules resolved upon taking a sketch of it.

"We only want the speechless woman," said he, "to complete the picture."

"Possibly," said I, "it would not be difficult to induce her to sit to you for her portrait, for in the diligence she seemed to flirt with you. She looked at you as if she desired to catch your attention."

"The poor wretch," replied M. Jules, as he raised his black silk D'Orsay, and twirled his moustache. "The speechless woman is a coquette! And why not! O, woman, woman, you are alike, all the world over."

"I should not suppose that you had much reason to complain. Have you been often in love?"

"Yes; but it seldom lasted for more than a week."

"And yet you are going to be married."

"Oh, that's a different thing altogether. When a man gets thirty years old, it looks respectable to have a wife. A woman takes your name, and you avail yourself of her property, and leave your titles and estates to your children. It is decidedly respectable to have a wife when you become thirty years old. But that is not what I call love. Josephine is charming, beautiful as an angel, but I have known many angels. Marriage is good, because it fixes you in the station you are to live in. But love is the most delightful thing in the world——"

The *roué* would have proceeded, but old Madame Vernet, who did not at all agree with him upon these subjects suddenly arose, and fetching the deaf and dumb girl who was playing with a herd of goats, a short distance off, made some signs to the poor creature to kneel and pray with her at the foot of the cross. I know not what the poor girl had at first thought Madame Vernet wished her to do; but she had quietly suffered herself to be led under the elms; but when the good old lady importuned her to kneel, she tripped away, laughing, and returned to the goats, which she at length led to browse upon the briar that formed a hedge round the cross."

"I verily believe," exclaimed Jules, "that the speechless woman is the genius of evil. Look, she is destroying the only beautiful object in this landscape!"

He would have gone and desired her to desist; but at that moment the old goat-herd and his dogs advanced, and drove away the goats from the hedge. The speechless woman looked for a moment at the old man, and then skipped after the animals, whilst Jules and I advanced and desired the goat-herd to continue to protect this pretty little spot. The old man knew nothing of landscape effects, his only motive he said for driving away the goats was, that they should not eat the bushes and grass where a female had been buried about eighteen months before. The whole party were astonished, and made inquiry for further particulars;

but the old man knew nothing more, and referred them to the landlady of the inn, where the female had died.

We all returned to the house, and upon making inquiry, were informed by the hostess, that the female in question arrived at her house one rainy night, weary and sad; and her eyes were inflamed with weeping. She asked to have a private room, and being so accommodated, had resided there for nearly a month, paying her expenses every day; but small those expenses were, for the poor creature ate scarcely any thing. She used to wander about at night, and was often seen sitting upon the stones at the foot of the cross, and at other times was heard praying devoutly, and in extreme agony. At length she was one day found suspended from a branch of one of the elms by a silk handkerchief. This was all the hostess knew of her poor girl's story.

"The victim of man's perfidy, no doubt," exclaimed Madame Vernet, and the good old lady retired from the company to weep.

"The mayor came," continued the landlady; "and scolded us for giving shelter to a vagabond, for she had no writing about her to indicate who she was; and the priest refused to bury her, or allow her remains to be interred in consecrated ground; but I had pity," said the good hearted creature, "and I begged that the body might be buried near the cross, thinking that the ground there must be almost as good as consecrated ground; and they granted my request." The old woman wiped away a tear, and added, "I have, besides, what I may call her will; it was the only thing she ever wrote in this house, and I have put it into an old frame which she would buy of me for the purpose, after taking from it a fine portrait of the Emperor; and I have also placed it in the public room, according to her last request."

Our curiosity being strongly excited, we desired the landlady to show us this paper, and presently she brought in a glazed frame of black wood, but the glass was so dirty that not a word could be read until the dirt was removed. M. Jules then took it in his hand; he gazed upon it and changed color, "Heavens!" he exclaimed, "how singular!"

"Do you know the hand-writing?" I inquired.

"I—I," he replied, much embarrassed, "how should I know it?" And he gave the frame into my hands.

The writing was to the following effect:

"If you recognise my hand-writing, be silent, I beseech you;—I implore you not to tell my name, for I shall be afraid of my father, even after death. I am dishonored, and I must die. It is a dreadful thing; but I cannot look my friends in the face again—I cannot endure my mother's rebuke;—I cannot endure my father's curse. I have no more money;—I have not strength to work; and he whom I love bade me *farewell*, with laughter! Would that I were mad. I fear death—greatly do I fear it; but still I must die. I am not yet eighteen. Let poor girls beware of men who come to them with smiling looks, and words of love;—their voices are ever soft—their promises are always great; they swear before the face of Heaven;—but O! believe them not. I erred, but I dearly loved him who destroyed my peace. All must now end. I hope for the prayers of every Christian soul who passes this way. Let them pray also for him, for he is the cause of all. But let them say nothing to my father."

The sobs of the female passengers, and of our good hostess, while I read these simple wailings of a seared heart showed how much they were affected—even the men betrayed emotion, and, "albeit unused to the melting mood," I found it impossible to restrain the tears which *would* gush out, despite my efforts to restrain them, when I reflected upon the condition of this wretched girl, *murdered* by some heartless villain; for he who brought ruin upon her was the murderer. Poor girl! poor girl! heaven will have mercy on thee, though the man she loved had none!

Madame Vernet uttered a vehement philippic against male perfidy as soon as she could well speak, and became much warmer when M. Jules, who had recovered his presence of mind, endeavored to turn the whole into ridicule. "It is a very lucky thing," he said, "that our *beautiful* little fellow-traveller from Chalons is condemned to silence, for I should have had her also for an antagonist; and it must be confessed, that such a face, talking of love and romance, would have been irresistible." This observation recalled the speechless lady to our recollection; and we now, for the first time, remarked that she was not present at the breakfast table. We were informed by the conductor that she never sat at table, but contented herself with a crust of dry bread. Upon looking through the open door, I saw her distributing this bread to the goats by which she was surrounded. Poor creature! the goats, after taking from her hand the bread she proffered them, fled away hastily, as if frightened by her looks.

It was at length announced that the damage experienced by the diligence had been repaired; and accordingly our journey was resumed. During the whole of the way we constantly felt a damp chill, which we could not account for, and experienced much physical and mental

uneasiness. M. Jules endeavored to re-assume his wonted gay and easy manner, but vain was his attempt; and we were all well pleased when the diligence stopped at Lyons. After partaking of some refreshment, M. Jules and I agreed to embark in one of the passage boats which descends the Rhone, he for Valence, and I for Avignon. Freed from the looks of the strange girl in the diligence, my companion renewed his self-possession, and again amused me much by his gay and lively recitals and descriptions of adventures and places. The subject of his approaching marriage, was, of course, uppermost in his mind, and, really, he seemed to be a most fortunate fellow, for his cousin, whom he was about to lead to the altar, was extremely beautiful, and very rich.

The navigation of the Rhone was by no means pleasant, for the sources whence the river is supplied were obstructed, and the water was so extremely low, that our boat frequently touched the bottom; so, that on the second evening, we thought it advisable to put up at a miserable inn at Pomier; but there we found the food was detestable, and the beds worse. You may be sure that our contemplation of the exchange we had made, did not produce any very pleasant feelings; and, in a state of vexation and discontent, we retired for an inspection of the inn-kitchen, which was, indeed, the only public room in the house. Imagine our surprise when, by the dim light of a solitary iron lamp, we discovered, in a corner, the speechless woman, with her flashing eye-balls fixed upon us."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Jules, "I cannot endure this. I will return and sleep in the boat. Had I been aware that she had chosen this conveyance, I should not have come by it."

I endeavored to prevail upon him to abandon his intention, but in vain, and he quitted the house. Sapper was now ready, and a good appetite caused me to forget, for the moment, the speechless woman in the corner; and when I had finished my meal, I found that she was gone. I conjectured that she had retired to rest, and soon afterward went to bed myself.

On repairing to the boat the next morning I was alarmed by the altered appearance of M. Jules. He sat apart and abstracted, his countenance pale and haggard; and when I addressed him, he muttered a few indistinct words, and appeared to wish to be left alone. The night had made a woful change in him; and, during the remainder of the journey, he continued to be reserved and thoughtful. At parting he pressed my hand, and, in a faint voice exclaimed, "*that awful night.*"

"Sir!" I rejoined.

"I could not pray while *she* stood before me."

"Whom?"

"*She!*" he exclaimed, "with her fire-like eyes glaring upon me, searing my heart and brain."

"What do you mean?" I enquired.

"I had sworn, that when I could possibly come to Chalons again I would make her my wife. And thus I triumphed over her unsuspecting virtue. Then I laughed at the ruin I had made; and——" Here his voice became quite indistinct, and he muttered several sentences, among which all that I could distinguish was the name of "*Ursula.*"

I was glad when I parted from this strange man, for he seemed now to be intimately connected with the dumb girl; and I began to have the most painful and terrifying apprehensions.

It was some time before I could shake off the unpleasant emotions which the presence of these individuals had occasioned; but time, which effaces strong impressions, soon caused me almost to forget both Jules and the speechless woman.

Having an engagement with a friend in Paris, about a month after the journey above described, I retraced my steps. The passage boat and the miserable inn at Pomier brought back the traveller's companion to my recollection; and, as I turned my eyes to the corner of the inn-kitchen, where I had last seen the terrible female, I felt anxious to know more concerning her; but all my enquiries were made in vain; and even the conductor of the diligence could only tell me, that whenever he had conveyed the speechless woman, some accident was sure to occur to the vehicle. I determined upon stopping at Autun, and making enquiries for M. Jules. Therefore, ordering my luggage to be conveyed to its destination, I left the diligence, and proceeded toward the chateau of the destined bride. But I had not advanced more than a hundred paces up the avenue, when I heard a trampling noise behind me, and, turning round, I perceived that a funeral procession was returning to the chateau. I conjectured that one of the parents of Josephine was dead; and, stepping aside, I looked enquiringly for M. Jules in the melancholy group. But he was not there. There were several gentlemen; but all strangers to me, and all appeared in a state of terror and alarm, and all hurried past me into the chateau. I detained one of the domestics, and asked the name of the departed. With a look of fear, and in an indistinct voice, he answered "*M. Jules.*"

The domestic was hurrying away, when I caught him by the sleeve, and asked for more particulars; but he broke from me, and rushed into the house.

I sought the inn where I intended to rest that night, and there discovered the cause of the strange emotion among the funeral groupe. Jules had returned to Autun in a weak and feeble state; the best medical assistance was obtained; but it was all unavailing. He became delirious, and was continually shrieking, as if in agony; several times a speechless woman in white had been observed about the chateau, and on the day of his death they found her at his bedside, with her fire-like eyes glaring upon him. They drove her from the room, and she tripped laughingly away. M. Jules had then called for the priest, to whom it was said he had made confession of some grievous crime, and then, his conscience being relieved, he prayed fervently; and thus he died. And the consternation among the funeral party had been occasioned by the appearance of the speechless woman at his grave. She stood among the mourners, looking down upon the remains of Jules. His relatives regarded her with feelings of horror, and shrunk from her. The officiating priest advanced, bearing the sacred symbol of his faith, toward her, when she seemed to glide into the grave. A shriek from the assemblage rent the air. They looked for the strange female, but all they beheld in the grave was the dark coffin which contained the remains of M. Jules.

THOSE TWO BRIGHT EYES.

A SONG—DEDICATED TO MRS. WATSON.

BY J. S. DU SOLLE, ESQ.

Those two bright eyes! those two bright eyes!
 There's nothing half so bright as they,
 They haunt my dreaming hours, and rise
 Before me through the day:
 And if I sleep, or if I wake,
 I know that they're still looking on,
 Till now—I love them so—'t would break
 My very heart to find them gone.

Those two bright eyes! I wonder why
 They will not cease to plague me so!
 I can't look sad, but they will try,
 Nor smile, but they smile too:
 And then they seem so fond, and true,
 And smile so lovingly upon me!
 As if—the cruel things!—they knew
 How much they'd ruin'd and undone me!

Those two bright eyes! those two bright eyes!
 What would I give to call them mine!
 All that I dearly, dearly, prize,
 I'd willingly resign:
 The ring, the kiss, by the heaven above me,
 I'd give them both, if they would but love me!
 And I'd give them my heart too, but, heigho!
 The've stolen *that* from me long ago.

THE MAID OF LOIRE,
A BALLAD,
WRITTEN BY ALBERT SURREY,
COMPOSED BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Published by Geo. W. Hewitt & Co, (late Nunn's) No. 70 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Andante.

p

dim.

p

On the ver-dant banks of Loire, It was the vintage

time, And no rude sound of war Disturb'd that peaceful

This system contains the first three staves of music. The vocal line is in treble clef, the piano accompaniment in the right hand is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat, and the bass line is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

time. Be - side the almond stream, A dark eyed maiden

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

grew, In whom each morning's beam Found beauties that were

rall.

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The word "rall." appears above the final measure of the vocal line and below the final measure of the bass line.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings.

f *p* *ff*

mf *f* *p* *ff*

mf

p

new! A-round were met A merry set, Some sang "Pamour!" some

cried "la gloire!" But all agreed None could exceed The charms of Marie—

Maid of Loire!

By the verdant banks of Loire,
The vintage time had past,
And the rude sounds of war
Again were on the blast!
The concert drum was heard,
Young Julien, Marie's love,
Was like the turtle bird
Turn from his weeping dove!
A merry set No longer met,
To sing "Pamour!" To cry "la gloire!"
But every eye That pass'd her by,
Had tears for Marie—Maid of Loire!

When the verdant banks of Loire
Had lost their summer flow'rs,
And tidings of the war
Rang through the leafless bow'rs:
The saddest sound that eigh'd,
Was the low dismal bell,
That told young Marie died,
On hearing Julien tell,
No merry set Has ever met,
To sing "Pamour!" To cry "la gloire!"
Now flowers bloom around the tomb
Of lovely Marie—Maid of Loire!

TO THE LADY OF MY HEART.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

LADY ! if I who 've scarcely known a day,
A little day—should dare to breathe of love,
Should strive to wake in thee, a single thought,
Like those fond feelings which within me move,
Oh ! pray, forgive and pity the sad fate
Of one whose fond presumption dare not gaze,
With thoughts of hope, upon those azure orbs
That cast, like silver stars, such kindling rays.

I blame thee not ! why should I blame thee, girl !—
Because thou hat'st me, and may never bless
My ardent passion, with one cheering word,
To bid me live for hope and happiness.
I know that nature, when she formed thee fair,
And set her angel signet in thy face,
Gave me the homely features and the air
Long known the heritage of this my race.

Angel should mate with angel, well I know ;—
Then why should I aspire, dear girl, to thee !
Why should my passion when I see thy face
Rush o'er my bosom like a mighty sea !
'Tis vain presumption !—yet if thy fond heart
Will yield for me, but one, lone, pitying sigh,
I ask naught else—and troubling thee no more,
Will to some wild retiring,—weep and die.

Mary !—thy name is like a spirit-tone
And comes in blissful cadence o'er the soul,
Like od'rous winds that in the tropic climes
At eventide o'er fairy waters roll.
Thy smile is living brightness in my heart,—
Thy voice the spirit of all melody ;—
And thou—I feel it, burning in my brain,—
For e'er art woven with my destiny.

Philadelphia, June 30th, 1839.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen in the time of George the Third. By Henry Lord Brougham. 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The life of Napoleon, says some one, will never be written until a master-spirit shall arise with a genius capable of fully comprehending the workings of his gigantic mind. The remark is based on truth. It is not every one who can penetrate the mysteries of a mighty intellect, or fathom the causes of its resolutions,—and until he does he is not fit to sketch the character, or pass sentence upon the doings of the man. He only betrays his own weakness. The lance he cannot lift bruises him,—the thunderbolt he fails to wield scorches and scathes him.

Lord Brougham, however, is a man of genius, and, in sketching the great men of the last fifty years, is perfectly at home. With a grasp of intellect unsurpassed except by Bacon; with a versatility of genius that rivals Bolingbroke's; with a keen perception of human character, in part, the result of his profession; with a strong, nervous style, almost unequalled among the writers of our language; and with half a century's acquaintance with the men he pictures both before and behind the curtain, he comes to his task better fitted to perform it properly than any man now living in England or America. If then he is not just, the greater is his crime. That in many cases he is not, every one who has studied history must own. Our limits will not allow us to canvass all, but we shall hint at a few of these instances, in a hurried, desultory manner.

The character of Sheridan seems to have been sketched in a fit of excessive spleen. His statesmanship is sneered at; his wit called premeditated; and his oratory, in the words of Pope, damned with faint praise. That his metaphors were often strained, his pathos false, and his sentiments bombastic, no one, possessed of a chastened fancy, much less one of Lord Brougham's Demosthenian severity in taste, will hesitate to affirm; but that his wit was, in all cases premeditated, is denied by his biographer, and by all those who knew him best, whether in the Parliament or at the convivial table. No man could have said as many witty things as Sheridan, without preparing some; and no man could have sustained the character of the wit, as he did, for thirty years, without the ability to be so impromptu. The fact is, his sayings were witty at first;—sometimes they were afterward polished, sometimes they were not.

But it is in his estimate of Burke that Lord Brougham is most unjust. Sheridan he dismisses with civil contempt, but the great philosopher he affects to eulogise, and in so doing, obviously labors to depreciate him. After lauding his sagacity, and faintly echoing the praises heaped upon this almost prophet, he sneers at the latter writings of "the desolate old man," as at the ravings of a diseased imagination. Yet never was the power of Burke more manifest than when worn out with sorrow, and just tottering into the grave, he gathered himself up for one last effort, and in his Regicide Peace, hurled his thunderbolt at the enemies of his country, and before the shaft was spent fell powerless into the tomb. Old and sickly, and heart-broken, he who roused Europe to arms by the fire of his pen, deserves a worthier epithet than that of a raving lunatic. There are bad metaphors, and an abundance of false taste in his writings on the French Revolution, but for seer-like wisdom, and irresistible declamation, those celebrated pieces have never been surpassed in any land or tongue. He was the first one to penetrate the clouds that darkened around his country, and though in some things perhaps he erred, no man of his day had a tithe of his political foresight. When others doubted he was sure. From the day of that contest which, for more than twenty years, shook Europe like an earthquake, Burke declared that France would never be subdued until England not only roused Europe against her, but herself took the field with all the forces she could muster. He said then; and he left it on record to rebuke the slanderers of his fame,—that the war which was just beginning, was one not of a season, nor of a nation, but of years and of continents; and though that war raged for twenty years after he had slumbered in his grave, it was eventually closed by those means, and those only, which Burke had said alone

could end it. Had England followed his counsels sooner, what years of havoc, blood and fire might have been spared to Europe! And yet this foresight, which almost looks like prophecy, is called the raving of a diseased imagination.

We might instance other cases,—but leaving the detail, we pass at once to the leading characteristics of the work. It is written with some power and more show; while truth is often sacrificed to effect. His portraits of Fox and Chatham are, perhaps, the best; though in both of these the pencil of the painter is betrayed. Still, however, there is keen perception, masterly analysis, and bold, striking description of character in almost every page of the work. His portrait of Lord Eldon is so vigorously drawn that the Chancellor seems almost to stalk out from the canvass. His characters of George the Third and of his son, have never been surpassed by any one who has chronicled the old tyrant, or the Princely debauchee. Nor does the Queen escape. Lord Brougham handles a Scottish broadsword, and cuts right and left with equal vigor.

We take leave of this work, satisfied that it will long be valued as recording the opinions which one great mind has formed of another. Its leading fault, however, is that it is written by a cotemporary of the men it sketches. Had Lord Brougham touched on Queen Anne's reign, he would have been equally powerful, and more impartial,—for he would have brought equal genius to the task, with less of passion, interest, and bias.

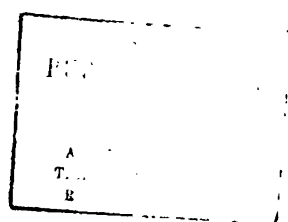
"Lady Chevely, or the Woman of Honor." Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

In our last we noticed with some commendation, the novel of Lady Bulwer. This has recently been answered by a philippic in rhyme. The poem is nearly four hundred lines in length, and contains some passages of scorching severity upon the author of Chevely.

These family jars of course, never deeply interest the world at large, and it argues a degree of weakness on the part of Bulwer (the lady we can excuse,) to suffer himself or even a friend to obtrude the matter before the public eye. It is, however, scarcely supposable that Bulwer himself wrote the poem, but there can be no doubt that he was cognisant of the matter. It is a production of no great beauty or taste. We annex a passage or two.

One evening to his lonely home he bore
A wreath like that immortal Shakspeare wore!
And o'er his solitude the echo came,
Of shouts of triumph, mingled with his name!
And we may deem, his eyes were full of tears—
How cold the triumph which no loved one shares!
Too proud to mourn, he sought his mind t' engage
With the cold woes of a fictitious page;
He turns the leaves—ah! has a viper stung!
His cheek grows pale, his noble brow is wrung!
Oh, monstrous! see, the mother of his child,
With blackest slander has his name defiled!
And o'er his noble heart a sickness came,
Not for his own, but for her deathless shame.

See, from thy waning charms base flatterers fly,
Read! read! thy shame in each averted eye,
Behold th' inevitable hour is come!
When woman's scene of happiness is home!
Crushed 'neath the mount of curses, thou hast piled!
Weep for the home thy falsehood has defiled!
Yet list! the muse shall teach thee where to find
The only solace of the guilty mind!
Glad tidings greet the trembling hairs of sin;
Ah, who has said, "compel them to come in!"
Oh, seek, thou false one! through long after years,
To wash this stain in penitential tears!
Then to thy husband's feet, if there forgiven,
May pitying angels plead for thee in Heaven!





Drawn by W. Dandell, R. A.

Cape Town.

Engraved by J. Arnyago.

10

三、本行在办证过程中

Journal of Management Education, 20(6), 709-728.

practicable plan to move him from his security. To walk on with the darkness increasing, was certain death, the tiger would have tracked their steps, and in the darkness, would have pounced upon them, ere they could have been aware of his presence. To rouse him from his



THE C A S K E T.

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[No. 2.

CAPE COMORIN.

A LEAF FROM A JOURNAL.

WE came in sight of the Cape about nine o'clock. It is situated at the extreme point of the territory of Southern Hindostan. It is N. W. from the Island of Ceylon, and is about nine miles in extent. One of my fellow travellers, fired his rifle at a small tiger, which was watching a bird, perched upon a limb, near the tomb, but the animal escaped unhurt, merely casting a contemptuous glance at the marksmen, and then taking to the wood.

We prepared in about an hour to pass over the Ghauts a ridge of mountains, which line the coast. The promontory unites the two opposite seasons of the year. The southern side of the mountain is remarkable for great fertility of soil. The fruits of the Tropical climate may here be found in great abundance, and as the eye takes in the verdure which seems to stretch for miles, and as the traveller drinks in the breeze redolent of a thousand odors, he might almost fancy the place to have been the paradise of the first man. After travelling for some hours, intoxicated with the beauties and sweets of nature, which every where surrounded us, we reached the mountain top, when the whole scene changed as if by magic. The tops of the mountains present for miles a rough and uneven appearance, stony and sterile, scarcely a shrub to relieve the prospect. My companions complained much of the heat and tediousness of the way, but our time was beguiled by our guide, a short, thick set native, who seemed to delight in narrative, and recorded many "hair breadth 'scapes by field and flood," which were not exactly calculated to allay the fears which my fellow travellers expressed. I remember an incident which the fellow related, which he said occurred in a large jungle through which we were obliged to pass, after descending the mountains.

He stated that he once had been surprised, in company with a fellow hunter, by an enormous tiger in this jungle, which cost a life. It was about sunset, on their way homeward, that they first observed the animal stealing cautiously behind them, with head and tail down, at some thirty or forty yards distance. They both immediately stopped and examined their rifles, which were found to be in good condition. The animal with its known sagacity, instantly detected the motive, and crouched in the underwood, so that it was hazardous to fire at that distance, as but part of his body was observable, and that part was so uncertain, that the men determined to hold their fire. They tarried for fifteen or twenty minutes, hoping that the beast would rise, and give them a fair shot, but the tiger apparently crouched the closer to the earth and remained so motionless, that not a leaf was seen to stir, or a twig heard to crack in the security of its hiding place. It was finally determined that the companion of our guide should take a circuitous course, as if to reconnoitre, while his companion should be ready to let the animal have the ball the moment he stirred. It was the only practicable plan to move him from his security. To walk on with the darkness increasing, was certain death, the tiger would have tracked their steps, and in the darkness, would have pounced upon them, ere they could have been aware of his presence. To rouse him from his

covert, and to kill him if possible, before the night closed upon them, seemed the only plan which the first law of nature, self-preservation, could suggest. The man had advanced but about fifteen paces in a direct line from his companion, which, however, brought him several yards nearer the animal, when it suddenly made a bound, and alighted within twenty yards of its victim; he levelled his rifle, but the ball whizzed harmlessly over the head of the monster, whose eyes glared like balls of fire, as he hasted to glut himself upon the blood of the unhappy man. Our guide informed us that he fired his rifle, but whether it did execution or not he could not say, he made the best of his way through the jungle, and although he fancied he heard the bounding of the tiger behind him, he arrived safely at his habitation, but never heard any thing of his unfortunate comrade.

A.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY MISS E. H. STOCKTON.

WHAT fairy creature cometh here
To charm my solitude?
Straying like sunlight through a cloud
From out the shady wood!
She holdeth wild-flowers in her dress—
One foot hath lost its shoe,
And o'er its whiteness can I trace
The veins of violet hue.

Like golden links on ivory,
Her curls of shining hair—
Parted from off her lovely brow
Fall on her shoulders bare.
Her eyes are bluer than the wave
Beneath the sky at even,
And *like* the wave, their beauty seems
Less that of Earth than Heaven.

Red as a ruby are her lips—
Her cheeks wear fainter hue,
And there are tears upon their bloom
As on a rose the dew!
Poor child! the bird may find its nest
Amid the sheltering tree,
And fearless on its sunny track
Wings the unerring bee;—

But vainly still her weary eyes
Seek for her home once more;
She only knows the grass is soft
Around her mother's door,
And honey suckles make the air
Sweet as themselves to smell,—
But weeps when e'er I ask the name
Of her she loves so well.

Philadelphia, July 3d, 1839.

The bird-cage at the window hangs,
And there the whole day long,
She says her dear canary sits
And charms her with his song.
And now with blended smiles and tears,
That beautify her woes,
She tells how, lovelier every day,
Her baby-brother grows!

She pauses in her eager tone—
She hears the well known voice
Of one whose slightest word hath power
To make her heart rejoice.
'Mother!' 'My child!'—the blossoms fall
Unheeded to the ground,
As springing joyous from my side
Those loving arms are found.

She cannot chide thee, thoughtless one—
But vainly tries to speak,
As once again she feels thy breath
Warm on her tearful cheek.
But He who reads her heart beholds
Her thanks to Him arise,
As incense from a sacred shrine
Floats upward to the skies.

Sweet one! farewell—like vision bright
Thy presence was to me;
And still, while life and thought remain,
Will I remember thee,
As *first* I saw thee with thy flowers,—
Yet oh! by far more fair,—
Emerging from the greenwood shade
Into the sunny air!

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. II.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"

Childs Harold.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark."

Scott.

It was noonday, a hot, scorching noonday in the tropics, when the heavens above were as brass, and the sea beneath glowed like molten lead. We were becalmed. Not a breath of air was stirring; the pendant hung motionless from the truck; the image of the taper masts scarce trembled in the water; and the hot, dry atmosphere seemed to undulate on the horizon in a thousand wavy lines. Off to sea not an object broke the burning monotony; the very clouds had ceased to flit in shadows across the deep; and over all hung that sickly glare which a noonday in a calm within the tropics rarely fails to produce. On board all was still. The fiery rays of the sun penetrating through the awning filled the ship with a stifled atmosphere, that was nearly overpowering; and where, here and there, a stray sunbeam, through an opening, fell upon the deck, the turpentine oozed out and boiled in the fierce heat. The crew lay gasping for breath under the bulwarks, or leaned over the side to catch a puff of air. The song was hushed, the yarn untold, no footfall broke the silence, and only the faint dash of the ripple was heard as it washed monotonously against our bows.

As I leaned against the quarter in a white undress jacket, I could not help admiring the exquisite build and symmetry of our light, little craft. From where I stood I could run my eye over every part of her deck and rigging. There she lay motionless as death,—her clean scraped masts raking gallantly upward, and her caps, cross-trees, topmasts, and running blocks all painted of a delicate white. Every rope was hauled taut, fastened to belaying pins, and neatly coiled down upon the decks, which, of narrow fir planks and without spring, were scoured to an unusual whiteness. Her well burnished binnacle, her bright ornamented capstan, the metal stanchions on the sky-lights, the silvery muskets in front of the mainmast, and the boarding pikes lashed round the mainboom, betokened a taste and care unusual even in the strict discipline of a man-of-war. To complete the picture, a long brass thirty-two was fixed upon a carriage betwixt the fore and mainmast, and made to turn indifferently to any quarter,—while on either side of the deck were mounted six smaller pieces of the most exquisite workmanship. Such was *THE STORM*. Nothing could exceed the symmetry of her run below, or the graceful rake of her long, whip-stalk masts above.

Not far from me stood our boatswain, a man of fine make and gigantic frame, idly engaged in whittling a stick, as he leaned over the low side of the schooner. A bolder, braver, warmer-hearted tar never sailed, than Bill Adams. He was a true sailor, and not singular in some of his opinions.

"What think you of our cruise, by this time?" said I, addressing him. "We've been creeping about here, roasting to death by inches, for nearly three weeks, and there seems no better chance of prize-money than when we parted from the commodore."

"We'll have warm work, by'm bye, Mr. Danforth," said he, in reply, "it's agin nature not to fight in these 'ere seas—they've too many sharks for that—and they must be fed you

know. Besides the Indymen ought to be here afore long, and the ship's doubled the Cape,—I take it—that 's to go into Baltimore with us. But look there, it's breezing up already," and he pointed carelessly off upon the horizon to where a slightly ruffled appearance of the sea, betokened that the wind was springing up.

"Then we shall for a few more hours get rid of these confounded calms."

"And what is better still, we shall get prize money. For my part, the salt breeze and the dividends is the better portion of life, and when my log's out, Mr. Danforth, I shall turn into the quarters of t' other world, thankful that I've enjoyed so much of 'em here. I wonder, sir," he continued, "if there ain't some snug corners there, where one can sling his hammock and get a puff like this?" as a whiff of the rising breeze swept deliciously by. "But I'm afeard there's no such thing as prize money to be got there. It ain't, any how, scored down in the parson's bible, for I've looked all through the first chapter, and if it was in the book, 't would be sure to be there. Ah!" he continued, with something of a sigh, "they say they 're all mixed up together there—land-lubbers, waisters, fore-top-men, and boatswains,—and that's often kind a staggered me in believing the good book,—for it's agin natur to have a world without a sea, and how do they git along without boatswains to pipe all hands up in a flurry? But Captain Drew is coming on deck, and I spose we 're for making sail."

The wind was now rising rapidly, and could be seen coming down upon us, crisping, curling, and rippling the glassy surface of the sea as it swept along. Its refreshing coolness infused new life into the crew, and the shrill whistle of Adams had no soener piped "all hands make sail, ahoy!" than a hundred men sprang up from the deck, and in an incredibly short space of time, we were gliding along under a cloud of canvass, and curling the dark waters in foam beneath our bows. It was a beautiful sight to lean over her low side, as she bowed gallantly to the deep, and watch the bubbles that rose in thousands under her cut-water, gambolled a moment along her hull, and then were whirled away by the rudder into the glistening wake astern.

We had held on for nearly an hour when the man at the cross trees sung out,

"A sail!"

The word fell like magic on the listeners, and fifty eyes were eagerly glanced around the horizon.

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the deck.

"Well on the weather quarter."

"Can you make anything out of her?"

"Not certainly, sir, she seems a heavy craft—with her royals set—and going nearly large."

Never was the cry of "a sail" more welcome to the crew. A three weeks' unsuccessful cruise had made the prospect of a prize equally agreeable to all. The decks of the schooner, which had begun to be deserted, were now alive with the hive of men, and the old, weather-beaten tars smiled grimly as they acquainted at the stranger, or gathering forward into groups, discussed the flag and chances of capture of the distant ship.

"I lay a glass," said Jim Swanson, a bold, reckless, young foremast man, "she 's a rare East Indiaman, lost o' her convoy, and about to be lost o' her flag, ha! ha!"

"Stop a minit, my hearties," answered an old salt, "don't be coming to your premises before you 've laid down your conclusion, as the old schoolmaster used to say, but wait till that 'ere craft looms a little plainer. Now you see;" for by this time her royals, top-gallant sails, and top-sails had successively appeared, rising like a white cloud to windward, and gleaming brightly in the sunshine, as she became more visibly defined upon the distant horizon, "now you see by the step of that tapmast, I 'd swear her an Englisher and a frigate—it 's queer," he continued energetically, "if we don't get into hot water, and she with the weather gauge of us too."

"Massa Tomkins berry sharp!" said the cook. "I hab arribe at de same concussion, he look 'stonishing like de Andalusia, dat I sail in once."

"Clap your dead lights on your jaws, old thunder-cloud," said the foremast-man, "have n't we been roasting three weeks on this broiling coast, till we 're almost all done as brown as yourself, and without seeing a prize either,—and so I 'd like to know, shipmates, how it *can* be anything else but a prize?"

The captain, all this time, had been examining the stranger through his glass. He seemed uncertain what to make of her.

"I don't understand her, Mr. Jones," he continued, turning to his lieutenant, "she 's much like the commodore except in her topsails."

The lieutenant took the telescope and, after a sharp scrutiny, drew a long breath, before he handed it to his superior.

"She 's as like as two North river sloops, sir. I should n't hesitate if it was n't for her topsails. Her build is exactly old Benson's."

"So I thought too," replied the captain, "but there 's nothing like certainty,—here, Mr. Danforth, you 're a sharp look-out, what do you call this chap!"

I stepped up, touched my hat, and took the glass. Remembering the old sailor's notion, I closely examined the step of her masts, in which by-the-bye, and the greater squareness of our yards, lay the principal difference between the English frigates and our own. I could see but little to substantiate my suspicion, but there was enough about her, I thought, to call for prudence in our movements.

"Well!—Danforth," said the captain, as I took the glass from my eye,

"She 's a frigate, sir—of the largest class, and coming down on us like a racer."

"Oh! we know all that," said he, laughing good humoredly, "but what flag is she?"

"English, sir!"

"The deuce," ejaculated the captain.

"Who-o-ow," whistled Irvine, behind me.

"English!—how d' ye make that out?" said the captain, lifting the glass to his eye.

"By the step of her masts, sir; and they 're not low enough for an American built frigate, sir!"

"By the gods, you 're a sharp lad, though; there 's some truth in what you say—give her another look if you please, Mr. Jones!"

Perhaps the lieutenant did not half like the confident tone in which I spoke, for after a scrutiny of a few minutes at the now rapidly approaching sail, he announced his conviction that she was the commodore's. The quarter-master too, pronounced her to be a yankee built, and even identified her with my old frigate, by sundry peculiarities in her rig.

"Well, then," said the captain, "we 'll at once haul upon a wind—boatswain—pipe away there!"—and then in an under tone, he added, "but Danforth, you should know your old friend best—and why don't the old boy shew his bunting?"

I pointed upward, where our own stars and stripes were wanting. He nodded in reply, and after a few minutes, answered,

"Well, we 'll shew him them directly—but he 's clapping on more sail,—where did he get those studdin'-sails?"

"He 's had to reef, sir, and no doubt, picked them at venture," said the lieutenant.

The shrill whistle of the boatswain again screamed through the schooner, the helm was put hard down, and, in a few minutes, instead of running before the breeze, we had close-hauled our mainmast, foresail, and topsails, and were dashing into the wind's eye; our trim masts careening to the horizon as the gale bowed us before its power.

We were now rapidly approaching the frigate. She was coming gallantly down before the wind, with her pyramid of canvass towering above her jaunty hull, and the foam curling in volumes before her as she drove down toward us with her lofty bows. We were running a dreadful venture, and as we neared her, our doubts began again to arise. Many a grey-haired sear, uttered a low pish as he squinted at her rig, or hurled his old soldier overboard with an impatient gesture. Even the captain began once more to shew his anxiety. But if it was not the commodore, I never had seen one so closely resembling him, and as her huge hull loomed nearer and nearer, I almost gave up my suspicions, and joined in the general belief. It was a beautiful sight to behold her, staggering under her press of sail, and sweeping down upon us, with all her snowy duck and hamper, like some magical fabric of the deep. She was now, however, within long cannon shot, and still to the surprise of all, had made no demonstration of her nationality.

"Shew her the stars!" cried Captain Drew, impatiently.

The ensign was just trembling in its ascent, and our eyes were turned on the approaching sail, when suddenly a huge fold of bunting shot up from the frigate's quarter, and slowly unfurling in the breeze, disclosed the white field of the British flag; at the same instant she yawed slightly, a bright flash leaped from her bows, followed by a cloud of thin, white smoke, the report roared across the solitary seas, and a shot ricochetting over the waves, plumped into the waters a few fathoms ahead.

"Heavens!" ejaculated the astonished captain.

For a moment not a word was spoken. Every man on board was struck dumb with astonishment, and then came the stunning consciousness of our perilous situation. But danger was Captain Drew's element. His hot southern blood was up. His face glowed, his eye flashed, his brow knit, and his thin lips were compressed together like a vice. He felt that nothing but the most superhuman exertions could save us from capture. Flight was our only safety, and yet it made his blood boil to flee. He looked one moment keenly at the

angry faces of his crew, and then with a fierce glance at the frigate thundered forth, breaking the thrilling silence,

"Beat to quarters!"

The men came rushing to their stations at the well known tap of the drum, sufficiently inflamed by their disappointment to have fought the whole British Navy single handed.

"Clear away the long gun, there!—quarter master keep her up—quick there forward."

"He does n't mean to fight, surely," whispered the lieutenant to me. "We are yet out of reach of the enemy's guns, and by shewing him our heels at once stand our only chance of escape. If he once opens his broadside upon us, we are lost. By —, there he goes again!" he ejaculated, as another flash leaped from the frigate's bow, and a shot fell but a fathom or two abeam of us into the sea.

But our commander never moved a muscle of his face. His eye only flashed the wilder as dangers thickened around him. He was bent either on fighting, or on some daring bravado, like those which had already made his name a terror to the foe. At last he turned to his lieutenant.

"We 'll run a little nigher, Mr. Jones, and give it to him for his stratagem—he knows we can outsail him, and so he thought to trap us, but by my halidome, he 'll find we are not so easily won—all ready there, gunner!—give it to him like the vengeance!"

"We 're scarcely nigh enough, sir," coolly answered the old chap, squinting along his gun, "another minnit or so if you please."

"Steady then, quarter master," shouted the captain, and a few moments of breathless interest followed, during which we held on in our mad career, expecting every minute a broadside from our foe, which would send us to the bottom. Again the frigate yawed, and a shot dashed through our fore-top-sail.

"Man the tackle, there," thundered the captain—"stand by to haul the jib—all ready!"

A second of suspense ensued, amid a silence as profound as death. Every instant seemed an age. The old fellow raised his eye from the gun, and held his match lock ready.

"Are we nigh enough, gunner?" roared the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir—this 'll do," he coolly replied.

"Then fire!"

A roar like thunder followed, a vivid flash burst from the long piece, and a cloud of thick white smoke, hovered for a moment over every thing forward, and then slowly breaking away, floated astern, in circling eddies with the breeze.

"Hurrah! there she goes," shouted the gunner, as with one hand on the vent, and the other grasping his match-lock, he squinted along the terrible path of the shot,—and when the fore-top-gallant yard of the frigate, with all its hamper, went crashing over her side, he waved his hand around his head, slapped the breach of his piece with wild delight, and in a perfect frenzy of joy exclaimed, "hurrah! give it to 'em old boy!"

"Well sent, old sea-dog," said the captain, after the huzzas of the crew had partly subsided, "and now with a will around—quarter master, *hard—bow*."

"Hard down it is," growled the old water-rat, and the gallant craft, yielding to the press on her sails, shivered a moment in the wind, fell off on the other tack, and slowly gathering headway, went sweeping, like a sea-gull, down the gale.

The shot now began to fall thickly around us. The bravado had irritated the frigate, and her balls whizzed momentarily by us, or plumed into the sea around. She was an excellent sailer, and, swift as we were, we gained but little on her. The breeze besides was freshening, dark clouds began to gather upon the horizon, and every indication of a stiff blow, and, perhaps, of a severe storm was thickening around us. We began almost to repent of our temerity. As the chase lengthened, the excitement deepened. The roar of the guns, and the whizzing of the balls lent a stirring tumult to the scene, which sent the blood dancing quickly through the veins. I had never been in an action before, and I felt every nerve in me thrill with the excitement. Say what they will, there is something in the stir and uncertainty of battle, which rouses up the very soul. Oh! what is like the strife of man with man.

"Keep their masts in a line, Mr. Bowline,—we 'll give them a stern chase, that will tire them yet," said the captain, elated at the swiftness of the shots which had as yet taken effect, and the consciousness that we were every moment reaching away from them.

"Ay, ay, sir!" growled the old fellow, and we sped like an arrow on.

But we were not so to escape. Hitherto the frigate seemed to have endeavored to come up with us, but as she found us rapidly ranging out of reach of her shot, she suddenly changed her tactics, and trusting to a well directed broadside, wore round until her whole frowning armament was disclosed, and then from quarter deck, and fore-castle, main deck and all, belched forth a storm of fiery hail. The lieutenant could only shout,

"There it comes—heaven defend us!" before the wild tempest came hurtling along, glancing on the waters, whistling madly by us, and ripping, here and there, our timbers in its mad career. For an instant it seemed as if we bore a charmed life; for although our sails were riddled all over, not a spar appeared to have been injured. Directly, however, a crack was heard, and our fore-top-sail came crashing on deck. Then rose up the wail of a solitary sufferer, and a minute after a man by my side convulsively clutched the rigging, and fell dead across his gun. The messengers of death were around us! There was a momentary confusion and alarm throughout the ship, and then came the clear, bold voice of the captain, ringing out over the tumult.

"Clear and cut away—bend another fore-top-sail—merrily, my lads, you work for your lives!" and then turning to the lieutenant, he said, in a thrilling whisper, fearfully contrasting with his coolness before the man, "another such broadside and we shall all be in eternity—God be with us in our extremity!"

But the men knew their danger. I never saw a crew work with such alacrity, and in an incredibly short space of time the canvass had been replaced, and we were once more staggering along under an enormous press of sail. Before it could be got up, however, the frigate wore around on the other tack and delivered her remaining broadside, but by some mismanagement she was so long in stays, that we had shot completely out of the reach of her guns. The damage was consequently trifling. The few balls that struck our hull, fell back harmlessly into the water.

"If the wind do n't freshen, Mr. Jones," said the elated captain, "we'll leave her well down by nightfall. How she's dropping astern since we've had up our new duck."

"But she sails well," answered the lieutenant, "and with a stronger breeze, will overhaul us in a few hours. The clouds are lowering off here in threatening masses," he continued, pointing astern, where darkly and rapidly the black vapors were rolling up, overshadowing the horizon, and flinging an ominous gloom over the whole prospect.

For more than an hour we continued our course, gaining during the first half slowly upon the frigate, but as the wind freshened, and the white caps of the billows began to flash in the sunlight, our enemy lessened the distance perceptibly between us, and as she threw out sail after sail, of her heavier duck, she staggered along in our wake at a rate which our lighter canvass prevented us from emulating. The sun at last sank in a bank of clouds, and the wind came in fiercer puffs across the seas. The horizon looked wild and ominous. Uneasy faces could be seen among our crew, and the captain's look was anxious, as he glanced now at the frowning sky, and now at the approaching frigate, which was recovering her ground as swiftly as she had lost it. Meanwhile, the rising storm whistled sharply through our rigging, our lee scuppers buried in the waters our long masts, and now bowed to the horizon, and now swung gallantly upward as the puffs died away; while the noble bark sped on like a mettled courser, driving along with incredible velocity past the crests of the pursuing waves.

"She can't stand it long at this rate, sir," said the lieutenant, casting his eye up to the cracking mainsail. "Every thing is straining its last, and if we lose but an inch of canvass we are gone."

The captain looked a moment upward, and then hastily glancing at the enemy behind, replied,

"She *must* carry it,—it's our only chance,—if we do n't drive her through like a fury, we shall have the frigate on to us before dark—pray heaven! we can keep her astern till nightfall."

The words had scarcely died on the air before the voice of the look-out hailed hoarsely,

"A sail on the lee bow!"

The announcement came with such suddenness, that it startled every man on board.

"How bears she—what's her rig?" hurriedly asked the captain.

"She's an armed ship—corvette—English rig,—standing across our bows with every thing straining to her royals."

"Are you sure?—bring me a glass," thundered the captain, as he leaped into the rigging.

It was an exciting moment. Behind us was the frigate, crowding on every thing from mainsail to truck, while above our canvass was straining as if it would split. To be thus suddenly cut off from all hope by an enemy upon our lee bow, was enough to have chilled the stoutest hearts. It left us no alternative but to stretch off a few points to windward. But even that presented a slender chance. Our only hope was in keeping out of the range of their guns till nightfall, and though this manoeuvre might procrastinate, it could not,—so long was it till dusk,—prevent the catastrophe. But drowning men will catch at straws, and in another instant we were edging away from the approaching corvette, while the dark and frowning faces of our crew, betokened their feelings at this new destruction of their hopes. It was scarcely five minutes, or at most ten, before the man at the cross-trees reported to our dismay,

two more sail, away on the weather bow, apparently bearing down upon us. We did not doubt now where we were. The firing had been heard, the British fleet was surrounding us, and we had to run the gauntlet of them all before we could escape. Never were men so beset.

"By the gods!" exclaimed the captain, his eye kindling as the dangers thickened, "they scent us like so many vultures—we shall have to give up our manoeuvres,—put her afore the wind again, Bowline,—we'll pass the corvette."

"You do n't mean to fight her," involuntarily exclaimed the astonished lieutenant, "she'll sink us at a broadside!" and he looked hesitatingly at his commander, and then at the corvette which, with redoubled velocity was now coming up hand over hand.

"Let her come!" boldly answered the captain, "but not a soul from her deck shall pollute our timbers, as long as I've a sword to strike, or a crew to rally around me. I'll blow one or the other of us out of water, before I strike. I have never yet hauled down that flag to any foe, and please God! I never will!" and as he pointed, with a flashing eye to the stars and stripes above him, his form appeared to dilate to a giant's size.

The lieutenant bowed, for he could say no more. It was not a want of bravery, but a wish to save us from unavailing slaughter which had dictated his remark.

Meanwhile the scene had become intensely exciting. The frigate crowding all sail, was staggering along in our rear and gaining rapidly upon us. Away on the weather bow, like snow white specks on the horizon the two sails were rising into view, and throwing fold after fold of canvass out to come up to us in time; while now close on the lee bow, and almost within long cannon shot the corvette was dashing across our track, and already trying her distance, by sending her heavier metal at intervals ringing across the waters. Our decks were crowded with excited faces, and not an eye but spoke defiance at the foe with all his odds. The spirit of our chivalrous commander was infused into his crew, and every heart on board beat high at the thrilling dangers around us, and the bold manoeuvre we were about to attempt.

"Can we reach them, gunner?" asked the captain at last, after shot upon shot had been hurled from the corvette's battery, and fallen short of us into the sea.

"Ay, ay, sir—but not to tell."

You might have heard our men breathe for the few minutes that ensued, while we were ranging rapidly toward each other; and our commander had already waved his hand for our piece to open its destructive fire, when he, as well as the whole crew, was arrested by a sudden ejaculation of the lieutenant, as he touched the captain's arm and pointed astern.

So utterly had we been lost in the excitement of the chase, that we had scarcely noticed the sudden and fearful change which these few moments had made around us. When last I looked astern the heavens were lowering with threatening darkness, it is true,—but now it seemed as if the final day was settling upon the world, so awfully terrible was the thick impenetrable gloom which shrouded heaven and sea. Then the frigate was distinctly visible with a pyramid of canvass rising on her hull,—but now all we could see of her were her bare masts and naked spars, scarcely perceptible against the dusky back-ground, as she rose and fell uneasily upon the sickly swell. The strange sails on the weather bow were lost in the darkness. A stifled, oppressive heaviness was in the air; mournful sounds, as those heard in a sick man's fevered dream, met the ear at intervals; the wind instead of coming in a steady gale, struck the sails now right and left in unquiet puffs, and in another instant, with ominous suddenness, died away, and it fell a dead calm. Around,—far as the eye could see, the waves were of a pitchy hue, like the fabled waters of the doomed dead sea. The corvette was lying just within cannon shot, pitching heavily upon the long, troubled swell, her sails now bellying out, and now thrown by the puffs flat against the mast. Before another second she too fell dead in the calm. The men looked at one another in dumb amazement,—for often as they had been in the tropics, they had never seen so startling a change in the sky in so short a time.

"How's the barometer?" eagerly asked the captain, at once divining the cause of the calm.

"Falling fast," he was answered, with a blank voice.

"We shall have a *white squall* then before long," he shouted in the thrilling silence, "make fast every thing—lash and batten down—have all ready for a run! But surely the corvette's mad," he continued, as the distant ship, regardless of the omens around, opened her battery upon us, her guns reverberating awfully amid the supernatural darkness, and the red flashes shooting from her dark hull, like fire vomited from some sepulchral barque, and lighting up the gloom with an unearthly glare. Oh! it was a fearful sight to see man combatting, when the elements were lowering around him, and he knew not but in another hour, he should stand in the presence of an angry God.

"What can he mean?" exclaimed the captain, as the flame leaped forth again and again from the corvette's side, lighting up her death-like hull, sails, and spars, and then leaving her almost imperceptible in the gathering gloom, "surely he sees the signs of the sky. He is an enemy, but God preserve him from his phrenzy!"

"The men are unquiet, sir," reported the midshipman forward, "they want to return the corvette's fire."

"No firing now, sir," said the captain, with startling energy, "lash down like lightning, we shall be too poorly provided for the fury as it is—would we knew from what quarter to expect the squall."

Every thing on board was now hurry and energy, all was made fast that could be, and our whole trim altered to fit us for the gale. Not a rag was left up. In a quarter of an hour we were rolling on the waters, with bare poles pitching to the horizon, as we rose and fell upon the surge.

"There it comes!" suddenly said the captain, in a thrilling voice.

"We looked, and lo! the clouds on the horizon, as if by magic, were lifted up, and a long line of sickly light, was poured forth upon the waters; then came moaning, and rushing sounds striking fearfully upon the strained nerves in that terrible gloom; and anon, the wild roar of the hurricane was heard howling and shrieking along the sea, as it rushed over the flattened waters, and striking us well aft, bowed us a moment before it, and then sent us, bare as we were, swift as a thunder-bolt before the wind,—while the thick spray, swept like snow flakes from the waves, now covered us in its thick, dense mist, hiding every thing from our sight, and now flew wildly past us, as if borne on the wings of the spirit of the storm. We spoke not, we heard not, we scarcely saw, but each man clasping a rope, waited breathlessly till the first phrenzy of the hurricane should be spent.

It was an awful moment. In vain we strained our eyes around to catch a sight of our late enemy. Nothing met the eye but the gloomy heavens above, and the thick curtain of mist shrouding us in its folds; while from our course, we felt that we were careering on to the corvette, with a velocity which imagination can scarcely conceive. All at once we heard a boatswain's whistle shoot out of the vapors ahead, and suddenly beheld a single tall spar of the corvette, towering above the gloom, which in another instant cracked and went over her side, as the mists momentarily subsided, and we saw that we were driving right upon her, powerless before the gale. We could do little, if any thing, with the helm. The corvette, moreover, was a wreck, stripped of every thing, and broaching to, with the waters rolling like a cataract over her weather side, and her horror-struck crew hanging in affright in the shrouds, and wherever they could clutch a rope. It was an instant of breathless horror.

We came so near, bearing right down toward her quarter that I could have jumped on board of her, and for one moment as we rushed upon her, I thought all was over. Wild, affrighted looks were seen upon our decks, looking in the sickly light, like ghastly spectres from the tomb, but not a voice was heard, nor a breath drawn as, with the silence of the dead, we were whirling against the ship, until the captain waived his arm with startling quickness, shouting,

"Hard up—h-a-a-r-d!"

The quarter master jammed the helm, we quivered for a moment uncertainly, the next moment I knew not but I should be in eternity, when suddenly the corvette rolled with a heave away, we just grazed her, swept by, and before five minutes were out of sight. The last human sounds we heard from her, were the despairing cries of her crew, borne after us on the wings of the wind. When the gale had past its first intensity, and the mists that rose from the dense spray had partially subsided, we swept the horizon eagerly with our glasses, to see if we could behold any traces of our late antagonists. It was almost dusk, and our vision was therefore limited, but though the frigate could be seen well nigh hull down upon the starboard quarter, no vestige of the ill-fated corvette was discernable even to the keenest sight. The next morning all had disappeared, and what her fate was God only knows!

MINE OWN.

BY CATHERINE E. WATERMAN.

MINE OWN—two little words
That brighten all life's pathways—words that thrill
The heart's most tender chords,
And gentle bosoms with affections fill.

The Mother o'er her child
Bending in yearning fondness, whose soft tone,
Ever her grief beguiled,
Murmurs above its rest, "mine own"—"mine own."

The Father sees his boy,
Growing in manly strength, as years pass on,
And in his swelling joy,
Whispers his proud heart, thou 'rt "mine own," my Son.

The dweller far away
Who sever'd kindred ties, and learn'd to roam
Where stranger footsteps stray,
Murmurs with smitten heart, "mine own" sweet home.

Something that we can claim,
Something that knows us, and hath learn'd to prize
And treasure up our name,
Our voice's echoes, and our bosom's sighs.

Friends that we loved of yore,
Whose gentle hearts once closely grew with ours,
We note them now, no more,
They past with sunshine, and the breath of flowers.

And love—ah! who can trust
That bright affection, that sun-gilded dream,
That clinging unto dust,
That dazzling glory, of too transient gleam.

Love's is a treacherous tide,
Stretching in smiles to a far blooming land,
Hope, all its shallows hide,
'Till the weak bark is foundered on the strand.

The bruised heart must retread
The pathway of dark waters—and must learn,
To people with the dead
And wither'd joys, its desolated urn.

Yes—like a rifled flower
Whose leaves are scatter'd to the passing gale,
The toy of some light hour,
'T is left in lonely solitude to wail.

Trust not the truant heart,
Bound only by those light gay links—a cloud,
A stormy breath, may part
The feeble chain, and all our being afloat.

Cling to thy home-bound ties,
The love that with thine earliest years has grown,
That feeling, never dies,
Cling to thy homestead, for 't is all thine own.

Philadelphia, July 5th, 1830.

GENIUS.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

We all have felt the power of Genius. Our privilege, as students, has been to follow her flashing torch along many a path to knowledge; to hear the strange music of her angel voice amidst scenes of beauty, which only her enchantments could create; and to admire, almost to idolatry, the monuments she has erected in all ages, the beacon towers of the soul,

“And but for which, the past would be
A desert bare, a shipless sea.”

Yet familiar as the effects of Genius are, it is not easy to define what Genius is. The etymology of the term will, however, assist us.

It is derived from the verb, signifying to engender or *create*, because it has the quality of *originating new combinations of thought, and of presenting them with great clearness and force*. Originality of conception, and energy of expression, are essential to Genius. Thus Shakspeare describes poetic Genius:

“The poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven—
And as imagination *bodies forth*
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

Genius is not a distinct faculty of the mind, but a union of many. It is a beauty and vigor of the whole soul. To constitute it, there must be imagination to assemble our ideas, and judgment to discriminate; quickness in perceiving, and perseverance in acquiring them; memory to retain, and good taste to select the beautiful and harmonious. These qualities may be combined in different proportions in different persons possessed of genius, but the nearer the approach to perfection in them all, the more perfect will Genius be.

Mere imagination, however lively, is not Genius, although essential to it, for it may produce the most absurd combinations. There must be judgment and good taste to secure

propriety and consistency. Such fictions, as centaurs and mermaids, can never give pleasure, because there is no congruity between the head of a man and the body of a horse, or the body of a beautiful woman and the tail of a fish. They are, as Horace tells us, "like the vain vagaries of a sick man's dream." But how exquisite the Titania of Shakspeare;

"Lulled in the flowers with dances and delight!"

and how grand the Satan of Milton;

"Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
And floating many a rood!"

because, though equally creatures of the imagination, every thing in the description is consistent, and assists in bodying forth the idea of the authors. It is the admirable judgment presiding over the vast imagination of Homer, which, more than that imagination itself, has made the earliest of unimpaired poets the standard of his art; while the conceits of Shakspeare, so far from being justified by his mighty genius, are universally considered its lamentable blemishes.

It is equally clear, that as all our ideas are derived, this power of combining them, where it is possessed, must bear a certain proportion to the power and exercise of perception and memory. The Scotch youth, of whom Dugald Stewart writes, who had neither sight nor hearing, may have had it, but it necessarily remained latent; and no one can estimate the range which would be added to the now astonishing genius of Neck, the deaf and dumb poet, if the sense of hearing were bestowed upon him.

Genius can never be acquired, but it may be cultivated without limit. This the ancients beautifully expressed, in the allegory which made the Muses daughters of Jupiter and Memory. The gift is divine, but worse than valueless, without ability and pains, on the part of its possessor, to provide the ideas with which to form its combinations. The sacred flame has gone out in the mind of many an one too indolent, or unable, from various causes, to supply the necessary oil.

"O munera nondum
Intellecta Deum!"—LUCAN.

Genius varies in its tendencies from the various structure of the human mind. There is a Genius for science, and a Genius for the arts. The term, also, is often used in a lower sense, to indicate the peculiar adaptedness of an individual for a certain pursuit, such as a Genius for mathematics, for mechanics, for music. It will, however, be readily perceived, that the limits of the present paper forbid my entering into nice distinctions. I will, therefore, speak of Genius in its large sense, freely deriving my illustrations from any of its developments, and endeavoring to submit only such considerations as may be generally useful.

In pursuing this design I will speak,—

Of the proper aims of Genius;

Of its cultivation;

Of some mistakes concerning it;

And of the peculiar advantages enjoyed in this country for its exercise.

Genius is one of God's mightiest works. There is nothing in man, which has such power for good or evil. Neither time nor space can limit its influences. Wherever it is bestowed, it is a sacred deposit, of which a severe account will be required; and, like all God's other gifts, should be employed in the advancement of his honor, and the good of mankind. It is the use, not the possession of Genius, which ennobles. To do good, is the highest distinction to which man can aspire, for it is most like God, and *to do good, is the highest aim of Genius*, its only proper end. This is not a sentiment peculiar to the disciple of that divine ensample of human excellence, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" it is also that of Tully, the best of heathen moralists. "Nihil utile, quod idem non sit honestum, nihil honestum quod idem non sit utile—et nullam pestem majorem in vitam hominum invasisse, quam eorum opinionem qui ista distraxerint."

Genius is, therefore, not to be wasted on the mere personal enjoyment of its possessor. He is not idly to follow the eccentric impulses of imagination, because he loves to wander in a maze of luxurious thought, to dream delicious pleasure in the sunshine, or listen entranced

to the voice of nature, "telling of things which no gross ear can hear." This were to abuse the gift, to bury a treasure which might have enriched a world, and to obscure a light which should have led to heaven from whence it came. The birds sing out their thankfulness, the flowers shed forth their incense, the stream murmurs praise, there is a whisper of God's love in the breeze, and the leaves it plays among are tremulous with joy; and to be silent amongst them all, to have the soul filled with beauty and delight, yet keep it locked like a miser's chest, is to be ungrateful to God, and unfaithful to man.

He is scarcely less guilty, who employs his genius only to acquire personal fame. A love of reputation may mingle properly with other and higher motives, but alone is unworthy of the man of Genius. God has exalted him above the common herd, to instruct, to enlighten, and to bless them. But he, who would win their applause, must ordinarily stoop to pay its price in his own degradation. Popular applause has been bitterly described to be, "*stultorum et improborum consensu excitata*." The ready way, for Genius to please them, is to decorate their follies, flatter their prejudices, gild their vices, and pander to their lust. Lucifer, the son of the morning, fallen from an archangel to a fiend, is not a more awful spectacle than Genius thus prostituted. And yet how often are we called to behold it! Into what sties of profligacy, have many of these prodigal sons of God wandered, to lavish their birthright upon the vile! In what kennels of impurity do some of their rarest gems lie hidden! Modesty abandons the search, and virtue weeps to remember, that

"Ev'n the light which led astray,
Was light from heaven."

Whatever false hopes may promise, self-reproach will, sooner or later, embitter such a triumph. The world cannot make up for the loss of a happy conscience. A sense of suicidal guilt is the sure and severe avenger, that pursues from God the despiser of his richest gifts. The most abandoned must acknowledge, in the bitterness of his inmost soul, the comeliness of the virtue he has cast away. Happy was his death bed, who could say, "he had never written a line which he then wished to blot," but horrible must be the last hours of him, who is dragged to the judgment seat by the accusing spirits of thousands, seduced from purity and encouraged in vice, by the fatal and fascinating influence of his perverted Genius. The only fame, worth possessing, is the good opinion of the good and wise. Upon this alone we can honestly congratulate ourselves, and it can only be gained by the consecration of our powers to the public good. Even the multitude, that now reject their faithfullest servants, will in after years unite to honor the memory of an Aristides banished for his integrity, and believe it more honorable, to have been once a consul like Lælius, than to have been elected four times like Cinna.

I am not one of those, who condemn every effort of Genius not severely didactic or demonstrative of truth. There is soundness in the remark of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "if certain sectaries," (whose virtues we must honor, while we differ from their peculiarities,) "were right, God would have clothed the world in drab." And there are Quakers in morals, who are as far astray from the example of their great Author. The dwelling place of primeval innocence, among whose holy shades God walked with his sinless children, was a garden; and still he loves to scatter flowers about our path, and gives us taste to relish the beauty of his works. So, there is a use and a sanction for the flowers of Genius. Yet surely it should not be the occupation of a life to weave garlands, or to sing the summer time away like the grasshopper. The bee sings too as he gathers his stores, and there should be honey, the honey of truth, in our flowers, if we would have them like the flowers of God. The acanthus of the Corinthian capital adds no strength to the column, yet who would say the sculptor's skill was wasted upon it, or wish to tear away the graceful ornament! Notwithstanding, it is the stability of the fabric which gives perpetuity to the decoration. To mingle the useful with the beautiful, is the highest style of art. The one adds grace, the other value. It would be a poor summing up of a life upon earth, to find that all the powers of an immortal intellect had been devoted to the amusement of idle hours, or the excitement of empty mirth, or even the mere gratification of taste, without a single effort to make men wiser and better and happier. If the examination be made, it will be found, that those works of Genius are the most appreciated, which are the most pregnant with truth, which give us the best illustrations of nature, the best pictures of the human heart, the best maxims of life, in a word, which are the most useful. I speak not now of what men pretend to admire. There are names of men of Genius, which are in every body's mouth, and ring out in every schoolboy's harangue, whose works no one, but the all-devouring student, ever reads; but what are the quotations

most in use, the volumes most handled? Are they not those of the character we have described? The one class are like the medals stamped for a passing occasion, admired for their beauty, and then buried in the cabinet of the virtuoso; the others, like the current coin which passes from hand to hand at a ready value in the interchange of life. And yet, there is no reason, why the die of the coin should not be beautiful in design, although the bullion must be sterling to give it worth.

The aim of Genius should be correspondent with its peculiar character. The Creator has wisely given a variety of talent to accomplish his various purposes. Every man has his particular mental characteristics. Men are not born with the same minds any more than the same features. They are fitted for various pursuits, and to force one's genius from its natural bent, is to undergo a painful labor with the certainty of loss. So, to attempt excellence in every thing is to fail in all. The world has seen but one Michael Angelo; and we know now nothing of the admirable Crichton except that he was a universal Genius, and accomplished nothing that survived him. Our aim should be chosen after a careful examination of our capabilities, and then steadily pursued. Many a man of Genius has died without success, because continually changing his course as every bright meteor shot athwart it. But never should that aim be other than one of usefulness. No man is destitute of capacity for that, and none other is worthy of any man. To this indeed we should compel ourselves. The world may say,

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

But whenever it is more useful to mankind to be a Murray than an Ovid, we should not scruple to make the exchange. Generations of happy people will bless the name of the fearless expositor of right, while virtue sickens at the lascivious flow of numbers, more dangerous because sweet.

The aim of Genius should like its own nature be lofty. I speak of true loftiness, above meanness, and selfishness, and indolence, venturing all for the accomplishment of great results in the achievement of real good. It is sufficient to determine the worthlessness of a thing, to know that it may be easily gained and without a sacrifice.

"Before heaven's gate High God did sweat ordain."—SPENSER.

The very consciousness of a high destiny gives us an indomitable courage; the contemplation of great aims expands the soul; the prospect of difficulty rallies all our powers; the slowness of great results keeps them in continual exercise; and that alone which elevates us above the ordinary world, requires all our powers in all their energy while life lasts, is worthy the pursuit of immortal mind. Nor is this inconsistent with real modesty. Timidity and indolence are feebleness not modesty. No one doubts the modesty, any more than the magnanimity, of Howard; and Jesus himself was meek and lowly in heart, while filled with the purpose of a world's redemption. Quaint George Herbert speaks for us here directly to the point,

"Pitch thy behaviour low; thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixed with humbleness,
Cures both the fever and lethargickness."

Great usefulness to mankind, pursued steadily and energetically, though at the sacrifice of ease and temporary fame, in that way best adapted to our peculiar powers, and with a constant sense of our accountability, is the true and only proper aim of Genius.

THE CULTIVATION OF GENIUS is the next branch of our subject.

Genius being composed of, or, if you please, dependent upon various powers of the mind, it follows, that the cultivation of those powers is the cultivation of Genius. To treat of them separately, would be, at this time, impracticable. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a few general remarks.

Every addition to the number of ideas which we possess, adds to the resources of Genius. Industry, in the best methods of increasing our knowledge, is thus essential to success. Such industry may be profitably practised by every one who has the use of his senses, and reason

to direct them. It is not only from books that we may learn. Nature is one vast volume, and every page, written by its Almighty Author, repays its student well. Loekhart, in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, tells us, that in his youth he attempted to acquire skill with the pencil; and it is to the habit of close observation thus acquired, he supposes, we are indebted for the graphic fidelity of his written descriptions. There may be some truth in the supposition, but it is unnecessary. Close observation seems to be one of the strongest characteristics of Genius. The most careful inquirer into natural history is often astonished to find, that an author of Genius, making no pretensions to science, has been before him in discovery; and the physiologist quotes the great master of the human heart in proof of the phenomena, for which he endeavors to account. Byron, in one of his letters, confesses that he was detected in an error, as to the habits of the eagle, by a painter, who illustrated the passage; but he does so, with a degree of shame that proves how great a defect he considered such inaccuracy to be. This truth to nature is one of the great charms of Genius over us. We recognise the power of the delineation without knowing, perhaps, how it is produced. There hangs in the cabinet of Baroccio, at Florence, a Madonna in grief, by Sassoferrato. There are no tears, there is no distortion of the countenance, nor any of the ordinary signs of grief by which it is usually presented to us; and yet nothing can exceed the touching expression of the mild blue eye and pale unwrinkled brow. Her soul, pierced through with many sorrows, seems to look out to you for sympathy with a grief too deep for tears. The effect is doubtless produced by those minute lines, which escape the eye of the ordinary observer, and which none but a master's hand could transfer to the canvas. For the same reason, every attempt to copy the Beatrice di Cenci of Guido, or the Venus de Medicis, has failed. No hand can follow the great master in the one, and the delicacy of the lines is lost in the casts of the other. We see this effect in a good portrait of one we know and love. It is not in the mere shape of the features, or the general contour, that the resemblance lies, but in the almost invisibly delicate lines which mark the characters; and, precisely in proportion as we are intimate with the individual, are we difficult to satisfy. This is true of Genius in all its forms. It is upon nice accuracy of observation, that the orator, the poet, the metaphysician, and the natural philosopher, depend for success. Their attention is so fixed, and their perception so keen, that nothing escapes them; whether, from their peculiar tastes, that attention be directed to the investigation of evidence, the beauty of a landscape, the workings of human passion, the actions of their own minds, or the facts which are brought to light by their experiments. If we read a speech of Erskine, we will see how he brings into his argument, as it were, rivulet after rivulet, small in themselves, but all contributing to swell the mighty river of proof, which bursts upon us in the cataract of his conclusion. If we study an essay of the unpretending but matchless metaphysician Reid, we find him laying open to our view the workings of our own minds, and making our consciousness bear witness to his truth. The chords within our hearts vibrate in unison with those that are touched by the Ploughman of Ayr. Newton would never have discovered the law of gravitation, that first step of his walk with the God of nature, but for the closeness of that observation, which permitted not an acorn to fall from the bough, without remarking the force of its descent. "There are some men who will walk from Dan to Beersheba, and complain that they have seen nothing;" but they are not men of Genius, and can never be men of sense. He, who would be rich in knowledge and original thought, will not allow a dew-drop to glisten in the morning sun, or a flower to bloom in the meadow; much less the more mysterious phenomena of nature within and without him to occur, and not acquire instruction by severe yet delightful scrutiny.

I have surely no need, to insist upon the *necessity of study*, in the strictest sense of the term study. The complaint of Dr. Johnson is indeed more true of the present day than of his own, "that the mental disease of this generation is impatience of study, and contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom." This is the age of digests, and compends, and abridgments, and many a pigmy upon the shoulders of the giant past exults in his elevation, as if he were more than a giant, and not a pigmy still. But though we may increase the rapidity with which our bodies are carried along, there is no steam power to assist the mind. Talk as we please about "the march of mind," and "the schoolmaster being abroad," it requires but little observation to see, that what we are, is owing to what our mighty fathers have been. The authors of the present day, with here and there an exception, are doing little more than spinning attenuated thread from the material of ancient lore, or vying to see how thin they can beat a tiny fragment of pure bullion, to cover their works with tawdry tinsel. Is it not refreshing to leave these babbling shallow brooks, which glare out into the sunshine that must soon evaporate them, and seek in the cool deep shades of former wisdom,

"To be ignorant of the past is to be always a child," says Cicero. All the researches, the discoveries, the refutations, the memorials, the very mistakes of the past, can only be available to us by study. Without it, we may waste our powers and time in pursuing exploded errors; wander, lost in perplexity, close to well defined paths, and congratulate ourselves upon an originality, as thread-bare as the cloak of Diogenes. We cannot know what remains to be done, or to be learned, unless we know what has been done and learned already; and how can we know this without research? When I speak of ancient learning, I do not mean only the writings of those who are commonly called the ancients. There are mines of thought in the older writers of our own language. One page of some of them will repay our perusal with more sterling truth, than the seeming productions of the modern press for a whole year. With very rare exceptions, (and those who are popular among the good thinkers of the day are rarer still) there is scarcely a living author, whom it is not lost time to study, while we permit the dust to gather upon the homely covers of our father's books.

Besides the mere acquisition of ideas, this study is necessary to ripen our judgment and correct our taste. Not that we should study for the sake of imitating them, or even of borrowing from them. "No man ever became great by imitation," said the great English critic. The mere imitator never acquires more than the faults of his model, and he, who decks himself in borrowed feathers, will be only the more ridiculous when his deceptions are discovered. We are to study the standard authors, that we may learn the rules of art by careful analysis, and store away ideas for future combinations. As one acquires the air and manners of a gentleman by being conversant with good society, though he may make no man his model, so, by being conversant with good authors, we come insensibly to partake of their spirit and refinement. Thus, there have been some very few poets, who, by the mere force of Genius, have risen to great eminence, though deprived of literary advantages; but those who have enjoyed them, however great their natural powers might be, delight to speak with gratitude of the privilege. Horace did not blush to admit, that he studied the Greek Poets night and day, and recommends the same course to all; while Cicero tells us, that the Attic orators were his masters; and yet who doubts the original Genius of either? It is pleasing to observe the influence of classic study upon the minds of our purest writers. Not unfrequently, the ideas of their favorites become so incorporated with their own, that they know them not to be otherwise than original, and give them forth to us in all the freshness of original Genius. Thus, Milton could hardly have been aware that the epithets "most musical, most melancholy," which he applies to the nightingale, are almost an exact translation of the Poet of Salamis, whom he loved so much.

"μυσική—μαλᾶκρον. ΗΣΤΥΛΑ."

and Campbell derived the main idea of this beautiful couplet,

"T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue,"

from the same author, for Euripides is a favorite of his too.

"Οὐ ταῦτα εἰς φαντασίαν τὸν Περικλέαν
Περικλέαν οὐκ ἔστιν ἔργον ἑρμηνεύειν." ΙΩΝ.

Yet, surely, no one would accuse either of plagiarism.

Indeed, such is the pleasure of these studies, that the man who has the opportunity of pursuing them, and neglects to do so, gives sufficient proof that he is destitute of that taste and judgment, which are essential qualities of Genius.

It may be added, that *the cultivation of the power of memory is very necessary*, in order that we may retain the ideas we have thus acquired with so much pains. There are few, who do not complain of their deficiency in this, when, perhaps, they would be seriously offended at the charge of deficiency in any other power of the mind. Yet I do not see why a man is less culpable for not improving his memory, than for the neglect of judgment. Certainly, like every other power of the mind, memory may be improved. Stewart has treated this subject with so much ability, that a reference to his chapters is the best suggestion one can make. The great secrets of a retentive memory are *attention and order*. The mind can be occupied only about one idea at the same time. We must, therefore, learn one thing at a time, having the mind bent intently upon that one thing, until we see it clearly and

understand it fully. When this is done we rarely forget. It is indeed questionable, whether an idea is ever forgotten. We may not be able to recal it at the moment we wish, but still it lies in the storehouse of the mind, and rises again to notice at some other time when the chain of association is regained. It is therefore of great importance to preserve this association. To do this, it is necessary that there be order in our minds. A place for every idea, and every idea in its place. This order can only be the result of severe mental discipline. We frequently remark the ease, with which we can remember a discourse, the heads of which are clearly defined, and the order carefully observed. We rarely forget our knowledge of a science, the fundamental principles of which we have thoroughly studied and understood. The illustrations which a skilful writer employs to make his meaning more obvious, greatly assists our recollection of the main idea. We should, therefore, reject all that quackery, which pretends to assist and improve the memory, otherwise than by the cultivation of the mind generally, and the habit of close attention in particular. It may well be doubted, whether even the keeping of a common-place book, except to contain reference to where valuable thoughts may be found, is not productive of more evil than good. We learn rather to rely upon the assistant than upon ourselves, and the time spent in transcribing might be more usefully employed. It were better to pause and read again the passage that has interested us, and examine ourselves strictly as to our understanding of it; or if the pen must be used, use it in noting down in our own words an accurate analysis of the whole. What is really useful will thus be treasured up, what is worthless had better be winnowed away. There are some people, whose memory seems to be rather a misfortune than a benefit, from continually distracting their attention by the crowd of irrelevant ideas it suggests. There are others, who are certainly very tiresome to their hearers or readers, by the useless particularity with which they stretch out a narrative or disquisition, when a few words would suffice to state all that is important. Hence conciseness is always an attribute of a close thinker, and not an indication of a want of memory, but of its discreet and economical use. "*Semper instans sibi*," is the phrase, by which Quintilian characterises the pregnant brevity of Thucydides.

Genius must be cultivated by *exercise*. The mind is like the body. Nothing impairs its strength so much as idleness, nothing increases it so much as well directed labor. The muscles of the blacksmith's arm swell out with vigor, when those of the man of ease are scarcely visible, though originally he may have been possessed of much greater natural strength; and we are in the same way often surprised to see the zealous earnest student leave far behind him, even in intellectual power, the idle genius, who once laughed at his snail-like progress. To be successful, we should never be idle. Not content with mere reading, or aimless reveries and imaginations, but employing the knowledge we have gained, and applying the rules we have learned to some useful end. Not content to do any thing superficially or carelessly, but continually striving to avoid defects and aspiring after new excellencies. Not content with any degree of attainment or success, but regarding the past as only preparation for the future. No man can conceive what he is capable of accomplishing by an ardent perseverance. The Roman Legionary, born under the most luxurious clime, learned by exercise to bear without fatigue a weight of armor which would crush the strongest modern to the earth, and to contend alike successfully with the barbarian of the north amidst his icy mountains, and the agile rover of the burning desert. The intellectual conqueror need never weep, like him of Macedon, that there remains no more to prove his prowess. The higher he ascends, the more arduous appear the heights yet to be attained. To the generous spirit, rest is itself a weariness. The young man, who covets it, or even procrastinates his efforts until he has attained more strength, will make a feeble and useless old age. The moment we repose, we abandon success. I am aware of the maxim,

"*Dulce est desipere in loco;*"

but it should be interpreted with caution, especially by the young. The mind, it is true, cannot sustain without occasional relief severe intellectual exertion. But even our amusements may be made profitable. We may turn from the severer volume to one that refines, without taxing, the wearied faculties. We may wander forth and enjoy the loveliness of nature, or the communion of friends, without laying aside the character of intellectual being. Even a change of study is sometimes sufficient. The table talk of Luther has been considered worthy of record, and Sir Humphrey Davy mused not unprofitably with his fishing rod in hand. Away then with idleness in all its forms. It is the rust of the soul, which requires more labor to remove, than we avoided by dissipation, and we lose time beside.

We are now prepared to consider—**SOME COMMON MISTAKES CONCERNING GENIUS.**

No man is to suppose himself destitute of Genius, because its effects do not immediately appear. Genius, in its higher forms, belongs, it is admitted, to few. Some men, indeed, cannot properly be said to possess it at all. Yet there is not one of us without some capacity for usefulness; and observation would lead us to believe, that even the gifts of Genius have not been bestowed by such a sparing hand as is commonly believed. The fact, that in certain ages many men of Genius arise to high distinction, and that in others not one appears, seems to prove, that certain stimulants to exertion have been wanting in the last, which were felt in the former. Genius, of a very high character, needs no foreign excitement. It has sufficient impulsive force in itself; but when the plant is more feeble, it needs fostering and care. The success of one great mind will induce others, less daring, to follow in its track. The assurance of sympathy, which is thus given, is a strong encouragement to effort. So, rarely has a new star shone out in the firmament of mind, but many smaller lights have twinkled forth to form a constellation. Precocity of talent is not necessarily Genius. It is sometimes nothing better than a vice of the mental being in overshooting its proper growth, and prematurely exhausting its powers. Not a few instances will occur to you of men, and those, too, the most distinguished, who have passed many years of their lives, before they became conscious of their powers, or the proper method of directing them. The Lay of the Last Minstrel did not appear until its author had attained the meridian of life, and Waverley not till many years afterward. It is true, that Scott could not have been utterly unconscious of his genius, even in early manhood; yet, I doubt not, he would have smiled incredulously at one who would have prognosticated his future triumphs; and it is easy to see, that but for the preparation of his youth, those triumphs would never have been his. The earlier efforts of Byron were really beneath criticism; but the severe chastisement he received, only stimulated him to greater exertions, and he lived to reach the height of fame. No success can be expected without exertion, and no one knows what he can do, until he has resolutely and perseveringly applied himself to the struggle. Even if we have but one talent, there is no reason why that should be buried in the earth. The praise of success is greater, where the natural ability is small; and it is infinitely better to be moderately useful, than ingloriously idle.

There is another error yet more mischievous. It is that of *supposing Genius sufficient of itself, without the aid of study*. It is the fault of a strong imagination, when not sufficiently regulated by judgment, to be impatient of delay or control. Persons thus constituted, dazzled with the brilliancy of their conceptions, despise the sobriety of rule. Conscious of power, but ignorant of difficulties, they determine upon rapid achievement, and unshared victories. The melancholy end of many a Chatterton, proves how bitter is their disappointment. The maniac's cell, or the wretched garret, has hidden from the world many a light, which, properly trimmed and fed, might have burned long and brightly. Many instances, already quoted, prove, that the most successful men of Genius have been ordinarily the most profound students. We ought to be more surprised at the amount of information Shakespeare was enabled to attain, under the disadvantages he suffered, than at what he accomplished with the information he had. If we knew nothing more of him, than that he was the author of Julius Cæsar, we would say, that he was versed beyond a parallel in the history of that period. No one could have sketched, with more striking fidelity, the cunning Anthony, the impetuous Brutus, the insatuated Cæsar, or the versatile Roman mob. It is a shame to abandon the cultivation of a soil, because it is rich. The luxuriance of its natural fertility, is only the promise of what it might yield to careful husbandry. We are accountable, not merely for the ten talents God may have given, but for the increase they might have made at proper usury. If Sir Isaac Newton compared the labors of his miraculous life, to a child gathering shells on the shore, while the wild ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him, can any among us be justly satisfied with less attainment? Be independent of study, child of Genius, if you will, but rail not at the world, for despising that which cost you no pains. You are your own destroyer. "Men will praise you when you do well yourself."

Much sensibility is also wasted upon the false supposition, that *Genius is necessarily unfortunate*. It is true, that the calamities of men of Genius have been proverbial, and volumes have been filled with their recital. But the calamities of men of Genius are not necessarily the calamities of Genius. Many of them, with the same faults of character, would have been equally sufferers, had they possessed no Genius at all. It was their Genius which gave notoriety to their sufferings. The gifts of Providence are more equally distributed than we are accustomed to believe, and great intellectual endowments are not often accompanied by the measure of worldly fortune, which falls to the lot of those whose humbler faculties aspire not above the pursuit of gain. It is well for the world it is so, for nothing is more fatal to mental ambition, than luxurious ease. The annals of Genius should convince us, that it has oftener been repressed by prosperity than adversity. Instances of men born to wealth and rank, who have attained high intellectual eminence, are as rare, as the number of those who have risen

from obscurity is great. While circumstances seduce the one class to indolence, they compel the other to personal exertion. It requires great effort to raise one's self to distinction, unassisted by friends, and embarrassed by poverty.

"*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.*" Juv.

But it requires greater still, to leave the haunt of fashionable pleasure, and the circle of flattering friends, to pursue, in solitary labor, those difficult paths which alone lead to useful renown. Vice is always its own avenger, and no Genius can exempt the transgressor from its penalties. Savage, Otway, Burns, and many others, owed their ruin to their unlicensed follies, and not their Genius. When such minds leave their high pursuits to company with the votaries of dissipation, they can expect no better fate. If we consider the miserable venality of his pen, we would cease to think the misfortunes of Chatterton as less deserved than those of Dr. Dodd. I am making no excuse for the world, which is too apt to neglect the children of Genius, that it may flatter those of power. The early graves of Collins and Kirke White, are monuments of its coldness and cruelty. Yet it is human nature to prefer our own interests, and not unfrequently the offerings which Genius lays at its feet, are merely beautiful and useless garlands. Even the plough of Burns turned down "the mountain daisy," to make place for the more homely but more useful grain. Besides, it may well be doubted, whether what are frequently called the calamities of Genius, are indeed calamities. If to receive the applause of the vociferous mob, to sit in the parasite's chair at the table of the great, to place the name of some wealthy dunce at the head of a dedication, to accumulate mere money that it may be spent in self-indulgence, or to struggle successfully with the demagogue and the gladiator in the political arena, be the chief goods of life, there are many paths to their attainment more easy and certain than those which Genius loves, and ought to tread. But if the consciousness of lofty thought, fellowship with the mighty spirits of the past, the dignity of noble aims, the applause of the few, but those the truly great, the admiration of posterity, and the benediction of Him who was himself "despised and rejected of men," be worth all the meaner world can give or take away, then has well directed Genius no cause to complain. Who estimates the wealth of Milton by the five pounds he received for *Paradise Lost*? or who would not rather have been Galileo, than the priestly bigots that murdered him? Even if it be admitted, as should be done, that "the gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task on the vigilance of reason;" yet there is the greater reason why we should cultivate the judgment, that we may be preserved from those irregularities which expose the man of Genius to calamity, and not abandon its elevated pursuits, from an unworthy dread of danger. Whatever may have been the case in the past, true Genius was never more applauded, or better rewarded, than in the present day. Diamiss, therefore, these mawkish lamentations over the unfortunate fate of Genius, and press forward to share its immortal honors.

Another error into which we are apt to fall, is that *Genius requires peculiar advantages for its cultivation and development*. Many a young man enters upon life with glowing hopes of intellectual distinction and determination never to cease in his efforts, but, finding the necessity of attending closely to the business of life, and being continually harassed and vexed by unavoidable interruptions, soon, though reluctantly, abandons his aspirations aside dreams of his youth, the reality of which is reserved for those in happier circumstances. This is injustice to ourselves. We have already alluded to the many who have risen to fame from the midst of far greater difficulties than can possibly surround any of those whom I address. If *Æsop* was a slave, *Ferguson* a shepherd's boy, *Franklin* a friendless apprentice, *Heyne* the half-starved son of a poor weaver, and *Adrian VI.* once so poor as to study only by the lamps of the streets, when the daylight had closed upon his labor, no difficulties can be so great but a determined industry may overcome them. Men of leisure are rarely great. But the ingenious *Drew* produced his treatise upon the Immortality of the Soul, when a working Shoemaker, and the clearest Ethical writer of our day, (no one can doubt that I allude to *Abercrombie*), is a physician of the largest practice in Edinburgh, and must turn to his metaphysical pursuits after the most fatiguing efforts in those entirely different. It is folly to speak of the past being the age of thought but this the age of action, as if the two were incompatible. I have yet to learn, that *Calvin* was an inactive person, though I may look at his nine huge folios filled with copious thought and profound criticism. *Luther*, too, was no sluggish in action, yet his volumes are far from being few in number, or deficient in research,

and even in his music, which was but his amusement, you may find compositions in the Greek modes, the most difficult of all. Roscoe found time in the midst of commercial engagements for his lives of the two Medici, and the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* is still a banker. The age of action not the age of thought! It is a disgrace and not our glory. It is the excuse of indolence, or the boast of presumption.

I pass on briefly to consider the last branch of our subject, *THE PECULIAR ADVANTAGES FOR THE EXERCISE OF GENIUS IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.*

Well may we thank God, that our lot is cast in so goodly a land, and I do not envy that man, who can return to his native land from wandering abroad, without fresh admiration of the principles of our government and the character of our people. But for nothing have we more reason to be thankful than the opportunities which Genius has here to spread her unfettered wing for the noblest flights. I speak not now of the physical features of our country, the majesty of its rivers, the graceful outline of its mountains, the thunder of its cataracts, the clear crystal of its thousand lakes, the depth of its forest shade, the gorgeous richness of its autumnal hues, or the dreamy voluptuousness of its Indian summer's days. If ever nature taught inspiration, Genius may find it here.

But it is upon the *freedom of our institutions and its effect upon the powers of the soul*, I would dwell for a moment. The land of liberty is the land of Genius. Slavery has a more degrading influence upon the mind than the body. Despotism and aristocratic wealth may seek to pamper their pride by the patronage of men of talent, but the natural effect of such patronage is to depress rather than to exalt. The will of the patron must be consulted, and his reward secured by an easy venality. Genius can obey only the dictates of its own inspiration. Its song may be sweet as that of the imprisoned bird, but it is in the free air and open sunshine the richness of its glad notes are heard. The restraint of censorship over the press, backed by the terrors of punishment, or the more dangerous allurements of reward, crushes the spirit of inquiry and limits the expansion of thought. Discovery becomes a crime, and doubt of established error treason. Creeds are dictated by the bayonet; and honest truth is branded as a disturber of the peace. The question is no longer, how we may promote the good of the whole people, but how existing abuses may be screened or vindicated. Religion herself is made the instrument of cunning power, and the terrors of Almighty vengeance against sin perverted to sanctions of unholy edicts. The same iron rule, which crushed the astronomer who would not map the heavens at its dictation, would bind hand and foot and cast into hell the daring challenger for the rights of man. From generation to generation the work goes on, until the suffering parent teaches his child submission to secure him peace, and reason forgets to doubt, that its ills are not from necessity.

How different is the lot of Genius here? Our fathers, educated in hardy independence by the difficulties of the forest, and far removed from the illusive glare which the splendors of aristocratic institutions fling around them; discovering, in the virtues and intelligence of their compatriots that nobleness of soul depended upon no accident of birth; and drinking deep of that truth which flows from the throne of Him whose service is perfect freedom, established their claim to the rights of men, and founded our government upon the only true basis, the good of the whole people as determined by the people themselves. Their children have inherited the lustre of their example. The investigation of right and truth they continue as their privilege and safeguard. Precedent, however hoary from antiquity, has no authority except what it derives from truth. Novelty, however startling, is not rejected without due investigation of its claims to belief. Every artificial barrier to the rise of merit is broken down. The author appeals to the conscience and intelligence of the people, and real merit seldom fails of reward. Difficulties common to our nature must exist, but never were the paths to distinction so open as here. The influence of this freedom upon every department of mind, I need not stay to prove. He, who has once breathed the air of liberty, will brook no unwarranted restraint. The tyranny of false criticism, and the despotism of prejudice, must fall, when the unshackled inquiry is for truth, and Genius exult in her own originality.

It is true, that literature now only begins to flourish among us. Men struggling for their rights, have little leisure for its retired studies. The solution of the new problems, which our new system of government are continually unfolding, have engrossed the attention of our abler minds. The works of the sculptor and the painter are of comparatively little interest to those, who are modelling the living statue of moral excellence, or subduing the forest, that they may reap rich harvests from the virgin soil. Able commentaries upon the principles of law, profound discoveries in science, unequalled skill in the application of mechanics, and constant improvement in all the useful arts, prove that mind has felt the impulse, and has been moving rapidly in the best directions. Already, too, have we heard sweet touches from the poet's lyre, like the rich symphonies which precede the burst of song; and every heart has thrilled at the sound, because we knew the hand of free-born Genius swept the chords. It is not true,

that American Genius is despised at home. There has been, happily, too much taste to mistake the unsteady efforts of undisciplined and unfurnished striplings for classic purity and manly power; yet every worthy attempt has been well rewarded. The very pride we feel in every thing that advances our country's glory, has led rather to over-praise than discouragement; and many living instances might be brought, if decorum permitted, to show that nowhere is fame so readily acquired as with us. It only depends upon the young men of our land to strengthen their powers by severe discipline, and to bathe their spirits in the clear springs of classic lore, before they demand the rewards of Genius; and those rewards are theirs. The same that is gained without such arduous, though it should be pleasing, toil, will be as fleeting as it is cheap.

THE FIRST MAN.

"These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew; for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground. But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Gen. ii. 4-7.

———Light rose the morning mist,
Through calmest regions of untainted air;
Touch'd, as it rose, with brightest, warmest tints,
Pour'd from a sun, unspotted, uneclipsed;
And far disclosing, by its soft accent,
A scene surpassing all that genius dreams,
When beauty's choicest visions charm the soul.

So fresh, so green, so blooming, all *below* :—
So white the pebbles, gleaming from the depths
Of clear, cool waters, gently gliding round ;—
So fair the flowers that lean'd along the marge,
More splendid in the mirror, upward turn'd ;
But fragrant, as they droop'd and blush'd above ;—
So graceful every motion, every shape
Of woodlands, mellow'd with an emerald hue,
Dawning through foliage with no faded leaf ;—
So loving every action, every look
Of living wonders, filling wood and wave
With frolic mirth by evil undisturb'd ;—
So winning and entrancing countless birds,
Up warbling gaily, with no pause of fear,
Songs blent with sweets from blossoming homes of bliss.

So wide, so high, so glorious, all *above* :—
So dazzling, to the eagle's glance, the sun ;
And so intensely blue, the boundless sky,
Through whose dim distance breezes slow and bland
The melting mildness of the mist withdrew.

Realm—subjects—court—in grand array complete,—
Why comes not forth the crown'd and sceptred King ?
A world in waiting for its God-like Chief,—
Why lingers yet the pomp of peerless power ?

THE FIRST MAN.

A bowery slope, with bloom and verdure soft,
Opening on park and plain, in sun and shade,—
Selectest loveliness of earth and sky,—
Reveal'd the noblest of all forms Divine,
The mould of man !

The air was hush'd with awe ;
The grove, intent, as every leaf in thought ;
Sport, 'neath the branches, stood unmoved ; above,
With folded plumes, in silence music gazed.

Unconscious yet, the perfect structure lay.
It was not *death* ! The air had never known
The coming Spectre, breathing, claim its sphere ;
The waters had not darken'd to their depths,
And shudder'd in the shadow of his wings ;
The earth had never quaked beneath his feet,
Seal'd, by the print, a common sepulchre ;
Nor in that ample frame had active warmth
Evolved and been exhausted ; no decay,
Obstruction none, nor aught of fatal sign
Invoked the grave ! And yet it was not *life* !
Nor swoon, nor trance, nor any accident
Of vital being held its empire there.
And sleep was not ; no sense had been awake ;
No pulse was yet in motion ; in the brain,
No outward image, no perceptive mind.
A statue !—not from adamant cut out,
With superficial gloss of solid mass ;
But wrought from dust, with transformation strange
To bone, flesh, blood ; without, of port sublime,—
Within, of rarest wisdom, only known
To Him who made it—ready, at His touch,
To start !—with thousand instincts quick inspired.

A matchless work. The common elements
In glorious union, such as earth and heaven
Had none to rival. Angels there beheld
Innumerable symmetries, which God alone
Could harmonize in thought ; which God, himself,
Embodying, deem'd the glory of His skill,—
The image of His own Communing Form :
All dignity and beauty blent with grace ;
And over all a faint-diffusing tint,
A glowing prayer to catch the flame of life.

It seem'd the pause were purpos'd that the Sire,
Pleased with His offspring, might demand of all
If such a shape became the lord of earth ?
And all the native ranks gave glad assent ;
Such mild, subduing majesty went forth,
From that Unliving One ; and all on high,
Spirits of Power, of Beauty, and of Speed ;
Spirits of Order, Government, and Law ;
Spirits of Life, Health, Immortality,—
All witnesses of all the works of God—
Exulted in the fitness of the choice,
And hail'd the Coronation of the Man !

The Breath of Lives !

And instantly arose,
 Flush'd with the fire, the Father of the World !
 His soul was in a trance of truth and bliss,
 Thought and affection filling first with God,
 Admiring and adoring ; promptly sage
 To know all facts, relations, ends ; and soon
 Opening his senses to the realm around !

A deeper silence held the subject sphere :
 Watching those wondrous eyes, whose starry glance,
 Pierced the dark glen, o'er hill and valley shone,
 Reposed enraptured on the ardent sun,
 And gave the whole calm circle to the mind.
 Then gush'd the sound of waters on his ear,
 Fresh inspiration ! Whispering brooks came close,
 And, hurrying through the gloom, again look'd back
 From distant sunshine ; and the solemn roar
 Of unseen falls, from forests moist with spray,
 Remoter homage brought subdued and slow.
 Quick, low and sweet began, and swelling rose,
 The myriad welcoming of half-hid birds,
 The near leaves trembling with their trill'd delight ;
 While, self-recover'd from that royal glance,
 The lion, rising in his wild retreat,
 Pour'd the haught thunder of a stronger life !
 Woke, too, the wind—and touch'd the tissued nerves
 With most delicious coolness ; while the flowers
 From dewy censers flung their perfumes forth ;
 And all the scene, released from its restraints,
 With nobler charms than when so brightly still,
 Waved shadowy round ; and he—the lord of all !
 Shook, as a child in joy, his manly locks !

T. H. S.

Philadelphia.

TACITUS.

THE character of Tacitus as an historian, though it is, upon the whole, deservedly high, cannot in every respect escape our censure. He possessed powers adequate to the task of speculating upon the affairs of men, as becomes a philosopher. His sensibility caught those delicate shades in the human character, of which ordinary observers lose sight amidst its great outlines. His fancy suggested the precise emotions most likely to arise in a trying situation, led him to adopt that by which such emotions seek vent, and to seize the circumstances, in every object described, which strike the object first, and bring the rest along with them. His judgment discriminated from the genuine and from the spurious, however artfully embellished, and, in the actions even of complicated causes, could assign the exact influence of each in the production of their common effects. But the ardor of his feeling, and the quickness of his fancy, sometimes betrayed him into errors. Strong as his judgment was, it did not always watch and control their excesses. The elegance of his style and sentiments, accordingly, degenerates, at times, into affectation, and their animation into extravagance. From the general vigor of his powers, he has thrown beauties into many passages which few writers, in any age, have rivalled, and which none have surpassed ; but, from an undue balance, occasionally existing among these powers, certain passages are overwrought and deformed by those attentions that were meant to improve them.

Shakespeare and Tacitus are, perhaps, the two writers who leave upon the minds of their readers the strongest impression of the force of their genius. Great beauties in each are but

eclipsed by faults which would have cancelled the merit of ordinary performers. We should, indeed, have no standard for measuring their excellence, did not the poet sometimes shock us with his extravagancies, and the historian with his conceits.

The writings of Tacitus were rated beneath their value by those who pretended to judge of them, in the last century. Mere philologists might, indeed, detect impurities in his style, and falsely ascribe that obscurity to a fault in his diction, which, in fact, had its seat in the depth of his thought. Being void, however, of that science which alone makes literature respectable, no words could unfold to them those beauties on which he meant that his reputation should rest. D'Alembert, and other French critics, whose merit entitle them to direct literary opinions, saw the value of his works, and removed, in some degree, the prejudices that subsisted against them. Gibbon tells us that, "if we can prefer personal merit to accidental greatness, we shall esteem the birth of the Emperor Tacitus *more truly noble* than that of Kings;—that he claimed his descent from the philosophical historian, whose writings will instruct the last generations of mankind." That the emperor did not feel himself dishonored by the connexion, appears from his giving orders, that ten copies of Tacitus should be annually transcribed, and placed in the public libraries. From the works of his immortal ancestor he expected his subjects would learn the history, not of the Roman commonwealth alone, but of human nature itself. By rescuing a part of these from destruction, he acquired a right to the gratitude of posterity; because he preserved a mine, in which, the longer and deeper we dig, we shall find the richer ore.

B.

Philadelphia, July 17th, 1839.

TO IMILDA.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

I LOVE to gaze upon the red, that mantles in the west
 Whene'er the golden orb of day, sinks quietly to rest;—
 But there 's a crimson on thy cheek, I love, by far, the best.

I love to gaze upon the stars that shine at eventide,
 Like spirits bright of maiden's eyes, that 'cross the heavens glide;—
 But thy blue eyes are brighter far than all the stars beside.

I love to dream on angels pure, on seraphs bright and fair,
 With holy shapes, and beautiful, to people earth and air;—
 And waking, see thee, but to find my visions centred there.

I love to hear the whispering wind that moves so idly by,
 And wakes a holy music in the concave of the sky;—
 But more I love the melody, that sleeps within thy sigh.

I love—but why say what I love?—I love the mock-bird's call,
 The verdant mead, the forest green, the bounding waterfall;—
 I love whate'er is lovely, and thyself much more than all.

Philadelphia, July 18th, 1839.

SCRAPS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

No. I.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

A LOUD call was made on Stafford to furnish his quota of entertainment in the shape of a song, toast or story. He refused at first, alleging inability, but finally after repeated requests, acceded.

"Silence," cried our chairman, striking the table, "and due attention to the story of Mr. Stafford." Silence being obtained, the tale was commenced.

"I was strolling up Chesnut street in company with a friend, no matter how long since, when on arriving at Broad street, I wended my way toward the northern part of the city, leaving my friend to pursue his promenade westward. As I came near to Vine street, a railroad car passed by me. Without reflection, I hailed the conductor, who stopped the car to let me enter, when having effected my ingress, and seated myself, I began to gaze on those, who were being whisked in my company over the iron turnpike.

"Close by me sat a neatly dressed young man, who devoted his time in a great many unnecessary attentions to a young woman seated opposite. Observing the direction of my glance, she blushed and fidgeted; while her companion eyed me in a manner, which spoke in the impressive tone of looks, 'Gaze in some other direction, or, else — um!' They were, doubtless, lovers; and as I cared nothing to observe such silly, unprofitable personages, I turned my eyes in another direction.

"At the farther end of the car, with his lower extremities, from a due regard to ease, disposed comfortably on one of the unoccupied seats, sat a middle aged man, evidently stout. Near him, with his eyes half open, and with a sage look, sat his dog, evidently as stout as his obese master. I gazed at them rather curiously, at which the quadruped growled, and displayed his row of incisors; while the biped contented himself with clenching his massive fist, and knitting his heavy brows in token of displeasure.

"Satisfied with the interior view, I gazed on the specimens of nature without. Whiz-shackle,—whiz-shackle—went our conveyance as we proceeded. Every thing hurried past. Houses, rocks and trees, became possessed of wondrous locomotive powers, and strove to flee from us as fast as possible. Two old cows, who were reposing under a tree, switching away the flies with their long tails, and wagging their under jaws industriously, raised their heads in silent wonder, as they were carried past. One would imagine that the earth was some unfortunate gentleman pursued by duns or constables. As I was cogitating on the possibility of this last supposition, and wondering where they would lock up the planet, if they caught it,—a loud 'Hold up'—issuing from the throat of our conductor, and a jar, as the earth stood still for us, interrupted my musings. The door of our moveable cattle box opened—two persons entered,—and then the earth started again on its route.

"The first who made his appearance, was, so near as I could estimate, about five feet eleven inches in height, with prominent features, light hair, and grey eyes. He was apparelled in a black undress coat, rather the worse from having been worn, a black velvet vest, and a pair of dark striped cassimere unwhisperables, that fitted tight to his pedal extremities. His carefully brushed hat had evidently known better days, and whilst its kind was in vogue, had been a fashionable one, though, at the time I speak of, its claims to that enviable title, were by no means strong. But whether from the good-nature which beamed from the face beneath it, or from another cause, it certainly wore a very contented look;—an aspect which endeared it to us, almost immediately. The other parts of dress were matches to the head-cover. The stock looked careless and easy, the coat and vest happy, while the unpronounceables relaxed their usually stern aspect to a broad grin. If ever a community of old clothes were formed, these would no doubt have occupied a place among its most care-defying members.

"The companion of the first was a personage of an entirely different stamp. The expression of his countenance was sinister, and bespoke the villain. His forehead was high, but deficient in width, and being thrown obliquely back, presented, to use a phrenological phrase, a poor development of the reasoning faculties. And, this might be urged as some proof of the truth of the theory of Gall, since he was never known to give any evidence of the possession of reason. His figure was *outré*, his frame long, and shambling, his hands large and bony, and his lower limbs, despite the disguise of large pantaloons, marvellously lean and ill-favored. He occupied his time in playing with a watch-key, attached to a string, which was fastened to his vest. This, with his conducting a whispering conversation with his companion, in a dialect compounded of bad French and worse English, varied only by the vulgar remarks made on those around him, effectually belied the affected gentility he thought proper to assume. His occupation I afterward learned was that of a journeyman engraver; and being a tolerable good workman, he could have maintained himself respectably, did not his habits of indolence, and love of music, prevent his steady application."

The narrator was here interrupted by one of the company. "Excuse me, sir, but is not the last individual whom you have described, named Ninnywell?"

"That is his name," was the rejoinder, "do you know him?"

"I met him," said the other, "in a rather awkward manner. Passing down one of our popular promenades an evening since, I saw an individual walk up to three girls, who were hurrying home from the house of a friend, and heard him accost them. The salutation were a very impudent one, and a grievous insult; but before I had time to interfere, he retreated. The puppy had caught a tartar, for the girls happened to be the sisters of a lady whom he well knew. But, I crave your pardon for my rudeness—proceed."

"Scarcely had I time to gather the particulars I have detailed, and fix them in my mind, ere the cry 'Hold up!' broke again on our ears, and the usual formalities having been gone through with, another was added to our cargo of live stock.

"The dress of the new-comer was somewhat peculiar. He had thrust himself into a pair of grey cloth tights, whose extremities crept toward his toes in the shape of gaiters; and had suffered himself to be worn by an olive-green colored frock coat, and fur hat. Suspended by means of a pair of extensive auricles to a shirt-collar and neckcloth of the most easy kind, his features wore an insinuating smirk, that extended itself to the termination of his false wristbands, and to the tip of his nose; from which latter feature it radiated in various directions. A mutual greeting having taken place between him, and the two who had preceded him in entrance, the conductor slammed the door, and away we went merrily as before.

"From the conversation of the trio, I learned who they were. He with the good-natured hat, was a physician of the name of Barker; the one with the watch-key and unprepossessing phiz, as you have just learned, was Ninnywell; while the man with the gaiters and smirk, was guilty of the appellation of Bitterseer.

"The car started as I have said, and with it started a conversation, in which, from a want of interest, I did not join, but threw myself back in my seat, and drawing my hat over my eyes, began to muse over various matters. The motion of the car had lulled me into a half slumber, from which I was suddenly aroused by the screams of our lady passenger, and the sudden stoppage of our vehicle. I sprang up, and looking out of the car windows, beheld a sight which made the blood curdle in my veins.

"An open carriage containing a lady and gentleman, was being dragged along with frightful rapidity, by a pair of scared horses. The coachman had been thrown from his seat, and the unguided animals, were plunging and rearing madly, while the carriage gave such fearful life-like leaps as it passed over numerous impediments, that the spectators expected to behold it overturned, and its occupants killed or horribly mangled.

"To leap from the car was but the work of an instant, and as the horses furiously galloped toward us, I placed myself directly in their path. They did not stop, but sprang aside to avoid me, when with a desperate effort, I seized the bridle of the nearest. They dragged me forward for a few yards, when my weight impeding their movements, they stopped. I still, however, remained at their head, until the coachman, who had followed in pursuit, came up, when, yielding them to his charge, I proceeded to assist the couple from the carriage.

"The young lady, who had preserved her presence of mind, and had not even screamed, or offered to jump from the vehicle, during the existence of the danger, now fainted in my arms. I bore her to a neighboring house, where, by the application of the proper restoratives she soon recovered. Her father, for so the old gentleman with her called himself, now handed me his card, and requested my own in return. I was about to withhold it, but a glance at the fair being beside him overcame my reluctance, and I gave it to him.

"She was indeed fair, beyond anything which a painter might portray, or, of which a poet might dream. The impersonation of Psyche; she seemed like a living sunbeam, or the tones

of the Eolian harp, endued with animation. Yes! she was lovely, and from the moment of that burning glance, I adored her. You may all smile, but it is true. I am one of those who love or hate from the first moment, and my passion is as ardent and as lasting, as that which it takes years to form. Yet, it was not the deep hazel of her eyes, nor the beautiful auburn hair, that fell in uncontrolled ringlets around her neck and face, nor was it the deep calmness of her noble brow, nor the delicate chiselling of her warm and balmy lips, of which I was enamored. No! there was a something indescribable in her air and manner, which told me, that this was the shrine, whereat I might offer my devotion. She appeared to me like some angel, who had wandered from the skies, but had brought a Paradise in her train. I gazed in speechless rapture, and drank in love and beauty in my long, long glance.

"I was interrupted by the clear, musical tones of her voice, pouring forth a torrent of thanks, which were blushing delivered, for I could not remove my steadfast glance. Oh! that blush! Fair, as the faint flush of crimson over the bright aspect of the morning, it disclosed a new beauty to the gazer. I could not reply, for I was deprived for the time of the power of utterance, but pressing slightly her hand as I handed her into her carriage, I bowed an adieu, and we parted.

"I entered the car, which had stopped during this time, and was soon borne off. The conversation of my fellow passengers was renewed, but could not interest me. Even the frothy nothings of Ninnywell, nonsensical and ludicrous as they were, failed to amuse me. I could see nothing but her bright eyes; hear nothing but the clear tones of her voice; and exist nowhere, save as the hero of a romance of which she was the heroine.

"The car reached Fair Mount, and stepping out of it, I entered one that was bound homeward. On reaching my lodgings, I examined the card I had received, and found that it bore the name of 'John Bobby.'

"John Bobby! and was that fair being a Bobby too? I had heard her father denominate her Mary. Imagine my thoughts! Mary contracted to Molly. Molly Bobby! Shade of Phœbus Augustus Slink! what a name. Away fled my romantic visions, and I vowed I would never see her more. But, at that moment, like a little star, peering from behind a cloud, came the memory of her glances, and I vowed that I *would* see her. So I took up a directory, and searched diligently for the residence of the aforesaid John Bobby, but no such name could I find. I sallied out, and seeking divers of my acquaintance, inquired of them concerning the name. 'Bobbys,' were known in abundance, but they were all vulgar contractions of the good old name of Robert. I hunted up Mrs. Bones, who was grandmother to the Ninnywell before mentioned. She knew every one, and every one's business, but knew nothing of John Bobby, hence I concluded that John must be nobody. With this rational and sage thought, I was proceeding homeward in despair, when I met the friend from whom I had parted in the morning.

"He remarked my dejection, and asked me its cause. As I knew him to be an inveterate quiz, I merely told him that I had surrendered possession of myself to 'blue devils and ennui.' Laughing at this, he proposed to introduce me to a cousin of his who had lately returned with her step-father from Europe, and who was expected to be at his father's that evening. 'She is a fine girl,' said he, 'and her name is the essence of all romance—Mary Montague. But her step-father, *such* a genius, and *such* a name. Only think of John, with the patronymic of Bobby.'

"What," exclaimed I, "Bobby!—introduce me, as soon as you will!"

"Well," said one of the company, after a long pause had elapsed, "what happened after the introduction?"

"I would tell you, gentlemen, willingly, but my wife, Miss Mary Montague that was, would hardly excuse my absence beyond ten, which hour it is at present, and therefore like an obedient husband, I must go home."

"But Ninnywell, and his companions!" inquired a little gentleman in a bottle green colored coat, and nankeen pants, who had sat an attentive listener during the evening.

"As for them," said Stafford, as he departed. "are not their sayings and doings written in the 'Book of the Chronicles of the Fools which are at Philadelphia!'"

METHINKS I HEAR THEE NOW.

BY E. F. CHATHAM.

METHINKS I hear thee now,
The echo of thy footsteps in the hall,
Falls like some kindred music on my ear,
In fond imaginings, at fancy's call,
Enshrined in loveliness I see thee here,
I hear thee now.

Methinks I hear thee now,
With thy sweet voice in sacred music blending,
The lark-toned carol of the pleasing lute,
The vesper hymn from thy pure heart ascending
In faint-like echoes swell the pensive note,
I hear thee now.

Methinks I see thee now,
Beneath the covert of thy sylvan bower;
Whose leaves dance music of the evening breeze,
In cadence sweet, at twilight's pensive hour,
Warbling those spirit-stirring melodies,—
I see thee now.

Methinks I see thee now,
In adoration at the shrine of prayer,
Reared by the hearth-stone, or the sacred aisle,
Breathing the fond heart's pure devotion there,
Thy face illumined by an angel smile,
I see thee now.

Mullica Hill, July 6th, 1839.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED BRIDE.

A FRAGMENT.

" — My true-love is altered not—
My heart is broken—not estranged."

To gratify a parent's ambition—to avoid a father's malediction—Louisa Mowbray consented to sacrifice her heart's first and purest affection, and wed with one she *could not* love; to banish the one object of her heart's idolatry; to separate herself from him *for ever*, and to go up to the nuptial altar, and give her hand to *another*. Death itself was preferable to a father's curse, and in yielding her consent to become the Marchioness of Lonewood, Louisa felt that her heart was broken, and that ere long her head would be laid upon the cold pillow of her grave. "How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how

many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is disturbed by melancholy dreams; “dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to darkness and the worm.”

When forced to join the thoughtless throng,
And listen to the midnight song;
When forced to mingle in the dance,
Return the nod and passing glance,
With smiling air—they do but dream
They are the thing that others seem.
What, though the lip may smile at will,
“The heart—the heart is lonely still.”

A bridal is, indeed, often a thing to weep over rather than to rejoice at. A pall frequently speaks of less misery than a wedding veil. The one covers the dead—that which has ceased to feel; the other decorates a living victim about to be immolated at the shrine of human inconsistency! Young, confiding, and affectionate, the bride voluntarily surrenders her whole futurity to the safe-guard of the husband she has bound herself to honor and obey. Linked by the most sacred ties—ties which no earthly power can sever—her attachment is yet liable to every casualty, exposed to every blast, and shaken by every change. A harsh word, an averted look, a trifling negligence, may chill or estrange a susceptible nature. What then if perverseness and disappointment mingle its gall in the cup of pleasure! Oh ye that are thus joined in holy wedlock, beware how ye tamper with the portion of felicity which each has entrusted to the guardianship of the other! If either is tempted to trifle with the heart's affections, and make a sport of its finer sensibilities, a writhing victim or a relentless foe must be the result; and to complete the punishment, a chain unites the tortured and the torturer.

Sir Lincoln Mowbray was imperative; he threatened his child—his only child—with his scorn, his contempt, with his curse! She could bear anything but *that*. And she promised to become the bride of the aged and dotting Marquis.

A gay bridal party reached the village church where the nuptials were to be solemnised; all were gay, save one; and that one was poor Louisa! As the bridal train slowly advanced through the crowded aisle of the church, she perceived not the anxious gaze of ill-repressed curiosity that followed her steps. Wholly occupied with one deep and all-absorbing interest, she heard not the sudden hush of many voices, awed to silence as she moved along; she heard not the low soft whisper of conjecture, nor the struggling expressions of admiration that her youth, her beauty, and her meek deportment, elicited from all around.

Consumption's cheek ne'er looks more pure
And lovely, than when past all cure;
And yet that bloom so fresh so still,
Has lent its little aid to kill;
And speaks to those that watch its hue,
Of sickness, death, and suffering too;
Though who just viewing ought so fair
Could ever dream that death was there.

The victim bride kne't by the side of the Marquis, her humble spirit wrapt in prayer—earnest, lowly, fervent prayer. She prayed for the Marquis, and for his happiness; she prayed for strength, for grace, and, above all, she prayed to *forget*.

Thoughts of *him* whom she had abandoned rushed upon her mind; scenes of happiness with him—the adored—crowded upon her imagination. She shrunk from the guilty idea,

for it was guilt now to think of her *first*—her *only* love; and devoutly did she pray that she might *forget*.

O, could we see the hearts of those,
Who haunt the crowd to drown their woes,
Conceal'd beneath their smiles we 'd find
Despair—consumption of the mind!
As sure its end; its means less slow;
Its seeming health a feverish glow,
Which throws around a fitful light,
Then dies and leaves it doubly night.

The marriage vow was pronounced! The die was cast. The cold reluctant hand of the bride was placed within that of the Marquis. She felt not the impassioned pressure of his lips; she marked not the looks beaming upon her; the future—the vast unfathomable future, like a profound abyss, had swallowed up the past; all else was blank. The cheering accents of her mother's voice at length reposed her to a sense of duty, and inspired her with resolution to conclude the awful ceremony with becoming grace. She received the affectionate salutations of all with gratitude and tenderness, and smiled—*smiled* kindly on her new relatives. The effort might have been painful at the time, but none perceived the struggle. On quitting the church, the whole party adjourned to the mansion which the Marquis had newly decorated for his nuptials; and at the magnificent banquet which ensued, the bride's manner was courteous and conciliating; but melancholy and cold. But no token of impatience or forgetfulness marked the duration of a feast which to *her* really appeared interminable; and though she suffered all the complicated misery which the novelty and pain of her position might be supposed to inflict, not a sigh, not a gesture, betrayed the hidden anguish.

At length the hour of separation came! The travelling carriage was at the door. Louisa retired to prepare for departure. The preparations did not occupy much time, and then all gathered round the bride, to take their leave of her, and wish her happiness. *Happiness!* Ah, their good wishes were realised! Louisa clung to her father's neck; she embraced him fondly; she hid her tears in his bosom.

But the bridegroom is waiting; the postilions are mounted and cracking their whips ready to carry "the happy pair" to their destination. Louisa still clings to her father's neck!

"Gracious Heavens!" cried Sir Lincoln Mowbray, "she has fainted!"

They upraised her from her father's bosom, and medical assistance was sent for; but all too late. Louisa was happy—very happy, the victim bride was *dead*!

THE STARS.

Oh! for a spirit from worlds afar!
From planets unrecked of—from yon bright star!
To visit me now in the silent hour,
And tell of its knowledge—its bliss—its power.
Ye beautiful stars that are glittering on
As ye have for thousands of ages gone!
What beings and forms do ye there behold?
Do ye bear bright mortals of fairer mould?
Do spirits float round ye with music sweet?
Are your surfaces trod by immortal feet?
Or are ye heaven, with its floor of gold,
Oh is it to you that our spirits fly,
The happy region—*where none may die!*

LOVE AND BREAD;

OR, THE REAL AND IDEAL.

A TALE.

"I'll give thee all—I can no more—
Though poor the offering be,
My heart and lute are all my store,
And those I'll give to thee."

THERE is a charm in Music, which elevates the soul above this sublunary world, and while it lasts renders the hearer supremely happy: the *real* is lost in the *ideal*—imagination makes a world for itself, peopled with bright and beautiful beings, all pure, all perfect! In this world of our's there is not a more attractive object than a beautiful girl, seated before a screen of fluted silk, and a row of ivory fingers, over which her own runs with graceful rapidity, producing strains of divine harmony. Shakspeare says, that "music is the food of love." He says, truly; but he might have said more—it is often the creator of love. Place a beautiful and accomplished girl before a piano-forte, and let her play with taste and elegance a Strauss Waltz, or sing some of those charming little ballads which our English composers are so successful in making, and we defy any reasonable man to resist the temptation to idolatry! If he be not "stark staring mad" for love before the Syren has got through half-a-dozen waltzes, or half that number of sentimental melodies, then he is not fit to live in rational society, and should take up his abode in caverns drear, or forests wild, and pass his time with Mr. Van Amburgh in training tigers, and other anti-social animals.

"The deuce is in the moon for mischief," says Byron.
"——— There's not a day,
The longest—not the twenty-first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way
On which three single hours of moonshine smile."

Meaning, thereby, that more hearts are lost in a moonlight ramble than at any other time. But Byron was but a poor observer of the world, if this were his real opinion—he could not have noticed the effects of a *tete-a-tete* in front of a *piano-forte*!

There was Lady Lucy Dorillon, one of the sweetest little creatures that was ever destined to make happy the heart of man, seated at her piano-forte, touching the keys with such grace and skill as to produce the most entrancing harmony; and there stood over her, with fixed enamored gaze, the susceptible Vernon Mildmay. And while he sung, "I'll give thee all—I can no more!" the enamored youth felt that if she would give it to *him* he would be the happiest fellow in the world. So we deceive ourselves.

Vernon Mildmay was a lieutenant of the guards—a younger brother—one of those romantic youths who rejoice in sallow complexions, and black curly hair, who love poetry and all things poetical, whose hearts are full of love, but whose purses are, unfortunately, in an awfully consumptive state. Of all the misfortunes in life, there is none so great as the misfortune of being born a younger brother. An *appearance* is to be kept up upon very slender means; and, as a younger brother cannot, dare not, think of taking upon himself a wife, what money he has is spent in cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, perfumes, and Macassar.

Vernon Mildmay was deeply enamored of the Lady Lucy Dorillon; but he was the youngest of seventeen children of the Honorable Leicester Mildmay, himself the eleventh son of the Earl of Trumpington; and, therefore, like the girl in the ballad, whose face was her

fortune, Vernon had little more than his commission to live upon, and, of course, that would not provide a knife and fork for two. But Vernon Mildmay loved! Who could look upon the beautiful Lucy Dorillon and not love? And, when seated at her piano, she upturned her seraph face to his, and murmured, in tones of sweetest music—

“My heart and lute are all my store,
And those I ’ll give to thee!”

Who will doubt that the susceptible youth felt his heart leaping from his bosom, and that he was strongly tempted to fall down upon his knees before the delighted idol, and accept the proffered gift?

Her voice is hovering o’er his soul—it lingers—
O’er shadowing it with soft and lulling wings—
The blood, and life within her ivory fingers,
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
His brain is wild—his breath comes quick—
The blood is listening in his frame;
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on his overflowing eyes—
His heart is quivering like a flame,
As morning dew that in the sunbeam dies,
He was dissolved in these enchanting ecstasies.

There was a pause in the music! How could the Lady Lucy proceed, when her hand was clasped within that of Vernon Mildmay, and her beautiful head was resting upon his bosom?

They loved—ay, loved, with that pure and exquisite feeling—“life only once may know!” Yet theirs was hopeless love. The Lady Lucy was one of the sweetest and gentlest of earth’s creatures. Vernon Mildmay was honorable and manly; and yet there was no hope for them—for, alas! they had very little money!”

“O, that love—true love—love that refines, exalts, and purifies the soul—should be checked, blighted, *sacrificed*, because of an insufficiency of dull gold! Unfortunately, that dull gold is what neither lovers, nor any body else, in this world, can do without.

And yet, in the madness of their passion, Lady Lucy Dorillon and Vernon Mildmay resolved upon marrying! Ay, with these wretched prospects! Love cast its own glory over their prospects. The Lady Lucy had passed the summer months one year at a delightful marine cottage, on the Sussex coast, with some friend, and never had time passed more pleasantly. And while Vernon pressed his adored to his heart, he murmured—“Ours, dearest, shall be a cottage life! And in our cottage home we will live and love together until life shall be no more!” And Lady Lucy gave her assent with a sigh that bespoke his heart’s rapture.

They thought only of love—they did not think at all of bread and butter!

Start not, fair reader, at the homeliness of the expression. Bread and butter may be contemptible in your estimation, but see the sequel of our tale.

Love and a cottage! what delightful ideas they conjure up. Happy beyond measure were the Lady Lucy and Vernon Mildmay. The united fortunes of the young pair would be about three hundred pounds a-year. Well, thought Lady Lucy, I shall not have my father’s carriage to ride about in, but a little pony-phaeton will be quite sufficient for our wants; and I never saw the propriety of keeping so many servants as are in our establishment—one maid will be sufficient for me; I must make a trifling sacrifice, and obtain a maid who will attend to the cooking as well. Then a housemaid will be all that we shall require, beyond a boy to look after the phaeton, clean the knives, and wait at table! The whole plan of domestic economy was laid down by Lady Lucy, and Vernon thought that nothing could be better or more practicable. And so they married.

A charming little cottage was taken for them in a retired village, where the society was reported as highly respectable. The leading personages were the Lady Fadgefaddlewick, and her daughter, Sophia Maria, who had retired from the bustle and confusion of a town life. Lady F. was the relict of Sir Abraham Fadgefaddlewick, deceased, formerly a wax-chandler, and sheriff of London and Middlesex. Her ladyship was the consulted by all persons, from Mr. Spinthediscount, the clergyman, to Miss Amy Needlebag, the milliner and retailer of bobbins and pins. She was a great personage, and when she heard that a real lady of title

was coming down to settle there, she became apprehensive of the overthrow of her supreme power; and a cabinet council was called immediately, consisting of her ladyship and her equally amiable daughter, a young lady of very fiery hair, and an astonishing nose of the same hue. Mr. Gregory Jalapone, the apothecary and ratcatcher, and Miss Needlebag, the aforesaid dealer in caps, bobbins and pins. It was the unanimous opinion of this interesting council, that "the fashionable people" had only come down to make game of them—perhaps to write a book about them; and their resolution was, to make the village "too hot to hold them;" and the amiable relict of the knight and wax chandler, defunct, declared that "*she* would rout them out pretty soon."

Into this delightful place Vernon Mildmay brought his interesting bride, together with the young woman who was to officiate in the double capacity of lady's maid and cook; the other young woman who was to be the housemaid, and the little boy who was to combine in his Lilliputian person the page, the groom, the tiger, and the everything-else-in-the-small-way of the establishment.

It was the bright summer time when the new married couple arrived at their rose-covered retreat, with its lawn in front, and a carriage-drive running round it to the gates at each side, and a little garden behind, stored with choice flowers. The birds were singing gaily, the sun shone brightly, and the flowers exhaled their richest perfume. "Are we not both very happy!" exclaimed the bride, as her devoted husband conducted her round her little domain.

"Very, very happy!" rejoined the delighted Vernon, pressing with fond affection Lady Lucy's hand.

A few weeks passed, and the new comers were upon friendly terms with their neighbors. To be sure, they thought them queer people. Mr. Spinthediscourse would drink nothing but brandy and water, and always fell asleep after his second glass. Squire Bagfox was wholly unacquainted with literature, and hated music. Miss Fadgefaddlewick was fonder of romping than reading or any thing else, and once told Lady Lucy, that although Mr. Vernon had such a roguish look, and might be a very tiger after the girls, she had no reason to apprehend any thing from *her*. This amused Lady Lucy greatly, but she withheld her laughter until she could tell the story to Vernon, and then they both laughed heartily at it.

But they soon became disgusted with the Fadgefaddlewicks, and with the fox-hunting, swearing squire, with the pomposity of the Fitzfoggs, the low cunning of Caggs, the attorney, and the servility of the surgeon-apothecary and ratcatcher, Gregory Jalapone. The summer, too, had past, the wind howled mournfully through the trees, the rain came down upon the garden, making it a mud-pit, Mary, the housemaid, was taken ill, and Mrs. Grigson, the lady's maid and cook was requested, as a favor, to help little Simon to do Mary's work. But Mrs. Grigson, with all the pride and pomp of a lady's maid and cook, declared that her respect was very great for Lady Lucy and Mr. Mildmay, whom she would do any thing to serve in a reasonable way, but really it *was* too much to ask her to handle the scrubbing brush and the broom.

Vernon got little Simon to do Mary's work, and the pony and the phaeton were neglected, which as it was dull weather, did not matter much, and so they "roughed on" till winter. Vernon often detected tears in the eyes of his bride, but a look from him soon caused all traces of sorrow—if there were any—to be obliterated from her countenance, and she would hang upon his neck, and with her converse and caresses, endeavor to make him feel convinced that she was happy.

The Fadgefaddlewicks had made themselves so offensive, that their acquaintance had long been dropped. The Fitzfoggs had taken themselves off of their own accord. To Squire Bagfox they were "not at home," and Mr. Gregory Jalapone had been detected by little Simon, introducing a quantity of rats into the pantry. There was a quarrel. Mr. Jalapone threatened "to take the law" of Mildmay, and employed Mr. Caggs to commence an action for defamation of character. To make matters worse, Vernon, upon looking over his book of expenses, found that although they had not been married more than eight months, their expenses had already exceeded the whole amount of their annual income by one hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. Hardsteak, the butcher, pressed for the payment of his bill, the amount of which astonished Vernon, who had never troubled himself with bills before his marriage; and at the same time, Lady Lucy was equally alarmed by the "washing bill," which Mrs. Grigson put before her. She had not the slightest notion of the nature of washing bills—and this was as much a puzzle to her, as a page of Greek would have been. "Well," she said, "it must be paid."

It was very well to say "it shall be paid," but where was the money to come from? For the first time since their marriage they discovered that they were poor.

"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window!" The saying is a true one, and of its truth, the story of Lady Lucy and Vernon Mildmay is an example. The

previous part of their lives had been spent in the enjoyment of luxurious ease. Their every want had been supplied by indulgent parents; Lady Lucy had offended her relatives by her marriage, and the pressing demands of creditors obliged her as a last resource to apply to her father—her letter was not answered! The tradesmen refused to give them credit any longer; and then occurred little bickerings between Lady Lucy and her husband,—these were followed by quarrels—the flame of love which had once burnt so brightly in their cottage home, was now reduced to a mere spark. Vernon began to think he cared little for his wife, and she almost fancied that she regarded him only as the man who had occasioned her the loss of her family's regard, and her own station in society!

Vernon was arrested;—the home of love was invaded by reckless creditors: the furniture was sold, and Lady Lucy, on the eve of becoming a mother, was driven out from her "cottage," and found refuge only in the humble abode of the mother of little Simon, who lived in the village.

Here under the thatched roof of the poor creature was the first child of Lady Lucy and Vernon Mildmay born. And there was the mother and child, without one friend near them,—shut out as it were from the world,—and in the prospect before her, there was nothing but care and suffering.

One day, Simon's mother informed the Lady Lucy that an elderly gentleman wished to see her. He was admitted. It was her father! He had come to forgive her, and receive her again to his arms. She could have fallen upon her knees and have blessed him.

"But," said he, "it is upon one condition—that you abandon Vernon Mildmay!"

The afflicted wife shuddered and turned pale. She thought she had ceased to love her husband; but now this proposal to separate from him for ever, rekindled all the fire of affection in her bosom, and passionately kissing the offspring of their love, she cried, "Never, never!"

"On the one hand," said the stern father; "there is poverty and sorrow—on the other, affluence and happiness."

"No, no—not happiness," exclaimed Lady Lucy. "There can be no happiness where my heart's husband is not."

"Dearest, dearest Lucy," cried Vernon Mildmay, rushing into the chamber, "Your father is but testing our affection. He forgives you—he has forgiven you—he has redeemed your husband from prison, and has come to receive his own dear Lucy to his arms again!"

The old man opened his arms to receive his child, and in a moment Lucy was clasped in his embrace. He had obtained a consulship for Vernon, and thereby rescued him from the poverty and ruin which menaced him; and Lucy and her beloved escaped the suffering which too many endure who, like them, look too much at the ideal and too little at the real—or in humbler terms, think too much of love, and too little of bread and butter.

IGNATIUS.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

"I CAN assure you, my dear master," said John, as he went on with the story, "that infernal noise, which has been at rest now so long, has broke out again this year worse than ever—I myself last night—"

"Well, you saw something, I suppose," said the chief master of the forests; "come, let's hear all about it—what was it?"

"No, sir, I did not see, to be sure, but then I heard it."

"Oh! heard it—aye the old story—and when one asks what has been heard, it turns out to be some hollow knocking—or a rattling of chains, &c.—we knew all about that already,—John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"But, my dear master, when I heard it with my own ears—"

"Never mind your ears—they have played you false—eyes, ears, nose, every thing deserts a man when he is once fairly terrified—he hears, sees, and smells, exactly as his fright makes him. And now let us have done with this nonsense; you know I am sick of it—I could lay my life the whole turns out to be the work of some wretched cat, or a few martins. I remember my father (rest his soul!) was once annoyed with some of these noises. He put a pair of good hounds into the ghost's room, and next day we had a whole family of martins lying on the floor. Some time after, a blockhead of a servant took it into his head to hear more noises—my father ordered him to receive twenty strokes with the cat-o'-nine-tails. I remember the whole hunt turned out to witness the execution. After that we heard no more of ghosts."

"I dare say," said John, grinning, "nobody would care to see any, after such a reception." He saw, however, it was needless to contest the matter at the time: "besides," thought John, "though it roar and bellow, what then? The wing is uninhabited, we need not disturb ourselves about the matter." With this reflection, which he kept to himself, the old man left the room. He found several peasants waiting in the ante-chamber, who had business with Schirmwald, the head forest-master's secretary, and returned to announce them to his master.

"Send the Secretary here," said he. "He is not in the office," said John; "I saw him stepping across the court, with his music-books, to Miss Eleonora's room, more than an hour ago. I dare say they are singing or playing together, for he was there the whole of yesterday afternoon. Shall I call him?" The Baron muttered to himself.

"The devil has certainly sent that cursed smooth-faced verse-maker into my house. To think that this pale, moonshine-looking countenance of a fellow, without religion, and without conscience, should make his way into a girl's heart, and such a girl as my Eleonora. And is it possible that, for him, the noble, excellent Saalburg should be forgotten! Oh, woman! woman!—But I will expose the fellow—I will open her eyes—or my name is not Neideck."

The Baron, who had a bad custom of speaking before he thought, was promising more than he found it easy to perform. He was completely the slave of his daughter Eleonora, a beautiful girl, the image of his wife, with whom he had enjoyed eighteen years of uninterrupted happiness. Whatever Eleonora chose to command was done; he found it impossible to refuse her a single request, or to make use of a harsh word toward her. He saw the necessity, however, of exerting himself at present, and determined that Schirmwald should leave the house the moment that Saalburg, who had been fixed on, even from his childhood, as the husband of his daughter, should arrive. "Once let me see her Saalburg's wife," thought he, "and all will go well."

The door opened. Tall and slender, with something of a sorrowful and solemn expression in her countenance, Eleonora Von Neideck entered the room. Her dignified air, her dark clustering locks, shadowing her pale countenance, and falling on her shoulders, gave her the appearance rather of a sybil than the daughter of a German nobleman. But in the midst of the grace which characterised her movements, an attentive observer might perceive something of a theatrical cast—an affected elevation of language and manner, which in some measure impaired the impression which the first glance was calculated to produce. She was dressed in a black velvet robe, fitted closely to her figure, and fastened round the waist by a rich gold band and clasp. Long white plumes trailed downward from her dark hat, and in her hand she held a riding-switch.

"Whither so fast, my daughter?" said old Neideck, feeling his resolution melting away at the sight of this beautiful vision. "To the free air," answered Eleonora; "I come to kiss your hand." "Oh, you are going to ride," said the father;—"quite alone?" "Schirmwald goes with me; you need be under no apprehensions." "Really!" "He who once saved me," continued Eleonora with dignity, raising her dark melancholy eyes to heaven, "who, at the peril of his own life, preserved mine, may well be allowed to accompany me in a short ride."

The chief keeper of his majesty's forests bit his lips. "Saalburg," said he, "will be here immediately." "You told me so yesterday." "He loves you, Eleonora;" "You told me that too." "And what will you say to him if it is so?" "I will tell him the truth." "Of course—but what is that—yes or no?" "No, father." "No! by Heaven!" He stopped for a moment. "You do not love Saalburg?" "Not at all." "You love,—you love,—what the devil is the use of going about the bush—you love this Schirmwald. Is it not so?" "It is so," said Eleonora, casting her eyes down.

"No, girl! It is not, it shall not be so—I shall bear it no longer. You forget your own honor and mine. It is the talk of the whole house: you sit, and sing, and harp, and make verses together continually. At first, I was pleased at your intercourse, for I thought it might

be a means of improving your taste for music: I allowed the man who had been your preserver to be the companion of your amusements and your walks; but I could not have suspected that your infatuation could ever have proceeded to this length, and I feared to warn you, lest the warning itself might increase the danger;—and thus it is that you reward my delicacy and my confidence! Eleonora, you know I love you more than I can express—you know I hate all compulsion, all unnecessary exertion of authority; but make up your mind, dismiss Schirmwald—marry Saalburg.”

“Never, father,—my heart, my whole existence, are Schirmwald’s.”

“He is a miserable, deceitful wretch.” “Calumny—calumny—it is the lot of the great and the good.” “I have proofs, my daughter.” “Forgeries, framed by the malice of his enemies.” “But when you read the papers—” “I shall not believe them.”

There was a moment’s pause. The Baron resumed—“Promise me at least, that Saalburg—” “O see, father,” said Eleonora, interrupting the request, “see how impatiently my pony arches his delicate neck, and beats with his hoofs on the ground to call me! And this clear, sparkling sun, and this blue heaven, and every thing so smiling, I can stay no longer.”

She was gone. In a few moments the Baron saw her flying through the gate, with Schirmwald by her side. “There they go,” cried the old man, “and I am left alone.” A tear gathered in his eye. “Accursed delusion, that thus expels from the heart its best, and purest, and dearest feelings!”

He continued in deep thought, till the sound of a carriage awakened him from his reverie. He looked down into the court. A cavalier sprung out. “Saalburg!” cried the old man, in an ecstasy of delight; “it is he himself!” and he ran down stairs like lightning.

“Welcome, my dear, excellent young friend—welcome! Whom have you brought with you?” “Frau von Rehfield, most excellent forest-master.” “Is it possible! What! my sister, and Miss Rose, and Miss Lise, and all of them!” “Dear brother,” “Dear uncle,” resounded from all sides. “Paul, Christian, John,” bawled Neideck; “where are all the fellows?”

The whole household soon surrounded the carriage, and found ample employment in unloading its contents. Besides the human inhabitants of the ponderous vehicle, a cat, two lap-dogs, a canary bird in a cage, and a whole pile of trunks and band-boxes, were dug out. At last, however, the whole party were safely landed.

“Where is Eleonora—where is our dear cousin?” cried all of them speaking at once. Her father was just commencing an apology, when she galloped up to the door. She welcomed her visitors, and while she thus gave way to the natural ease of disposition, she was enchanting. Saalburg could not withdraw his eyes from her beauty. She, too, seemed at first a little surprised to see the raw, wild stripling changed into a handsome man; but that emotion seemed to disappear, and she took no further notice of him. The father seemed only to admire him the more. His graceful figure, his countenance, in which sweetness was blended with firmness, his good humor and strong feeling, tempered by a knowledge of the world, enchanted the old man. He was determined that no other person should be the husband of Eleonora, and felt almost distracted with anxiety, till he should find an opportunity of telling him how matters stood. He had not long to wait, for the young man was as impatient as himself. But what were Saalburg’s feelings, when the Baron informed him, that all the old ties of youth between him and Eleonora were dissolved, and that another now possessed her affections! Pride and anger contended in his heart, when he learned who it was that Eleonora thus preferred to him. But Saalburg was prudent, as well as noble and honorable. Before deciding on his plans, he wished to know from the Baron whether there was any thing to be hoped for. Neideck told him, that, during the disturbances occasioned by the war, Eleonora had been sent to reside with a relation in town, the young wife of old Count Horst; that, during her residence there, the round of idle amusements in which she mingled, the flatteries to which she was constantly exposed, and the influence of fashionable example, had entirely altered the native artlessness and modesty of her character. The tenderness of her feelings had disappeared,—she had become cold and affected,—the country wearied her,—the affection of her father she seemed to receive almost with indifference; she was also at that critical period when the heart must have employment.

By powerful recommendations, Schirmwald had contrived to get admittance into her father’s house. He had heard of her beauty and her fortune, and was resolved to hazard every thing to make the lady his own.

Neideck had received more than one anonymous intimation of his views, but he had paid little attention to them, partly because he believed it almost impossible that Eleonora could forget Saalburg, or give pain to her father by any opposition to his choice, and partly because he thought it still more improbable that any danger was to be apprehended from such a man as Schirmwald. And yet this Schirmwald, vain, ignorant, selfish, and (as he had more lately

had occasion to discover) unprincipled, had succeeded, by an affectation of peculiar softness of manner, and a pompous display of fine feeling, in captivating the unsuspecting heart of Eleonora.

It happened, also, toward the end of autumn, that Schirmwald, during one of his walks near the castle, had the good fortune to rescue Eleonora from the attack of a marauding ruffian, who had assaulted her in the wood. From this moment, the heart of Eleonora seemed to glow with the fire of affection. She seemed to think that even the warmest love toward her deliverer could scarcely repay the service she had received. She would no longer bear of her marriage with Saalburg. She admitted the goodness of his disposition,—but he wanted *mind*, and mind alone could make her happy.

"My dear Saalburg," said the Baron, as he concluded his recital, "so stands the case. You see you have little to hope. Eleonora's character, and the strength of this passion, make me fear that opposition—" "Would be in vain," cried Saalburg; "you know, my dear father, that passion was never cured by contradiction. If it is possible to win back Eleonora's heart, it can only be by taking care that not the smallest symptom of my design should appear. Promise me then not to allude in any way to our union. My relationship will account for my staying here a month or two. In that time, I shall be able to ascertain what I have to expect."

The Baron promised the strictest silence on the point, and after agreeing to communicate to each other any thing that should happen, they separated.

At Neideck, every one was master of his time. The Baron went about his ordinary employments, without concerning himself about the movements of his guests, to whom an excellent library, a billiard-room, and every convenience for walking, riding, or hunting, offered a constant fund of amusement. From breakfast-time, when they all met together, every one might employ himself as he pleased until two, when the sound of the hunting-horn summoned them to table. They enjoyed equal liberty during the afternoon, till they met again at eight o'clock to tea.

Saalburg saw Eleonora daily, and met her with an air of composure and indifference. During their rides, in which he occasionally accompanied her, he was attentive, but not officious; and he seemed to pay no attention to the marked distinction with which she treated Schirmwald. Thus the connexion between them seemed to have subsided into the calm, easy intercourse of mere acquaintance and politeness. The aunt and the young ladies, however, were not disposed to take the matter so coolly, and Saalburg found considerable difficulty in prevailing on them to be silent, as to the long-proposed union, and to leave him quietly to mature his plans.

One evening, he observed that Eleonora had evidently been weeping. Her eyes appeared inflamed, and during the whole evening it was impossible to draw her into conversation.

He soon ascertained the cause from Neideck. The Baron, he found, had taken Schirmwald soundly to task, and had told him decidedly that he might look for another situation. Ill-humor, and scarcely concealed indignation, sat upon the Secretary's brow when he appeared at table, and Eleonora seemed to share his feelings. Saalburg gave up every thing for lost.

Grieved to the heart at the consequence of the Baron's impatience, he left the room. It was the close of a winter afternoon, as he directed his steps toward the waste and dreary park that surrounded the castle. The snow crisped and crackled under his feet, in the clear frosty air. The winter wind rustled through the bare boughs of the willows, where the ice-flakes now hung in place of the vanished leaves. The deep, melancholy stillness of nature harmonised with his dejection. In this thoughtful mood he continued to saunter on till he reached a grove of dark pines, under whose boughs, still green amid the surrounding desolation, a little hermitage had been erected, in which a figure, dressed like a hermit, and moved by some machinery in the floor, had been placed by the Baron. Saalburg entered. Scarcely had he set his foot in the little chapel, when the figure rose from its knees, nodded its head, and opened the large book which was lying before it. Aware as he was of the deception, Saalburg stepped back involuntarily. At that moment his eye rested on a folded paper placed between the leaves of the book. He opened it. "A secret correspondence" was the first idea that occurred to him. But what was his astonishment when he recognised Eleonora's hand, and read the contents of the paper! "The idea of availing yourself of the common superstition of the Twelve Nights is excellent. You Fust, and I the Lady Venus! The terror in which the whole family will be placed will render it unnecessary for us to employ any other disguise than a white mantle. We shall take the road which tradition ascribes to the ghostly visitors. Let it be your care to provide horses. On new year's night at twelve I shall leave my chamber. The charge of imitating the uproar of the spirits I leave to you."

Saalburg stood for a moment to consider. The letter he saw must be allowed to reach its destination. Schirmwald, he had no doubt, would call for the paper, and he determined to continue in ambush till he should make his appearance. He pulled a withered branch from

a tree, climbed up into one of the tall pines that overhung the hermitage, and effaced the traces of his footsteps behind him. It was twilight before any thing occurred to break the silence around him. At last a footfall was heard, but it sounded heavily, like that of some laborer or servant. "The devil himself," cried a coarse, rough voice from below, "the devil himself only could find his letters in this dark hole; and after all, that rascal of a Secretary, perhaps, will never pay the postage. Prepare a horse indeed,—it is an easy matter for him to talk. He rides off, and leaves me to settle accounts behind him. But I am not such a fool as that, neither."

Lightly and slowly Saalburg glided down the trunk of the fir-tree. The fellow had already pressed the spring on the floor, and the hermit had opened his book. At that instant Saalburg seized him by the throat, pressing him with a giant's strength. "Silence, villain, or I will bury this dagger in your breast. You are lost, if I give you up to justice. I am the Baron Saalburg. Be candid; tell me every thing; conceal nothing, and I promise you twenty ducats."

"O yes!—noble Baron," whined out the poor wretch, "I will confess every thing—I am the poor woodman in the village,—for God's sake let me go,—you squeeze my breath out."

"Not a step till I know every thing," said Saalburg, throwing the struggling villain to the ground, and placing his dagger's point against his breast; "speak this instant; and if you dare to betray me to the Secretary, by my soul I will strike you dead like a dog, and accommodate your wife and children with lodgings for life in the town prison."

The man then confessed he had been employed by the Secretary to bring him the billet, and had been ordered, next night, at twelve o'clock, to have a horse saddled, and waiting behind the great oak in the park. As soon as the Secretary should come up to him with a lady veiled, and should give the word—"Give me the casket," he was to rush out, throw a mantle over her head, and carry her into a neighboring thicket, where he was to leave her. He was then to meet the Secretary next day in Kirchberg, across the borders, and receive his reward.

"And how came the Secretary to entrust you with this commission?" inquired Saalburg.

"Oh! because I was engaged in the former business." "What was that?"

"About half-a-year ago, he made me purchase a uniform, and place myself, according to his directions, in the thicket near the Ellerbacher road. When Miss Eleonora came past the thicket, during her evening walk, I sallied out, and ran up to her, exclaiming, 'Gold! gold!' Immediately Schirmwald, as had been arranged, came flying up, and attacked me; I took to flight. Eleonora called him her preserver, her good angel. The Secretary obtained the whole credit of having saved her. He got all he wanted. I got nothing. When I demanded my pay, he told me I was a year's rent in arrear to my lord, and that if I held my tongue, he would give me credit for it in the reckoning,—if not, he would have me thrown into prison. What could I do! For the sake of my wife and children I was compelled to be silent."

"You are a pair of precious rascals," said Saalburg; "confound me if I know which most deserves the gallows. Who is the lady whom the Secretary is to bring along with him to-morrow night?" "God knows," said the woodman; "some mistress or other; he has as many as there are sands on the sea shore."

Saalburg breathed more freely, as he felt that the exposure of this wretch was now so near. "Take this letter," said he, "to the Secretary, and tell him every thing is arranged. To show you that I intend to keep my word, take this purse. If you betray me, you know what you and yours have to expect. If you are honest, you shall receive your stipulated reward from me, the day after new-year's-day, at the castle."

Saalburg then let the man go, who departed with strong protestations of his honest intentions. He himself returned, slowly and pensively, to the castle, digesting in his own mind his plan of operations.

During tea, he kept his attention fixed on Eleonora, whose evident agitation did not escape his notice. The conversation, this evening, happened to turn on the great antiquity of the castle, and the strange looking colossal statue of Fust von Neideck, over the entrance, which looked as if it had been set up there to frighten away all visitors. "Oh! my dear uncle," cried Rosalie, "is it really true that Sir Fust and the Lady Venus walk about the castle? We have entered already on the twelve holy nights, and every evening I am in an agony." "Stuff—nonsense—confounded lies," muttered old Neideck. "But, uncle," resumed the obstinate young lady, "my aunt's maid—" "Aye, no doubt, she knows a great deal more of what takes place in my castle than I do." Rosalie was silent for a moment. Her uncle resumed, in a milder key, "Well, tell us what she saw; I see you are dying to be out with it." "Nothing, uncle, but she heard—" "Ho, ho! heard; the old story exactly. I wish to God I could hear no more of it!"

"But, brother," cried Frau von Rehfield, who had been longing for some time to take a part in the discussion, "if there is really nothing in it, why put yourself in such a passion? People will think some family secret is concealed under it. The servants merely say, that there are noises and alarms in the house, during the twelve nights, and surely there can be no harm in saying so."

"Aye, but there is, good sister—I have no wish that the affairs of my house should form the subject of conversation in every ale-house. If this folly is not put an end to, the block-heads will go on frightening one another to death with their confounded ghost stories. Besides, I find that they make a handle of this to excuse a thousand faults and disorders."

"My dear Baron," said Saalburg, smiling, "I have little or no belief in stories of the kind. But that we may know at least what tradition really says about the matter, I think you had better tell us the story—perhaps it will tend to remove Rosalie's fright."

"Be attentive, then, all of you," said the Baron von Neideck, "and listen to the wonderful history of the KNIGHT FUST and the LADY VENUS, which took place, according to the best authorities, about the year 1109.

"Fust von Neideck was a wild huntsman, an approved sword and buckler man, and withal a most potent drinker. He became such a virtuoso in this last accomplishment, that his fame spread far and wide; and the consequence was, that in his thirtieth year, he could scarcely stand so steadily on two feet as other people on one.

"His unmarried sister, who lived with him, witnessed his progress in the art with great dismay, and often tormented him with her importunity to choose a wife from among the young ladies of the neighborhood. She indulged the idea that the tides of love and parental affection would tend to weaken, in some measure, the influence of Bacchus. The Knight, however, was impregnable. He swore positively, that if the devil's dam herself should make her appearance, or Lady Venus of the mountain were to offer him her hand, on the condition that he should reduce his establishment by a single cup of wine, he would hunt them from the castle.

"His sister was silent. The Knight, however, had his weak moments, like other men, and his sister her own share of cunning, like other women. She contrived that a young lady, a distant relation of the family, whose father had died shortly before, should pay a visit to the castle. Weeks and months rolled away, and still she was an inhabitant of Neideck Castle. In short, whether the beautiful Herminia had really captivated the old toper, or that his sister had plied him with love-potions instead of Rhenish, so it was, that in the course of half-a-year, Herminia was lady of Neideck, without Fust's being ever able exactly to comprehend how the matter had taken place.

"The beauty of the fair bride must have been very powerful, or the love-philtres very strong, for Fast von Neideck actually continued sober for three days after the wedding. He thought himself entitled, however, to make up for this incredible abstinence, and, accordingly, on the fourth day, he caressed his pitcher more affectionately than ever. Herminia became indisposed—ill-humored; the Knight waxed more outrageous and disagreeable. His sister made the last attempt upon his feelings, by presenting to him the infant daughter which his wife had brought him: she conjured him to treat Herminia with more mildness, and at all events to continue sober one day in seven. It was all in vain. He repulsed his sister as if it had been her fault that Herminia had not brought him a son, and swore by all that was holy, that he would console himself for the misfortune of having a wife and daughter by an incessant round of hunting and drinking.

"Never was a vow better kept. Early next morning he got so deeply absorbed in meditation on the excellence of a flask of Rhenish, that his esquires found him speechless on the green before the door, in consequence of intense thought, which these irreverent knaves were impudent enough to call getting intoxicated with his subject. The instant the Knight awoke from his vinous reverie, he called for his bugle-horn and hunting spear, rode out into the wood—galloped about all day—and returned at night to renew his addresses to the flagon; and so the time ran on.

"One clear winter day he had wearied himself with fruitless pursuit of a bear, in the thickest part of the wood. Squires and dogs were equally at fault, and the overwearied horse of the Knight, who had separated from his party, would move no farther. It was mid-day. Grumbling at his bad fortune, the Knight dismounted, and led his horse by the bridle toward a spot which gleamed out greenly through the withered trees, the sun having melted the snow that covered it. As he came nearer, he heard the murmur of a small stream, which, purling along, under the shade of water-plants and hardy evergreens, dropped into a rocky basin, and whose lovely sparkling waters formed a striking contrast to the dead wintry stillness of the surrounding desolation.

"Fust resolved to let his horse rest here for some time, and threw himself on the wet moss to enjoy a similar refreshment. But a burning thirst would not allow him to sleep. Wine was not to be had, and unexampled as such an incident in the Knight's history, he was at last compelled to adopt the resolution of slaking his thirst with the pure element. But as he approached the brow of the small rock that overhung the basin, he saw beneath him, to his great surprise, a female figure, who seemed not to be aware of the presence of the intruder, for at the moment Fust approached, she had just dipped her delicate foot into the water, and evidently commenced her preparations for a cold bath. The beauty of the lady, and the strange time of the year she had chosen for that amusement, made the Knight pause upon the brink. She turned her eyes toward him, and Fust felt as if blinded by her beauty. He had never beheld such dazzling loveliness. A sort of exclamation, which he found it impossible to repress, drew the attention of the lady upon him; but the boundless amazement which was visible in his gaping countenance did not appear to be displeasing to her. She seemed in no way disconcerted by the gaze of the Knight, whose intellectual powers, never very clear, seemed to be totally clouded by the suddenness and strangeness of the occurrence. His whole soul was concentrated in his eyes. 'I know thee well,' said the beautiful bather, with the most silvery tones; 'thou art Fust von Neideck, the bravest Knight in the whole province. Shame on thee—eternal shame, that thou darest not follow me!' 'And why not?' cried the enchanted toper. 'Because thou art married,' answered the lady, while her bosom heaved with a deep sigh. It never could have entered into the brain of Fust to conceive that his marriage could possibly stand in the way of any thing he chose to do; and he lost no time in assuring the lady that he was here for life and death, and firmly resolved never to set his foot in Neideck again, if she should think it necessary. As a proof of his sincerity, he leaped down from the rock and offered her his glove. 'Well, then,' said the lady, 'I receive thee for my knight. Ever-flowing cups, successful huntings, and the open arms of ever blooming maidens, await thee! Know that I am the Lady Venus.

'There in the forest my castle lies,
And swifter my steed than the night-wind flies.'

"She clasped hold of him, and mounted, along with him, a gigantic horse, with bat's wings, and a head like a cat, which was pawing the ground beside them. Swift as a tempest, they flew across the park toward the mountain, which opened and closed upon the steed and its riders. One of Fust's huntsmen, who had come up, and overheard at some distance the conversation between that temperate Knight and the Lady, brought the melancholy news to the castle. His sister, after having a colossal statue of her brother formed and placed above the entrance, died of grief. The fate of the lady and her infant daughter is not known. The elder branches of the family of Neideck being extinct, by the death or disappearance of Fust, the estates came into the possession of the younger, from which I am descended. Once in every year, however, during the twelve holy nights, do the Knight and the Lady revisit the spot where they first met, and sometimes they even extend their call to the castle. And so ends the story."

"A thousand thanks, my dear uncle," cried Lisette, "a thousand thanks for your story; now I shall sleep more quietly—wild as Fust was, I am glad to hear he was not a murderous old ruffian, as I had heard. I thought every night I should see the door open, and some horrible figure come stalking in, with its face all over blood, and so on." "Oh no—no!" cried Rosalie; "I had no fear of that, for you know the maid said the spirit goes always directly to Eleonora's chamber, which it once inhabited." "Excellent," said old Neideck; "very authentic indeed, and from the correctness of this part of the story I think we may form a tolerable idea of the rest. Now, I tell you, that, according to the old tradition, the spectre goes directly to the old chamber in the second story, where the genealogical tree hangs; from thence, through the door in the tapestry, down the concealed stair, into the vaulted passage that branches out under the park, and opens opposite to the Venus Mountain. As for Eleonora's chamber, and all that part of the house, it is not easy to see how the ghost could have inhabited them, since they were only built about a century and a half ago. Good night, my dear children—sleep quietly." The old Baron took his pipe, rung for John, and marched off toward his bed-room.

The party broke up, leaving Saalburg highly pleased with his success. Without requiring to lead the conversation of the evening, he had gained the information he wished. But in order to make sure of the localities, he resolved to reconnoitre the spot. As soon as midnight came, and the inhabitants of the castle were secure, some soundly sleeping, and others not daring to move, through terror, he set out, provided with his sword and a dark-lantern,

toward the spot. He had scarcely traversed the passages which led to the place, and reached the chamber, when his attention was attracted by a hollow-sounding noise, sometimes broken by louder sounds, resembling the roaring of a tempest. Saalburg guessed at once that Schirmwald was taking this opportunity of practising his part against the following night. The noise came nearer. Sometimes it sounded like the tread of many heavy feet along the passage; then it would die away, and shortly again it re-commenced, as if a whole body of cavalry had been reviewed in the room below. At last it seemed to enter the room. Saalburg extinguished his lantern, and bent down in a corner till the imposter should pass. The figure, such as he could distinguish it by the dim glimmer of the snow-light from without, was Schirmwald's. The figure passed, and in a few minutes all was quiet. Saalburg rose from his hiding-place, and moved lightly and cautiously back to his room. As he passed the window of the staircase, to enter his room, he saw a light in the Secretary's apartment, opposite. "Aye," said he to himself, "we have both got home at the same moment."

The next morning was new-year's-day. With a feeling of deep anxiety and impatience for the issue, Saalburg rose. The morning slipped away in friendly meetings and congratulations.

Eleonora was indisposed, and did not appear at dinner. Schirmwald recited, with much emphasis, a poem of his own composition, in which he wished his patron, the Baron, and his whole family, all possible good fortune! Saalburg stood in astonishment at the composure of the traitor. The old Baron took the matter seriously—seemed much affected by the Secretary's effusion, and wished the whole party, Schirmwald included, many happy years, true friends, a good conscience, and every progress in the way of honor and good fortune. The nearer the important moment arrived, the heart of Saalburg beat more vehemently. They were summoned to tea, which was announced in Eleonora's chamber. She was reclining on a sofa, with considerable traces of indisposition in her countenance. No one, however, but Saalburg, seemed to mark her agitated appearance. The dark locks descending upon a face deadly pale, the dark silk dress fastened to the throat, as if for travelling, the thick shawl thrown negligently over her shoulders, convinced him that every thing was prepared for flight. "It is the last night in her father's house!" said he to himself, and it was fortunate that the imperfect light in the chamber concealed his agitation from Eleonora. He composed himself shortly, however, and approached, like the rest, to offer her his congratulations and good wishes. "I thank you, I thank you," answered she with a faltering voice; "my heart tells me I shall need them all."

The party separated early, to allow Eleonora to repose, after her illness. Saalburg flew to his chamber, buckled on his sword, took his lantern in his hand, and stepped gently toward the concealed staircase, determined to be first at his post.

When he entered the room, he looked eagerly around for the tapestry door leading to the stair, which he had unfortunately forgotten the day before to ascertain. His search was vain; the door was not to be found; and he found it would be necessary to wait till the door should be opened by the fugitives themselves. The first stroke of twelve sounded, and Saalburg, couching down in his ambush, concealed the lantern behind him. In a few minutes the uproar of the preceding night recommenced, and a congregation of horrible noises announced the approach of the modern ghost. A pale feeble light shone dimly on two figures clothed in white. Saalburg took a pistol from his bosom, and cocked it. They passed across the room. Schirmwald pressed a spring in the wall, and a door flew open. At that instant Saalburg stretched out his arm to seize him. The slight noise occasioned by this movement alarmed the Secretary, who started back a few steps, and perceived Saalburg. "We are betrayed!" cried he, and fired his pistol at the Baron. Saalburg felt himself wounded, but without hesitating an instant, returned the fire. With a loud groan, the Secretary dropped, and a large quantity of gold pieces was scattered on the floor. Overcome by loss of blood, and the agitation of his feelings, the Baron also sunk senseless on the ground.

He came to himself in a short time. Schirmwald's lamp was burning by his side. His first glance was in search of Eleonora, who still lay immovable on the ground. He raised her in his arms, without bestowing a thought on Schirmwald, and taking the lantern in his hand, he carried her to her chamber. The door was open. Her maids were fortunately still asleep. She soon recovered her senses. Saalburg would willingly have declined answering the questions she was disposed to put to him at that time.

"For Heaven's sake, Baron Saalburg," cried she, "one word only! Where is Schirmwald! What has happened to him?" "He fell by my hand," answered the Baron, reluctantly. "Impossible! it cannot be! you are mistaken! Did you not see the spectre that met us at the entrance of the tapestry door?" "I saw nobody." "The figure which drove me to a side, and as your ball whistled past my ear, seized on Schirmwald, dashed him down, and—" "My dear Eleonora, nothing of all this have I seen. Your over-heated

imagination has deceived you. Your pulse beats like lightning,—your senses wander. Be calm, I beseech you." "Saalburg, say then at once, what do you know of the unfortunate Schirmwald?" "Only that he is a villain, an accomplished villain, whom I will unmask to-morrow."

With these words, he left the room, and flew toward John's chamber, whom he found awake. "In God's name, Baron, what is the matter? You bleed. I heard a noise, but I did not dare to waken my master? "Quick, my good friend, quick! Bind my arm, and then awaken the Baron." Both commissions were executed immediately. "Ask no questions, my dear Neideck," cried the Baron to the old man; "my wound is nothing; time is precious, follow me quick. John, light us to the chamber in the second story. I will tell you all as we go."

The astonishment of the Baron, when he heard of Eleonora's preservation, and the Secretary's villainy, was inexpressible. They came to the spot, but Schirmwald was gone. No traces of blood appeared, notwithstanding the dangerous wound, which, from his groans, Saalburg concluded he had received. Nothing was to be seen but Eleonora's casket, which lay on the ground, and the gold which was scattered about the room. The door they could not find. Saalburg knew not what to think of the matter. One thing, however, was clear, that he had not to answer for the Secretary's death.

Early next morning, Heubach, the woodman, appeared to claim his reward. He received the stipulated sum, after confessing, in the presence of the Baron and old John, the whole of his connexion with the Secretary.

On looking over the forest-accounts, the sum which had been found scattered about the room the night before was ascertained to be wanting.

Neideck went to his daughter's apartment, determined for once to tell her, without hesitation or disguise, the extent of her error; but he found it unnecessary. Full of shame and repentance, she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged that he would allow her to retire into a convent. Neideck endeavored to calm the enthusiast, and then proceeded to acquaint her with Heubach's disclosures, from which Schirmwald appeared in his true colors. Her confusion and remorse were indescribable. With tears of the deepest anguish, she threw herself on her father's neck, who thanked God that his daughter was now again restored to him. Saalburg's wound, and the delicacy which had induced him for some time to leave the castle, affected her deeply.

About three months afterward, she requested her father to summon Saalburg to the castle. He flew thither immediately, on the wings of hope. Eleonora had laid aside all her affectation. "Saalburg," said she, with a gentle blush, as he entered, "you know that I have loved; but I have expelled from my heart the traitor who robbed me of those feelings which ought to have been yours. If my heart has still any value in your eyes, take it with this hand, and with it my warmest esteem—my tenderest affection!"

Saalburg kissed the offered hand with delight. "Eleonora," said he, "Fortune has lowered on me once; now I can bid defiance to her frowns." And he pressed her to his heart.

S O N G .

Oh! Love is like the cistus flower,
That blossoms for a day;
Oh! Love is like the summer shower,
That sunbeams kiss away.

'T is but a wild delusive dream,
Dispersed by reason's power;
'T is but an evanescent gleam
In youth's enchanting hour.

Yet, oh! 't is all we have of bliss,
A vision bright and dear,

As warm as Beauty's gentle kiss,
As transient as her tear.

And woe be to those lonely hearts
That feel Love's fires decay;
The feathery flake the snow-cloud darts
Is not more cold than they.

The blighted hope, the ruin'd mind,
All darkened and o'ercast;
These are the traces left behind
Where passion's storm has past.

THE GREGIAN DAUGHTER,

A BALLAD,

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Published by Geo. W. Hewitt & Co, (late Nunn's) No. 70 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Andante con molto espressione.

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first measure of the bass staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody includes a half note G4 and a half note F#4. The bass staff continues with chords. A dynamic marking of *p* is present. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with the lyrics: "Oh never heed my mother dear The si-lent tears I shed; En-". The bass staff provides the piano accompaniment. Dynamic markings of *p* are present at the beginning of both the vocal and piano staves. The system concludes with a double bar line.

deed I will be happy here Then ask me not to wed. By

day you shall not see me weep, Nor night - ly murmur in my

CRIS DIM

sleep: But ask me not to be a bride, For when my

DOL:

own d:ar La - ra died, I kissed his brow, I breathed a

RALL: **A TEMPO**

now, Ah! bid me not to break it now! Then nev-er heed my

RALL: **A TEMPO.**

moth-er dear, The at-lent tears I shed In deed I will be

happy here, Then ask me not to wed.

f *p*

*He was the first love of my heart :
 My last love he will prove,
 Then mother we will never part,
 Nume not another love!
 At morn I decked him for the fight,
 I bathed his blood-stained brow at night;
 And now in his cold grave he lies,
 There is no joy for these sad eyes;
 Talk not of bridal robes to me,
 No, mother, no, it must not be!
 Then never heed my mother dear,
 The silent tears I shed,
 Indeed I will be happy here,
 Then ask me not to wed.*

THE VICTIM.

I do not know that ever o'er my soul,
Came so o'erwhelmingly as now, the thought
Of my lost brother's fate—it never struck
More thrillingly the chords of tenderness,
Nor swept my heart-strings with a tone more sad.
I have been sitting this half hour agone,
Alone and silently, beside the hearth,
Thought-stricken and contemplative.—Away
My spirit roamed, 'mid early childhood's paths,
Clothed with a feeling so intensely wrought,
That it came freighted with all memories
Of past and garnered grief.—My brother's grave!
Oh could I visit the far spot, where they
With whom he sojourned and with whom he died
Consigned him to the dust first.—Full many a time
Hath Autumn garnished the vast wilderness
Through which he wandered, weary, faint and sad,
Since he departed from us; I was then
A boy of some eight summers, and he had
Scarce yet the years of manhood—stern decay
Had marked him for its own—but we had hope
That fell disease might yield her iron grasp,
And some strange land restore him.—He had been
Received most kindly in a far-off clime—
Friendship and Love had ministered to him,
And he had written of his happy lot,
Thus to be gently cared for.—But no hope
Seemed to inspire his chastened soul, that o'er
He might re-visit his loved native land,
And greet again his kindred.—Oh! I've seen—
And yet the memory fades not—tears stream down
The care-worn channels of my mother's cheek,
And the bright eyes of my young sister dimmed,
And heard the sigh from anguish-stricken breasts,
When they would learn his chastenings.—Then too soon—
He had not written late—came in strange hand
The tidings of his spirit's flight away.
Oh how my spirit rushes back again,
And garners up each saddened memory,
That lingers round that moment—how the thought
Of that sad household group of grief comes home
And bids me weep once more—my father read
Aloud to thrilling ears—his dying words.

Oh fate! how hard thy fiat! how his soul
While struggling with thy mandate, must have writhed
And sickened at his destiny—Oh ravisher
Of every tender tie—each bursting bud
Of fond and dreaming ecstasy!—how false
In thy last hour of triumph, dost thou make
Thy victim's transient glow—giving to eye
An emanation of new light that seems
To speak of wakening vigor—to the cheek
A glow all redolent of new-born hope,
And to the lip its vermeil tint of youth.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"The American Lounger." By the author of *Lafitte, Captain Kyd, and other tales.*
1 vol. Lea and Blanchard.

This neat little volume, contains some of the most popular sketches of Professor Ingraham. He seems to be a keen observer of the motives and actions of men, and makes some bold strokes at the follies of the age. As these are his Magazine articles, for the most part, and have many of them been read by our readers in another dress, we dismiss the work.

"The Barber of Paris," a Novel in 2 vols. By Paul De Kock, author of *"Andrew the Savoyard," "Good Fellow," &c. &c.* Lea and Blanchard.

We have given the work an attentive perusal, and do not deem it equal to the former productions of the author. It is little more than a history of the debauches of a certain Marquis, who is the prominent character; and it is written in a strain of looseness of morals, which must meet unmitigated condemnation. We care not what may be said of the *moral* of the tale, when every line is calculated to excite unholy emotions; or of the triumph of virtue, when it must be tried as by fire; and when the very process through which it is to pass, is not such as should be gazed upon by the eyes of modesty and virtue. We believe it to be our duty to denounce the book, and we regret that any man should deem it profitable employment, to engage his time in translating such a work.

"Nicholas Nickleby. No. 11. Lea and Blanchard.

The genius of "Boz," is so universally admitted and appreciated, that we almost deem it unnecessary to say any thing in commendation of any thing from his pen, but as we have never had an opportunity of speaking freely to our readers, we embrace the present. He is undoubtedly, better acquainted with human nature in all its various shades, than any writer of the day. His works abound in profound observations upon the motives of men, and the principles which prompt to action, and he has a facility of description, and a conception of the ludicrous, never surpassed. There is, too, a pathos in some of his relations, which moisten the eye, and touch the deep emotions of the heart, and search its hidden springs of feeling. He is certainly better acquainted with human nature in every shade of wretchedness, than any writer in the language; and portrays, with a vividness, which induces the supposition, in the absence of positive knowledge, that he has tasted the cup, the bitterness of which he describes. In the present number, he opens upon the jolly wights, in a passage of unmingled sarcasm, for the despicable littleness of attempting to anticipate the plot, and thus destroy the sale of the works of a laborious, and deserving author. He has been misused himself in this respect, and he evidently labors in the present number, by altering and confounding the plot, to bewilder those pirates upon the labor of Genius. At the complimentary supper of Mr. Crummles, he thus expresses his detestation, through the mouth of Nicholas:

"It was upon the whole a very distinguished party, for independently of the lesser theatrical lights who clustered on this occasion round Mr. Snittle Timberry, there was a literary gen-

tleman present who had dramatised in his time two hundred and forty-seven novels as fast as they had come out—some of them faster than they had come out—and *was* a literary gentleman in consequence.

This gentleman sat on the left hand of Nicholas, to whom he was introduced by his friend the African Swallower, from the bottom of the table, with a high eulogium upon his fame and reputation.

"I am happy to know a gentleman of such great distinction," said Nicholas, politely.

"Sir," replied the wit, "you're very welcome, I'm sure. The honor is reciprocal, sir, as I usually say when I dramatise a book. Did you ever hear a definition of fame, sir?"

"I have heard several," replied Nicholas, with a smile. "What is yours?"

"When I dramatise a book, sir," said the literary gentleman, "*that's* fame—for its author."

"Oh, indeed!" rejoined Nicholas.

"That's fame, sir," said the literary gentleman.

"So Richard Turpin, Tom King, and Jerry Abershaw, have handed down to fame the names of those on whom they had committed their most impudent robberies?" said Nicholas.

"I do n't know anything about that, sir," answered the literary gentleman.

"Shakspeare dramatised stories which had previously appeared in print, it is true," observed Nicholas.

"Meaning Bill, sir?" said the literary gentleman. "So he did. Bill was an adapter, certainly, so he was—and very well he adapted too—considering."

"I was about to say," rejoined Nicholas, "that Shakspeare derived some of his plots from old tales and legends in general circulation; but it seems to me, that some of the gentlemen of your craft at the present day, have shot very far beyond him—"

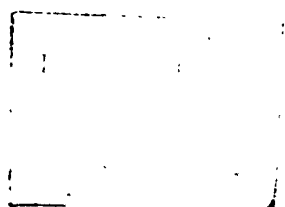
"You're quite right, sir," interrupted the literary gentleman, leaning back in his chair and exercising his toothpick. "Human intellect, sir, has progressed since his time—is progressing—will progress—"

"Shot beyond him, I mean," resumed Nicholas, "in quite another respect, for, whereas he brought within the magic circle of his genius, traditions peculiarly adapted for his purpose, and turned familiar things into constellations which should enlighten the world for ages, you drag within the magic circle of your dulness, subjects not at all adapted to the purposes of the stage, and debase as he exalted. For instance, you take the uncompleted books of living authors, fresh from their hands, wet from the press, cut, hack, and carve them to the powers and capacities of your actors, and the capability of your theatres, finish unfinished works, hastily and crudely vamp up ideas not yet worked out by their original projector, but which have doubtless cost him many thoughtful days and sleepless nights; by a comparison of incidents and dialogue, down to the very last word he may have written a fortnight before, do your utmost to anticipate his plot—all this without his permission, and against his will; and then, to crown the whole proceeding, publish in some mean pamphlet, an unmeaning farrago of garbled extracts from his work, to which you put your name as author, with the honorable distinction annexed, of having perpetrated a hundred other outrages of the same description. Now, show me the distinction between such pilfering as this, and picking a man's pocket in the street: unless, indeed, it be, that the legislature has a regard for pocket-handkerchiefs, and leaves men's brains, except when they are knocked out by violence, to take care of themselves."

"Men must live, sir," said the literary gentleman, shrugging his shoulders.

"That would be an equally fair plea in both cases," replied Nicholas; "but if you put it upon that ground, I have nothing more to say, than, that if I were a writer of books, and you a thirsty dramatist, I would rather pay your tavern score for six months—large as it might be—than have a niche in the Temple of Fame with you for the humblest corner of my pedestal, through six hundred generations."

Several Literary Notices are crowded out of this number. Among others, articles on "The Writings of John Marshall, late Chief Justice of the United States," "Sydney Clifton," "Sabbath Recreations," by Miss Taylor, &c. &c. Next month we hope to be able to balance our account. No work can be reviewed unless received before the 20th of the month.





Forest, by J. M. W. Turner

No. 3.

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THE CASKET.

Vol. XV.]

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

[No. 3.

A LEGEND OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY OLIVER OLDFELLOW.

THIS celebrated Cave has been the subject of many a traveller's remarks, and is well worth a visit from any man who delights in viewing the oddities of nature. It is situated near Green River, Kentucky, about 130 miles south-west of Lexington. It was formerly the subject of much superstitious fear, and many a dark tale was related by the natives, and was believed by the early settlers of the country. Some of these legends, however, have of late years been put to flight, by the unpoetic operations of the Glauber Salts Miners, whose innumerable pits, give evidence of a design to push their inquiries farther than the truth of some of these rusty legends would seem to warrant. But as my business is not with the dull realities of the present day, but with "The Hunter's Legend," I leave these plodding mortals, to delve, with their mineral poisons, and come at once to "*The Haunted Chamber*," which modern travellers say derives its appellation, from the repeated echo of its caverns; at this, however, the schoolboy shrugs up his shoulders incredulously, and the young beauty in toto denies it, as she remembers "the mummy girl," found some years since in the cave, while she rejects the forged tale, that the maiden was dressed in homely lincey, was six feet long, and was in all probability, the homely daughter of a trapper. To set the matter at rights between modern chroniclers, and the young, who despise their matter-of-fact plainness of relation, I will recite what I learned from an old man, many years since, while on a visit to the spot. "Old Daddy Herbert," is doubtless well remembered by the gray beards of the country round about the Cave, and the truth of his relations could no doubt be corroborated, had we the leisure to hunt up the witnesses.

There may be those who will laugh at the tale, as at a legend revived, which has long been forgotten, but it is the testimony of a gray haired old man, whose visage the sun of eighty summers had browned, standing with one foot in the grave; as it were, upon the isthmus which divides time from eternity, and as he saw the rewards of virtue and truth, in the world beyond, left this, his parting memento and attestation, that it was true.

Methinks I see him now, as he sat upon the jutting rock, his pale brow, fanned by the evening breeze, and his long silvery locks playing upon his shoulders; his fine eye glistening as he warmed in the recital, and the tones of a fine voice, impaired by time, becoming huskier and fainter, as he drew to the conclusion of the melancholy tragedy.

I had wandered out, between sunset and dusk in the evening, and found the old man sitting near the mouth of the Cave, with his elbow upon his knee, and his chin resting upon his hand, his pale and expansive brow, bared to the evening breeze, apparently wrapped in thought, or lost in reverie. He was well known in the neighborhood, but his retired and hermit-like life, and his habits of abstraction, caused him to be regarded by some, only as a

singular, by others as partly an insane old man. He obtruded neither himself nor his cares upon any, but continued to pick up a scanty subsistence, and lived secluded in his hut, which even then gave evidence of having borne the pitiless storms of many winters. He did not notice my approach, and I therefore placed my hand upon his shoulder, and familiarly ejaculated, "Daddy Herbert."

"Well, young man," he returned, "sit down." And a faint smile of recognition played for a moment over his features, but they quickly subsided into the most melancholy expression.

"You are not afraid," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "to wander out by the Cave at twilight?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "I am pleased that I took the walk, since I have been so fortunate as to meet you here."

"Most persons, young man, would rather not meet me *here* at this hour, though I never wronged any; but man is of so suspicious a nature, that when he meets one who does not herd with his fellows, he at once brands him as a fool or a villain. Yet, how different does the joys of society seem to the eye of him, who has spent his life apart from the busy scenes of active life; who looks upon selfish man, in the interchange of life's courtesies, ever pursuing the one grand object, the aggrandizement of self, when he finds nothing too low, to stoop to, to attain his ends, and no device too mean, to prevent his pressing it into service. And still more, how immeasurably low, does humanity sink in his estimation, when he finds that the history of one man, is the history of all men, that they go on, jostling each other in the race for the attainment of selfish ends; plundering, lying, and cheating by turns, and even robbing innocence of its truth, and virtue of its charms, for the gratification of a short lived notoriety."

The old man paused for a moment, and then asked, "Have you a sister, young man?"

I answered that I had.

"Guard her then, as the immediate jewel of your soul, and oh, above all things, guard her from the snares of the spoiler. Watch, earnestly and eagerly, the bent of her affections, and when the deceiver approaches in the disguise of a friend, tear the mask from his hypocrisy, and the mantle from his character, if you would have happiness in this world, and peace hereafter."

I found that the old man's spirit was deeply touched, and that he had unawares struck the chord of his own sorrows. He buried his face in his hands, and after a few moments of deep silence, during which he apparently suffered much, he resumed,

"I have permitted myself, young man, to wander into the causes of my own grief. I feel that I have but a few years to live, the blood courses but slowly through these old veins, and the story of my wrongs, and of the sad fate of my poor girl, may, perhaps, save you or yours, from a life of sorrow."

"My poor girl, sir, lies in the cave yonder. I carried her there with my own hands when she died. I brought her many a mile from the witnesses of her crime,—no matter, sir, when we came or when we left. It has been many years now, the story of her wrongs has been forgotten by many, and nobody will dare to fathom the recesses where she lies. My name, young man, is not 'St. Herbert,' I have only assumed it to hide my history; there are but few surviving, however, who could trace the connection, and I shall confide sufficiently in you, to suppose, that you will not attempt a revelation till my death, of what I shall now relate."

I promised most implicitly, and the old man proceeded with his story.

"I lived with my wife and daughter, in the thriving little town of L——. With some money, though not of itself a competency, I contrived, by active and honest industry in my business, to keep pace with my more genteel neighbors, and was supposed by many of them to be actually wealthy. Among those who had formed this opinion, was Charles Barton, the son of the most wealthy individual of the place. He was a young man of good person and engaging manners, and altogether of a fine *exterior*. He might be said to have been remarkable for manly beauty. His full dark eye and fine open forehead, shaded with his black glossy hair; with a complexion, sufficiently brunette not to be effeminate, and his cheeks always tinged with the rose's hue, rendered him peculiarly attractive to the young ladies of the village. I believe he might have had his choice, and there were many worthy girls to choose from. But in an evil hour, he set his heart upon my child, who was then in her sixteenth summer.

"How shall a father describe her? She was just blooming into womanhood, her fine auburn curls, drooped like golden ringlets about her shoulders, which were exquisitely rounded, her deep blue eye was as liquid as water, and melted you even while it gazed upon you. Her laugh was all joyousness, and altogether girlish, she was in the freshness of her youth and beauty, with her full, red, saucy lip, and rounded, peach-like cheek. She was all

that the poet might dream of, or the most fastidious desire to love. She was the image of her sainted mother, who died before her, and who, thank heaven, never knew her fate. Pardon, young sir, the garrulity of an old man, and forgive the freedom in which he bestows his colors, while painting the portrait. She was all that this old heart desired to love, all that these old eyes, desired to look upon. She was the sun of my existence, and had been left by heaven to cheer my remaining days. But, ah, the flower was nipt in its freshness. A canker was at the root, and I saw it not,—and even while I gazed upon its rich leaves, expanding to the sun, they fell withered at my feet.

“Why should I go into the minutiae, or tell the steps, by which she was undone? It is sufficient to know that he conquered. The moment the villain found that wealth was not her dowry, he determined to despoil her of all that she possessed, which was worth living to preserve, that could add worth to her charms, or could render her lovely in the eyes of her old father. But the vengeance due his crime, I meted out to him. Methinks I see him now, in the dark chamber of that Cave, kneeling for mercy before an infuriated and a wronged old man. Ah! I gripped him with the tiger’s grasp. Did he escape me? Did he make me believe that he came on a visit to the Cave, knowing not of its contents? Villain that he was, let his blood cry for an avenger, and may his ghost shriek in the ears of the fearful in that dark cavern, ‘The Haunted Chamber!’ Ha! let him stalk there. Let his dead eyes plead for mercy. No! by Heaven!” The old man started to his feet, his eyes flashed fire, his frame seemed to stretch in its height, and his breast to dilate, he raised his arm to heaven and muttered a vow, and then, without deigning me a look, started into the woods.

Poor old man! I afterward learned that he died suddenly, and some said crazed, of this, however, I never could ascertain the truth or falsehood. Yet, I never hear of the “Mammoth Cave,” and of the “Trapper’s Daughter,” found wrapped in its dark dungeon room, in coarse Kentucky cloth; but I wonder whether the old man was not actually crazed when he told the story, and whether in some of his rambles in the Cave, he had not met the mummy, carefully deposited in its hiding place. The best authorities declare, that the mummy when found was at least six feet long, which sadly conflicts with the old man’s account of the beautiful victim. Yet, there are many who remember the sudden departure of a person from the village of L——, accompanied by a beautiful maiden, who appeared to be rapidly sinking in a decline.

Philadelphia, August 10th, 1839.

S T A N Z A S .

Oh! tell me not of brighter lands, or sunny climes away,
Where morning winds breathe low as lutes, and zephyrs ever play,
And streamlets murmur pleasantly, and all is gay and fair;
Oh! tell me not of brighter lands—I care not to be there.

They sing of homes in verdant isles upon a tranquil sea,
Where sylph-like forms at even dance beneath the citron tree,
And dark-eyed beauties whisper love, and sooth the brow of care,
And life is like a marriage feast—I care not to be there.

Oh! tell me not of eastern climes where rich acacias blow,
And perfume floats on every breeze, and fountains tinkle low,
The bulbul warbles to its mate beside the star-lit streams,
And love smiles on us all the day, and whispers in our dreams.

Oh! tell me not of brighter lands, though Houris from the skies
Should charm us there to soft repose beneath their love-lit eyes,
Or woo us in their Eden bowers to linger by their side,
Breathing their vows like fairy songs upon a moonlit tide.

Oh! tell me not of other lands, I have one brighter still;
And dear to me is every wood, and stream, and vale, and hill;
But dearer far the smiling home where still I love to be,
For one low voice, and dark, deep eye are all the world to me.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

THE purple shade of twilight was deepening in the balmy air, as I wandered out beneath the tall old trees, to the violet bank, whereon I was wont to rest after the toils of the day were over. Beautiful, almost beyond description, was the scene around; and the quiet was undisturbed even by the rippling of a gentle stream, upon whose fair bosom already shone the brightness of the first star of evening.—As I looked abroad upon the calm loveliness—on the dark forest, in whose shadows the very breezes seemed to repose,—on the broad sky above, in which a solitary cloud appeared motionless, as if gazing with lingering love upon the beauty beneath,—it seemed to me as if Nature, kneeling in adoration beneath the eye of Jehovah, had commanded silence in all her courts!

Here, apart from communion with man, or the great world, I thought with contempt upon the objects which engage the pursuit of so many of our race. I wondered if ever circumstances would produce such a revulsion in my own feelings as to permit my attention to be thus engrossed. And as I pondered on what might be my fate in life, gradually and unconsciously, a gentle slumber took possession of my senses; for I was weary, and unable to resist the lulling influences of the scene.

The shade of evening was upon my brow as I slept, but in my dream I looked upon a lovely sunrise, softer and more golden in its radiance than the light of waking day, and my step was upon a path, which I knew was that of life. Flowers were about my way, brilliant and pure as the thoughts of an angel;—lofty trees towering to the skies, with foliage shining and spotless as an emerald, waved their branches in the ambrosial air, making a sound like the sweet laughter of joyous spirits; and oh! beyond all expression, was the melody thrilling the air around me, now rising like a triumph-strain, and anon melting away with a fainter cadence, like a seraph's sigh, full of extatic bliss.

Then while I looked abroad, gladness and pride filled my heart, as though for me all this loveliness was prepared,—for my gratification did the flowers pour their incense upon the breeze,—for my ear alone was the harmony arising from all lapsing waves, and gushing waterfalls,—for me did the light, that was like the smile of Jehovah, make visible all beautiful objects!

So absorbed was I, gazing upon the glories around me, that I was unconscious of the approach of a female form, until the sweet sound of her voice awakened me from my reverie. The fresh roses of May were garlanded about her fair brow, but a richer glow was upon her cheeks, and a more dewy freshness on her smiling lips. With her silken hair falling like light around her beautiful head, and bare, dazzling shoulders—rich jewels flashing on her white arms, and an azure robe floating round her graceful figure, she presented a vision lovelier than I had ever imagined. With a smile like that of morning, she invited me to her bowers. There, she said, was no sighing or sorrow, but from rosy dawn to starry night, all was joy. So I gave my hand to Pleasure, and entered with her, the realm of Enchantment.

From these domains the light of the sun was almost entirely excluded. Soft and shadowy was the radiance throwing a mysterious charm o'er every scene. Harps, as if swept by fairy fingers, mingled their harmonious tones with those of unseen minstrels, whose songs told of unalloyed transports. Ambrosial wines steeped the senses in delightful forgetfulness. Here I thought I must be forever happy; but after I had wandered through the brightest scenes, and enjoyed to the utmost every delight which it was in the power of Pleasure to bestow, I found myself unsatisfied. The noble capabilities of my nature called for higher objects.

The fresh morning of my existence had already passed, when my footsteps left the last bower of Pleasure. Once more the light of day was around me, glorious in its meridian splendor. But I had not proceeded far on my pathway, ere the form of Ambition met me. Like the sound of a silver trumpet was his voice to my delighted ear. His tower, he said, reached a heaven of beauty; far above the cloud and the storm were its glittering turrets. There I should control the stars in their high orbits of glory, and cause them to keep their silent vigils forever over the mount. He promised the world for my empire, and mankind for my subjects! And I, fool that I was, listened, and believed. At the luminous shrine of

Fame, passed I the noonday of life. But Ambition was a false prophet, and bitter were my upraidings as I fled from his presence, with his mocking laughter ringing in my ears.

Then entered I the Temple of Luxury, walking over floors of the purest gold, leaning against pillars composed of the most precious stones, and inhaling the fragrance of the most costly exotics. In the lofty dome a sun and stars, skilfully formed of the most brilliant diamonds, reflected the lustre of a thousand chandeliers. But long in this splendid abode I did not remain. The blending colors in the west announced the approach of the descending sun. I wandered on, musing over the events of my past life. I turned with disgust from the enervating influences of Pleasure—with sorrow I remembered the most precious moments employed in the pursuit of Fame, and surveyed with surprise, the delight experienced for a short time in the Temple of Luxury. The sun was fast declining. I had spent my life in the pursuit of happiness, alas, how vainly!—and it was now almost at its close. A vague dread came over me. My soul was troubled, and I cried aloud in my anguish. Then the voice of Truth instructed, and the sweet counsels of Religion soothed me. Then I knew that I did not exist for myself alone—but for the glory of God, and that the happiness of every living being consisted in obeying the will of its Creator.

Then heard I of the upper and better world, and as I listened, I felt an immortal energy stirring within me, and knew the power of a mind which was an emanation from Omnipotence. I longed for a knowledge of all the sublime and mysterious splendors of eternity. I looked upon earth as the grave of disappointed hopes—on life as a series of delighted expectations. And what was Death, but the unfolding of the gates of Heaven? The unveiling of an infinite majesty! The key that opened the portals of eternal glory!—I saw the bowers of Pleasure fading in the twilight; the lofty turrets of Ambition's tower reflected the last beam of parting day,—the Temple of Luxury ceased to shine. But lo! far brighter than the sun, a lovely radiance flashed over the ample sky. I gazed on angelic forms, whose resplendent plumes glancing in the light reflected its brilliance. Seraphic melody, to which all earthly harmony was discord, thrilled my ravished senses. Brighter and still brighter grew the gush of light—louder and yet louder the exulting strains! Earth grew dim beneath me—heaven appeared above. Onward and upward was my course. I gained the celestial arch. The sentinel angel smiled as I uttered Jesus for my watchword! The crown of immortality was upon my brow. Joy was my portion—glory my reward. And I knew *that* joy was everlasting and *that* glory unfading!

Thus ended my vision, and when I looked out upon the real world once more, the stars were all looking down upon me, and the moon seemed to have cast her crown upon the waters at my feet. So I arose and entered my home, but with a slow step, thinking over the events portrayed in my dream. And I said within my heart, it is a true picture, and I will gather wisdom from its meaning. For since I know that the objects of earth are unsatisfying and its pleasures fleeting, I will not waste my precious moments in their pursuit. Even were the certainty mine, that *at last* the tender promises of Religion should console my wearied spirit, it were *folly* not sooner to seek the only source of true happiness;—and oh! what worse than madness, *without* that certainty, to bestow a moment's attention on the shadow, while the substance might be gliding from my grasp.

E. H. S.

Philadelphia, July 12th, 1839.

YON STARRY WORLDS.

BY MISS EUGENE D. ST. HERBERT.

Yon starry worlds—how calmly bright
They move along the sky!
Pearls in the coronal of night,
They sparkle upon high.

Bright islands of the upper deep,
How brilliantly they glow!
Like diamonds ocean eagles weep,
They gem yon sea of snow.

Rural Mount, July, 1839.

What angel feet the fields have trod,
That glitter on their sides?
To reach the throne of light—where God—
Eternally abides!

Who would not die to walk with them,
A spirit pure as light,
The pearl bespangled diadem,
Upon the brow of night.

FORGET ME NOT.

BY CATHARINE E. WATERMAN.

FORGET ME NOT, when thou art sadly roving,
By the old haunts we used to tread of yore,
'Tho' the dear scenes, the early loved, and loving,
Shall see no more.

Forget me not, when thou art lowly kneeling,
And thy pure thoughts are sadly breath'd in prayer,
Let memory's spirit form, around thee stealing,
Picture me there.

Oh! if thou knewest how my sad heart yearneth,
But to be with thee in those haunts again,
How vainly, for what never more returneth,
It doth complain;

Could'st thou but see the eye, that for thee weepeth,
Note the pale cheek, grow paler, day by day,
Mark the bow'd spirit, that still fondly keepeth
Its dreams for aye;

Thou would'st not soon forget me, tho' no morrow
May find us lingering by each other's side,
Still will I strive, hope's rainbow tints to borrow,
My woes to hide.

Yes, thou wilt think of her, whose heart was broken,
Whose early hopes, like leaves before the blast
Were rudely scattered,—and no cheering token
Around them cast.

Like to a joyous bark, thro' seas careering,
Leap'd my glad bosom, lit by one bright ray
'Till clouds grew round, the beacon disappearing.
And, where were they?

A stormy toss'd Bark, by rude winds fiercely driven,
And a wreck'd heart, upon life's Ocean wave,
Their Anchorage—the blue eternal heaven,
Won, thro' the grave.

Thou knowest well, the heavy ills that press me,
Thou knowest all my sad, and chequer'd lot,
And, tho' no more on earth, I shall caress thee,
Forget me not!

THE WISSAHICKON PIC-NIC.

JEREMY SHORT'S STORY AT THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

Sly. "When will the fool come again?"

Sim. "Anon, my lord."

Taming of the Shrew.

"Missis," shouted the servant girl, with a peculiar nasal twang, from the foot of the entry stair-case.

"We-e-el," whistled a shrill voice over the third story bannisters.

"There 's a gen'lman here," responded the Hebe.

"A gentleman! Good heavens, what gentleman?" answered the shrill voice, sinking into a whisper.

"The gen'lman with the lots o' gold chains," and with this very elegant and picturesque description the slipshod girl shuffled into the kitchen.

"Oh! mercy, Mr. Augustus Townsend here, and I in such a trim—the footman out too—that slatternly thing to wait on the door—it 's so shocking if he heard her—dear, dear me, what shall I do?" and the slouchy maiden aunt, looked wofully at her dishabille, and then in a perfect agony rushed tumultuously into her room.

Meanwhile the cause of all this hubbub sat in the parlor, complacently regarding himself in the mirror that stretched to the ceiling opposite him. He was a tall, lean, lathy looking gentleman, dressed in a suit of glossy black cloth, with a buff vest, crossed by two enormous gold chains, one having a watch and the other an eye-glass pendant thereto. He wore a huge signet ring, and a breast-pin of astounding size; and carried a thin, whalebone cane, fastened by another chain to his wrist. His shiny black hair was disposed in pert curls adown his face, and a pair of singularly glossy whiskers vegetated across his face, much like the cherubim wings that in the old pictures overshadow the ark. Such was Mr. Augustus Townsend. He was, and had been for twenty years, a perfect lady's man. He was always proposing a pic-nic, fishing party, morning ride, evening promenade, or some other equally philosophical and intellectual means of delighting the ladies. He was consequently the great idol of matronly widows, old young ladies, and mothers with ten ugly unmarried daughters. Was a moonlight party got up—Mr. Augustus Townsend was sure to be there. Did the Lady's United Philosophical and Geological Lyceum, make an excursion to the marl-pits,—Mr. Augustus Townsend, was chief marshal of the day. Was a benefit ball started, or a charitable concert projected.—Mr. Augustus Townsend was a director, sold the tickets, wrote the newspaper puffs, and saw to getting the ladies seats on the night of the performance. "Dear soul!" as his admirers would say, "he was killing himself for the public good." The only thing he did not join in was the Bachelor's Ball; and of that he had a perfect horror. "The most preposterous and astonishing insult to the sex," was his phrase, "ever heard of—The Bachelor's Ball!"

But as he grew older his popularity—singular fact!—waned rapidly with the ladies. In vain he sighed, wrote sonnets for weekly papers, and even once shone in a monthly magazine,—in vain he became more finical in dress, added to his assortment of jewelry, and made his whiskers more soul-killing than before. The young beauties began to whisper about grey hairs, and even tittered at him behind his back. He saw his star was waning, and determined to marry while his popularity still lingered among a few. Miss Angelina Tomatoes was the angel of his dreams. He resolved to carry her by the "*coup de main*," of an excursion on the Wissahickon.

The door opened and Miss Angelina Tomatoes swam into the room. She was only thirty-eight; but who wants a wife without experience? Besides she was worth thirty

thousand dollars, and though Mr. Augustus Townsend did not admire her for this, and though he had vowed that he would never marry for lucre, yet by a singular coincidence, he had always happened to fall in love with heiresses. With the sweetest simper she extended the two first fingers of her hand to the bowing and complimenting Augustas. He was delighted—so frank.

They slid into conversation. Balls, concerts, operas, benefits, and charity fairs, beguiled their proper time, and then Mr. Augustus Townsend in his most winning way, broached the subject of the contemplated pic-nic.

"What is it to the Wissahickon, Mr. Townsend, oh! it will be so enchanting!"

"Delightful scenery, blissful retreats!" echoed the gentleman in a rhapsody.

"Oh! I'm in raptures!" said the lady, though she forgot to add whether with the gentleman, the pic-nic, or the Wissahickon.

"Your fine sensibilities are bewitching," breathed Mr. Augustus Townsend in his most subduing tone.

"Oh! la! Mr. Townsend," said the lady, holding her fan up to her face and looking "go on," as plainly as maiden aunt ever looked it. Mr. Augustus Townsend did not answer, but he laid his hand gallantly on his heart, and looked—oh! such a look. It went to Miss Angelina's soul. It thrilled her with a new and strange feeling. From that hour her virgin affections were irretrievably lost.

For the next week all was bustle and preparation with Miss Angelina Tomatoes, for having been voted, at a meeting of the intended ruralisers, the lady patroness of the day, she spent, with the most praiseworthy ardor, one whole hour for three consecutive mornings, in debating with the cook what would be most proper to provide for the occasion. At last after great deliberation every thing was arranged, that distinguished individual deigning to assert, that "such a cold snap had never been at the Vissyhickum afore." Nor was her mistress less satisfied with the result of her profound enquiries. She divided her reflections with great impartiality, between Mr. Augustus Townsend and the pic-nic dinner, and the consequence was, that the most exquisite pleasure rewarded her, in recurring to her praiseworthy conduct.

At last the long wished for day arrived. The morning was ushered in by a cloudless sky. At an early hour the party had assembled at the house of Mr. Simpson, the widowed brother-in-law of the maiden aunt. They presented a notable appearance, as the bowed window shutters, the four carriages waiting at the door, and a group of gentlemen gathered upon the steps, gave it altogether a very lugubrious look, as of a funeral about to start. In fact, by one of nature's freaks, two undertakers, at this moment, happening to run against each other on the opposite side of the way, stopped and mutually congratulated each other upon the pleasing mortality abroad, as evidenced by the scene before them.

Meanwhile, after great deliberation, the pic-nics packed themselves in the four carriages, and amid a general shout of the seven little boys who looked on, were whirled off from the door toward Fair Mount, where they were to enter a boat and proceed by water to the Wissahickon—the servants meeting them there at the proper hour with the collation and the wines. Besides Mr. Augustus Townsend and Miss Angelina, there was Miss Hart and her dear friend Miss Wright, besides several other interesting and fascinating young ladies, who wore their hair in curls, looked sentimental, and laughed very loud. Then for the gentlemen, there was Mr. Johnson and Adolphus St. Herbert, with two or three more of like elegant names and demeanor. One bright, blue-eyed creature, whose eyes danced merrily as she spoke, and who seemed half amused at every thing around her was also there. But she was a stranger in the city. Perhaps the most quiet gentleman of the corps, whose dark eye wandered oft and ardently to the face of Anne Estelle, was conscious of other reasons for joining the party than the pleasures of a pic-nic.

They reached Fair Mount. It was a glorious day in June, and the sun streamed down on the fresh earth from a cloudless sky, as it might have done in Eden before our first parents had brought sin, and shame, and misery into the world. The scenery looked more beautiful than ever, for improvement had not then desolated Lemon Hill, and the leafy woods still covered its sides, and skirted the edge of the calm, transparent water that now slept in the quiet sunshine, or now curled and sparkled in the morning breeze. All was fresh and beautiful. The boat swung on the tide, and her gallant streamers fluttered in the wind. The swift swallows skimmed the wave, or darted like arrows upward to the sky. The mellow sound of a distant horn floated down the river with its varied echoes, and amid the hum of the distant city, swelled like a faint murmur from afar.

"Did you ever row, Mr. Stratton?" patronisingly enquired Mr. Augustus Townsend, who as procurer of the boat, which he had borrowed from a friend, was voted coxswain *new* con.

"A little," was the quiet answer.

"Ah! then you will lay me under particular obligations if you will take that starboard oar," and he pointed consequentially to the—wrong side.

"Certainly," said Stratton, with a suppressed smile, taking the seat pointed out.

"Mr. Johnson—you will, if you please, appropriate the next oar," pompously continued Augustus.

"I—I—believe—I'm not very—expert at—rowing," stammered out Mr. Johnson.

"But, my dear sir, my *dear* sir, permit me to insist on your trying—the ladies, you know, like time and tide wait for no man, ha! ha!"

With a rueful countenance Mr. Johnson sat down, and Stratton having volunteered to instruct him, he made, while the rest were embarking, sundry astonishing and most wonderful evolutions with his sweep on the adjacent landing.

After considerable modesty, many well managed screams, and a deal of well-feigned fear on the part of the ladies, and of Miss Angelina Tomatoes especially, the party found themselves all comfortably stowed away in the boat, the ladies seated in the stern sheets with Mr. Townsend in their midst, manfully grasping the tiller ropes, and the rest of the gentlemen ranged each at an oar along the narrow barge, waiting eagerly, like grey-hounds in the slip, to start.

"Cast off!" thundered Mr. Augustus Townsend, majestically waving his hand; and the slender boat, yielding to the current, slowly swung round into the stream.

"Toss!" shouted the captain.

"Toss what?" ruefully asked Mr. Johnson.

"Do as I do," whispered Stratton; and fixing his eye on the kind adviser, the perplexed Johnson copied, with inimitable exactness and rapidity, every motion Stratton made. You might have thought him the shadow of his teacher.

"Now gentlemen!" slowly said Augustus, wishing to gain time to recollect the next order, which he had learnt by rote that morning from a book his friend had furnished, but which in the excitement of his responsible situation he had since forgotten, "now gentlemen," and he looked authoritative, and elevated his voice, "now gentlemen, you may—may," trying in vain to remember what to say, and at last forced, instead of shouting, "Board," to bolt out the base Saxon, "Drop your oars,"—and splash they went into the water.

"Oh! mercy—horror—we're going over the fall!" shrieked Angelina, in her shrillest tones. "Oh! Mr. Townsend, save us, save us!" and she raised her eyes tenderly to that gentleman's face, and looked the very picture of weak, confiding woman. What a touching sight!

Every one who has been at Fair Mount, knows that the dam which crosses the river, terminates on the city side at the end of the causeway, which here juts out more than a hundred feet into the river, forming with an opposing wharf a spacious forebay, in which the pleasure barges are kept. The end of the causeway is connected with that of the wharf by a floating bridge, of a yard or more in breadth. From this bridge the barges always start, and are consequently no great distance from the falls. In common seasons there is no danger, but now the river was unusually high, and during the delay the boat had rapidly drifted within a dangerous proximity to the dam.

Mr. Augustus Townsend looked at the rushing waters, and his heart quaked within him. He made an effort to assume an easy and composed demeanor, but in vain. Dignity, gallantry, the manual itself fled from him, and while his face blanched with affright, he stammered out,

"Pull—pull—pull, like the very—dickens!"

Their situation was now really alarming. As the river was in freshet, the water was rolling over the dam several feet deep, while the current heaved, dashed, and whitened, as it swept along, and then roared and boiled in the vortex below. As few knew how to row, the order of the coxswain only added to the danger. The flurried crew splashed and spluttered with their unwieldy sweeps, and one or two fell backward in the boat. The barge was now parallel with the falls, the water foamed below, the ladies began to shriek, one or two hastily rose, Angelina almost went into hysterics, and even the blue-eyed, laughing Anne Estelle, looked anxiously around. All this passed in an instant. They were now within a rod or so of where the waters began to comb. At this moment Stratton looked hastily around, and saw that there was one good oarsman on the same side with himself, and another on the starboard. He shouted rapidly to them to pull ahead, and to the others to take in their oars.

"For heaven's sake, ladies, sit down," he continued energetically, and awed by his manner they sank into their seats. "Give way now—hearthy there—larboard *hard*, *HARDER!*" and the long, slender boat trembling uncertainly a moment in the current, shot at length

gallantly off diagonally from the falls, and while her frail timbers quivered sensibly from the struggle, darted away into the stream, leaving the dark waters whirling and glistening in her wake. A few herculean strokes convinced even Angelina that they were out of danger.

"Egad, but that was done splendidly, my lads," ejaculated Augustus, recovering at once his safety and his complacency. "How finely I brought you out of that scrape—ah! ladies, there's nothing like scientific steering. Firmness and skill, that's all. And now, lads, give way—we'll exhibit our velocity to the spectators, we've an extraordinary swift boat, and we'll

'Walk the waters like a thing of life.' "

Stratton looked up, and met Miss Estelle's glowing face. Her lip was curled at Augustus, as contemptuously as it was possible for such a pretty lip to curl; but in another instant, her deep, blue eyes were turned away, beaming with involuntary gratitude to Stratton. As they caught his ardent gaze, however, the long, dreamy lashes dropped quickly over them, while the red blood dyed her cheek and brow with a flush like summer sunset. Stratton's heart beat high, and a thrill shot through his frame.

"Oh! dear, how perfectly sailor-like, Mr. Townsend is to-day," whispered Miss Angelina Tomatoes, "and his collar is turned down so like Lord Byron in the print. Quite charmingly romantic, I declare."

"And so delightfully ready with those enchanting sea terms," said Miss Hart, "he puts one so in mind of Cooper and the Red Rover."

"Is n't he piratical looking though?" asked Anne, with one of her wicked smiles. Mr. Augustus Townsend happened to overhear her. His vanity was flattered—to look piratical was the height of his ambition! He shook his tiller rope very archly, as he thought at her, and wittily, no doubt, remarked, that "'t was breaking orders to speak of the coxswain," whereat Miss Angelina and another young lady laughed immoderately.

Meanwhile the boat sped on. Slowly they rounded the first point, and the calm, beautiful scenery opened upon them. The thick woods skirted either shore, except here and there, where a country seat peeped out from the foliage, or a little summer-house, like the eyrie of an eagle, was perched high on some overhanging rock. How changed is it now! The hand of improvement has cut down the forest, destroyed the white cottages, and covered the bare hills with unsightly stumps! But the shores were then beautiful, and the ladies were accordingly delighted. The romantic ones talked of stars, moonlight, silver waves, and wished for poetry. Miss Angelina dipped her hand into the water, and gazed pensively upon its placid depths, while she owned the gentle influence of the hour, and heaved a faint sigh as she thought of Augustus at her side.

"How sweet is that island!" said she softly, "one could live there forever with some fond heart one loved," and she touchingly raised her eyes to steal a tender glance at Augustus.

"Ah! a lovely spot—so charming—so romantic—you have *such* exquisite taste!" whispered she.

"La! indeed," said she, tenderly,—for the rest of the company were engaged in an animated conversation, by themselves—"when will you cease to flatter me, Mr. Townsend,—shame!"

"I would n't flatter for the world, my Angelina," sighed he, with a most melting glance, venturing, for the first time, to call her by that name, "my heart!" and he laid his hand on the buttons on the left side of his coat.

"Oh fie! Augustus," said she, determined to be quits, "fie now, indeed," gaily laying her hand on his arm,—but at this instant the measured sound of oars was heard ahead, and a well-manned barge, filled with an athletic crew, and with the gay pennons floating in the breeze, came sweeping gracefully along, seeming like some water-sprite, to skim over the surface without touching the waves. As she passed them, her coxswain gallantly bowed, her crew simultaneously tossed their oars, and the long and slender boat shot beautifully by and then rested like a dream upon the water.

"Toas—toas," shouted Augustus, taken by surprise. His crew in part obeyed, but the oar of poor Mr. Johnson, *would not* come up, and when at last he had raised it to the sky, the water ran down the blade into his face in streams. Yet he bore it like a martyr, until Augustus again gave the order, and on the pic-nics went, the three tyros in rowing, puffing and catching crabs, or cutting queer circles with their oars in the water. At last they paused opposite the island.

"Pon honor, we've come amazingly swift," said Augustus, looking at his watch, "not three miles, and we've only been fifty-five minutes. It's quite a velocipede. Ladies it

equals a regatta!" and putting up his gold repeater, he looked around with a satisfied and very exalted air. Angelina raised her eyes and then glanced round the company with a delighted look. Augustus saw it, and his bosom heaved. There was such *soul* in that look.

At last after a due series of adventures, they reached the mouth of the Wissahickon, and leaving the boat below the falls there, proceeded to the contemplated spot, upon the banks of that beautiful stream. It was a quiet little nook, bounded on one side by the silvery brook, and on the other by the tall cliffs, covered with trees, which towered overhead up into the sky. Away in the distance, a few snowy mansions could be seen, embowered in the forest, and hung on some bold and lofty height, like ancient castellated abodes. The narrow road runs along on one side of the stream, between the water and the hills, while on the other the foliage, in many places, reaches down and dips into the wave, and the rocks now run out into the brook, and now shoot almost perpendicularly, covered with trees, and lifting their heads in sublimity on high. Few spots are more beautiful. The pic-nics were in raptures.

The party was soon encamped, and its various members dispersed to their enjoyments. One gentleman produced fishing tackle, and seating himself on a stump, sat for several hours, patiently gazing on a little cork that floated motionless on the water. Others, of a scientific turn, brought out huge hammers, and fell to, with astonishing eagerness, knocking off specimens of every stone and rock around, with as much gravity and skill, as if they had been so many unfortunate sufferers, condemned to break stone upon the turnpike. Some strolled out to gather flowers, some skimmed pebbles over the waves, some spread their partner's shawls under a shady tree and lounged, and some giggled and flirted together, with amazing dexterity. One ambitious young gentleman, clambered up a tree, and when he got there, was almost frightened to death at his situation. It was a little tree, and the wind began to rock it very uncomfortably about. The daring adventurer, afraid to advance or retreat, bore it awhile most manfully, but as a stronger puff than common lurched him suddenly away, he clutched the bough with a desperate hold, and shrieked for help.

"Oh! Mr. Townsend, oh! look at Mr. Johnson," cried Miss Angelina in alarm, "he'll fall and be killed,—he will, I know he will."

At this very comfortable assurance, the terrified young gentleman turned as white as a sheet, and shrieked louder than before.

"Oh, what shall be done?" screamed Miss Hart, wringing her hands, and running up the rocks, as if lessening the distance between her and the sufferer, was the surest way to arrest the catastrophe.

"What *shall* be done, indeed?" said Mr. Augustus Townsend, who had retreated some twenty feet backward from the tree, and around whom the other young ladies were now clinging, beseeching him and each other not to spare any exertions to rescue Mr. Johnson from his perilous position. "What *can* be done—if I was n't afraid *my* weight would break down the tree, I'd climb it and save him," and he backed a foot or two further from the scene of danger, by way of having, we suppose, a better view of the catastrophe.

"Oh! then do n't go," implored Miss Angelina, and perfectly aghast at the possibility of any accident happening to Augustus, she threw herself on the mercy of the sufferer, and cried beseechingly, "dear Mr. Johnson, *do* let yourself drop, may be you'll only break a limb or so, do!"

At this pleasing alternative, seconded as it was, by another swing of ten feet through the air, Mr. Johnson howled in perfect despair, conjuring them not to leave him to die.

"Really, really, if it would n't be second murder, I'd climb up to him," said Augustus, fearfully looking around.

"Y'es, massa," said one of the servants,—for all distinctions were now lost, and counsel was eagerly taken from any adviser,—“yes, massa, climb up, and sling de young gentleman in dis,” continued he, grinning from ear to ear, and producing the rope which had been brought out for a swing, “make him fast round de body so, put toder end round de limb, pass it to us, and den we let him down by the run, as dey say at sea.”

"Oh! yes, sling me, sling me," gasped the terrified Johnson, catching at the prospect of life, “do come up, Jim—I know a vacancy for a valet, indeed I do—oh! come, for mercy's sake, come—I shall fall,—I'll haunt you all if I'm killed.”

The lucky enjoyed the terror for an instant or so more, and then almost dying with suppressed mirth, started off with one end of the rope and clambered nimbly up the tree. He soon made a noose, threw it dexterously over the body of the terrified gentleman, and passing it around the bough, told him to hold on. The other end was soon in the hands of the ruralisers.

"Ready, dere!" said Jim, showing his teeth in his delight.

"All ready," answered Augustus below, holding on to the rope with four young ladies.

"Lower away," shouted the lucky, leaping from the tree, and almost in the same instant, the breathless adventurer was lowered to the ground, amid the deafening cheers of the excited pic-nics.

"What can they be at," said Stratton, appearing at this moment, with Miss Estelle, around a bend below on the stream.

"I can't for my life tell," laughed the blue-eyed beauty. "I only saw Mr. Johnson swinging a moment in the air, and the rest lowering away like practised sailors,—but you should know better, Mr. Lieutenant."

"Hush, not a word of that, Anne," said her companion gaily. "But really, it looked as if Mr. Johnson had been run up to the yard arm of the Constitution. 'I'll bet anything that rascal Jim, has a hand in it. Jim, you villain!—what caper have you been at now!'"

"Beg pardon, Massa Stratton," said the demure lackey, addressing his master,—though he was not known in that capacity to the rest of the company,—"*beg pardon indeed, Miss,*"—and then he proceeded to relate the whole occurrence, to the infinite, though unnoticed amusement of Anne, and her almost convulsed lover. Stratton, however, maintained his outward gravity, and rebuked the man for his conduct.

"Never tink massa so near," slyly whispered the negro to himself, as the couple hurried away, "or ne catch him at his foolery—but ha! ha! if I only had de end of de rope instead of Townsein, would n't I dangle de young gentleman about dere—neber call me Jim, if I would n't."

The time for dinner at length came, and with hungry countenances the pic-nics gathered around the board, all except the enthusiastic fisherman, who still gazed at his motionless cork, and had scarcely raised his eyes from it, even at the screams of Mr. Johnson and the ladies. The provisions, however, were in a lamentable state. The eggs, not being hard-boiled, had been broken and deluged every thing around them. The castor had shared much the same fate, and the ham and bread was in consequence delightfully sour with vinegar. The cheese swam in an ocean at the bottom of the basket, and scarcely an article of food but what was spoiled. A few crackers which had luckily been stowed in a tin butter-kettle, escaped the general ruin, and had to satisfy the voracious appetites of the ruralisers.

"Now bring in the wine," said Mr. Augustus, with dignity, for as he had provided that article himself, he felt certain of its excellence, "we'll make up there for the rest."

"I do n't know, sir," whimpered the slip-shod girl,—now smartly dressed,—smoothing down her spruce apron with one hand, and biting the finger nails of the other very demurely, "but the Madeery was forgot—and half o' the Champagne's bust and run out, sir."

"Confound—," broke out Mr. Augustus Townsend,—but recollecting himself, he added, with his sweetest smile, "ladies, I regret it *only* for your sakes, as for we gentlemen, disasters are our food," and he looked philosophically around.

"For my part," said Anne Estelle, laughing in spite of herself, "I think we'd better return, or we shall end with a thunder shower."

"I'm a-afraid," stammered out Mr. Augustus Townsend, "we'd better do so—the ladies must be so fatigued."

Angelina and one or two others vowed they were not in the least tired, that they only wished to return on the gentlemen's account, and concluded therefore, that they had better at once set out.

Tired, not in the best humor, and almost famished, they reached the boat toward nightfall, Angelina inwardly determining to give the slip-shod girl a month's warning on the morrow,—Mr. Johnson looking ruefully at his blistered hands, and groaning at the long pull before him,—and Miss Estelle, hanging on Stratton's arm, and lingering a little in the rear, her deep blue-eye merrily dancing as she gazed at the group ahead, and her clear, silvery voice ringing out at intervals in a joyous laugh.

"What in the world induced you to come on such an excursion as this?" asked her companion.

"Oh, you know I had to go wherever my kind maiden aunt there said. She told me pic-nics were all the rage. But what, pray, brought you here, may I ask," said Anne, looking provokingly mirthful as she lifted her merry eyes to his face.

"What?" answered Stratton, in her own humor, "oh! since you lost your heart and I had to become engaged to you, it's my duty to wait upon you, lest you should do the same to some other one."

"Pshaw!" said the gladsome girl, "I promised foolishly to have you, because I saw you were going into a consumption—and I was always celebrated, you know, for my merciful feelings."

And on they went. Two happier hearts beat not in the wide world, for each was firm in its reliance on the other's truth. Would that there might be more such! How much jealousy and misery might then be spared to mankind.

A month after, Miss Angelina ran off, and was married to Mr. Townsend, not because any one was opposed to it, but because she had always read in novels that such was the romantic way of doing things. After that blissful occurrence she was heard telling Miss Hart, who drawled of weeping willows, and was as long and cadaverous as a ghost that, in a shady nook, beside a tinkling cascade, where the leaves pattered in the wind, Mr. Augustus Townsend, kneeling on the sod, and ardently clasping her hand, had proffered to her his life and his love. "And you know," said she, "if he'd been any thing above common, I could n't have said no, choosing as he did, so romantic a spot and posture."

August, 1839.

THE WANDERER.

BY MISS E. H. STOCKTON.

The beauty of his home
Amid its sheltering trees—
The soft, sweet music of the woodland
through,—
And of the waters murmuring in song—
The odorous freshness of the hill-top
breeze—
Had lost their wonted loveliness for him,
And all their varied charms seemed cold and
dim.

His gentle mother's smile,
That wakened at his sight
Like beauty at the coming of the day—
Whose blue eyes filled with tears were he
away,
As dews within the violet's cup at night—
Aye, even her love, already grieved so much,
Wanted the power his restless soul to touch.

And yet he was her all;
A widow's only child!
Her bud of promise, scarce unfolded yet—
Her star of hope when all the rest had set,
Lighting her pathway with a lustre mild.
Alas, how many a flower conceals a worm,
How many a star grows dim amid the storm.

The waking up of life
In the green, quiet glen,
At the first beaming of the rosy dawn,
And all its sounds of joy as day rolled on,
He marked not—longing for the haunts of
men,
Until at last the strong desire to roam
Made him an alien from his mother's home.

Years pass—long years to her
Who rests in sorrow's shade;
And feebler grows her step from day to day,
Until at length no more she takes her way
Along the walks where he in boyhood
strayed.
Fading and dying! yet within her mind
Still is the image of the wanderer shrined.

But o'er her reason falls
A strange and sudden gloom!
She hath no interest in the present hour,
And earth's futurity hath lost its power
To wake again her drooping hopes to
bloom.
She heeds not sight nor sound, but seems to
dwell,
In the sad past with him she loved so well.

At length a wayworn man
 With a soiled garb and poor,
 Bearing full many a mark of sorrow's trace
 On his pale brow, and o'er his sunburnt face,
 Came with the evening's shadow to her
 door.
 Just ere the last faint signs of life were o'er,
He came to her who knew his form no more.

The lamp's uncertain ray
 Shows him her pallid brow
 And the dim lustre of her sightless eyes,
 Wearing the azure of the twilight skies,
 That bend in shadowy radiance o'er them
 now.
 But hark—he hears her call with low, sweet
 moan,
 Upon his name—alas that faltering tone.

She calls him from afar
 (Deeming he still doth roam)
 With the faint whisper of her dying voice,—
 “My son, if thou wert here I should rejoice,
 Thou who didst leave thy Mother and her
 home,
 Taking all beauty and all joy away
 With thy bright presence and thy laughter
 gay.”

She paused—her eyes grew dim—
 More slowly came her breath;
 Though on her pallid features beamed the
 while,
 Pure as its *first*, affection's *latest* smile,
 Throwing a glory o'er the face of Death.
 Then while remorse and terror shook his
 frame,
 Wildly her loved one called upon her name.

“Dear Mother, *here* am I,
 Speak to me once again!
 It is your son—here by your couch I stand,
 Do you not see me? feel my clasping hand?
 And must I utter love's own words in
 vain?
 Mother, dear, blessed Mother! oh my God—
 How shall I bear this chastening from thy
 rod!”

Yet even as he spoke,
 Again a murmur came
 From the pale lips he had so wildly prest,
 And the weak hand that in his own found
 rest,
 Trembled at the sweet mention of his
 name.
 “My Son”—and breathlessly he bent to hear,
 As that familiar music reached his ear.

“How would I bless thee, boy,
 If thou wert with me yet,
 Twining my fingers in thy shining hair,
 Wreathed like thy Father's round thy
 forehead fair,
 And feel new life to know our lips has met?
 But now I die—and thou perchance art gay,
 Thoughtless of her who suffers far away!”

“And *must* she leave me thus?
 Oh God, have mercy now.—
 Mother look on me—see—your child is near,
 His love is all your own—arouse and hear—
 These are *his* lips that rest upon your
 brow!
 In vain—in vain!—alas those glaring eyes—
 Those purpling lips—those life-dissolving
 sighs!”

Sorrow and life at once
 Ceased in her gentle heart!
 While he for whom her parting sigh was
 sped,
 Fell by her side *almost* as cold and dead,
 As though he too had felt the spoiler's
 dart.
 But oh, *he* woke beside her lifeless clay,—
She in a clime where Death no more hath
 sway!

But other years went by
 Crowning with wealth and fame;
 And by the wanderer's side a gentle one
 With smile like light, and voice all music's
 own,
 Spoke to him soothingly, and she became
 Dearer than life unto him—at her word
 His heart would bound within him like a
 bird.

And there were young, bright eyes
 Upgazing into his,
 With sweet, confiding innocence and joy.—
 Yet while he looked with pride upon his boy,
 Emotions of a sacred tenderness,
 O'ercame him often as he stooped to trace
 His Mother's likeness in his daughter's
 face!

And *now* when others round
 Are full of hope and glee,
 He sees a vision of the past arise,
 A pale, meek phantom flits before his eyes,
 And wakes again the pangs of memory.
 Till Faith's sweet accents speak his sins
 forgiven,
 And Hope assures him they shall meet in
 Heaven!

Philadelphia, August, 1838.

AN ESSAY ON TACITURNITY.

BY CHRISTOPHER QUIET, ESQ.

"Aliud est celare, aliud tacere."

Cicero.

IF, after addressing to a fellow mortal, in whose company you are thrown, sundry questions with due politeness, only monosyllables are received for your pains in reply, you will rarely err should you set him down, either for a fool or a cynic.

Some Philosophers and Poets too, assert, that silence betokens reflection and is one of the surest signs of wisdom. We are of a different notion, and fear they would frame an axiom not from a copious collection of facts, but from exceptions, which never surely make a rule. Forsooth, must we infer that, because Sir Isaac Newton, wrapped in the deepest speculations, stood, half awake, for hours on the ladder of his library, welding link after link, the massive chain of some great problem, or because Addison abhorred talking, as he did the slightest interference with his beloved and amiable Sir Roger, because, in short, philosophers generally are silent men, all silent men are philosophers? Depend upon it, the reason silence so often holds such undisputed sway, among what otherwise would be a cheerful company, is that dulness is the portion of the majority of those who compose it. Although some may call us heretical, rest assured, it is no easy effort to sustain with sense and elegance, a spirited conversation on an important and interesting topic, or when some subject is by random broached without flagging, to pursue it until exhausted. We grant, however, if a man under these circumstances, is unable either to strike out an original train of thought, or from lack of information, to converse, or perhaps, we should say think fluently, he displays a wisdom in his silence; but this is not the meaning the good old fellows of the *Spectator* would put upon the maxim.

Silence, to be sure, sometimes proceeds from selfishness, as among those who may be appropriately termed thought-misers, who hoard up information with as much industry, and hold on with as much tenacity, as a miser does his gold; men who are constantly reading and thinking, but never imparting. The learned selfish character, however, is so rare, as hardly to be met with in the common walks of life; few men, indeed, there are of literary tastes, whose natures are not infused with at least a portion of the spirit of emulation, who would not chisel out for themselves a nook, however small, in the temple of fame.

But we entertain even a worse dislike of an incessant talker, than of a solemn, silent personage. The portraiture of such an individual, must be vividly familiar to all who have suffered under the inflictions of his tongue. For example, if a listener attempts quickly, timidly, and by stealth, as it were to introduce a word, he is repulsed with a frown. But should he have the good fortune, after watching with anxiety for the first breathing spell, to suggest an idea at once appropriate and superior to any uttered, he replies without checking his endless roll of words—"oh! sir,—I ask your pardon—singular coincidence—I was just coming to that, but find you have anticipated me." Should one see a person of this description, looming in the distance, for their bustling gait frequently betrays them, it is his duty as an honest member of society to discountenance and avoid him.

There are many ways of affecting wisdom by silence, one only shall be mentioned, and doubtless, our reader may have met with those to whom we have reference, who have occasioned for the moment no slight mortification. For instance, he has been travelling in a public conveyance, and in bearing his share of the conversation, finds an attentive though silent listener, who, after the communication of an interesting fact, rewards him with an averted smile,—not of course pointedly looking him the face, the speaker puts his head out of the window, to discover whether they have passed upon the road any thing of a humorous description, but they have just passed a sheet of water, and he sees no reason why this should excite a smile, inasmuch as the geese floating on its bosom, are behaving as geese usually

do. He then turns over in his mind the subject of conversation, but fails to detect any flaw or misstatement, yet, feels satisfied some error was made, and that he has at last met with a man of wonderful sense and shrewdness. Something, however, in the end occurs to undeceive him—faithfully exemplifying the truth of what Tully says in the motto we adopt, that it is one thing to conceal one's ignorance by a counterfeited taciturnity, and quite another thing to be silent.

When in a neighboring state, it happened as our lot to travel in a stage coach well filled with passengers, and as it was yet dark when we began our journey, we longed for daylight with a traveller's anxiety, in order to scan the countenances of those into whose company we had casually fallen. The sun at last brightened the east, and we found that next to us sat a portly gentleman, in an olive colored coat—buff vest—black stock—with well polished boots. His face was round and slightly reddened—indicating, as it seemed at the time, neither habitual deep thought, nor a large share of shrewdness, his demeanor was altogether unstudied; the person of the portly gentleman was flanked by one hardly thicker than the shadow of a case knife, with its edge toward the sun, his complexion had a sallow hue, his face was attenuated and somewhat pensive in expression, and his dress black. The former gentleman was at once set down for a man in easy circumstances, not overly stocked with sense and of no profession, the other we quietly decided was a clergyman.

The three sturdy looking yeomen who sat opposite, from their embrowned hue, hale appearance, and sinewy hands, we judged were farmers, as indeed they were; after scrutinising the lineaments of those in the vicinity, our eyes rested on the countenance of a gentleman on the back seat, and we thought we never beheld a finer. There was about his face the appearance of great calmness, sense and self command, it was well furrowed with the lines of thought. The dress was neat, and exactly suited our notions of propriety; at the last glance, we were thoroughly persuaded of having found a man of deep learning and reflection, in a word a philosopher, one who would delight and instruct, by imparting stores of knowledge from the treasures of a Bacon or a Locke. Topic after topic was introduced, handled and laid aside, the philosophic gentleman, at the same time listening with grave attention. At last we ventured to put a question to him, but were compelled to be satisfied with a simple negative, thus deepening the favorable impression his countenance and silence had created. The portly gentleman was much more communicative, he started the conversation, never permitting it to flag, or himself to tire the patiences of those around him. He seemed at home in chemistry, law, history, agriculture, every thing, his eye at the same time glanced vividly, and every lineament was alive with intelligence; this gentleman we discovered was a lawyer, and we mentally recanted the error we had made. His neighbor, the shadow, entertained us with dissertations on Anatomy, and the subject of his college thesis, for he had just graduated, and was (a Doctor) an M. D. and not a clergyman, as was supposed; but as he felt no desire to canvass any other topic, dragging poor Esculapius in without apology or taste, we felt none to converse.

The conversation at a stand, we again essayed a question, and screwing up with a great deal of respect and dignity, in order more surely to fix the attention of the silent gentleman, observed it were needless to tell *him*, that *we*, as others, had our favorite philosophers and chosen theory, and would take the liberty of enquiring whether *he* was fond of Bacon.

"Bacon," he exclaimed with a giggle, at the same time smartly slapping his knee. "Oh! yis, sir—very, v-e-r-y, this fall I salted down a thousand weight of the finest ever cured in all the country round."

Our chagrin and disappointment may be much better imagined than expressed.

TO GERALDINE.

I LOVE THEE, I love thee,
My heart's fairy queen,
I love thee, I love thee,
My own Geraldine!
They talk of the pleasure
That riches bestow,—
Without thee, my treasure,
What joy could I know!

If my life-breath could be, love,
A ransom for thine,
I'd yield it for thee, love,
With all that is mine.
Ah! had I the power,
I'd count as time flown,
A year for each hour
That thou wert mine own. H. H.

DEMETRIUS LEONDARI.

A TALE OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

BY JOSEPH BOUGHTON, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

It was midsummer—and the gaudiest tints of Nature's drapery embellished the beautiful Island of Scio. Its pebbled shores were kissed by the laughing waves of the deep blue Aegean; its bold mountains rose high amid its clouds of purple and gold, and its soft valleys were the sylvan abodes of the violet and the rose. The evening was beautiful; for the moon had risen o'er the tops of Scio's hills, and, looking down into the peaceful Aegean's wave, smiled to see her own bright image reflected there. High towering from the shore, amid embrasures of giant oaks and sycamores, rose the Palace of the rich and noble Stephanos Marius. All was still, and bright, and beautiful—when, suddenly was heard the low dash of oars far off in the silver bay, and happy voices to carol forth a song, and their music was borne to the shore on the breeze's wings:

THE GREEK STUDENT'S RETURN.

From far Italia's sunny land,
O'er mountain waves I come;
Before me lies the silver strand,
That skirts my Sciote home.

I leave Italia's college halls,
Each soiled and dusty tome;
And wisdom's laurel gained from thence,
Shall bloom around my home.

I leave the sunny brow and smile,
Italia's daughters wear—
But smiles await me in yon isle,
For ZELICA is there.

Hail, "Isle of Beauty"—hail once more—
What rapturous feelings come,
As now I tread the lovely shore,
That skirts my Sciote home.

As the last stanza was sung, a tall and noble youth, with features partially concealed by a profusion of raven ringlets, had leaped upon the strand, when a bright and celestial being arrayed in sparkling robes of white, came tripping down the pathway that led from the mansion of Stephanos Marius, and in an instant was enfolded in the arms of the youth.

"My own Zellica"—exclaimed the enraptured Demetrius Leondari, as he pressed the maiden again and again to his breast, "this is a happiness I had not counted on this evening."

"I knew you were coming, Demetrius—and I heard and listened with rapture to your song. But how came you thus safely? Know you not that the Provinces and many of the Islands have revolted against their Turkish servants—that Cyprus and Rhodes are even now in arms, and that the Pacha's vessels of war cover the intervening seas?"

"Aye, I know it all—but they molested not my vessel. But what of Scio? Is she content to lick the dust under Ottoman rules, while her sister islands are throwing off their chains and flocking to the standards of their brave leaders?" and the eye of Demetrius flashed upon the maiden.

"No, Demetrius—Scio is not as the other islands. She would fain forget her slavery in the enjoyment of her wealth and the beauties with which nature has endowed her. And, besides, Asma Sultana loves our dear little island; and her influence upon her brother, Sultan Mahmoud, will avert from us those oppressions, with which his tyranny has so long visited Greece. The great of our isle have refused to join their countrymen in the revolt."

"And does Zellica approve the decision of these time-serving, luxurious inhabitants of our isle? What, though our chains gail us not now, through the clemency of Asma Sultana? she cannot live always—and Scio may become as oppressed as the rest of Greece. No—no—cast away such sentiments, my Zellica—they are unworthy of the daughter of Stephanos Marius. Now, should Scio strike off her fetters, while her countrymen are roused, led on by the brave Bozzaris, and the no less valiant Ipsilanti?"

"You do me injustice, Demetrius. I do not approve the weak policy that would prevent Scio from becoming great and free. My sentiments are yours—and so, indeed are those of my father. Nay, will you not come with me to see him? He is, even now, sitting in the eastern porch, unconscious of my absence."

"Forgive me, sweet Zellica—not to-night. I must hasten to my mother and sisters. I will see the noble Stephanos on the morrow. Adieu, Zellica"—and the youth bounded from her side, and was soon in the arms of his mother and sisters at their mansion.

It was a happy meeting. Demetrius Leondari was the only son of a noble and wealthy widow—and was the pride and hope of her and her beautiful daughters—and they welcomed his return, after an absence of some years, with a joy and fondness that mothers and sisters alone can exhibit toward a beloved and promising son and brother.

Like many of the nobler sons of modern Greece, Demetrius had been sent away to Italy, to learn all that could be taught in the Universities there. He had also visited Germany, France and England; and had imbibed with his education and information obtained by travel, those high and enlarged views of the rights of man, and of liberty, which are inseparable from intellectual expansion and experience. Abroad, too, he had learned to look upon his own beautiful country in a different light from that which his limited knowledge had afforded him in boyhood. He had been made acquainted with her ancient glory—when a Lycurgus and a Solon governed the people by the most enlightened and salutary laws; when a Socrates and a Plato taught the Athenian youth the lessons of moral wisdom; when science was dispensed to the assembled students in the groves of Academus; when the thunders of eloquence were heard from the lips of a Demosthenes—when a Xerxes, an Achilles, a Leonidas, and an Alexander, led on her warlike sons to "glory or the grave."

Demetrius had heard of the revolt of the Grecian Isles and Provinces with feelings of patriotic pride and pleasure—yet, his mortification almost overwhelmed him when, on his return, he learned that his native Scio had remained a calm observer of his country's revolutionary movements, without attempting to participate in them. He lay his head upon his pillow that night—and his dreams were of Zellica—and of Scio's freedom.

CHAPTER II.

Demetrius rose the next morning with pleasurable emotions. He was again installed in the home of his childhood, surrounded by those he loved. The forenoon passed away in receiving visits from old and well remembered companions—and in the afternoon Demetrius bent his steps toward the mansion of Stephanos Marius. The father of Zellica received him with open arms.

"I am glad to learn," said Stephanos, "that your feelings are akin to mine respecting the revolutionary movements of the country. Too long has Greece kissed the rod of Turkish tyranny—and Heaven prosper her in her struggle for freedom."

"Why, then, should Scio refuse to join her countrymen in the work of emancipation?" asked Demetrius.

"She is at present unfitted for such an undertaking, Demetrius. Her peaceful inhabitants know but little of the use of arms—they have been trained only to agriculture and commerce; and, unless led on by skillful tacticians, would fail in any such attempt, and forfeit the protection and favor that now distinguish her above the other islands. But, should the time ever come, in the progress of the revolution, when Scio may safely assert her independence, then Stephanos Marius, and all that he has, or can command, shall aid her to throw off the Musselman yoke."

"Spoken like a true patriot!" replied Demetrius—and he seized the extended hand of Stephanos.

The Sciotes had indeed great cause to dread a war with Turkey. Their island was to them a paradise abode, and their political slavery was comparatively forgotten amid their contentment and prosperity. Provided by nature with a rich and bounteous soil, the Sciote peasant was happy in the toil that insured him a rich reward. His meadows smiled and waved their brilliant verdure at his feet. He asked not a lovelier retreat than the beautiful valley through which the purling stream meandered—no stronger or more picturesque scenery than the rocky bluff, whose base was lashed by the Aegean's wave, the blooming forests that crowned his native hills, and the silver torrent that leaped from mountains—that rose high amid fields of circumambient azure. The merchant, too, thrived in his commerce—and, although the spark that had kindled the revolution in the Provinces, had reached his breast, he thought of his advantages, and the patriotic flame was smothered.

The sister of Sultan Mahmoud, Asma Sultana, was the Protectress of Scio—its revenue had been appropriated to her support, and her kindness and lenity had rather obtained for her the title of Patroness than Pensioner. She loved the little Island of Scio—was proud of the relation she bore to it, and was even gladly received by its inhabitants. She often visited there, and had been the frequent guest of Stephanos Marius, and of Madame Leondari. Riding out one morning upon the island, it being her daily custom, with her attendants, the palfrey upon which she rode became restive, and threw her upon the ground. Her attendants carried the swooning Sultana into the mansion of Madame Leondari, where she was compelled to remain a few days before her recovery. The kindness of the noble matron and her daughters upon that occasion, won to them the gratitude of the Sultana, which she did not hesitate feelingly to express.

Scio, from her situation, and the habits of her people, had but a limited knowledge of the use of arms. Was it then, strange, under all these circumstances and disabilities, that Demetrius found her averse to rebellion? But a storm was gathering. A fleet of Spaziote vessels appeared off the harbor, and the officers came on shore, and exhorted the people to rise and free themselves, promising them the co-operation of the soldiers they had brought. Deeming this a favorable chance, Demetrius, Stephanos, and a few others seconded their invitation; but the Primates remonstrated, and the fleet was withdrawn without any insurrectionary movements. Burning with indignation at what he deemed the cowardly policy of the Primates, Demetrius rushed to his home, and shut himself up in his study for several days.

CHAPTER III.

Alas! for the stability of human hopes and human security! The pleasing dream of happiness and protection indulged by Scio was soon to be broken—the sword hung suspended over her by a single hair! The Pacha heard of the visit of the Spaziote fleet—and a cruel determination was formed. He required that forty-five of the oldest and most valuable and wealthy citizens of the island should surrender themselves as hostages for the future good conduct of the rest of her inhabitants.—In vain did they urge their sending away the Spaziote fleet, and their refusal to join them as evidences of their loyalty and peaceful disposition—the Pacha was inexorable. Forty-five of Scio's most respectable citizens were taken and shut up in the Citadel, and among them, Stephanos Marius. Fatal folly of tyranny! The pretext that there existed a possibility of insurrection in Scio, was sufficient to lead the Pacha to this high-handed act. Tyranny seeks not for reasons for planning and enforcing her decrees, nor regards the consequences upon her victims.

But its effect was to rouse the hitherto dormant energies and aspirations of Scio's people—they saw in it the beginning of a series of those oppressions, with which the other isles had been visited before their rebellion. They knew they had every thing to fear from a tyrant that would for so slight a cause, imprison their veterans; and the news was to them the dis-

tant tones of the knell that was to be the requiem to their hopes of liberty. A general burst of indignant feeling followed this act of the Pacha. A firm determination of resistance had taken possession of the breasts of sire and son, and they impatiently waited for an opportunity to strike the blow.

An unusual change had come over Demetrius. His countenance, which hitherto had worn an aspect of happy and careless complacency, was now clouded by the emotions that raged within his bosom. He walked along with contracted brow, and with looks evincing the high and daring purposes of a soul that knew no fear.

Dark was the eve when Demetrius strode along the beach, meditating upon the unhappy condition of Scio. He looked upon the now dark billows of the sea, and exclaimed to himself—"Rather would I that Scio's isle should sink beneath the waves that girt her shores, and her name be forever lost to the world, than to become the degraded footstool of Turkey's tyrant."

Full of these and kindred emotions he walked to the mansion of Stephanos Marius, and found the gentle Zellica in tears. Her father had that morning been torn from her, and was now a prisoner in the Citadel.

"Could I but be permitted to visit him in his prison," said the unhappy Zellica, "it would allay my grief—it would make me happy to know and to see that he was well."

Demetrius drew the weeping girl to his bosom and kissed away her tears.

"We will together visit Stephanos in his prison to-morrow," said Demetrius, as he bade her good night.

The morning came, and Demetrius accompanied Zellica to the Citadel. On arriving there he modestly requested that they might be admitted to the prison of Stephanos Marius. A surly Turk who commanded the guard at the entrance refused them admission. Demetrius remonstrated—and Zellica with tears implored to see her father. But the officer replied,

"Go your ways! are we to be importuned by a dog of a Giaour? and you, my pretty weeping rose-bud, had better cease to implore, or the Pacha (may his sublime shadow never be less!) will add you to the slaves of his harem!"

With the speed of lightning Demetrius drew his yataghan, and the head of the insolent Turk rolled in the dust! Quick as thought he seized Zellica in his arms, and followed by the infuriated guard, he safely reached her home, and barricaded the entrance. The guard attacked the doors; hundreds of Greeks soon rushed to the defence of the Palace of Stephanos Marius, and the Turks retreated to the Citadel, abandoning their revenge against Demetrius.

Among the gallant youth who ran to the defence of the palace, was Cleonae Barbati, a young man who had been the companion of Demetrius in his boyhood. Approaching Demetrius, he seized his extended hand, warmly praised his heroism, and told him that his life and fortune were henceforth to be devoted to Scio's emancipation—and that he would co-operate with Demetrius in any steps he might take in the work of freedom. Demetrius shook the hand of Cleonae, and replied,

"Were all of Scio's youth thus patriotic, the crescent would soon cease to wave upon the battlements of yon Citadel."

CHAPTER IV.

When the Pacha heard of the death of his officer by the hand of Demetrius, he determined on his destruction—and for that purpose despatched soldiers to hunt him down. But Demetrius, after strengthening the household of Stephanos Marius, took refuge in a sequestered spot on the south-east extremity of the island. Here he was joined by Cleonae Barbati—and together they planned arrangements which they hoped would result in a successful revolution. They gathered about them the peasantry, whom they furnished with all the arms and ammunition they could procure, and daily trained them in martial feats and exercises.

Demetrius did not leave the spot to visit Zellica; prudence and her safety and his own forbade it, but confiding in the friendship of Cleonae, he often made him the bearer of epistles to her.

Cleonae had seen Zellica but a few times before. He now became enraptured with her beauty, and conceived a passion for her, which, although he knew her to be the affianced of Demetrius, he did not attempt to repress. His advances were sternly repulsed by the faithful Zellica—and revenge and bitterness against his rival, were substituted in his heart for friendship. He returned however to Demetrius, and the latter saw no alteration in his demeanor.

He cordially seconded every suggestion of Demetrius, respecting movements connected with the undertaking in which they had engaged.

One morning the little band of their equipt followers, five hundred in number, were called out by Cleonae for parade and martial exercise upon the beach of the sea. It was a beautiful morn, and the hearts of the peasant soldiery glowed with patriotic ardor. The soldiers respected Cleonae, and promptly and joyfully obeyed him in the evolutions which he had directed them to perform. But when Demetrius appeared upon his richly caparisoned horse, and rode up to the review of his gallant ranks, the air was rent with their shouts of welcome. Cleonae bit his lip with envy and disappointment.

"Must he, too, possess the hearts of the soldiery, and Cleonae be only second in their thoughts and praises!" said he with bitterness to himself.

Suddenly Demetrius perceived a sail making toward the island, and levelling a spy-glass, he saw that it bore the patriot banner of the Peloponnesus Central Government, and under it, the Samiote flag fluttered in the breeze. It proved to be a vessel sent from Samas, and had come to proffer assistance to Scio. It landed, and six hundred soldiers, commanded by Vurmia and Logotheti, marshalled themselves upon the shore, and were welcomed by cheers from the ranks of Demetrius. The combined forces then commenced a march toward the principal town, but, from want of confidence in the power of the Samiotes, only a few of the surrounding peasantry joined them on their march.

The news of the approaching insurrection soon reached the ears of the Pacha at the Citadel. He immediately seized upon fifty more citizens as hostages—and sent out a strong body of cavalry to destroy the invaders. They met in a narrow valley, and a conflict ensued. The Samiotes returned fire for the sword, and the patriot force under Demetrius, from the hills and ledges of rocks, hurled death and destruction from their eminences upon the cavalry in the valley below. The greater number were killed, and the remainder retreated and fled in the greatest dismay and confusion.

Hundreds, now, who had witnessed the prowess and success of the patriots, rushed to join them, until their number became so strong as to force the Turks to fly from every part of the island to the Citadel, where they shut themselves up with the Pacha.

All Scio now saw that matters had gone so far, that Turkish vengeance would be signally visited upon them, unless they concluded the work of revolution which had been so gloriously begun. Their only hope was to get possession of the Citadel, and assistance from abroad, before help could arrive to the Turks from Constantinople. The inhabitants were all called upon to rise, which they did *en masse*. They blockaded the Citadel, and a temporary independent government was formed. The situation of Scio was critical. They had but little ammunition and few arms, and they could only convert the blockade into a siege, until steps should be taken to secure those necessities, and to get assistance from the Greek fleet, in case Turkey should send her armies to the assistance of the Pacha in the Citadel. A deputation was immediately sent to the Central Government in Peloponnesus—and it was deemed necessary that a messenger should be sent to Tombazi, the commander of the Greek fleet, then off the coast of Candia, with instructions to hasten to the assistance of Scio against the expected Turkish squadrons. Cleonae Barbati (fatal selection!) was intrusted with the important mission.

CHAPTER V.

Cleonae immediately embarked, and directed his vessel toward Candia. On board, the thoughts of Zellica and his rejected love came over him. He had seen, too, his rival lead on the brave troops that had driven the Turks to the Citadel—his inspiring conduct had led thousands to join him—cheers and praises were showered upon him from every side, while he, Cleonae, had been thrown into the shade. Should he contribute to the further glory and aggrandizement of his now hated rival? Were he to execute his present mission, and the fleet of Tombazi should arrive in time, Scio would be completely revolutionised and safe; and then thousands of voices would hail Demetrius as the progenitor of her freedom—and, in the arms of the beautiful Zellica, he would enjoy all that happiness could confer—the love of an angel wife, and the thanks and praises of a disenthralled and grateful people. No, no—rather would he that Scio should fall than that his rival should thus triumph.

Instead of steering for the coast of Candia, Cleonae took a northern direction, continually veering from one point to another, or lying at anchor, for the purpose of allowing the Turkish fleet, which he knew had probably already set sail from Constantinople, to reach Scio, before his treachery could be discovered, and before any other information could be conveyed to Tombazi. On the sixth day, the vessel of Cleonae was lying a few leagues from

the Island of Leobus, when he perceived the Turkish fleet making rapid sail in the direction of Scio. Putting himself in the way for that purpose, his vessel was made an unresisting prize to the Capitan Pacha, who commanded the fleet. As soon as he was taken on board, he sought an audience with the Capitan Pacha, to whom he showed his despatches to the Greek Commander, and told him the story of his treason to the new Government of Scio. The Pacha was rejoiced at the treachery, and lavishly rewarded the traitor.

The siege of the Citadel was continued at Scio with unabated determination. The Primates and the people confidently hoped that the speedy arrival of the Deputation sent for arms and ammunition and the timely approach of the fleet under Tombozi, would end their fears and put them out of danger. From day to day was the eye eagerly sent over the billows that surrounded the isle, for the purpose of hailing their approach. At length a fleet was seen steering for the port from the south. The crafty Pacha, in order to delude the Sciotes with the transient belief, that their expected Greek fleet was at hand, had during the night dropped down below the island, and was now returning to dispel the illusion by attacking the town. Completely deceived, the Sciotes became almost mad with joy, as they saw the noble ships far off in the distance approaching the isle. Suddenly a single vessel was seen to move toward the island from the eastern direction. Two of the frigates immediately gave chase to the new vessel, and a conflict commenced, the frigates pouring their broadsides upon her. They came nearer and nearer to the shore. The firing was renewed, and in an instant the new vessel blew up with a mighty explosion! The sound that came booming over the waters, was like the fiercest thunderclap, and the truth now flashed upon the dismayed inhabitants. The vessel that had been blown to atoms was the one returning with arms and ammunition for Scio, and the fleet was that of the Capitan Pacha! Terror and despair now reigned, where but a moment before, all was rife with bravery, and hope, and confidence.

CHAPTER VI.

The Turkish fleet neared the town. It consisted of twenty-five frigates and corvettes, and seven ships of the line. The Capitan Pacha immediately opened his broadsides upon the town—and the Turks in the Citadel, simultaneously sallied out, and drove away their Greek besiegers. He then landed six thousand soldiers of the fleet—they gathered about the town, and, rushing in among the defenceless Sciotes, commenced a work of murderous tragedy, unparalleled in history. For three days the air was rent with the mingled groans and shrieks of men, women and children, and with the demoniac yells of their assailants, whose gleaming scimitars, red with the blood of murdered innocence, were continually doing the work of ruthless butchery. Age, sex, nor condition were spared the blow that laid them bleeding in the dust. The resisting and the unresisting all shared the same horrid fate. The yataghan cleft the brain of the wretch, who, in his desperation repulsed the murderous attack, and the dagger was sheathed in the snowy bosom of beauty, who clung to the barbarian's knee, and begged in vain for mercy. Houses were pillaged and fired, and on every side appeared rapine, murder and conflagration.

Glutted with blood and pillage, the barbarians, for a short time, ceased their carnage, but only to perpetrate what was worse. Hundreds of the most beautiful women had been spared for the sake of enslaving them—and the soldiers now commenced collecting them together, and embarking them on board the fleet, for the purpose of conveying them to the slave-market at Constantinople.

The Palace of *Stephanos Marius* had been burned to the ground, under the immediate direction and supervision of the Capitan Pacha, and the shrieking *Zellica* seized by his guard and conveyed on board the Pacha's own ship. The mother and sisters of *Demetrius* had been also seized and sent on board.

This accomplished, the slaughter again commenced. The Capitan Pacha had not yet finished his bloody mission; and, in order to renew the flagging fury of his soldiers, he took the ninety-five hostages, with *Stephanos Marius* at their head, and hung them up at the yard arms of his vessels. *Zellica* beheld the fate of her father, and a swoon of insensibility shut the horrid sight from her eyes. This most bloody signal on board the Pacha's ships, was answered from the shore by the butchery of seven hundred peasants, whom the Turks had driven into the Citadel.

Had *Demetrius* fallen? No—he was the first to discover the treachery of *Cleonæ Barbati*, on seeing his vessel brought in as a prize by the Turkish fleet. He saw that all was lost, yet he could not reproach himself. It was not the fault of himself nor of the brave ones who had joined him, that their confident hopes had been followed by this disaster.

Treachery alone—vile, damning treachery, against which no human foresight can completely guard, had been the overthrow of his glorious schemes of freedom to Scio.

Seeing resistance useless, he endeavored to the utmost of his power, to assist families in their flight from the island. Two thousand brave hearts stood by him, and assisted in this dernier undertaking. Out of the eighty thousand people of the island, fifteen thousand thus escaped. Families came rushing from the town, pursued by parties of assassins, and collecting them together, Demetrius, with his two thousand brave soldiers, covered their retreat, and thus led them to Mount Opus, near the sea-shore, where, embarking them in boats, they escaped massacre. The Turks made several fierce onsets upon him, and finally drove him from this position—but he drew up his followers again at Thymiana, also on the beach, and a good point of debarkation. Here, as before, he was fast shipping the fugitive Sciotes away in boats; when two of the Pacha's ships were sent round to cannonade him from the sea-side. This was done at the instigation of Cleonae, who was determined not only to prevent the escape of Demetrius, but to compass his death. Cleonae commanded one of the ships, and approaching the shore he fired upon the fugitives, but did little execution. In consequence of an awkward movement, the vessel of Cleonae got upon the rocks, and was thereby rendered unmanageable. The Greeks now poured upon them their musketry—and the other vessel abandoning Cleonae, scud out from the shore to avoid their galling fire. Demetrius now furiously, attacked Cleonae's ship, and, with the assistance of boats, his followers soon boarded her, and a sharp conflict ensued on deck. But the Turks were finally overpowered and killed. Demetrius followed Cleonae to the lower deck, where he found him endeavoring to stifle a slight sabre wound which he had received in his arm. Their eyes met! Quick as the avenging thunderbolt, Demetrius drew his scimitar, and exclaiming "Die! most villainous of traitors!" the head of Cleonae dropped upon the deck!

Demetrius then manned the vessel with Greeks, and filling the ship and boats with the fugitive Sciotes, he set sail, and soon landed them at Ispara.

CHAPTER VII.

Ill-fated Scio! Four days of Turkish rioting, and Vandalism had rendered her soil a clotted mass of blood and ashes—presenting, like unwept Sarmatia—

"The bloodiest picture in the book of Time."

The Musselman sword had drank the blood of her sons and veterans; and her beauty and booty were now to become a prey to Byzantine cruelty and luxurious abomination. Laden with the plundered riches of Scio, and with his female captives, the fleet of the Capitan Pacha, set sail, and, steering for the coast of Asia Minor, he landed the greatest number of his captives, and sent them by land to Constantinople. Sixty of the most beautiful, among whom were the sisters of Demetrius and their mother, he sent specially as a present to Asma Sultana. The Capitan Pacha had long sought to win her as his bride, and he deemed so rich a present would have the effect to bring about the desired object. He then returned to the Straits of Scio, with Zellica, and many other beautiful captive maidens still on board.

But a just and terrible retribution awaited the murderous Capitan Pacha. At Ispara, Demetrius met the bold and intrepid KANARIS, who had so nobly distinguished himself in the Greek wars. This truly brave and amiable man wept over the fate of the beautiful Scio—and listened with pleasure to the proposition of Demetrius to join him in avenging upon the spoiler, the cruelties which he had visited upon that island. Kanaris volunteered to Government to attempt the destruction of the Turkish fleet by a fire-ship, and his daring offer was accepted.

In the mean time the slaves sent by the Capitan Pacha, reached Constantinople—and the hapless wretches were sent to the slave-market. The sixty were presented by the officers entrusted with that duty to Asma Sultana. The differences in the natures of *men* are sometimes so striking, as to create a doubt whether any thing human appertains to a portion of them. Not so with *woman*. In all countries, and under all circumstances, she is woman still—and at no time do their generous, noble natures appear in more lovely colors, than when appealed to by suffering or calamity. It is then their beautiful feminine attributes shine forth, with healing upon their wings. When the news came of the ruthless destruction of her favorite isle, Asma Sultana wept, and she rejected with scorn and indignation the proffered present. She went, however, to see the captives—and when she discovered

among them the mother and sisters of Demetrius, her eyes filled with tears, and she pressed them to her bosom. Gratefully did she remember those whose kindness she had felt on her visit to Scio. She took them by the hand, and leading them out of the divan, she said to the officer who had them in charge, her lips trembling with beautiful emotion—"These I shall take home with me, and restore them to liberty. I take them not as the gift of the Capitan Pacha, but as a right—they befriended me in my need, and I will not forget them." When the remaining captives saw the good fate of Madame Leondari and her daughters, they begged the Sultana to take them also, saying, "we shall find kindness in you, but if we are sold, or returned to the Pacha, what will be our fate?" The Sultana acceded to their request—but said to the officer—"I take these ladies according to their own wish—not as a gift. Tell the Pacha he has my bitterest scorn and hatred for his wickedness and cruelty!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Kanaris and Demetrius sailed with their fire-ship for the Straits of Scio, in company with an Hydriote vessel. In the neighborhood of the Straits, they encountered some of the Turkish look-out vessels, but, by an artful manœuvre, they deceived them into the supposition that they were merchantmen bound for Smyrna. Darkness came—and they stood boldly away for the mouth of the Straits, within which lay the fleet of the Capitan Pacha. As soon as they were on the point of entering the Gulf, the Hydriote Captain remonstrated against going any farther, saying it was an intrepidity impelled only by madness, that could lead to any thing so daring—so fraught with danger. Kanaris, however, quieted his fears; but his own sailors and men now became refractory. His only reply was—"You came here voluntarily—the ship shall go on, and you may go with her, or jump overboard." They were silenced, and the vessels were rapidly approaching the lights. They passed several Turkish frigates, but these were a prey too ignoble for such spirits as Kanaris and Demetrius, who had come to revenge the blood of Scio—and nothing but the blood of the cruel leader, and the conflagration of his ship could atone for it. "*Blood for blood—flame for flame!*" Kanaris and Demetrius had reached the middle of the Turkish fleet. The moon was shining clear upon the waters of the Gulf; and the Capitan Pacha, with his vessels securely anchored, dreamed not that danger was near. On the other side they discovered the huge black ship of the Capitan Pacha. They bore rapidly down upon him. "Stand away! stand away!" cried the now roused Turkish guard—still the fire-ship came on. Soon the wild cry "Brulotta! Brulotta!" apprised them that they were known. That awful cry aroused the sleeping Turks, hundreds of whom rushed to the deck in confusion and dismay. A few shots were fired; but still that strange sail approached them, with a stillness that appalled their hearts. Shots whizzed again over the heads of Kanaris and Demetrius, whose men sheltered themselves from their effect, behind the bulwarks. Strong in their terrible resolution, Kanaris and Demetrius stood up, regardless of the shots that flew around their heads, and steered their vessel full on the Pacha's ship. In an instant his bow struck its side with a thundering shock, and entangled. The boats were instantly lowered, and every Greek jumped into them. Kanaris touched the train, and following Demetrius and his men, were pulling rapidly away; when the form of a beautiful female, was seen to approach the side of the Pacha's ship. Uttering a piercing shriek, she leaped from the vessel into the boiling waves. That shriek! It fell on the ear of Demetrius like the cry of stern despair. Could it be the form and the voice of his own beloved ZELICA! Hastily dashing his boat up toward the spot where the plunge was made, he jumped into the sea, and with his own arm, caught the sinking maiden, and placed her in his boat. It was indeed Zellica! They now rapidly pulled away from their dangerous situation. The train that had been fired, communicated with the combustibles—they flashed up in one broad blaze, and the Pacha's ship became enveloped in flame. Horror and dismay now reigned on board. Lying at their anchors, nothing could be done, amid the dire confusion that reigned around, to separate the vessels. Boats were instantly lowered, but were instantly sunk by the numbers who rushed for safety into them. The wretched Capitan Pacha and his officers succeeded in launching a small pinnacle, and by cutting off the hands of the drowning wretches, who clung to it, managed in getting a little way from the burning ship. Demetrius saw from his boat that he was likely to escape—and levelling a carbine, shot him through the forehead! It was but a momentary anticipation of the fate that awaited him—for the mainmast fell at the same instant, struck the pinnacle, and crushed to death every soul in her.*

Demetrius and his companion, then with their respective boats, rowed swiftly down the Straits, which for miles were illuminated by the lurid glare of the burning fleet. At daylight they were off Cape Blanco, and, within a few hours, fell in with two Greek vessels, who were cruising for them, when they got safely on board.

Zellica soon revived. She awoke to a strange and pleasing reality. Her father's murderer and her country's destroyer, had been signally punished, and sent to his long account; and herself rescued from slavery and death—all, by the hand of her intrepid lover. They returned to Ispara. Demetrius and Kanaris, for this brave act, received the plaudits of all Greece. A fete rich and grand was held in commemoration of the event—and on that eve, Zellica became the bride of Demetrius Leondari. The following morning, a beautiful yacht landed at Ispara, having on board Madame Leondari, and her daughters, with a letter to Demetrius from Asma Sultana, lauding him for the vengeance he had meted out to the Capitan Pacha, and enclosing a diamond necklace to Zellica.

Vain was the struggle of Greece for liberty. Pure and noble was the patriotism that instigated her attempts to be free; brave and dauntless were the hearts that bled for her. But neither a Bozzaris, a Kanaris, an Ipselanti, nor a Capo d'Istria, could avert the bolt that crushed those noble efforts. That hapless land, whose sufferings awoke the liveliest sympathies of England's noblest bard, and of millions in this western world, is still the land of the oppressed—the foot of the tyrant is still upon her neck. Scio—once the brightest gem in her coronet of Isles, is still beautiful amid its desolation—but its palaces no longer resound with the happy voices of her former children—they are the abodes of the bearded Musselman—and her valleys are trodden by the feet of the barbarian.

Demetrius Leondari is now a naturalised American. His home is in a country where that liberty abounds, which he in vain sought to give his native Scio. His rich mansion embellishes the western shore of one of our loveliest rivers—and the still beautiful Zellica is the happy mother of sons and daughters.

Binghamton, N. Y. August 18th, 1839.

RETREAT OF THE FRENCH FROM MOSCOW.

SLOWLY from the battle-field,
Pass'd the shades of night away;
Morn no beam of hope reveal'd,
All was terror, dread, dismay.

Still the ruthless foe pursu'd;
Still in vain they feebly fled;
Or the fight again renew'd,
Midst the wounded, dying, dead.

Swollen streams their march impede;
Gath'ring storms around them roar;
Weak, benumb'd, they stop—proceed—
Falter—fall—and rise no more.

What to them are southern skies,
Sunny plains, and summer's bloom;
Glory's boast, or valor's prize,
Driving snows their only tomb.

When, oh, when, will foolish man,
Blinded by the love of pow'r;
Learn its airy form to scan,
Fleeting as the passing hour.

Vain is all that earth can give,
Wealth, or fame, or empire's sway;
Heav'nly joys alone survive,
Free from change—without decay.

Union Co. Pa. July 16th, 1839.

L. & D.

THE PLEASURES OF READING.

"BLESSED," said the worthy governor of Barataria, "be that man who first invented sleep," and presumptuous must the mortal be who would dispute the opinions of that prince of proverbs, the renowned esquire of the mirror of chivalry, from whose tongue flowed a clear, copious, and inexhaustible stream of wisdom. Show me that minion of fortune, though floating carelessly down the stream of life, who has not frequent occasion to exclaim, when assailed by tedium, or vexations, those "ills that flesh is heir to," and from which none are exempted, "blessed be that man who first invented sleep." But as that dull, yet fickle god, will not always at our bidding "revisit our eye-lids," and "steep our senses in forgetfulness," but like many a false friend, "desert us at our utmost need," blessed, thrice blessed, be the memory of that man who first invented books, the antidotes of care, the soothers of disappointed hopes, the "balm of hurt minds." Enshrined be the memory of those benevolent souls who have wasted their own existence in pouring over the midnight lamp, to infuse health and vigor into the minds of succeeding generations—who have strewn thorns over their own pillow, while they were preparing beds of roses for others.

I envy not that man who, though luxuriating in all the varied pleasures that wealth ever gave, flitting like a meteor through a gazing multitude, in all the gaudy trappings of equipage, dwelling in a palace, and courted by admiring crowds, is yet insensible to the charms of literature, that ever changing, yet inexhaustible source of purest happiness. Though greeted with smiles, and the shallow protestations of friendship are lavished upon him; yet even among those whose lips drop honey, whose countenances beam in sunny smiles, the poison of envy insidiously lurks in the heart, awaiting but the moment when it may be vented with security upon its unhappy victim. The hand of fraud or misfortune, may in a moment deprive him of those treasures on which he rests his every hope of happiness. In that hour of adversity, where is the ephemeral crowd who spread their glittering wings and fluttered round, exhausting their utmost art to sooth his vanity by the mellifluous murmurings of adulation, ministering to his pleasures even to satiety? Fled! forever fled! like wanton bees to sip the fragrance of another flower, leaving their sting behind. At this heart-rending hour, when the veil of deception is cast aside, and the unreal mockery is exposed, with the heart pierced by the arrows of disappointment, and writhing under the agonies of wounded pride, where shall the deluded victim find a refuge from despair? At that age when the heart is susceptible of the purest affections, the genius of literature with the virtues in her train, stretched forth her saving hand to lead him to her sequestered shades, blooming with amaranthine flowers, smiling in the mild, yet fadeless beams of intellectual suns. But a false goddess, decked in the flaunting tinsel robes of pageantry, surrounded by the syrens of dissipation, lured him with the voice of flattery to her embraces, whelmed him in the vortex of worldly pleasures, brutalising his mind, and corrupting his heart! And shall the intellectual being whose proffered friendship he repuled with contempt, and through a long series of delusive follies he utterly neglected, now receive him? Never! Where then shall he seek an oblivion to the visitings of remorse? Amid the loathsome haunts of inebriety!—This is a picture humiliating and revolting to our best feelings; it is nevertheless a truth on which the experience of every age has set its seal. Let us turn from it.

Blessed and honored above all others be the memory of that man who first invented books! If vexations irritate my feelings, or the monotonous tone of the society into which I may be occasionally thrown, overwhelms me with ennui, I seize the earliest opportunity, sometimes stretching a little the point of politeness, to return to the circle of my selected friends, and seated in my elbow chair, by the assistance of their philosophical, or fanciful conversation, sooth the irritability, or awaken the palsied sensibility of my mind. There is a peculiar advantage attending this intercourse; they possess the invariable attribute of genius,—retiring modesty. They are utterly incapable of obtruding their opinions, or of teasing with impertinent questions; but satisfied to amuse whilst we are willing to listen, and retiring at the first symptom of expiring interest. Not so those walking books, who,

more desirous of gratifying their own vanity, than they are to amuse or instruct their auditors, dwell with a wearisome minuteness on "the thrice told tale," of which in all probability themselves are the heroes, though you should be evidently expiring with drowsiness; depress your spirits by an exaggerated narrative of a tale of woe; or force upon your revolting ear their crude, boisterous, and impotent attempts at wit and humor, when your heart is lacerated by grief, or torn by secret vexations. As a refuge from the danger of this aggravated evil, the greatest sure that could be devised, blessed be the man who first invented books! Seated in the midst of this select, this "chosen few," of what can we complain!

"Meditation here,
May think down hours to moments."

If tired of the dull monotonies of real life, I mount with Shakspeare or Milton, into the sublimated regions of fancy, and leave the "grovelling world for fools to bustle in;" taking good care, however, to break my fall upon my return, by the demi-sublimity of Southey's ponderous muse: if military ardor inflame my mind, by the assistance of the mighty Homer, I case myself in the discarded armor of Achilles, and warring on valiant, virtuous Hector's side, I dash my blood-stained chariot o'er the plain, crushing whole legions of the invading Greeks, bearing destruction and dismay even to their fleet; or, seated among the gods "on Ida's piney top," govern the destinies of contending hosts. In the indulgence of this classical warfare, I have this advantage over those who cool their passion by a vulgar, every-day affray—I always return from the fiercest contest, fully satisfied, and with the inestimable blessings of whole bones and unbruised flesh.

Should the spleen attempt to usurp the laughter-moving sway of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, a Knickerbocker, or a Swift, the foul fiend evaporates in a yellow mist, or returns to its paternal seat in the brain of a "mad John Dennis:" is my heart dissolved in the "agonising blisses of the tenderest passion," and would wish to pour forth its plaints, a thing of course, in liquid numbers? By assuming to myself the mellifluous murmurings of a Shenstone, or a Hammond, I may waft away my very soul in sighs; or luxuriate in the delectable dreams of a Petrarch; and I believe that lovers, like poets, as the ingenious Waller told King Charles, "always succeed best in fiction." Am I in a moralising strain, which by-the-bye for my own happiness, I am very apt to be, the sententious Johnson affords me at the same time the most profound and impressive subjects, and the most sublime and eloquently expressed reflections; and yet, although the posthumous Johnson is the most instructive and delightful of companions, I would not, if Anne Steward has drawn a correct portrait of the "Literary Goliath," endure five minutes tête-à-tête with the living Johnson for the universe. But it should be remembered that he once said of this lady, that she had "nothing of the woman about her, but the vices." Certainly these biographers, who industriously, and too often maliciously, set forth the imperfections of their authors, deprive us of a very considerable proportion of the pleasure we should otherwise feel, in the perusal of their productions; but

"Wits are like game-cocks to each other,
No wit could e'er endure a brother."

Who would believe that the author of the inimitable *Rasselas* was the most amiable, as well as the wisest of human beings, were it not for the kind souls who have handed him down to posterity as the most morose and overbearing? For what purpose, unless to relieve their minds from the burthen of envy, certainly a most troublesome guest, and wisely ejected by any means, I never could tell. But truly, in this instance the poisoned chalice is justly returned to his own lips, who has afforded so powerful a precedent; who has vented the utmost bitterness of his gall upon an inoffensive race of poets. Yet, does the sweet nightingale warble less melodiously, because the boding raven would drown its voice with envious croakings!

Inspir'd bards shall consecrate the shrine
Where sleeps the minstrel of the art divine.
More lov'd his song, that envious critics rave,
And dare to plant the nightshade on his grave.
There, dew'd with tears, Spring's earliest rose shall bloom;

There, still the latest smile upon his tomb,
 And breathe the incense of their soft perfume:
 The dews of heaven with verdure deck'd the ground,
 And bays and laurels spring spontaneous round.
 There virtuous youths their grateful homage breathe,
 And tender virgins weave the laureate wreath.

Let us be grateful to that man who, by the invention of books, has annihilated time and space, who has thus enabled us to retire to our closets, and enjoy a familiar converse with a Pliny, a Seneca, and a Plutarch, and thus informed us how a Cæsar combated, a Plato thought—who has bequeathed to generations yet unborn, the inspirations of a Homer, a Virgil, and the sweet bard of Avon:

“Those mighty masters of the living lyre.”

But above all who has placed in the hands of millions, who would otherwise have remained in utter darkness, the consoling, blessed, and everlasting BOOK OF LIFE AND IMMORTALITY—the IMMUTABLE WORD of a MERCIFUL GOD. Let us in the morning and meridian of life cherish with unceasing care a love of literature, and continue an intercourse with those authors who will refine our taste, supply us with useful knowledge, and create, or nourish a love of patriotism, virtue and religion; and so provide a goodly stock of reflections to cheer the otherwise dreary winter of our declining years. But in the selection of those friends who are to be the chosen companions of our solitude, let us be ever strictly on our guard, lest, under the most attractive appearances, we should admit to our confidence and esteem, an insidious foe, lurking under the splendid garb of genius, blasting our happiness both in time and in eternity.

“Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
 Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment hood-wink'd. Some the style
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
 Of error, leads them by a tune entranc'd.”

Let us, therefore, beware of the Rousseaus, the Godwins, the Humes, and the Voltaires, who, in the insulted name of virtue, allure to vice; and then may we with truth exclaim to the last moment of our lives,—BLESSED BE THAT MAN WHO FIRST INVENTED BOOKS.

Philadelphia, August 11th, 1839.

C. B. B.

MIDNIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

By thy dusky mantle streaming,
 By the stars that there are gleaming,
 By thy lone and solemn sky,
 Darkening on the pensive eye;
 By the wild waves, as they sweep
 Constant thro' the gloomy deep,
 Night! we hail thy solemn noon,
 Sky without or cloud or moon!

Swiftly gliding o'er the ocean,
 Rides the bark, with rapid motion,
 Waves are foaming at the prow,
 Trembling waters round her flow;

Zanesville, Ohio, July 6, 1839.

Midnight hears the lonely sound,
 Thro' her ocean caves profound:
 Night! we hail thy solemn noon,
 Sky without or cloud or moon!

Weary wanderer, sadly roving,
 Far from home, and all that's loving,
 Midnight lulls thy soul to peace,
 Then thy grief and sorrows cease;
 Join us then in that wild strain,
 Sighing o'er the heaving main,
 Night! we hail thy solemn noon,
 Sky without or cloud or moon!

E.

LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO.

"Uncertainty!
Fell demon of our fears! The human soul,
That can support despair supports not thee!"

Mallet.

NUMBER TWO.

THE MURDER TRIAL

I WAS sitting one morning at an early hour in my office, and had just opened the still damp newspaper to search for the latest news from the Chesapeake, where Cochrane at that time was harrying the coast, burning, plundering, and ravaging with a ferocity, which will send his name down to posterity with a curse upon its front, when my eye suddenly fell upon the following paragraph, placed conspicuously near the head of the first column.

"DREADFUL MURDER.—By an express from —, we learn that a most horrid murder was committed near the town of C—, on Friday the — inst. upon the body of James Wilson, Esq. one of our most worthy and influential citizens. The deceased left home in company with a young man, named Henry Duval, who had lately married a ward of our fellow townsman. The union, we understand was in opposition to her guardian's wishes, and it is supposed that an angry altercation arose concerning it, between Mr. Wilson and the young man. High words were heard between them, and they were seen entering a wood, in which, on Sunday evening, the mangled body of Mr. Wilson was found, horribly mutilated, and so disfigured as scarcely to be recognised. The whole county is in a tumult. Such an excitement has not reigned in our district since its first settlement. The murderer has fled, but the proper officers are already out in pursuit of him."

A little below was another paragraph, stating that the accused had been arrested the preceding evening in our city, and consigned to prison, denying, however, all knowledge of the murder, and expressing the utmost sorrow for the deceased's untimely death. But there was no doubt, added the editor, of the guilt of the prisoner.

I had scarcely finished the paragraph, and a host of indistinct memories were crowding on my brain, as if at some time or other, I had heard the names of the parties, when a faint tap was heard at my door, and desiring the person to enter, a closely veiled female stole timidly into the room, and asked with a tremulous voice if I was Mr. —. Wondering what her mission, at so early an hour could be with me, I answered in the affirmative, and desiring her to take a chair, waited for her to speak.

A more exquisitely moulded form I had rarely seen. It was slight, almost girlish, and had that peculiar delicacy which we call aristocratic. Her countenance—for on taking her seat she had put aside her veil—was eminently handsome. With a fair complexion; a classic outline of feature; a deep, blue eye, that seemed full of feeling; and an expression over all which, reminded me of some of the sweetest of Raphael's faces, she would, at any time, have won admiration for her beauty, but now there was something so touchingly sad in her looks, that I felt interested in her history at once. I knew that sorrow visits even the young and innocent, and might not she be one of these? Her dress, though studiously neat, was coarse, and contrasted with her manners, which were singularly refined. I felt with a sigh, that perhaps she was another of the victims of misfortune, living in poverty the life that began in wealth. Is not want hard enough to bear even to those who are born and educated for it, much less to the more miserable still who have been nursed in the bosom of luxury?

"Will you please to read this note, sir?" said a low, tremulous, yet silvery voice. Starting, for I had been lost in thought, I bowed, and taking from her hand a piece of soiled and crumpled paper, apparently torn from some book, and folded into the shape of a note, I proceeded to open and read it. Its first sentence struck me dumb. I give it word for word.

Dear ———,

——— Street Prison.

I know not how to write to you. My brain is on fire. I feel as in a fever. The last two hours have nigh drove me mad—but why delay? I am arrested, and—good God!—on a charge of murder,—and that too of the murder of my bride's guardian, Mr. Wilson. Perhaps you shall have seen it in the papers before you get this, and, like all the rest, may believe the tale; but oh! as you remember our school-boy days, as you value truth and honor, and justice, as you would not break my young wife's heart, do not believe the falsehood!

Come to me. I know not what to do. I am in prison, and ironed. Who can I trust? Even this I have procured with difficulty, and my sweet wife is the only messenger I can rely on. I have no right, I know, to claim your aid except the memory of former friendship and of happy days spent together, but in the name of that do not desert me!

H. DUVAL.

The manuscript was hurriedly and incoherently scrawled, but at the first glance I recognised the handwriting of my old schoolmate, and at once it flashed upon me that *he* was the one known to me in the catastrophe I had just been reading of. And could he be guilty? I scouted at the idea. I had known him intimately for years; I had been with him in difficulties and dangers; in the labors and amusements of life; and never had I known a nobler heart, or one less likely to be guilty of such a deed. 'True, we had not met for years, and all correspondence had for a season died away, but I felt such a confidence in his rectitude, that I could not but believe him the victim either of perjury or mistake. All this flashed through my mind like lightning, and uttering a hasty ejaculation as I finished the note, I looked up, and became sensible that his wife—for that sweet creature was indeed she—had been as I read the note, anxiously perusing my countenance, with that intensity, which a consciousness that life and death depended perhaps on my determination only can produce.

"Can any thing be done?" she eagerly asked, losing all diffidence in the one engrossing thought, anxiety for her husband. "Oh, Mr. ———, you will not desert us. You know that he is incapable of the deed, that he is too noble, too good for it; but yet, what can be done? I am but a poor, weak woman," she continued, while the tears, despite her efforts, streamed down her face, "and can do nothing. They will perhaps imprison him—they cannot do more. Oh! can they? But no time is to be lost, for they are to re-examine him this morning, and I was so afraid I should miss you, that I have been walking up and down the street this hour, waiting for you to open your office. You will pardon my earnestness," she continued, looking touchingly at me, while her eyes were suffused with tears, "but a wife's feelings cannot be told."

I was deeply affected. I was yet a young man, and my heart was not then, nor ever has been seared to misery. The perilous situation of an old, and I had no doubt of an innocent friend, was enough to rouse all my faculties in his favor; but when to this was added the eloquence of his almost heart-broken wife, I felt as if I could have gone to the world's end, to restore him to freedom and her to happiness.

I hastened to assure her that every faculty I was possessed of should be exerted in behalf of my friend, and not doubting that the charge was exaggerated, comforted her by an assurance of his speedy enlargement. "Indeed," I continued, seeing that her feelings still overpowered her, "indeed, there is no room for fear. The charge will, I trust, be easily disproved. To-night will see your husband free. But now let us hasten to his aid," and calling a coach, I ordered it to drive to the prison.

Never shall I forget the sad yet grateful smile, with which that angelic woman, thanked me for my promptness. It seemed as if her whole soul was wrapped up in her husband, and as if every moment of suspense or delay was to her worse than death. I would have put her down at her lodgings, but she could not be persuaded to desert him to whom her vows were plighted. Oh! the constancy of woman. They call this a dark world, but can it be so while woman's love is here?

The meeting between my old schoolmate and myself was one of sad interest to both. As I pressed his hand, a crowd of former memories poured like a flood of sunset light, across

my soul. For a moment we forgot all but the past. But then came the terrible consciousness of the present, of the ignominy of Duval's situation, and the perils that threatened to break his poor wife's heart. One brief word, one hasty assurance of my friendship, and of my confidence in his innocence was all that the time permitted us. He said nothing, for the jailer entered to conduct him before the committing magistrate,—but I could see that he turned his head aside to brush away a tear, and hear, as he pressed my hand, the fervent ejaculation, "Thank God!" I would not have given that one moment for the richest hour ambition ever had.

With much difficulty his sweet wife was persuaded not to accompany us to the police office, where a re-examination was to be given to the prisoner before his final commitment to answer before his fellow men for the awful crime of murder. As it is necessary for the unity of my story, I will premise the circumstances of his marriage as I subsequently learned them, both from his own lips, and during the course of the examination.

In the village of —, though celebrated for its female beauty, there was no one to rival Mary Symmes, the ward of the wealthy Mr. Wilson. Even when I first beheld her, and when sorrow had made sad havoc with her countenance, she was still eminently handsome; and sure a more exquisite expression I never saw in any human face. She was an orphan. Her father dying left her under the care of his friend, bequeathing her a large fortune, with the very common, though singular provision, that she should not marry without the consent of her guardian. Beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress, she had no sooner entered society, than her hand became the prize for which wealth and family contended. But to all her suitors she was indifferent. They amused her leisure, but they touched not her heart. Conscious of feelings not accorded to every one, she longed for some kindred spirit who might love with an intensity equal to her own. From the crowd she turned away, wearied with their selfish and empty protestations. She longed to be loved not for her fortune, but for herself; and when, at last, she met Henry Duval, and listened to his high and lofty aspirations, she felt, before they had known each other a week, that her destiny was woven with his. In one short word they loved. Little did they think, in the guilelessness of first affection, that woe, and sorrow, and misery should yet fill their cup to the brim. But the web of fate was already woven.

Henry Duval, was indeed, a being to be loved. Frank, generous, and confiding, with a fine person and noble air; possessed of talents as brilliant as they were varied; with a mind disciplined by study and enlarged by travel, the fascination of his conversation and the openness of his heart, fixed the admiration which his address was calculated to excite. He was just such a being as one of fine sensibilities would image, and is it to be wondered that Mary Symmes reciprocated his affection? It never occurred to her that his poverty was, in her guardian's eyes, an inseparable bar to their union; and when Mr. Wilson, at last aware of the danger of further intimacy between his ward and Henry Duval, forbid the latter his house, the beautiful heiress for the first time woke to the consciousness of her situation. She knew her father's will, and that she would be penniless if she married without her guardian's consent. But it was too late. The evening walks and daily meetings which the careless guardian had overlooked, had proved too much for the lovers' young and susceptible hearts, and already had those vows, which Mary felt that only death could break, been exchanged between them. Their troth was plighted to each other. It was perhaps hasty, it may be reprehensible; but who in the ardor of youth can resist the desire to hear they are beloved? Oh! there is nothing like the first confessions of a pure young heart. Woe, misery, and shame may come; age may dim our eye, and silver our hairs; all that once thrilled us may pass away, and be no more remembered; but never, even in the darkest hour, shall the first whispered confession of our early love be forgot.

The history of the heart is short, and soon told. Love when it has gone so far is only heightened by opposition. They were married. For the first time that lovely girl disobeyed her guardian, and, amid his anger and maledictions went forth from his door—a wife. But she was happy. In the presence of him she loved she could forget fortune, friends, flatterers and all. She trusted too that her guardian would relent. Poor thing! how she deceived herself. Her letters were returned unopened, and she herself spurned from his presence. Their future history was that of hundreds before and since. Poverty began to lower around them. The utmost exertions of her husband, opposed as he secretly was by the influence of her guardian, scarcely sufficed to win the necessities much less those superfluities of life which habit had made invaluable. As a last resort he removed to the city; but his pride forbid him to seek his old acquaintances. At this time it was that our correspondence ceased, and I lost all knowledge of him. Here too he fell sick. Want began already to haunt his lowly dwelling, and to strip it of its last few comforts. Yet in that dreadful winter his lovely wife was as an angel from heaven. Friendless and alone; almost without means or sympathy;

deserted by all who had formerly crowded around her, she maintained themselves for four weary months, on the profits of her mother's long cherished jewelry, watching day and night, through cold and sickness, over the fevered bed of her husband.

At last he recovered; but it was only to shudder at the prospect before him. He was yet too weak to earn a sustenance, and his pride revolted at applying to strangers for relief. He saw his wife grow paler and paler, yet without a murmur or a tear; he felt that she had watched over his illness till death had almost made her his own, and as he strained her wildly to his bosom, he resolved to make one last effort to move her guardian, even at the price of leaving her forever. But he maintained the utmost secrecy of his intention. He made a pretence one day that he had been summoned on an offer of business to the country, and stealing from her hastened to —, and, by accident met Mr. Wilson just as he reached the village. But he was pitiless. Stung by his injustice the young man with an anguished heart, left him at the entrance of a wood which skirted the town, and, almost mad with his gloomy prospects, set out that very night for the city. To his astonishment, in a few days, the officers of justice arrested him for the murder of his wronger. Mr. Wilson had not been seen since their interview, a dead body supposed to be his had been found in the wood, and every circumstance pointed suspicion at my innocent friend. It was in the first moment of surprise and horror that he penned the incoherent epistle which his sweet wife had brought to me.

We were now at the magistrate's office. After much pompous and well feigned concern for my client, he proceeded to hear the evidence against the prisoner. It was terribly strong. The interview, the altercation, the place where they were last seen, as well as the finding of the body, and the singularly concurring departure of Duval, were all incontestibly proved. The prisoner, however, admitted at once every thing up to their parting at the wood. There was a frankness about him which predisposed all in his favor, but few who were strangers to his character could resist the chain of presumptive testimony adduced against him. I saw that one by one the countenances of the spectators grew more expressive of his guilt, and my heart died within me as I beheld it. I cross-examined every witness, searchingly and siftingly,—but in vain. All I could elicit favorable to my client was a want of certainty in one or two witnesses as to the identity of the body, and the seemingly valueless information that Mr. Wilson had left home on horseback, to proceed some miles down the bay, and that on that very day several hours later, the British forces under Cochrane, had landed and burned the village. The magistrate commended my zeal, but smiled when I dwelt upon the possibility of Mr. Wilson being still alive and a prisoner with the enemy. I saw that all was over. Duval was fully committed.

When I broke the news to his poor wife and she fell senseless to the floor, I thought that her eyes were never again to open upon the woes of life. But it was not thus to be. She recovered, and many a day of suspense and agony crept by, while her cheek paled, and her eye grew dim, and her heart was slowly breaking. Oh, God! that such misery should ever blight the fair and young.

Well, time passed on. I never for a moment doubted my friend's innocence, but there was a mystery connected with the transaction I in vain endeavored to unravel. The story of Duval I believed implicitly, but how could it be substantiated? I called in the aid of the most eminent criminal lawyer at that time at the bar, and we labored, though in vain, till the day of the trial to account for the disappearance of Mr. Wilson. My colleague was baffled for once. I know not, but it seemed to me at times, as if even he doubted the innocence of Duval. The horizon grew darker and gloomier as days rolled by. Yet, never for a moment, from the first hour I met him, did my client lose the calm self-collectedness of his manner. He felt that man had left him, that his name was every where loaded with suspicion and shame, and that unjustly and wantonly he was outlawed from the human race; yet with the proud loftiness of his character, wrapping himself up in the consciousness of innocence, he sat down prepared for either fortune. His fate was before him, dark and ignominious perhaps, but to be borne without repining. At times, however, when gazing on the pale face of his wife, he would turn his head away to hide a momentary tear. He met obloquy and danger with defying scorn, but his stern soul melted before a woman's uncomplaining tears. Yet, though he strove to hide it, anguish was eating out his heart. Like Prometheus, tied to the rock, the undying vulture was preying on his vitals.

I remember one night in particular. His lovely wife was absent after much solicitation, for an hour's ride with one of my female friends. The chamber was of stone, gloomy, damp, uncomfortable, and lighted by a narrow grated window, through which the rays of the setting sun calmly stole, falling on the cold pavement, and playing uneasily on the wall as if they felt that it was no spot for them. Duval had been pacing up and down the room with rapid strides, conversing upon the progress of our enquiries, and ever and anon pausing a moment

to cast a glance over the prospect of hill, and wood, and stream, that flooded in a summer sunset, opened away through the narrow casement. As the cool breeze wandered over his brow, playfully lifting the dark curls from his forehead, it seemed as if by some mysterious association the memory of other and of brighter days came stealing over his soul. For some moments he paused by the window silent and absorbed. The hour and the memories of childhood softened him, and for the first time the whole current of his feelings found vent.

"Well, it is a mockery, this justice," he exclaimed bitterly, "after all. A chain of fortuitous circumstances will happen, and where are we? Little did I think when I first entered life, buoyant with hope and burning for distinction, that my sun should ever set in a felon's death. I know what you would say," continued he, with startling energy, as I ventured to express a hope I scarcely felt, "but I cannot if I would, deceive myself as to the issue of the trial. I have no evidence,—I can get none,—even your efforts have failed,—I am hunted down by a powerful and vindictive family,—the net of a relentless fate is around me, and all I can do will be to submit calmly to the destiny I cannot avert. But I could bear it all were it not for Mary. It will break her heart. Poor, poor thing!" he continued, softened almost to tears, "she scarcely thought when she first whispered her trembling vow, that he who had won that sinless heart should die a murderer's death. But let it come,—what boots it how many hearts are crushed!"

He ceased. I felt awed by the terrific energy of his manner, and for some time, as though a spell had been upon me, I could not speak. It was indeed a fearful sight. Hour after hour, for many a long day had his feelings, stung by injustice, been goading one another in his bosom, and had now found vent in this burst of mighty passion. At last I ventured to speak.

"You cannot, Duval, mistrust me," I said, "and I feel that you look at your cause too hopelessly. Your innocence will be maintained, a good God will never suffer the guilty to escape, and, believe me, another month will restore you to society, and that faithful wife to happiness and peace. It wrings my heart to see you thus. Do not, I beseech you, distrust the all-seeing Providence. He will yet rebuke your enemies, and maintain your innocence."

"I thank you," he answered, clasping my hand, "and I feel rebuked. For once I have been weak, but your's has been the only mortal eye to see it, and it shall be the last. Yet it is a terrible thing to feel that a few days will consign you either to a premature grave, or to a living death. I see you shake your head, but though you deceive yourself you cannot deceive me. What room is there for hope? I am in the toils and must be the victim. But better death than imprisonment. Think you I could bear for years to be shut up in the dull walls of a prison, to see no sun rise or set, to hear no more the birds sing out their joy, never to listen to the sound of a human voice again, cut off from friends, from character, and the world, until the eyes grow dim, the hair grows grey, and your very friends forget you live. And then to know that your wife's heart is breaking, to hear that she has died, and not even to press a last kiss on her brow. Oh! my God," he continued, burying his face in his hands, while his frame shook convulsively with his emotion, "that I should live to suffer this."

I strove to speak. Words cannot tell how deeply I felt for him. It is touching to behold a woman's anguish, but it is terrible to see a strong man struggling, like Laocoon, with the folds he cannot break. I shall never forget the firm, rigid, indescribable expression of his countenance, as after a momentary pause he continued.

"But let us forget this scene. I have been a child; yet the struggle is over. Better men than I have rotted in prisons, and why should I complain. But Mary—poor,—poor,—poor Mary!"

The day of the trial came at length. As a matter of course it took place in the village of —, that being the county town; and such an excitement had perhaps never reigned in that vicinity. The history of the accused was well known, and men alternated beneath their wish for his acquittal and their almost consciousness of his guilt. With a large portion, however,—mostly relatives and intimates of the deceased,—there was a firm persuasion of his criminality, and a determination, at every hazard, to convict him. Pity seemed to be dried up in their bosoms. The most able counsel of the bar had been engaged for the prosecution, and such an array of talent was never scarcely brought against a single man. All this contributed to deepen to an unusual degree the interest at all times attending a trial for murder; and long before the hour for the opening of the court the whole village was alive with persons hastening to the scene of the trial. From every lane and street, from every house and hovel, they poured along, rich and poor, happy and miserable, old and young, jostling and crowding each other until the ample room was filled, and hundreds of eager faces peered from the area, the bar, the bench, and looked down from the gallery above.

Even the windows were blocked up by the multitude; and without the court yard was overflowing with hundreds waiting to catch the slightest sound from within.

The prisoner entered with a firm step and undaunted look, and taking his seat in the bar bowed to the judge, ran his eye a moment proudly round the room, and then dropped it to the ground before the eager gaze of the thousands of spectators. His sweet wife had resisted every entreaty to be absent, and now sat by his side, clasping his hand, and gazing up into his face as the trial proceeded with that deep, trusting look, which seemed to say that if all the world deserted him, she, at least, would cling to him through woe, and shame, and misery, aye! even to death itself. The aged judge upon the bench, who had known both her and her husband in better days, turned his head away, and did not disdain a tear. He felt deeply; but he was to try the accused according to the laws of God and man.

The trial began. The jury was impanelled, the indictment read, and the prisoner arraigned. He plead "not guilty," put himself upon God and his country, and then the clerk, in the solemn response of the law, answered, "God send you a good deliverance!" There was a thrill of sympathy ran through the crowd, and hundreds of hearts echoed the pious wish.

The opening speech of the prosecutor's attorney now began, and nothing could have been more artful and effective. Not content with stating the evidence against my client, he dwelt rhetorically upon the virtues of the deceased, the history of the prisoner's marriage, and the benefits likely to accrue to him from Mr. Wilson's murder. I saw Duval's eye flash an instant, but then all again was calm. The attorney took his seat and, from the altered countenances of the jury, I felt that the tide was turning against the accused. My heart failed me, for I knew that the evidence was terribly strong, and that we had none or little to rebut it. Though I had spent some days in scouring the coast, enquiring if Mr. Wilson had been seen prosecuting his journey after the hour of the supposed murder, I had been wholly unsuccessful. My colleague shook his head and, with a mournful look, unfolded his papers. The curtain was already shadowing the stage.

The testimony was the same as on the examination, except in identifying the body. All the witnesses at first swore positively to it as being that of Mr. Wilson. One of them had done otherwise at the commitment. I whispered it to my colleague, who conducted the cross-examination, and his eagle eye kindled as he asked,

"Are you certain that this was the body of Mr. Wilson—you say it was disfigured, especially about the face, and in a state of decomposition,—now can you swear, on your oath, that the features were those of the missing man?"

The witness quailed beneath his glance, and answered that he could not say that.

"Well—you did not recognise the face—did you the form?—the garments—any thing?"

The witness stammered, hesitated, looked uneasily around, and confessed that he could not swear positively to the identity of the body.

"Did you not," said the hawk-eyed counsellor, producing a deposition and running his eye over it, "did you not say before that so far from knowing this to be the body of Mr. Wilson you knew it to be shorter! On your oath—think now!"

The man rubbed his hands together, cast a restless look at the deposition, and at last faltered out, "that he guessed he had said something like that, though what it was exactly he could not tell."

"You may leave the stand," thundered my colleague flinging down his papers.

After a vain attempt to cover their witness the prosecution gave in evidence, from an examination of the skull, that the blow was by a blunt instrument, fracturing that portion of the frame. The fight, as they called it, of the prisoner was proved, and various other minor facts, all however strengthening the suspicion against him. My heart died within me as they proceeded. At last they were done, and there was a mutual exchange of intelligence in the jury box, which went like an ice-bolt through my heart.

We followed, and opened our defence. Our evidence was slight, and only calculated to establish the former high character of the accused. We admitted there was much to create suspicion against him, but we dwelt upon the dangers of presumptive evidence, and appealed to the lofty sentiments, and unblemished honor which the prisoner had ever entertained. But why continue?

I well remember the impression my colleague made. Up to the moment of his rising to address the jury, we had hoped that some information, though tardy, might arrive, accounting for the absence of Mr. Wilson, or at least proving that he had been seen after the hour of the supposed murder,—but when none came, and the order of the cause compelled him to proceed, he almost sank under the difficulties which threatened to overwhelm his cause. He knew the testimony was almost unanswerable, and that his own conviction of the prisoner's innocence would weigh nothing with the jury. At first he faltered, and was embarrassed.

But he soon recovered himself, and launching boldly into his theme, maintained his brilliant reputation. He felt that it was no uncommon cause; and that a tender, confiding heart, looked up to him as its preserver. All his vast talents, all his professional experience, all that logic, or rhetoric, or deep feeling could do, was done. As he proceeded the interest became intense. He dwelt upon the spotless character of the accused, his lofty scorn at the charge of murder, his behaviour at and after the arrest, the contradictions and mis-statements of the witnesses, the want of certainty as to the reality of the murder, and on the various topics which either could arouse pity, excite admiration for his client, or raise a doubt as to the identity of the body. In commenting upon the contradictions of the evidence he was unusually severe. He spared no weapon, omitted no appeal, but scathing, blasting, and withering as he spoke, scattered the testimony of the witness to ashes. As he warmed in his theme his voice grew louder, his eye kindled, his form dilated, his gestures became more impassioned, until finally he had fired his hearers with a portion of his own feelings, carrying them away before his impetuous eloquence. When, as he concluded, he pointed to the group in the bar, and in simple pathos, alluded to the eager interest with which that lovely wife watched every step of the trial; when he delicately hinted at her hopes and fears alternating with almost every word; and when, by a sudden transition, he brought before the jury another and a higher bar, at which they would answer for their verdict, a thrill ran through the vast assembly, which was succeeded as he sat down by a pause of fearful suspense. Every one drew a long breath. The excited spectators were carried away with one universal desire for the prisoner's acquittal; while that prisoner's wife, silently pressed his hand, looking up into his face with a consciousness of triumph. Though her sweet eyes swam with tears, they were those of confidence and joy rather than of sorrow.

It is singular what a change a few moments, in the progress of a trial, will sometimes make in the feelings of the audience. Like the ocean, they are swayed ceaselessly to and fro, looking indifferently on, or with partial interest in the cause, and too often utterly regardless of the hearts that are breaking at the event. But it was not so in this. The calm, noble, self-collected bearing of the accused, and the gentle, yet touching looks of his lovely young wife, had awakened an interest in their favor, which made the hundreds of spectators catch eagerly at any ray of hope. But alas! it was not they who were the arbiters of the prisoner's fate.

The argument of the prosecution now began, and was a most masterly display. Carefully eulogizing the eloquence of my colleague till he had done away its power in the minds of the jury, he proceeded to narrate the evidence in detail, but so carefully connecting it with the former history of my client as to create the impression that the deed was not only one of malice but of a thirst for gold. He then boldly taunted us with our want of evidence, and the known exertions we had made to obtain it. In conclusion, after dwelling upon the character of the deceased, he recapitulated the testimony again, welding incident with incident, until the chain seemed perfectly irresistible. All this time by an apparent candor, and a shew of the greatest tenderness and liberality, he had been sapping the jury's sympathy for the defence. He sat down, and a murmur of impatience ran through the court. In short, as the trial approached the end the suspense seemed growing intolerable. The interest was intense. A few moments would decide the prisoner's fate forever.

The judge began his charge. It too was long; talked of afterward for its eloquence. With a firm voice he laid the case before the jury, never suffering his sympathy for the prisoner to interfere with his impartiality as a judge, and while dwelling long and earnestly upon the character of the accused, giving to every word of the testimony its full and terrible weight. He admitted that there seemed a mystery about the prisoner's connexion with such a crime, but he did not think the discrepancies in the testimony of the witnesses more than natural, or that they failed to prove the identity of the body. "There can," he said in conclusion, "be no reasonable doubt that a murder was committed,—and as little, on the testimony of three unimpeachable witnesses, that the body found was that of Mr. Wilson. With you, gentlemen, it remains to say, whether under all the circumstances, the prisoner at the bar is guilty of that murder,—and in your deliberations remember his former character, and that he is entitled to every doubt that may arise. We have both a solemn duty to perform, in which a fellow creature's life is at stake. Mine is now done. I dismiss you to your's; and may God Almighty guide you aright."

He ceased. For a moment, after the faltering tones with which he finished had died away, there was a profound silence, and then came a low, smothered sob, as of a feeling of suspense too great to be supported. The prisoner's wife was fainting!

The jury retired. Few words were spoken by those who remained, for all felt it was no time for idle talk. Every eye was directed to the group in the bar. But the bearing of the prisoner was as unruffled as ever, and no sign betokened that like all around him, he felt the

terrible suspense. Calmly, and self-collected he sat there, winding his arm around the slender form of his wife; while that wife burying her face in his bosom, waited breathlessly for the word which was to restore him to life, or send her broken-hearted to the grave.

At last the officer announced that the verdict was made up, and following him with slow and solemn steps the jury entered the box.

It is always an eager moment when these arbiters of life and death appear, as the countenances of one or another of them generally betokens, in an exciting trial, the result of their deliberations. But in vain did I scan them now. Save a solemn, awful responsibility depicted on the face, there was nothing either of hope or fear.

As the prisoner was ordered, according to the usual form, to stand up and look upon the jury, a convulsive quiver passed across the face of his wife, and then, with breathless interest she gazed upon the event.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, in the usual formality, "is Henry Duval, the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

The moment that follows this is of the most intense suspense. All the hopes and fears that the prisoner or his friends have cherished during a long and harassing trial are then brought to a crisis, and the instant elapsing between the clerk's question and the answer of the foreman seems prolonged into an age. This feeling too pervades the spectators, and on the present occasion it had been wrought up to the highest pitch. A silence like death hung over the crowded room. The judge advancing from his seat, stood up just behind the clerk, and looked anxiously at the foreman. The officers of the court leaned forward breathlessly, while a thousand anxious faces, piled one above another as they rose backward from the bar, and looked eagerly down upon the silent jurymen. The prisoner alone betokened no anxiety; for save a slight and almost imperceptible quivering of the lines of the mouth, he was as calm and as self-collected as ever. One arm rested on the chair and the other wound around the trembling form of his wife. All this in a moment the eye took in; for years seemed crowded into seconds.

"Guilty," said the foreman, in a low, solemn tone, but which, so strained was the attention, was heard distinctly in the farther corner of the apartment.

One wild, fearful shriek, rang through the crowded room, and then all was again as still as death. It was the prisoner's wife.

The judge hastily drew his hand across his eyes and said to the clerk in a husky voice.

"Poll them—every man!"

It is a merciful provision of the law, which gives a prisoner a right of asking the jury individually for their opinion. It thus secures him the benefit of any change of sentiment, and prevents all doubt. The right is not always exacted, but the judge in this case himself required it.

"John Fletcher," said the clerk solemnly, "how say you, is the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

"Guilty," answered the foreman, with terrible calmness.

And so they continued one by one, amid a thrilling silence, to give in their condemnation. Men's breath came thicker as they drew nearer and nearer to the end. The twelfth man was about to answer, when I cast a hurried look at my client. But though his features were rigidly set, not a muscle of his countenance betokened fear. His half dead wife gazed alternately at her husband's lofty look, and at the jurymen about to answer.

"George Holcombe," said the clerk, "how say you, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted?"

The man looked undecidedly around a moment, cast a hasty glance at the prisoner, and then with an imploring look at the foreman and judge, replied,

"I—can't—find him guilty—I am not certain the man was murdered—as I've to answer to God I can't."

A stifled sob of hysteric joy broke from the prisoner's wife. Men looked astonished, and a faint murmur of applause was heard.

What might have ensued I know not, but at this moment, as if echoing the cry a solitary voice was heard far off through the open windows, apparently from its faintness beyond the utmost verge of the crowd shouting "make way!" and as the sound came rapidly nearer it was caught up by mouth and tongue, until a hundred voices rung it forth upon the air, and rising nearer and louder, and deepening as it rose, it swelled into a wild uproar from the thousands without, that roared and echoed round the building like a roll of continuous thunder.

Every man started to his feet. The jurymen looked in wonder at one another and the judge. The judge in mute astonishment, ran his keen eye over the crowd toward the

entrance, where the uproar seemed concentrating,—while the attorney general grasping the rails of his box, gazed up at the bench and toward the tumultuous entrance in silent wonder. The prisoner himself started, as if he had been shot, and then fixed his proud, lofty eye upon the doorway, still shielding his wife, whose color went and came like the shadows of a summer landscape.

The uproar deepened. The thousands without seemed swayed by some tempest of sudden passion,—but amid their loud cries and wild shouts it was impossible for a time to distinguish anything. All was suspense. Then that clear, giant voice rung out again over all the thunder of the crowd, “make way—make way—make way;” the dense masses in the doorway for an instant swayed to and fro, as if some one was struggling ineffectually to enter; and directly the form of a man was seen elevated on the shoulders of the mob, it was borne through the entrance, and there, in the bar, not two feet from the prisoner, in full life and health, though travel-soiled, stood James Wilson, the very man for whose murder my client was arraigned.

What a moment followed! For an instant the uproar ceased, and men gazed in awe and wonder at the new-comer, as if he were a spectre from the dead; while the prisoner, who had stood every thing till now, placed his hand on the intruder’s arm, gazed a moment wildly in his face, and gasping “Thank God!” fell back trembling like a child into the arms of my colleague.

That silence lasted but a minute. Hundreds simultaneously recognised Wilson, and overcome with gladness at the wished for innocence of the prisoner, lost all thought of the place, and broke into a universal shout. A whirlwind of passion seemed sweeping through the room. From bar and jury box, area and gallery, men started up in frantic joy, and while grey-haired sires waved their palsied arms on high, a roar of tumultuous applause arose, which shook the old building like an earthquake, and caught up by the thousands without, rolled from voice to voice, and crowd to crowd, until the very welkin trembled again. Never shall I forget it. All command of the faculties seemed lost, and a sympathetic excitement shot, like wildfire, from breast to breast.

It was ten minutes before the uproar was checked. Judge, bar, clerk and all, though used to such scenes, were moved to tears, and when the attorney general rose, his voice trembled so that he could scarcely speak.

But why dwell on the picture. As the verdict had not yet been given in, and as fifty men could testify to the person of the new-comer, the formalities of proof were soon gone through with, and the prisoner acquitted. The transition was too great for his faithful wife. She was carried from the court room in a fainting fit, to the house of the judge, and for a long time her life was despaired of. But she recovered, and a lovelier being never smiled upon prosperity. From thenceforth, thank God! sorrow was a stranger to her bosom.

Mr. Wilson’s tale was short and soon told. After parting with Duval he had proceeded on his journey, fallen in with a marauding party of British seamen, been wounded, taken prisoner, carried off on board the fleet, and thus, for months, cut off from all communication with his countrymen. He had once or twice forwarded the intelligence of his capture to his friends; but the casualties of war had prevented its receipt. At last he was exchanged,—but what was his horror on reaching New York, to see a notice of the intended trial of his ward’s husband for his own murder. In an instant the whole current of his feelings were changed. But a few days were left to the trial, and starting that hour, he rode express day and night, and arrived just in time to save my client from an ignominious conviction. The feelings of all may be better imagined than described.

The frankness with which Mr. Wilson begged that all old memories might be forgotten, did more to subdue Duval than months of shame, anguish, and imprisonment. But we drop the curtain. Suffice it to say, that his angelic wife came into instant possession of her fortune, and that he whom she loved so devoutly, has since by his talents, made his name ring through more than one state of our union. If ever this meets his eye, I know he will pardon the friendship which, under feigned names, has striven in this sketch, to do honor to his own fortitude and his wife’s affection.

D.

August 13th, 1839.

THE FIELD OF THE BRANDYWINE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

"For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Byron.

It was a quiet evening when I visited the battle field. The sun was just setting as I reached the hill, and I paused upon the summit to look back upon the scene. Far away to the west rolled the billowy hills, spotted with farm and woodland. Just over this undulating horizon glowed a narrow streak of red and gold, and a dark battlement of pitchy clouds lay piled in the deep, blue atmosphere above. The long, lurid line rolling along the hills, and surmounted with the dark masses of vapor above, seemed like a distant city in flames, and gave a wild and ominous appearance to the landscape. Here and there through this gloomy curtain, the sunbeams struggled out, tinging the edges of the clouds with gold, and shooting in long lines of light over the green hills. A solitary bird sailed in the distance. The voice of the tired ploughman calling to his oxen floated from the valley, and the deep quiet of a summer evening prevailed around.

I gazed upon the scene in mute delight, until the twilight had mellowed the landscape, when remembering the object of my visit I turned and walked on. The battle field crowns the hill. Before me was an old stone meeting house, dark with antiquity, and surrounded on two sides by a still older grave yard. Not a stone was seen in that lonely resting place. The grass was brown and withered; no flowers bloomed above the graves; the little mounds were nearly all washed away by the rains; huge cavities where the ground had sunk in yawned around me; and in the centre of the yard, an old, rugged cedar lifted its dark head a solitary mourner. It was a scene of perfect desolation. To add to its startling effect a few sheep were carelessly browsing on the stunted herbage, ignorant of the hallowed memories around or the mouldering generations below. Quiet and holy spot, where all was hushed in the deep slumber of death.

A hale old man was standing in the middle of the yard, but perceiving me he came slowly out, and I addressed him. He had lived hard by for forty years. We were soon on good terms, and leaning against the gate, my grey-haired, yet ruddy-faced narrator drew, with his knife, upon the shingle top of the low stone wall, a plan of the battle. He shewed me where, on the right, one wing of our army had been posted in an orchard, and where, on the left a little down the hill, the rapid charge of the foe had routed the other wing while in the act of forming. Here a spot had been fiercely contested,—there a brave continental had watered the sod with his blood. He turned and unlocking the rude gate we entered the yard. On this very spot the centre of the little army had stood, pouring in a deadly fire from the shelter of the low stone wall, and making a gallant stand until cut to pieces. At our feet were the graves of the slain. Friend and foe, private and officer, the high-minded and the venal, there they lay, their ears stilled to the roar of battle, and the green grass growing over them as for fifty years it had waved. There was a huge mound near the gate covering the remains of the fallen. A couple of English officers lay untrophied by. The old man had discovered them while digging a new grave, and knew them by their regimental buttons, and the still undecayed portions of their uniforms. A half a century had rolled by since first they were hurriedly laid in their rude resting place.

"No useless coffin enclosed the breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound them;
But they lay like warriors taking their rest,
With their martial cloaks around them.

"Oh! lightly they 'll talk of their spirits when gone,
And o'er their cold ashes upbraid them,
But little they 'll reck if they 'll let them sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid them."

The old man dug a deeper hole in a corner of the grave, and laid the bones sacredly in it.

Who does not warm amid such memories? Around us were the trophies of the war. The bullet holes in the old meeting house; the dark, time-stained blood upon the floor; the very woods which had echoed to the cannonade; and beneath us the sod where some brave fellow died. As the old man proceeded his voice grew warmer, his hale cheek glowed, and his eye flashed with unwonted fire. We were back in the days of iron war. Beneath us the serried files of the foe were dashing up the hill, their arms flashing and their banners waving as they rushed doggedly to the attack. We could almost see the eager Americans ranged behind the wall, and hear their thick breathing as they waited for the enemy to come nigh. Then rose up a wild huzza, the sharp rattle of their musketry ensued, the thick white smoke curled around the prospect, and directly the solid phalanx of the foe emerging from the vapors, the fierce contest was maintained almost hand to hand, and breast to breast. Volley followed volley, one wild huzza succeeded to another, the crash of muskets, the rattle of the fire-arms, the groans and shrieks of the wounded grew nearer and nearer, until at length the enemy swarmed along the wall, forced it with the bayonet, and the fight—oh! God—was battled above the quiet graves of the dead. The shout of victory and death was around us. Then the scene changed. The gallant continentals were retreating, and anon they were strewn dying along the orchard. The volleys gradually slackened, a few scattering shots only dropped at intervals, the roar of battle swept by and died faintly in the distance, and only the stifled groans of the wounded or the agonising prayer of the dying met the ear.

So deeply had we been wrapt in the story of the past that we forgot the time, and when the old man ceased twilight had long since gone. Grave yard, hill, woodland and all were putting on the cloudy mantle of night. The breeze came damp from the valley; the low twitter of the birds had ceased in the hedges; the still glades of the distant wood darkened dreamily away; the shadows were already black on the rolling brow of Osborne Hill; and a few stars, like virgin brides, modestly peeped forth from the calm, blue sky above. The old man and I gazed on it for a moment, and then with a warm pressure of the hand we parted. With a feeling of quiet pleasure I slowly wandered home. A gentle, soothing influence pervaded my thoughts. The evening hour, and the memories around, tinged every reverie with a mellow hue, diffusing over me that gentle, yet unwritten feeling which forms *the Sabbath of the heart*.

I lingered around that vicinity for weeks. In the sultry days I would go down to the mountain Brandywine, and on the bold rocks jutting out into the crystal water, loiter the time away gazing into the lucid wave beneath, as the silvery fish hung there, or shot startled off into their cool, deep caverns. All around was beautiful. The green meadows slept on the other shore, and the dark woods stood silent in the sultry atmosphere. The low gurgling of the stream scarcely broke the silence, and the faint rustle of the leaves came to the ear with a pleasant harmony. The rapid waters swept stately by, or whirled around in eddies as they met some jutting rock; while the tall trees, like guardian watchers, bent down approvingly and dipped their dark foliage into the glassy stream. Now a woodcock startled you with its whirring flight, and now you heard the far off whistle of the lonely forest bird. Oh! those were delicious days. Many an idle vision, many a bright fancy, many a waking dream have I had on those mossy banks! If I looked down there was the deep tide, so calm, and so majestic, that it witched me into dreams, and above rock was piled on rock, woods towered above woods, while the old hills reared their heads in the distance, and stretched with their dark forests up into the azure sky.

I never went to the battle ground again. I was afraid I should dissolve the charm. But often in the golden twilight, I would go out on Osborne Hill and gaze on the old meeting house, lying like a white thread along the horizon, until gradually the shadows deepened, the whippoor-will sailed by with his melancholy wail, and one by one the dim outlines of the distant hills melted into darkness.

I thank God I was born in a land whose few battle fields are those of freedom! It makes the blood leap quicker in my veins to think my fathers never drew their swords except to save their country. The traveller who threads our vast domains is never startled by stupendous slaughter-fields like those which blacken every field of Europe; but often in his journeys, amid the hills and vallies of our land, he will come across the lonely grave of some martyr to freedom, or the grassy mound where our bold farmer fathers, perished for their rights. Holy and venerated are such spots! Humble though they be, they are full of hallowed memories, and in their simple majesty, are prouder monuments than the rich trophies of Waterloo. We muse at Marathon, and thrill at Bannackburn; we feel new fire at Salamis, and burn with diviner energy at Palatea,—and when time shall have bathed our battle fields in mellow light, will not our sons breathe more freely, and stalk with loftier pride as they tread the storied sod? Poets shall sing of them; painters shall picture them; historians shall chronicle them to mankind. Thousands shall pilgrim to them as to the altar of their faith, and genius, with godlike inspiration, shall weave them in undying song. They will nerve our youth, inflame our soldiery, and fire the land with the loftiest patriotism. Should a foreign foe pollute our soil they shall never live to penetrate to these arcanas of liberty. The sound of their bugles there would be their death wail. It would thrill the land like the trumpet stirs the war-horse; and from every hill, and glen, and vale our sons would pour along, their blood tingling at the insult, and their swords leaping in their scabbards to be free.

There is something sublime in a battle field; but there is something holy in the battle fields of freedom. It is a good thing to linger around them. They carry us back to other and to purer times, they fill us with high and noble sentiments, and never do we leave them without feeling we are better men. A nation, with such spots to boast of, needs no meals, nor baronial ruins, nor ivied palaces of long forgotten Kings. She can point to these as the monuments of her glory. Like the old Greek that wrapt himself in his mantle and lay calmly down to die, so may she, covered with the halo of her battle fields, securely wait her destiny.

C. F. P.

July, 1830.

THE EDITORS' GREETING.

READER—allow us to make your acquaintance. We have never before stepped into your immediate presence, or greeted you with a smile from our loving self, or held with you a sociable *tete-a-tete*. Positively, we are quite bewildered! What a host of new friends and delighted countenances, welcome us as we turn aside from the dullness and smoke of our sanctum, and take an editorial jaunt in our old arm chair—in a *fancy* way—to shake hands by the road side with thousands of *old* friends who have talked with us from behind the curtain, and to return the nod of recognition to the hundreds of *new*, who have heard of our coming and now welcome us right cheerily. We really do not know who to extend the hand to, among the many; and must therefore give merely a passing bow, in return for their civilities, and a kindly nod to immediate friends and well wishers, our correspondents.

Here comes NILENE. He asks "what is the soul?"—but we may only give place to his two best stanzas.

'T is but a ray of light divine,
Placed in man's breast for aye to shine,
'T is of this mortal clay the shrine,
Its better part,
Its temple—God's own countersign
And counterpart!

A light that glows within man's frame
 Immortal, through his glorious name,
 Like the dim lamp's funeral flame
 Within the tomb,
 Whose struggling beams, with feeble aim,
 Dispel its gloom.

But one whose lyre hath aforetime been strung for us, is at hand. He sings of "The Past;" but where is the "limas labor" of Horace? Here, however, is something good in imagery.

A shadowy voice from tent and banquet hall
 Is echoed, by the tone of vision dim,
 Like the low murmurs of the ocean's call,
 When summer winds sigh forth their evening hymn.

But here is a new visiter, and alack-a-day, he cometh with an "ADIEU." He is modest too, and as we love such, we bid him God speed. We like best his description of the desolateness of his home.

No voices resound in my ancestor's halls,
 No footsteps intrude in the place of their rest,
 But mem'ry still points to the ivy crowned wall,
 Where the swallow untroubled hath chosen her nest.

What sort of a chap is this? Odds blood! but surely he hath lost his way; for he might have taught old Sir Richard Blackmore a lesson in the art of sinking. Do but hear him! He sings of a deserted, love-lorn maiden pausing, like Sappho, before she flings herself from a rock into the sea. How sublimely he pictureth the accompanying storm! Even Byron's thunder among the Alps, compared to this, is as Justice Shallow says, "vanity all—vanity all."

The thunder rolled along the vaulted sky,
 The murky cloud sent forth a pinion flashing,
 The sea-bird blended its appalling cry,
 With the wild music of the billow dashing;
 But trembled not her finely moulded form,
 She seemed communing with the angry storm.

Her hollow cheek had lost its rose-like red,
 A broken heart she knew could be healed never,
 Deep in the ocean's cold, unfathomed bed,
 She wished to still its fitful throbs forever;
Nothing, she thought, but plunging in the main,
Would cool the fever of her phrenzied brain.

Ah! well may you laugh right welcome chronicler of the cobbler of Nantasket, and gladly after such an outbreak, would we hear thee discourse upon thy adventurous wight; but there is alas! no room for thy perfection, and we can only promise thee an audience, when next we hold our divan. Thou art not alone; there be others chafing to speak; our drawer is even now crowded to overflowing; and we can only smoke our meerschaum in quiet, and wait till better times. There be all sorts of people in this world; but, verily there is none so be-troubled as the editor of a monthly.

COME, THE MOON PLAYS ON THE ROSE.

SERENADE,

AS SUNG WITH DISTINGUISHED APPROBATION BY MRS. MORLEY.

ALSO BY THE AUTHOR AT HIS PUBLIC SOIREEs,

WRITTEN BY W. H. HALPIN, ESQ.

COMPOSED AND NEWLY ARRANGED BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1830, by Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with the tempo marking *Allegretto con Express*. The piano part starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The second system features a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The third system includes the lyrics: "For cull'd the flower's that brightest bloom'd, a garland o'er thy". The piano part for this system begins with a *p* dynamic. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Allegretto con Express

p

pp

For cull'd the flower's that brightest bloom'd, a garland o'er thy

p

COME, THE MOON PLAYS ON THE ROSE. 139

brow to twine, And when with sighs like thine perfume'd, Oh!

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff contains the melody, which begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second and third staves provide harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

where so sweet a wreath as mine! I've found the spot where jasmine steals a

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music continues from the first system. The melody in the top staff features a prominent eighth-note pattern. The accompaniment in the lower staves uses chords and single notes to support the melody.

mongst the Olive somb'rer shade So clust'ring that it well conceals the

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The music concludes this system with a final chord in the bottom staff. The melody in the top staff ends with a quarter note. The accompaniment in the lower staves provides a solid harmonic foundation.

COME, THE MOON PLAYS ON THE ROSE.

*rallén.**a tempo.*

bow'r I've deck'd for thee sweet maid! Then come! the moon plays

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics "bow'r I've deck'd for thee sweet maid! Then come! the moon plays". The piano accompaniment features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The tempo markings "rallén." and "a tempo." are positioned above the first and second measures of the vocal line, respectively.

on the rose, The ves - tal rose that

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line has a treble clef and the lyrics "on the rose, The ves - tal rose that". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns. The tempo markings "rallén." and "a tempo." are not repeated in this system.

blossoms near, The world can ne'er dis-

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a treble clef and the lyrics "blossoms near, The world can ne'er dis-". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns. The tempo markings "rallén." and "a tempo." are not repeated in this system.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) has the lyrics: *turb re - pose So bliss - ed as the*. The piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) features a melody with many beamed sixteenth notes and chords.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) has the lyrics: *heart finds here.*. The piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) continues with a complex texture of beamed sixteenth notes and chords. A *rallent.* marking is present in the piano part.

*The tower I've deck'd, the wreath I weave,
The moon that breaks thro' trees and flow'rs,
Shall witness never yet was love,
More tender, warm, and pure than ours:
I'll bind the wreath in sportive galle;
I'll crown thee in our bow'rs of bloom;
I'll press thy lip, I'll watch thy smile,
And bless our little world of gloom:
Then come! the moon plays on the rose,
The vestal rose that blossoms near,
The world can ne'er disturb repose
So blessed as the heart finds here.*

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Diary in America, with remarks upon its Institutions. By Captain Marryatt, author of "Peter Simple," "The Phantom Ship," &c. &c. in 2 vols. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

When Marryatt announced his work, the American public was prepared for all the stupid slanders, which it might suit his purpose to retail, and those who are fond of that sort of reading anticipated a treat from the Captain's pen. But as if to defeat all expectation, the author announces in his introduction, that it was not his intention "to follow the individualising plans of the majority of those who preceded him." "I did not," says he, "sail across the Atlantic, to ascertain whether the Americans eat their dinners with two-prong iron, or three-prong silver forks, with chop-sticks, or their fingers; it is quite sufficient for me to know that they do eat and drink; if they did not, it would be a curious anomaly, which I should not pass over. My object was, to ascertain what were the effects of a Democratic form of Government and climate upon a people, which, with all its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English."

Such then being the declared object of the Captain's visit to this country, it would, perhaps, be doing him injustice, to decide with the evidence before us, upon the manner in which he executed his purpose. The volumes already issued, contain merely notes and impressions by the way, and do not appear in a heavy philosophical form and garb. It is his intention, however, to issue at a very short day, his reflections upon our government and its institutions. These volumes are designed rather as introductory. Yet, when a writer starts with the intention of being philosophical, and relapses immediately into falsehood and scurrillity, it argues but little for his control over his passions. Captain Marryatt, notwithstanding his assumed coolness and indifference to American opinions and treatment, evidently had a conflict in his breast, during the whole progress of the work, between his passions and his judgment; the former often breaks out in spite of himself, and the latter occasionally gleams out in some passage worthy of the man. But through the whole work it is evident that between his desire for revenge, and his willingness to be fair, the weakness of human nature too often prevailed. The work, however, abounds in passages of liveliness and pleasantry, and withal, as little scandal and satire, as unprejudiced minds could expect. His great fault may be found in retailing dull and stale anecdotes, with as much parade as if they were original, and in some cases with the intimation that they fell under the relator's own observation, when the fact is incontestible, that they have gone the rounds of the American newspapers for years. We will give our readers a few extracts from the work, to afford them some idea of its character.

Of Boston he says,—

"Massachusetts is certainly very English in its scenery, and Boston essentially English as a city. The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are; that is, that they have strictly adhered to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the Revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they certainly adhere to, and which, I think, would be more honored in the breach than the observance; but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonians so far, that they certainly appear to have made no change in their manners and customs for these last hundred years. You meet here with frequent specimens of the Old English Gentleman, descendants of the best old English families who settled here long before the Revolution, and are now living on their incomes, with a town house and a country seat to retire to during the summer season. The society of Boston is very delightful; it wins upon you every day, and that is the greatest compliment that can be paid to it."

"Perhaps of all the Americans the Bostonians are the most sensitive to any illiberal remarks made upon the country, for they consider themselves as being peculiarly English; while on the contrary, the majority of the Americans deny that they are English.—There certainly is less intermixture of foreign blood in this city than in any other in America. It will appear strange, but so wedded are they to the old customs, even to John Bullism, that it is not more than seven or eight years that the French wines have been put on the Boston tables, and become in general use in this city.

"This feeling, however, is wearing away—self-interest is destroying sentimentality. The Northern States *manufacture* as well as England."

In speaking of the smaller towns he says,—

"In the smaller towns of England you can procure but little, and you have to send to London for anything good: in the larger towns, such as Norwich, &c. you may procure most things; but, still, luxuries must usually be obtained from the metropolis. But in such places as Buffalo and Cleveland, every thing is to be had that you can procure at New York or Boston. In those two towns on Lake Erie are stores better furnished, and handsomer, than any shops at Norwich, in England; and you will find in either of them articles for which, at Norwich, you would be obliged to send to London. It is the same thing at almost every town in America with which communication is easy. Would you furnish a house in one of them, you will find every article of furniture—carpets, stoves, grates, marble chimney-pieces, pier-glasses, pianos, lamps, candelabra, glass, china, &c. in twice the quantity, and in greater variety, than at any provincial town in England. This arises from the system of credit extended through every vein and artery of the country, and by which English goods are forced, as if with a force-pump, into every available depot, in the Union; and thus, in a town so newly raised, that the stumps of the forest-trees are not only still surrounding the houses, but remain standing in the cellars, you will find every luxury that can be required. It may be asked, what becomes of all these goods? It must be recollected that hundreds of new houses spring up every year in the towns, and that the surrounding country is populous and wealthy. In the farm houses—mean looking and often built on logs—is to be found not only every comfort, but very often every luxury."

"AFFECTING TRAIT OF INDIAN CHARACTER.—A half-bred, of the name of Jack Frazer, came up with us in the steamboat. He has been admitted into one of the bands of Sioux who live near the river, and is reckoned one of the bravest of their warriors. I counted twenty-eight notches on the handle of his tomahawk, every one denoting a scalp taken, and when dressed he wears eagle's feathers to that amount. He was a fine intellectual-looking man. I conversed with him through the interpreter, and he told me that the only man that he wished to kill was his *father*. On enquiring why, he replied that his father had broken his word with him; that he had promised to make a *white man* of him (that is, to have educated him, and brought him up in a civilized manner,) and that he had left him a Sioux."

"AMERICAN CANDOR.—I was amused by a reply given me by an American in office here. I asked him how much his office was worth, and his reply was six hundred dollars, besides *stealings*. This was, at all events, frank and honest; in England the word would have been softened down to perquisites. I afterwards found that it was a common expression in the States to say a place was worth so much besides cheating."

"INDIFFERENCE TO LIFE IN AMERICA.—I witnessed, during my short stay here, that indifference to the destruction of life, so very remarkable in this country. The rail-car crushed the head of a child of about seven years old, as it was going into the engine-house; the other children ran to the father, a blacksmith, who was at work at his forge close by, crying out, 'Father, Billy killed.' The man put down his hammer, walked leisurely to where the boy lay, in a pool of his own blood, took up the body, and returned with it under his arm to his house. In a short time the hammer rang upon the anvil as before."

"INDIAN LOVE.—Wandering among the Indian lodges, (wigwams is a term not used now-a-days,) I heard a sort of flute played in one of them, and I entered. The young Indian who was blowing on it, handed it to me. It was an imperfect instrument, something between a flute and a clarinet, but the sound which it gave out was soft and musical. An islander informed me that it was the only sort of musical instrument which the Northern tribes possessed, and that it was played upon by the young men only when they were *in love*. I suspected at first that he was bantering me, but I afterwards found that what he said was true. The young Indian must have been very deeply smitten, for he continued to play all day and all night, during the time that I was there.

'If music be the food of love, play on.'

"EXAMINATION AT A BOARDING SCHOOL.—Now, messieurs, have the kindness to ask any questions you please," said the old Count. "Mademoiselle, you will have the goodness to stop forward." A question was proposed in English, which the young lady had to write in French. The very first went wrong: I perceived it, and without looking at her, pronounced the right word, so that she could hear it. She caught it, rubbed out the wrong word with the towel, and rectified it. This was carried on through the whole sentence, and then she retreated from the board, that her work might be examined. "Very well, very well, indeed, Miss; c'est parfaite ment bien;" and the young lady sat down blushing. Thus were they all called up, and one after another prompted by me; and the old Count was delighted at the success of his pupils.

"Now, what amused me in this was the little bit of human nature; the *tact* displayed by the sex, which appears to be innate, and which never deserts them. Had I prompted a boy, he would most likely have turned his head round toward me, and thus have revealed what I was about; but not one of the whole class was guilty of such indiscretion. They heard me, rubbed out, corrected, waited for the word when they did not know it, but never by any look or sign made it appear that there was any understanding between us. Their eyes were constantly fixed on the board, and they appeared not to know that I was in the room. It was really beautiful. When the examination was over, I received a look from them all, half comic, half serious, which amply repaid me for my assistance.

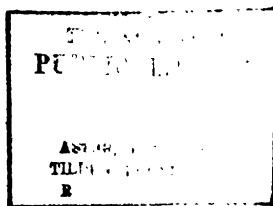
"As young ladies are assembled here from every State of the Union, it was a *fair* criterion of American beauty; and it must be acknowledged that the American women are the *prettiest* in the whole world."

We must here stop extracting; in truth, we can forgive Marryatt all the hard things he has said of us, for the *truth* of the last sentence. He pays our countrywomen so *handsome* a compliment, that the gallantry and chivalry of his own countrymen, will lead them to disbelieve all misplaced slander.

The Captain, it is true, had rather a rough time among us, after his imprudent toast on the burning of the Caroline, and if any relief has been afforded, to the gall accumulated, by the publication of these volumes, we feel assured, that we can congratulate the Captain, on being well over it.

"*Historical Sketches of Statesmen, who flourished in the time of George III.*" *Second Series.* By Henry Lord Brougham. In 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We gave our opinion, of the merit of these sketches at some length in noticing a former series. The present volumes contain some very able sketches of French Statesmen and the portrait of Washington. The author enters into a manly defence of Cato, and endeavors to wipe the stigma from his fame, of having given too much countenance and support to the bloody scenes of the Revolution. The great fault of Lord Brougham as a critic, is, that his favorite characters are entirely overdrawn, and this fault is plainly manifest in his portrait of Madame De Stael; while he makes his dislike apparent by shameful injustice, as in the case of Sheridan.





Dragon Boat Race, Canton, 1911

THE CASKET.

Vol. XV.]

OCTOBER, 1839.

[No. 4.

THE MOAR-PUNKEE.*

BY MISS E. H. STOCKTON.

How swiftly over Goomty's tide
Yon bark of beauty seems to glide,
Parting the golden light around
It speedeth on to music's sound.
And as I gaze, methinks I stand
Spell-bound in an enchanted land.

The sunset radiance stoops to lave
Its plumes of glory in the wave,—
While, loveliest of all viewless things,
The breeze unfolds its odorous wings,
And clouds of gold and crimson hue
Go sailing up yon heaven of blue.

Like jewels thrown neglected round
Flowers brighten all the verdant ground;
While trees their shadowing arms extend,
And o'er the picturing waters bend;
And birds that wear the rainbow's dies,
Soar upward to the summer skies!

A king looks out beneath the shade
By yonder gay pavilion made:—
A king—yet pensive is his gaze
Perchance with thought of other days,
Before the crown had pressed his brow,
And he was happier far than now.

Philadelphia, September 6th, 1839.

But yet, where'er he turns his eye,
The form of Beauty wanders by,
While Music sings in every glade,
And Fragrance haunts each flowery shade;
And still the purple splendor falls
Brightly upon his Palace walls.

How like a thing of human pride,
The boat spreads o'er the glassy tide;
And see—the Monarch's eye grows bright
With pleasure at its bird-like flight,
As all unfettered by the wind,
It leaves each gleaming sail behind.

But now the light begins to fade,
And deeper grows yon plantain's shade,
While from the brake the jackall's cry,
Warns that the hour he loves is nigh,
And stealing from the thicket green
The tiger to emerge is seen.

Faint and still fainter to the ear,
The boatman's measured strokes appear:
While fading 'neath the purple ray,
The bark glides silently away;
Like a strange vision of delight,
Or dream that haunts the slumbering night!

* Flying Peacock, is the name given to the state barge, derived from the figure ornamenting the bow, and indicating the remarkable swiftness of its progress.

A VISIT TO READING;

OR, THE LAWYER'S COURTSHIP.

BY OLIVER OLDFELLOW.

It has been a custom from time immemorial for the inhabitants of the good city of Philadelphia, to spend a few weeks or months, according to their means, in ruralizing during the heat of summer. There are many happy effects attending the custom, which might be narrated, doubtless much to the edification of all who love a sermonizing tale, but I seldom suffer my pen to wander from its legitimate task, and it would be altogether out of character to stop to detail them. There is one effect, however, which nature seems to have linked so inseparably with this summer travelling, and which is so generally understood by the young of a marriageable age,—and indeed by some who are not—and which is so inseparably interwoven with the chain of my narrative, that I may as well allow it to leak out at once. *I allude to the tendency to fall in love, and its consequences.* In fact, I have often thought, that the interests of mankind would be essentially served, if a faithful chronicler, were employed at the expense of government, to travel from one end of the Union to the other during the summer months, and carefully to note down all the love-doings, which he might encounter by the way. Certain I am, that the work would be extensively sought after, on the day of its first issue by all the superannuated coquettes of the country, who have spent their charms in vain, by a continual round of visits at fashionable watering places, and after enjoying the favor of a thousand eyes, and the offer of an hundred hearts, have at last settled down in the undisturbed possession of the record of all their conquests, and the dreamy remembrance of what they once were. The record, if properly made up, might also afford some wholesome lessons to the mothers of young daughters, and some friendly admonitions not to bring them out too early, and as a sage matron once observed, “not too frequently.” There is danger that the richest flower, may droop its leaves by constant exposure. But not to wander in the dull mazes of a dry philosophy, I will return at once and relate an adventure which occurred some few years since, in which an old class mate of mine was the hero.

We left Philadelphia on a fine morning, of the month of June, and arrived at Reading about six in the afternoon. My companion was a young lawyer of distinction, whose education had been finished at the east, but who, with the adventurous spirit of his fathers, had left the home of his ancestors, when the expectations of his friends were high, in chase of the bubble reputation, and had even mingled with no slight honor in the strife of debate and had won a reputation for professional skill, among the far famed veterans of the Philadelphia Bar. The laurels were yet green upon his brow, and with a soul to do and dare, within his bosom, with excellent health, and the prospect of a long life before him, he bade fair to become one of the brightest ornaments of his profession.

It may be proper to state, that some of the names of persons who may figure in this sketch, must necessarily be withheld, but I shall adopt such as will in no degree abate from the interest of the story, with those who are acquainted with the parties; any names to those who are not, will be equally interesting.

My companion, whose name was Travers, proposed that previous to taking lodgings at the hotel, we should call upon an aged friend of his father's, by the name of Willings, who was an old and esteemed inhabitant of the borough. We found the family at tea on our arrival, and were duly presented to all the members. It consisted of Mr. Willings, his

wife and an only daughter, who, it struck me at the time, was remarkable for nothing, save an apparently ardent friendship for a middle aged maiden lady, who appeared at the family board, and rejoiced in the euphonious name, of Miss Isabella Washingshaw. Miss Washingshaw was a lady rather under the ordinary height of five feet five, had a most vinegar expression of countenance, and her mouth was so singularly shaped, that with the acerbity of temper, which I afterward found her to possess, it afforded me no surprise to learn, that those who doubted the amiability of the aged Miss, had given her the soubriquet of "Miss Vinegar Jug." What upon this occasion seemed to increase the evidence of her want of all beauty, was the presence of a blushing young creature, apparently of about sixteen summers, who manifestly was under the guardianship, for the time at least, of this personification of every thing sour. This young lady was introduced simply as "Miss Gray." Her beauty had something Italian in it. Her complexion was a soft brunette, her eyes large, dark and flashing, her lips were gently parted when she was the least animated, revealing her fine set of pearly teeth, her nose had just enough of the Roman to give an air of command to her features, while the modesty which disclosed itself by a deep suffusion, from her fine, open forehead, even to her exquisitely chiselled bust, increased the power of her charms, and heightened the effect of her beauty. I found that they were instantly felt by Travers. And the stolen glance which every now and then she took of my companion, told me that his fine form, and perfect and manly features, had not failed to attract her attention.

Old Mr. Willings and his lady, were in no respect remarkable. They had grown up, married, and made their fortune in the borough, and were now in the decline of life. They were honest, simple hearted folks, and saw "no harm," as they expressed it, in young folks enjoying themselves.

I have often heard of love at first sight, but I then thought I never saw a more palpable instance of it. There were we, entire strangers, except so far as the intimacy of half an hour had deprived us of that character, and yet, it was manifest that Travers and Miss Gray were in love. Did he offer to hand her any thing at the table, he was sure to do it in a manner so awkward, as to expose the trepidation of his nerves to the whole company, while the blushes kept shooting up from her snowy bosom, at every manifestation of attention, and by the time that the company were congregated in the little front parlor, and the supper had been forgotten, notwithstanding Miss Washingshaw looked daggers as well as the personification of vinegar, the two had managed to become quite sociable, and with an admixture of ogling, sighing, uttering, blushing, and small talk, had contrived to persuade each other, that there were no such personages as their two sweet selves, in the round world beside; and had drawn upon themselves the animadversion of Miss Willings in a general way, "who did not like to see too much attention paid in public," and of Miss Washingshaw most decidedly and particularly, who thought that "there was such a thing as carrying matters too far, and that in her (August) opinion, it was time for Miss Gray to be at home." At this sudden interruption of felicity, Mrs. Willings, the kind old lady, said, "We shall be very happy to have the pleasure of your company to-morrow evening, at six o'clock, gentlemen. The ladies intend to visit the "White Spot," and as it is somewhat of a curiosity, I think you will be delighted."

So far as my friend Travers was concerned, I believe the old lady was correct, as for myself, I had no very high opinion of the lady whom I plainly foresaw it would be my honor to escort, nevertheless, as I doubted not, that I should augment the felicity of Travers, I felt every disposition to do the agreeable for his sake.

I therefore thanked the good lady, and told her, "it would afford me *infinite* pleasure, (I think that was the word) to accompany any of the ladies." And Travers, while the ladies were busied with bonnets, etc., endeavored to impress the like opinion upon the good old couple, which they were unable to doubt.

Young Travers caught my eye at the time, and gently intimated, that it would be proper to escort the ladies home. On the instant I tendered my services to the elderly lady, seeing that Travers had already monopolized the other field, and being sufficiently conversant with human nature to know, that a little attention to Miss Washingshaw, might powerfully effect the future destiny of my friend, supposing him to be actually smitten. I did the agreeable in the way of small flattery, much to my own satisfaction, and from all appearances to that of the lady, and my companion doubtless, exerted his eloquence with more sincerity and with better and more deserved success. In fine, we left the ladies at the mansion door of the Washingshaws, who, I believe, are a most aristocratic family in Reading, until this day, my companion in a state of glorious uncertainty, first, whether he *was* in love, and secondly whether he ought to be; and Miss Washingshaw, in that state of

mind which leads one to doubt the propriety of an act committed, while we as yet see no result indicative of harm.

As for Miss Gray, I have it on the authority of an aged servant of the family, "she was very restless and flighty that night." True to the appointment, we met on the following evening at the house of Miss Willings, to take the proposed ramble to the "White Spot," the wonder of Reading, and long since renowned as the place where Cupid holds his Court. It was soon decided that I should accompany Miss Washingshaw, and Miss Willings quickly decided that she would accompany her. Of course, as the old folks declined being of the party, no alternative was left, as indeed it may be presumed none was desired, for Mr. William Travers, but to escort Miss Emily Gray.

Miss Washingshaw had, with the intuition of the sex, already discovered that there was danger in this intimate intercourse of young Travers with Miss Gray. And accordingly to assure herself that all was right, took occasion in our walk to give me the information that the father of Miss Gray was a distinguished clergyman of Philadelphia, that the young lady was out of town on a visit, and that she was no less an individual than the Aunt of the young lady; that she was not disposed to countenance any ill-timed gallantries. She considered it imprudent to suffer young ladies of her age to have too much of their own way. That it was but proper that she should feel some solicitude on the young lady's account, and ended, by inquiring whether I had been long intimate with Mr. Travers.

I said, "Mr. Travers is a young lawyer of some reputation at the bar, and originally, I believe, from New England.

"Mr. Oldfellow, do you consider that a man can have correct moral principles and practice that profession."

"Most assuredly, madam, I consider the prejudices against the profession of the law, very illiberal, and I have generally found that they arise from a mistaken view of the *duty* of a lawyer. It is not to be supposed, that because a gentleman undertakes the practice of that profession, that he must necessarily accommodate himself to the villainous designs of every prowling scoundrel, who may be disposed to fatten by the spoils of dishonesty and knavery."

"You do not Mr. Oldfellow, consider that profession as genteel as that of medicine or divinity."

"I do. A ~~liberal~~ lawyer in his practice, may do far more to alleviate the sufferings and ~~wretchedness~~ of fellow men, than either the physician or the divine. No agony can be greater than that of the mind. It is this in all its forms, that the lawyer is called upon to relieve, whether in the actual or prospective loss of life, liberty, or property, it is his to counsel and advise, to alleviate and console, in fine, to bear the weight of his client's sorrow. It is a glorious exertion of the faculties of man, and is so looked upon by the wisest and best men."

"But I cannot conceive it possible," continued this paragon of morals as well as of beauty. "that the conscientious approve of the profession, there is so much necessary falsehood and deceit practised, even to secure the ends of justice. The father of Miss Gray, I know, looks with but little charity upon the profession, and I feel assured, Mr. Oldfellow, that you do not think so highly of the law, as of medicine as a profession."

I had been somewhat experienced in this matter of maidenly aunts and cousins, and I knew that in affairs of the heart, they take a deep interest. It is their business to find out, the family, the business, the character, and if possible, the probable wealth of suitors in the family, and to defend the avenues of approach, by presenting a thousand objections, while at the same time, they seize upon any careless word, which may help them to attain their ends, or may disclose what they desire to know, and with much skill, apply it to their purposes. This, I doubted not, had prompted the maiden aunt to pursue the conversation on lawyers, and fearing as I did, that my susceptible friend had communicated something in the way of small talk to the susceptible damsel, on the previous evening, which had reached the ears of the lady, and had awakened her apprehensions, I thought proper to satisfy her at once. I knew not, however, until afterward, that her penchant for the profession of medicine, had been awakened by the occupant of an office contiguous to her dwelling, on the shutter of which office was visible the gratifying information that it contained "Dr. Theophilus Hartshorne," who had by a series of ogles, contrived to efface from the heart of Miss Washingshaw, the remembrance of all her early flames.

I said, "that I had formed in my own mind an estimate of the professions, and regretted that I differed from Miss Washingshaw, in opinion. 'It may be true,' I remarked, that your sex may regard the practitioner of medicines with a more favorable eye. He visits you in the sick chamber, and administers to the diseases of those you love, and by a thousand kindnesses, secures your esteem and your confidence. There is something quiet and

unpretending in his life. In the element of stormy debate, however, the lawyer discloses his worth, he is more a creature of the public, his fame is consequently not so confined, and while he administers to the necessities of individuals, the public are witnesses, and his worth is soon known and estimated. A physician must encounter years of laborious and unknown privation, before he can claim distinction as a boon. Fame speaks loudest of him in the sick room, and there only in a whisper. The solitary nurse may be the only one cognizant of his skill. Whatever cant and slang may obtain among a crowd, it is a fact that many of the eminent lawyers of the day are the sons of clergymen, whose counsel and advice have directed the choice. And among all classes, whatever in the way of joke may be said prejudicial to the legal profession, it is nevertheless the high aim of the ambitious young man, and the goal of his hopes, as it certainly is the source, from whence all statesmen spring. It is not perhaps so much the peculiar character of the study, though even that, tends more to discipline the mind, accustoms it to deep thought, to analyzing and investigating principles, before adopting them, but it is because the lawyer is instantly, and constantly brought into contact with men. His powers of mind are at once developed and brought into collision with the minds of others, and merit must sooner or later win its reward, and it is certainly therefore the most direct road to honorable advancement. Yet, it must be admitted that the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong, tends to deaden the sensibilities of the heart, and to warp its finer feelings, and that he who contents himself with being the *mere lawyer*, takes but a poor course to qualify himself for being either a great statesman or a desirable companion. Still, so it is, it is the road to wealth and honor, as may suit the disposition, and while human nature remains the same, it will ever be looked to, by all who aspire to rise, or who have the welfare of their sons at heart."

"There is one fault, however, Mr. Oldfellow," said Miss Washingshaw, with the peculiar tact of the sex, "which you must admit is common among the young gentlemen of that profession, they are invariably fortune hunters, and wealth and beauty are considered by them fair game."

This was treading upon delicate ground, and I inwardly resolved not to follow, so to avoid the question, I suddenly discovered and remarked, that "our young companions appeared to have lost themselves in the thicket."

"Yes, in the Wilderness of love," responded Miss Willings, who spoke for the first time.

"There are those, I think," replied Miss Washingshaw, "who will speedily extricate them from that difficulty, should it occur."

On the instant, however, the subjects of conversation emerged from the thick mass of wood into a by-path, apparently deeply absorbed in each others conversation.

Miss Washingshaw, "wished them joy of their company, which appeared, she said, to have more attractions for them than the scenery which they had set out to visit."

"Well, this is really a pleasant spot," said Travers, as they rejoined us, "but we have not arrived at the place of destination."

"No," replied Miss Washingshaw, "nor are we likely to to-night, unless you and Emily forget yourselves, and pay some regard to the company you are with and the speed with which you travel. I suppose, Mr. Travers', conversation has been quite interesting, Miss Gray? But why do you blush. Ah! I see how it is, you think I will ask you what has been the subject of conversation. I will, I assure you, Emily, since you plead guilty by blushing."

"I should not at all object to a repetition of the conversation between Miss Gray and myself," replied Travers, to save the modest girl, "but I doubt very much, whether my friend Oldfellow, could say as much. He is so gallant a gentleman, that I question whether he could take so romantic a walk with two ladies without making love to both. Pray, Oliver what tender things have you been saying?"

"You have mistaken me this once, Travers. Our conversation has been upon so exceedingly speculative and dry a subject, that I question much whether even your own dullness, could suggest it. What would you say, if I should tell you that we have been talking about lawyers."

"I should say you had made choice of a poor subject, and a most senseless use of time."

"I grant you, had we been silly enough to have introduced you in the conversation."

"I did not suppose that the self-love of Mr. Oldfellow, would allow him to introduce any other gentleman than himself in the conversation. So that the secret of its dryness is out."

"Thank you! Travers. We will put up swords if you please, your wits have been so exceedingly sharpened within the last twenty-four hours, that you may be considered as a dangerous antagonist. If your eloquence equals your wit, this afternoon, I must consider the case of Miss Gray as hopeless."

"Miss Gray," chained in the maiden aunt, so as to cut off the reply of the young lady, "has the counsels of a father to consult when her own prudence is exhausted. And as the stock is small, Mr. Travers will do well not to draw on it too liberally."

"It appears, however," retorted Travers, "that her aunt is not as well supplied with the article, as her experience might lead us to suppose, though I doubt not that a draught from Miss Gray, would be honored in some sort even by her."

The maiden aunt at first turned red, and then as pale as death, it was evident that rage was struggling in her bosom for vent, but she spoke not a word. I felt at once that Travers for that one jibe, had sold for ever his interest with her. She turned on her heel and pursued the walk, but not a sentence escaped her, about the remark of Travers. We reached the "White Spot," after a walk of half an hour. I found it to consist of a large open space, perfectly covered with white flint stone, with not a shrub to relieve the barrenness, but commanding a fine view of the country around, and of Reading beneath. The blue hills reposed far off in the distance, as if pillowed among the clouds, while nearer the green trees shot up their verdure in an undefined mass, while here and there the white washed roof of a country farm house, shone in the distance. Reading lay piled in a huge mass directly below us. It was near sunset. The air was mild and balmy, the insect world sent forth its drowsy hum, the lowing of the far off cattle, as they were driven slowly homeward by the weary harvest boy, the faint twitter of the evening birds, and the lone notes of a poor bob-white, from the adjacent thicket, with the scenery around reposing in the golden light of a summer sunset, all assisted to impart a dreamy love-like influence to the senses.

The loiterers were some time after us in reaching the mountain top, and Travers, conscious that his retort had been injudicious, endeavored, and as I thought, with some success, to reinstate himself in the favor of the maiden aunt. Emily had also used her eloquence to induce him to a different course of conduct toward that lady.

As soon as her aunt had turned abruptly from them and had got out of hearing, Emily remarked,

"I am sorry, Mr. Travers, that your last retort should have been directed to my aunt. I fear that it will interrupt the harmonious intercourse of friends."

"Why say of *friends*? Emily. Had I dared to aspire even higher than friendship, our conversation both last evening and to-day, had led me to hope. You have not communicated to your aunt the fact, that you met me at Saratoga last season; I should think Emily!"

"I have not Mr. Travers, and it is for that very reason, that I fear the effect of your retort. I am at present solely under her care, and I think that she will scarcely credit, that we associated together at Saratoga with the permission of Pa, and I fear that our intercourse will be interrupted."

"She will scarcely forbid me to visit you!"

"She will do less, I imagine. She will extend you no invitation, and by an observance of habits of seclusion herself, she will the more readily impose them upon me. Her prejudices are inveterate. Do you know that there is an ugly, squinty, dirty looking physician, for whom she has a high esteem, who resides nearly opposite her residence? I warrant you, if you ask her who is the prettiest man in Reading, she will answer 'Doctor Theophilus Hartshorne.'"

"Then I see, my dear Emily, a sure road to her favor. I will cultivate the acquaintance of this pupil of Esculapius, and I warrant you that in three days time, I shall have the private ear and confidence of *Miss Isabella Washingshaw*."

"There the lawyer leaks out. Always plotting and deceiving." "I told you that I could never believe the professions of a lawyer. What security have I now, that you will not say over again all the fine things that you have repeated, (perhaps from memory) to me, to the next young lady you may chance to meet."

"At the old song again, ha! Well, Emily, you are among the incorrigible. I suppose, that if I were to get down on one knee, in the true spirit of a knight, and swear, by the pink ribbon which you wear, you would place implicit faith in my declarations."

"Pardon me sir lawyer, but I would not believe a word. My good aunt yonder, has given me such a perfect horror of all lawyers, and has so utterly shipwrecked my faith in all their professions and promises, that I should consider it impious to believe one upon oath."

"And what my pretty infidel, can have caused that heavenly aunt of yours to put her ban and anathema upon lawyers?"

"I believe a gentleman of that profession held a sort of flirtation with her, some twenty-five years ago, and made her an offer of his hand and heart, under the impression that she was an heiress, but decamped the night previous to the wedding, on having his ideas set to rights on that head. Which will be your course of proceeding, I suppose, my gay Lothario,

notwithstanding your fine promises, when you learn that my beauty is but paint, and that the wealth which you expect to enjoy, has been squandered by my rightful guardian."

"Emily, how can you run on at this rate, in the presence of others, you look as demure and modest, as if you would be startled out of your wits, by a serious offer of the hand and heart of a gentleman; but here, after our mutual vows have been recorded, you treat the whole matter so lightly, that one almost doubts whether you were serious when you promised. But here is your aunt and Miss Willings."

"Emily," said Isabella Washingshaw, that evening to her young niece, as they were seated in the parlor discussing the adventures of the day, "if Mr. Travers should call this evening, I wish you would receive him coldly. I think he is entirely to presuming in his attentions."

"I am surprised, aunt Isabella," replied Emily, "that you should speak of William Travers in such a manner. He has treated me with the politeness of a gentleman, and the kindness of a brother." But what do you mean, by being "too presuming in his attentions?"

"Why, I mean Emily, that his politeness, has something more for its aim than the mere observance of etiquette, and that there is more in his seeming kindness than brotherly affection. I mean that William Travers, taking advantage of the absence of your Pa, is trying to win a heart, far above his reach, and one that he would not dare assault, if your Pa were present."

"I do not consider William Travers, capable of anything dishonorable," coolly observed Emily, without noticing the plainness of the explanation.

"And do you consider it nothing dishonorable for one in his circumstances to attempt in the absence of your Pa, to force his addresses upon you? Emily, I am ashamed of you."

"You have grown quite serious, Aunt Isabella, upon a very foolish subject," said Emily, with an attempt at playfulness. "William Travers, has never intimated anything to awaken you very serious apprehensions. You are too severe entirely." But what do you mean by "one in his circumstances?"

"You seem disposed to catechise me on the meaning of terms, and to treat the subject with a lightness of manner, hardly comporting with its serious nature. But let me tell you, Emily, I learned this afternoon from Miss Willings, and her father knows the Travers's family well, that his father is a clergyman of an obscure village, and that William will never be able to command more than two or three thousand dollars. So that he will be no great catch!—nor ———"

"Shame! aunt Isabella, shame!" interrupted Emily, her dark eyes flashing indignation as she spoke. "The noble-souled William Travers, poor as he may be, would scorn to make such an inquiry into the circumstances of his friends; and with *such* a motive."

"You are eloquent in his praise, Miss! but take care, your zeal for his honor, may induce you to reveal more than your calmer judgment might deem prudent. I made no such inquiry, the communication was gratuitous on the part of Miss Willings. It was both unsought and unexpected by me; but as she was quite ingenious in her method of annexing your name with his, I could not do less than tell her that she was misinformed."

"I shall not injure William Travers, by giving any credit to the gratuitous slander of Miss Willings."

"Well, Miss, just as you please, but I shall take occasion to write immediately to the city, and urge your Pa to come out a few days sooner than he intended."

"Do! That's a kind aunt. And when he comes, I'll tell him what a dutiful girl I've been. How I have resisted the advances of a young lawyer, and all because my aunt despised the profession."

As may be supposed, the good aunt retired for that night, with a high sense of offended dignity, but what was her surprise, to find on opening her casement in the morning, Mr. William Travers, in a close, and apparently confidential conversation with Mr. Theophilus Hartshorne, the object of her first morning orisons. "What could he be saying? How could they have become acquainted? Could it be possible he was an old friend of Travers? Might he not accelerate their intimacy, and bring on the consummation most devoutly wished for?"

These and a thousand other conjectures speedily put to flight all the uncharitable feelings she had bottled up against William Travers. Her first question on meeting Emily was, whether "she thought it possible that Mr. Travers could be acquainted with Dr. Hartshorne."

"Emily replied, that she had not the least doubt of it, as she had heard Mr. Travers speak very highly of that gentleman."

"Do you think it probable, Emily, that Mr. Travers will be here this evening?"

"I should think not after the unkind treatment of last evening. You may remember that you did not even invite him to call."

Poor Miss Washingshaw, was now in a world of trouble. Look almost when she would, there was the assiduous Travers in the office of the good Doctor, and doubtless much to the surprise of the latter gentleman, was deeply absorbed in medical speculations. He had taken care, however, in a lawyer-like way, to replenish the Doctor's purse, which report said was rather slim, with a five dollar gold piece previous to commencing the studies of the day. His object, he asserted, was merely to find out some abstruse matters in the science, and it was made part of the condition, that the Doctor should explain whatever was above the comprehension of the pupil; by this means Travers had managed to worry the poor Doctor, and to perplex the maiden aunt to his heart's content for that day. When evening arrived, Travers and myself were not the least surprised, to receive a neat billet addressed to us at the hotel, soliciting the company of Mr. Travers and Mr. Oldfellow, at the residence of Miss Washingshaw. The anger of the maiden aunt had evidently evaporated, and had been replaced by something like the milk of human kindness.

Miss Emily met us with a smile of evident satisfaction and delight, and a twinkle of mischief in her dark black eye.

"William," said she, after they were seated in a corner by themselves, "how could you spend the whole day in that dull office, with that dull Doctor, poring over his musty books?"

"I could do any thing for love, Emily."

"Rather say you could do any thing for nonsense or mischief. But my dear aunt, there, thinks that it is all gospel, and you will come off well my gallant sir, if the catechising you get to night, does not discover your secret."

"I am used to a cross-examination, Emily, but am inclined to think that if love has power to melt the heart, it can also sweeten the temper; for your aunt looks as sweet to-night, as if she had been feasting on nectar."

"Your heavenly temper must be contagious then, I think, for the Doctor yonder, poring over his receipts by the light of a penny candle, in search of something which shall astound the world and make his fortune, appears to have no virtue but that of experimenting upon his own dullness, instead of the lives of his harmless patients. His own medicines, however, have more than once nearly deprived him of his life, and involved Reading in the catastrophe of having lost a physician, and entailed the misfortune upon himself of having a patient less."

"I should be very sorry my sweet satirist, that any such accident should occur to the good man for some days to come, as my studies for the day have been somewhat abstruse, and to remain unenlightened would be a serious misfortune to me, as would the absence of the hope of a husband to Miss Washingshaw."

"Silence! My aunt has an ear this way."

"And pray Mr. Travers," said that amiable lady, "what do you think of Reading and its inhabitants now? You appear to be intimate with some of our townsmen."

"Yes, I have a slight acquaintance with the Doctor opposite. He was kind enough to allow me the use of his books to-day, and to entertain me with a history of his gallantries. He appears to be in high favor in the borough."

"Yes, he is said to be a very sensible and deserving man, from what I hear. Do you think he is remarkably intelligent, Mr. Travers?"

"Why, I must say, that I think his intelligence is rather remarkable. But I am astonished Miss Washingshaw, when you tell me that he is not an acquaintance. I suppose I must give him credit for shrewdness, as he appears to have his own way of discovering merit. He spoke very highly of a friend of mine."

"A friend of yours?"

"Perhaps, I should have said a friend of Miss Gray. She is certainly a relative."

"Why, Mr. Travers!"

"Upon my honor, I am not joking. But there is such a thing you know as love at first sight, though I am no great believer in the doctrine."

"You might serve nevertheless, as an illustration of the truth of the theory, and doubtless, might entertain us with some reminiscences of your own on that head!"

A few days after, I had the satisfaction of meeting Travers, arm in arm with the Rev. Mr. Gray, apparently holding high converse on affairs of moment. Nor was I surprised, when some hours after, I learned that Travers was the accepted lover of Miss Emily Gray.

The declaration had been made during the romantic ramble to "The White Spot," and while I had been holding an eloquent discourse upon lawyers in general, with an eye to his particular benefit, he had plead his own cause with such ability and effect as to secure

the consent of the beautiful Miss Gray, with a fortune in possession of forty thousand, and one of thirty thousand in expectancy.

It would do your heart good, reader, to see the family of my friend William Travers, numbering some sixteen. The father is a fine looking fellow, while about the mother all the grace of youth and freshness of beauty linger still, as if enamored of the object.

Miss Washingshaw bloomed in her virginity for many years after our visit, and it is asserted that the practice of the good Doctor became more extended, insomuch, that he helped several patients out of the world with such remarkable celerity, that even the undertakers of the place, began to wear long faces when they met him. But the career of the Doctor was cut short by an unlucky potion, which he tasted before administering to one of the fraternity aforesaid. The dose ended the Doctor's life, as well as his practice, and relieved the undertaker of his humanity (supposing an undertaker to have humanity) so suddenly, that it is currently reported, the Devil drew on both at sight. It is an ascertained fact, however, that the room smelt strongly of brimstone, whether it was the odor of his satanic majesty, or of the medicines of the departed Doctor Theophilus Hartshorne, never transpired.

Philadelphia, September, 1839.

THE FLIGHT OF SOLYMAN.

A LEGEND OF THE CRUSADES.

"Charge, Chester, charge!—on, Stanley, on!"

Mermion.

It was a sultry forenoon, and the hot air scarcely moved the leaves of the tall trees, when the long line of the Crusaders emerged from the valley of Gorgon, and with a thousand banners flashing in the sunlight, marched gaily onward in their way to the Holy City. A grander spectacle had never, perhaps, been seen upon the plains of Syria. Foremost amid the proud array, rode the renowned Boemond, with his gallant retinue of counts, knights and men-at-arms moving behind him, their plumes waving on the air, and their armour glancing in the rays of the summer sun. Beside him marched the gallant Tancred, who, though boasting but sixty lances, was the second knight in the proud chivalry of Europe. As he sat loftily and majestically on his steed, with his triangular shield slung around his neck, and his long lance carried beside him, the links of his chain-armor burnished to the utmost brightness, and his steed stepping proudly along, he seemed the very impersonation of the lofty honor, daring courage, and high wrought enthusiasm, which distinguished the warriors of the first crusade. Still further in the rear, rode knights and esquires in countless numbers, all clad in their iron mail, all followed by their feudal retainers, and many of them renowned in tournament and camp. Besides these there were numberless foot-soldiers, armed with whatever they could get; and hosts of pilgrims with staff and scrip, and clothed in the costumes of all the nations of Europe. As they marched gallantly along, a cloud of dust rising above the lengthening train hid the rear from view; while here and there a faint puff of the breeze sweeping it away, disclosed the banners of the steel-clad barons waving above the host, seeming as if all Europe had poured forth its millions, to redeem the consecrated soil of Palestine from the impious hands of the Saracen. And yet, that proud array, with all its panoply, was but a fragment of the host which Godfrey of Bouillon, led. They were, in truth, only a detachment separated from the main body two days before, and were now in the hourly hope of joining their companions, as they

began to fear from a few horsemen seen at intervals upon the hills, that Solyman, with his Arab chivalry was hanging upon their front. It was therefore with cautious glances that the two leaders journeyed on.

"I like not yon hill," said Boemond at length to his cousin, "the impious dogs, if near us, might make its summit a good point of attack—had you not better ride on with your lances and seize it!—if you want support, give but one peal from your trumpet, and my whole force shall follow."

The gallant Tancred bowed his plumed helmet to the saddle-bow, and had proceeded a few paces in advance, when suddenly upon the brow of the hill appeared, as if by magic, the whole army of Solyman, covering the declivity and swarming along the slope, like countless locusts. In an instant after, with wild cries, the Moslems swept down to the attack.

"By my halidome!" shouted Boemond in a voice of thunder, "but they have us at a 'vantage. To the rear De Gilbert, and fortify the camp—forward there, knights of Italy—gather to your banners brave followers of the Cross! God wills it!—let the infidels come on."

It took but a few moments, so admirably disciplined were the Crusaders, to array the scattered forces into an imposing though motley front. The danger was too imminent to send the pilgrims and foot-soldiers to the rear, and so they hastily formed together with the mailed knight and the half-clad vassal standing side by side. Before, however, this had been well accomplished, two hundred thousand horsemen were sweeping, like a whirlwind, down the hill to the attack, waving their scimitars on high as they rushed along, and rending the heavens with their wild war-cry, "allah, il allah—allah, il allah!"

"Hurl back the heathen dogs," thundered Boemond, levelling his lance as the vast host galloped nearer; and every knight dropped his lance, and stood like a statue of steel, calmly waiting the onset. But the array of the agile foemen had too often been shivered upon the front of the Latin chivalry to wait for its earthquake charge. As they drew nearer, therefore, they were seen drawing their bows in full career, directly two hundred thousand arrows darkened the sun, and ere they had fallen like hail upon the astonished Christians, the nimble infidels had wheeled, retreated, and were once more sweeping to the attack. The havoc with the Crusaders was dreadful. Unused to such warfare, they were for a moment uncertain how to act. At length Tancred shouted.

"If we stay here we die—who will charge the infidels, let him follow me"—and crying his war-cry, "Otranto! Otranto!" he charged at the head of his knights upon the foe, while Boemond, bowed in his saddle, and emulating the daring of his gallant cousin, with the whole chivalry of his army thundered after him. And terrible was the charge of that gallant knight! Scattering the light-armed Arabs like chaff before him, and mowing his way through the very midst of the foe, the fearless Tancred, darted hither and thither in his vain attempt to beat back the Saracens. Emir and Bedouin, fell beneath him; hundreds of the slight foemen were crushed before his impetuous charge; banner and steed went down before his lances, but still from the countless hordes behind, thousands pressed in to fill their places, and, at length, he found himself with his little band cut off from the army, and surrounded by the foe. Unmoved, however, by the fearful odds, and shouting his war-cry, with unabated courage, he renewed the charge with greater vigor, and only faltered when he saw his brother fall beside him, and beheld scarce a tithe of his gallant followers left. The like a lion at bay he paused, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, when suddenly the cry of "Apulia!" rang upon his ear, and instantaneously he saw afar the banner of his cousin, floating over the battle, and making slowly, but firmly toward him. Shouting his war-cry back, and gathering his scanty remnant around him, he scattered once more every thing before him, and cut his way back to the side of Boemond.

"How goes the battle?" he eagerly exclaimed, as he dashed up to his brother knight.

"Darker and darker yet, my gallant cousin,—they are driving us back every where. Can we make head any longer, or shall we retreat?"

"Retreat," shouted the indomitable Tancred, "no! by the cross!—not till we have tried another onset on the dogs—on! chivalry of Europe, on!—De Tracy charge!" and without waiting for a reply the impetuous warrior dashed once more into the midst of the foe.

But the struggle was in vain. Though their gallant knights hurled every thing down before them, the two leaders only found new and fresh combatants rising up in the stead of the slain. The sun, meanwhile, grew fiercer and hotter, and while the Christians, clad in heavy armor, that grew heated in the sun, became spent with fatigue, the light-clad Arabs, reinforcing their spent companions, poured down in torrents from the hills, until it seemed as if the whole array of Egypt, Syria, and India was swarming to the conflict, and pressing

closer and closer to the worn-out knights. Against such odds it was vain to contend, and after a desperate struggle, the two leaders gave way and were driven back fighting, with their broken ranks, upon the pikes of their own soldiery.

"Where go you, Boemond?" shouted Robert of Normandy, madly dashing up at this juncture, with his head bare, his dark locks streaming on the wind, and his scanty reserve pressing behind. "Apulia is afar—why fly you, Tancred!—your Otronto is not nigh! Charge, knights,—charge, once again, Godfrey must even now be nigh, and if not let us die like men!" and without pausing, he shouted his war-cry. "Normandy!" rushed to the conflict, and sweeping with his solid phalanx along, hurled back the onset of the Saracens, while Tancred and Boemond, fired with his gallantry, rallying their troops, dashed again into the battle, and again scattered their enemies before them. But though wherever they went their long lances cleared a lane before them, no sooner had they passed than, as before, the foemen choked it up, and poured in their clouds of arrows upon the wearied Christians. Long and vainly they fought; and to add to the horrors of the day, a body of the foe, crossing a morass in the rear, attacked the now defenceless camp, slaughtered the sick, the old, and the feeble, and with wild cries, swept up to charge the Crusaders in the rear. In vain Boemond flew to the defence of his camp, and driving the enemy back, rallied his broken troops around him. It only changed the scene, not the fate of the battle. Wherever they turned they saw a foe. All escape was cut off. The Moslems swarmed like locusts around the devoted Christians, and wearied, dispirited, and half of them dismounted, the chivalry of Europe was on the point of giving up, when Tancred, whose lion courage had never flinched, suddenly shouted,

"Cheer ye, knights and noblemen, yonder comes Godfrey—the saints be praised!" and pointing to a distant hill in answer to the eager inquiries of those around him, he shewed to the Christian knights a cloud of dust rolling over its brow, and directly pennon, and spear, and helmet rose above the profile of the hill, and then, in scattered bands, urging on their horses as for life, the gallant army of the cross, with couched lances and eager steeds, were seen hastening to the aid of their brethren, while the holy cry, "God wills it, God wills it," bursting from their ranks, and echoed back from the little band in the midst of the Moslem host, rung from hill to hill, and rolled like thunder across the sky. Troop hastened after troop, banner after banner, rank followed rank, lance glittered after lance, the knight pressed by the baron, each one hurried on as the swiftness of his steed permitted, and amid it all the red-cross, borne in the front, marked the approach of Godfrey, and struck terror and dismay into the bosoms of the Saracens. It was enough to nerve the faintest arm; and the hearts of the worn-out knights leaped at the sight. Tancred enthusiastically charged toward them, and wherever the cry of "Otronto" rung, there fell the Moslems in hundreds. Boemond pressed in his rear mowing his way through; and Robert of Normandy, thundered behind, hurling the Saracens right and left with his lancers, as if they were play-things in his way; while the countless forces of Godfrey, fresh and enthusiastic, careered down the declivity, and charging the flank of the foe, and making for the banner of Boemond, crushed the infidel ranks before them, driving the Saracen hordes hither and thither, like dust before the wind. The onset was resistless. Sword and lance went through the ranks of the foemen again and again; blade shivered upon blade; horse and rider reeled before the spear; and the huge axes of the northern chivalry swinging downward upon the infidels, went crashing through their helmets as if they had been glass. Nothing could withstand the mailed charge of the Crusaders, and Solyman with his immense army, after a vain struggle, fled over the hills, the indignant Christians pursuing him at full speed, and cutting down thousands of the faithless infidels in their flight. They only paused when night hid the flying enemy from their sight. The camp of Solyman, rich with gold and jewels and purple, and all the gorgeous panoply of eastern warfare, fell into the hands of the Crusaders,—and long after, when Godfrey was no more, and centuries even had vanished, did the tale-tellers of Syria relate how utter was "THE FLIGHT OF SOLYMAN." H.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

DESPAIR who will, I do not fear
That joys eternal wait the dead ;
That while we mourn unsolaced here,
Their souls to purer realms have fled—
And know 't is good to trace their fame,
And ponder well their lives apart ;
For there attends each shining name,
Some lesson for the wayward heart.

Do not the righteous ere they flee,
In raptures own some kindling power,
And in unclouded vision see,
A light that cheers the dying hour ?
And is the hope whose visit throws,
Such radiance round the parting mind,
In darkness quench'd and dull repose,
When mortal sight is seal'd and blind ?

What though the flesh to dust return,
And worms its beauteous mould consume,
Should Art deny the funeral urn,
Nor throw its charms around the tomb ?
Should prayer nor tear be said nor shed,
Nor gift be kept, nor emblem given ?
Ah ! 't is not thus we hold the dead,
When life's endearing ties are riven ;—

But seek in symbols while we sigh,
A language for the stricken heart ;
And when the mourner's tears are dry,
And Memory acts her wonted part,
The tribute shaft, with chisell'd lines,
Arrests the passing gazer's eye,
And Nature, by a thousand signs,
Betrays the hope that looks on high.

Philadelphia, September, 1839.

How bless'd the lot of hallow'd dust,
The slumbers of the sinless young,
When join their spirits with the just,
And Slander bars no living tongue :
Then o'er the dark and sunless tomb,
While moulders all of mortal clay,
Sweet memories from their ashes bloom,
And twine in garlands round decay.

When low the lov'd and honour'd lie,
No heart unwilling feigns to weep,
But Sorrow sends her funeral cry,
And lingers fondly where they sleep.
When fall the brave on fields of fame,
A nation's homage is their due ;
And reverence is the sacred claim,
When Virtue bids the world adieu.

When sinks some mighty arm to sleep,
That rul'd and aw'd a trembling land,
Though few may sigh, and none may weep,
Some tribute still shall death command.
The pyramids ascend the skies,
The monarch-tombs of Egypt's clime,
And heave their peaks to wondering eyes,
Through all the conscious range of time.

But dearer than the pomp they claim,
The monumental structure stands,
That tells the world a patriot's fame,
Erected by his country's hands.
Erefter still to Sorrow's eye,
Embower'd by Art in shades of green,
The places where the relics lie,
Of those whose lives have lovely been.

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY;

OR, THE COBBLER OF NANTASKET.

"Here 's the smell of the blood yet—oh ! oh ! oh !"

Macbeth.

AWAY down east, not far from the good town of Nantasket, there dwelt a long time ago, a little, notable, good humored cobbler, who night and morning filled the neighborhood with the clack of his hammer. Seated on his bench, with his beard all unshaven, and his bushy hair uncombed, his short clay pipe stuck in one corner of his mouth, and his waxy leathern apron worn jauntily before him, he thumped and stitched away the livelong day to the terror of all the little urchins who had to pass that way to school. Now and then he would whistle a snatch from some antiquated song; nod at some passing crony; or stop a minute to look up and down the street; and then again, with renewed vigor, he would jerk away, and pelt upon his lapstone as though he were beating the very soul out of his leather. A jolly little old fellow was that cobbler! From sunrise to sunset a more vigorous awl was not plied in town; but no sooner had day departed than the bench was moved away, the lapstone laid up, and the owner thereof hied him to the village inn, where in one corner of the ample chimney, with his mug of beer before him, he was accustomed to harangue his clique of admirers about the embargo, the tariff, the last news from England, our relations in China, and the various other matters which in bye-gone times, puzzled so many wise and hoary heads. On all these subjects our cobbler, after early twilight, was a perfect oracle, having read the history of England by Oliver Goldsmith, and being a subscriber for a newspaper. Not a negotiation mis-carried, but he shewed how it might have been concluded; and at every battle lost abroad he proved "with demonstration nice," in what way the defeated general had erred. At such times how eloquent he grew! The very air with which he took the pipe from his mouth, and thumped upon the table with his brawny hand, was resistless as the action of that queer old demagogue yclept Demosthenes; and infallibly made his audience gape with wonder, and his adversary scratch his head in his puzzle to reply. Few could compete with the little old cobbler; and so it came to pass that at last he grew to be quite a dictator, laying down the law much like Addison at Wills', or glorious old John at his coffee house. No matter who might advance an opinion, no one saw its correctness until leisurely taking his pipe from his mouth, and whiffing away till the smoke curled fantastically upward to the ceiling, he

"Shook his ambrosial curls, and gave the nod."

The little old cobbler moreover had at times been an officer of a town meeting, and once indeed was chosen an inspector of the election. Upon the memory of these honors he lived. He had also a great turn for courts, was known to hold the judges in high reverence, deemed it quite a distinction to be summoned as a witness, and having once sued a man for a debt, was constantly detailing what his lawyer said, and how energetically the court charged the jury in his favor. You were sure to get into his good graces at once by reminding him thereof. Could he have been a juryman he would have been delighted. But alack a day! that honor was confined to freeholders; and except his bench, his pipe, and a few little nick-nackeries, the possessions of the worthy cobbler were small indeed. So he had to pocket his hard fate as he best could.

It so happened that about this time there came to the village a short, fat, red-faced tailor, who having been the tavern orator of the town he came from, sat about attempting, as soon

as he sojourned at Nantasket, to dethrone the cobbler. But this was no easy task. The little old fellow was as sly as a fox, and, not knowing the metal of the new-comer, never even entered into an argument with him. He only puffed away the more lustily at his pipe, and cocked up his little snub nose whenever the tailor was mentioned. So it came to pass that no one either bought of the tailor or listened to him. But he did not despair. He took a shop right opposite the stall of the cobbler, put in it a new fashioned kind of casement called a bow window, and filled it from top to bottom with glossy coats and colored pictures of the fashions. The women were delighted, and having always hated Amasa because he was a bachelor, soon teased their spouses into high notions of the tailor's eloquence. All the disaffected and envious likewise swelled his ranks; and thus at last the empire became divided, and while the cobbler harangued in the chimney corner, the fat, waggish tailor, declaimed at the porch beside the door. All this time the two rivals never noticed each other except by a snarl or a grunt whenever it fell out that they met.

One morning, just after day-break, the cobbler rubbed his eyes, and was sitting down to work, when he noticed an unusual bustle down the street. Early as it was a goodly portion of the townsfolk were already up, and little groups of men stood talking before the closed houses, or were hurrying down to the village landing. Something strange had occurred. To crown all the fat little tailor, mounted on a post, was gesticulating violently to quite a crowd of hearers. What could be the matter? Amasa rubbed his eyes, lit his pipe, took up his last, and began to pelt away. But just then a hurrah met his ear. It was a part of the crowd cheering the tailor. He threw down his hammer, smashed his pipe to atoms, kicked his bench over, and flinging his apron after it set off to the landing in an agony of wrath, envy, and ambition.

"Stand back—make way—here comes the man, huzza!" shouted a detachment of his partisans as they saw him approaching. The little old fellow gratified by such homage minded his pace, the crowd opened before him, and there stood the two rivals, eying each other like game-cocks—the one panting with his race and the other with the excitement of speaking.

The truth was, the fat little tailor was the cause of it all. He and a crony of his had been fishing down the bay, and brought up the intelligence that they had seen a dead body washed up by the tide. The news spread like wild fire, waking all Nantasket an hour before its time.

"Have you heard the news, neighbor Amasa,—how that a dead body has been found down along shore?" asked one of his supporters.

Now this was the first intimation of such a fact with which the curious ears of the old fellow had been delighted. But he gathered, at once, from the talk of the crowd the whole drift of the matter, and knowing it would never do to seem more ignorant than his rival he boldly replied,

"Sartainly, it was whispered to me nigh an hour ago."

"Nigh an hour ago!—I guess not," sneered the tailor, "for it was just flood when we got back, and the tide har n't on the turn yet—and that," he continued, turning to the crowd, "is why I say there 's no use of a coroner's jury, for the body 'll sartainly be carried off with the ebb."

Such a contradiction would have been a death blow to any man but the cobbler. But he only cocked up his nose, and repeated his assertion; for he saw that the time had come when he must assert his supremacy in open fight, and so instead of avoiding the battle, he courted it like a valiant man-at-arms. In fact, as we have said, he was as sly as a fox, and it flashed upon him all at once that the tailor's last remark might be made the means of that rival's overthrow. The public curiosity was high, and nothing would be more popular than a coroner's jury. Besides all this, if he took sides with the townsfolk, and routed the tailor from the field, his ambition would be gratified in getting a place upon the jury, as the coroner always made his selection indifferently from those at hand. Who knew, besides, but he might even be the foreman? And if it really was a murder, and the murderer should be caught and tried, what an important person would the foreman of the jury be! All this flashed through his mind as he looked around. Oh! a sharp-sighted old fellow was he.

"A dead body's a thing, fellow citizens," he began, "that ought to be enquired into. There 's been foul, bloody, unnatural, cannibal murder committed, and it should be sifted to the bottom. It 's matter for a crowner's jury, and no man ought to be permitted to go nigh it till the jury has visitationed it. Who knows but the murderer may even now stalk abroad—in our midst perhaps—and that a jury might discover marks by which he should be detected?—though for that matter," he continued, looking hard at the tailor, "they needn't go far for 'em; and I've always said some people were no better than they should be."

"Hurrah for neighbor Amasa," roared a ragged hanger on.

"Huzza!" sang another, "how he pitches it into 'em. I calculate that 's laying it on thick *any how*."

Now had the tailor been as old a hand as the cobbler he would, after these popular demonstrations, have remained quiet; but he must needs object to such a course, hinting at its expense, and the probability that the tide would wash away the body before the jury got to it. The little, old cobbler at this, bristled up and in a pretty loud and energetic tone, remarked,

"What 's expense to public justice, let me know? I do n't see why some people oppose investigation,—for my part, I'll not sleep till it 's sifted, sifted, sir, to the very bottom—where 's the crowner?"

The uproar now grew tremendous; the cobbler and the jury were the cries; and the partizans of the tailor, for once, hid their diminished heads. It was queer what a simpleton he was, for though he was thus beaten out and out, he seemed quite overjoyed, chuckling and laughing to himself constantly. There seemed to be something very funny about it; but as happens to many jolly people no one saw the joke but himself.

At last the coroner came, and that high functionary after elbowing his way through the crowd was greatly startled at the news, particularly when he found how unanimous was the public will that he should sift the matter. Not wishing to be outdone by the cobbler's alacrity, he vowed he would never shave till the body had been found and due measures taken to arrest the murderer.

The cobbler's triumph was now complete; but it did not stop here. He was resolved to be foreman of the jury, and after a little manœuvring his ambition was gratified, and amid the cheers of the excited townfolk they set out. The tailor, however, who should have been their guide was missing, and so it happened that they started with no information except that it was near the point. Now, unluckily, there were two points—but the little, notable, good-natured cobbler, vowed they would soon find it nevertheless.

The bay coast was a low, sandy beach, fronting out toward the ocean, and almost destitute of verdure. Just above highwater-mark a range of sand hills skirted the shore, undulating the horizon and giving a bleak and barren aspect to the scene. On the opposite side of the bay the coast rose up into hills and headlands, behind which towered the blue tops of the distant mountains. The whole shore was the scene of many a wild legend; and tradition reported that the early buccaneers had buried their treasures there. Haunted spots were pointed out where shadowy forms held their midnight revels; and belated travellers had actually seen the ghosts of the prisoners whom Kidd had murdered where he hid his spoil. Of these spectral spots, Point Neversink was the most fearful, and few men ventured to approach it after dusk.

It was long past noon when the cobbler and his jury reached the beach, and as they mounted one of the low sand hills the long line of coast opened before them. The sun was still intensely hot. The wind had died away leaving it a dead calm; not a shrub or tree was near to shelter them; and the atmosphere waved fantastically in the sultry sunshine. The tide was down, but on the flood; and the breakers rolled in with the foam combing along their crests, and their dark green overhanging brows tumbling headlong into foam. A few water fowl ran along before the edge of the shattered waves, or nimbly followed the receding undertow. Not a cloud was to be seen on high. A mile or so at sea a solitary sloop, with its single tall mast and enormous mainsail, swung lazily upon the glittering deep; while away in the offing, like spray upon the horizon, a few pigmy sails were flashing in the sunshine. There was no sound around but the roar of the surf and the wash of the undertow. Few spots are more desolate than a barren sea coast in the heat of a summer's day.

"It arn't Point Neversink, I guess," said the cobbler to his jury, not caring to visit that spot if he could avoid it, and contenting himself with a long survey through a very old, dim, short-sighted spy glass at the distant promontory, "and so gentlemen, we'll sarch Point Woonsocket," and the eager inquirers, big with their mission, followed the cobbler a mile or two up the coast to the place of their destination.

But their search was unsuccessful. They walked all over Point Woonsocket, went around every sand hill, peered into every hole left by the tide; but in vain. At last they gave it up, called a council, and resolved by the cobbler's casting vote, to hasten to Point Neversink, hoping to reach it before dark. But like many others before them, they found, with sinking hearts, when evening came on, that they were still a mile or so from the point. At last the sun went down behind the distant hills, bringing their blue outline out on the horizon, and dyeing the distant sky behind with purple and gold. The breeze began to freshen, and the tide was nearly up; while the low wailing sound of the one, and the deep hollow murmur of the other came to the ear, in the gathering darkness, with an unearthly sound. The people of a coast are always superstitious, and the worthy jury were not a whit behind their neigh-

bors. Every man of it had seen some strange sight, or knew those who had; and as for the cobbler he was the very prince of ghost-seers and story-tellers, and boasted of his descent from one of the greatest persecutors of witches in all Salem. They were, moreover, searching for a dead body, and how many tricks might not its ghost take upon it to play? So it happened, as twilight deepened, and they drew nearer to the haunted Point, that their pace slackened, they walked all in a heap, their voices sank into whispers, stories that made the hair stand on end circulated, and imperceptibly they worked themselves up into that half-frightened state in which children pass a church yard at night. It would have done the heart good to see how their foreman, advancing a pace or two ahead, his form half lost in the dim twilight, beckoned on his lagging followers, cheering their spirits and his own by whistling lustily, and all the time looking anxiously around or starting at the sound of the wind moaning between the hills.

"Hark!" suddenly said one of the group in a low whisper, "did you hear any thing ahead?"

"No—you did n't—did you?" replied the cobbler, coming to a dead halt, and scarcely speaking for fright.

They listened eagerly, each one looking the others by turns in the face, and sure enough a low, indescribable sound was heard on the other side of the sand hills, as if coming from something on the beach.

"It's a groan, is n't it?" gasped one with a blanched face.

"There's Pint Neversink just ahead," faltered another, and sinking his voice to the lowest whisper, he added, "its nigh here they say Kidd buried his treasure and murdered his prisoners."

"Good God, deacon, there it is again—what shall we do?" said another, who had ventured a pace or two ahead, but now rapidly retreated.

"We'd better go back, had n't we?" faintly asked the deacon, looking imploringly at the foreman.

The little old cobbler had his own feelings, and was half disposed to take the advice; but then he thought how much it would redound to his courage if he kept on, and how the tailor and his clique would triumph if he returned without finding the body. Besides it just then recurred to him that the tailor had said it was Point Neversink, where the body had been seen, and with that sudden recollection he felt as if he could brave all the spectres that ever took airings at midnight in their old shrouds. So having repeated all the verses of scripture that he knew he boldly proceeded ahead to reconnoitre from the top of the hill. But as he was a sensible man, and saw no call for unnecessary noise, he took off his hat, and began to creep silently and stealthily toward the hill, stopping and putting his ear to the ground to listen, and then crawling a step or two further on. At last the outline of his head and neck was just visible in the darkness, boldly defined against the sky as he lifted it cautiously above the profile of the hill. In a minute or two he drew it softly back, like a turtle retreating into his shell, and motioned for his followers to come on. But they did not move an inch. The boldest of them at last ventured to portion to the cobbler to return.

"What's the matter with you?" said the emboldened foreman, but still speaking in a whisper, "it's only the tide washing agin the body, and not a groan."

"The body!—is it there?" eagerly asked the deacon.

"I saw it just below high water mark," answered the cobbler, "large and kind of dark like."

"Oh! I knew this was the Pint," ejaculated the bold man, "and I thought the noise was nothing arter all, only you all seemed to think differently."

Nothing was now heard of but going on, the fright of the valorous jurymen was dissipated; and each man seemed big with the consequence the discovery would give him in the eyes of his townsmen. But there was still enough of their late feelings left in them to make them converse in whispers; though not enough to check their curiosity or drown their suspicions of the murderers.

"There, gentlemen, it is, and yonder are the tracks of the men who visited it this morning," solemnly said the cobbler, as they reached the brow of the hill, pointing about twenty yards off to a dark, shadowy object on the beach.

"And that's a real murdered man,—oh! the wickedness of the human heart!" ejaculated the deacon.

"Follow me!" boldly said the cobbler, descending the hill.

"It's half covered by sand, ain't it?" whispered one.

"It's not very long," said another, "do n't it seem to you to grow smaller?"

"Hush, did n't its arm move then?" gasped a third, coming to a dead halt.

"Pooh!" answered the cobbler with forced boldness, but also stopping, "it's only the tide tossing the limb, I guess."

They were now within a few yards of the long sought for corpse, but hitherto it had been too dark for them to see it distinctly. Just, however, as the cobbler spoke, the moon broke suddenly forth, sheeting the white coast in silver, and disclosing to their eager gaze, in the dead body before them, the dark form and gaunt proportions of—A HUGE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The laugh was so loud against the poor little cobbler, and the waggish tailor boasted so much of the success of his joke, that one morning the stall of Amasa was found unopened, and when the neighbors broke into it to see the reason, they discovered that he had, with all his old tools and chattels, silently left the town in the night. He was never afterward heard of in Nantasket, and the waggish tailor, by general assent, succeeded to his chimney corner. A few there were of his former cronies, who would now and then sigh for the good old times when the cobbler ruled the roast, but the great mass of his fellow townsmen—alas! for human greatness—soon forgot both him and his little ricketty shop. New men and new measures reigned in Nantasket; gradually his old followers died and were forgotten; and in due time even the tailor was gathered to his fathers. A veracious tomb-stone records his many virtues; but no one knows where lie the bones of THE COBBLER OF NANTASKET.

J. S.

August, 1839.

WE MISS THEE.

BY B. F. CHATHAM.

We miss thee in the smiling group,
That gathers round the door,
To greet their loving Father home,
When the toils of day are o'er.

We miss the rose that sweetly bloomed,
Upon thy crimson cheek,
And those bright laughing eyes of thine,
That almost seemed to speak.

We miss those dark and sunny locks,
That clustered on thy brow,
And waved in ringlets gracefully,
But—ah!—we miss them now.

We miss thy soft-toned syren voice,
Sweeter than words can tell;

Mallica Hill, August 10th, 1839.

Its gentle music breath, that cast
O'er feeling hearts—a spell.

We miss thy sylph-like fairy form,
With less of earth than Heaven,
It seemed as if to thee alone,
A seraph's charms were given.

We miss thee now—pure lovely one,
For thee the fervent prayer,
From the fond heart to Heaven ascends,
We shall not miss thee THERE.

Oh! we will cull the sweetest flowers,
Of spring's returning bloom,
And wreath the white rose with the vine,
To deck thy verdant tomb.

THOUGHTS

ON

AMERICAN LAWS AND INSTITUTIONS,

WITH A COMPARISON.

BY JOHN T. MAULL, ESQ.

To give a general detail of the complicated principles, which constitute the great mass of learning, known and recognised under the name of the English Law, would be, indeed, an herculean effort of the intellect, and from which, the writer of this paper would involuntarily shrink, as from a task, requiring the exercise of faculties to which he would in no wise lay claim. But, he considers it feasible and not at all presumptuous, First, to trace in the system of our American Law, the strong analogy to some of the most prominent features of the ancient Saxon code, wherein is seen such excellence, that adaptation to it, as far as the changes of modern times have admitted, has been the aim of every enlightened legislator. Secondly, to treat of the most important distinctions between the American and English systems. Thirdly, to weigh the respective advantages and disadvantages of the two, in their applicability to their chief end and design, the *happiness of the governed*: and Lastly, to give his opinions on some matters, which the writer believes to be existing evils, with his suggestions in what respects, they might be improved and rendered more acceptable to the people.

The Saxon era of our jurisprudence has always been justly celebrated. The simplicity of the times, conjoined with the martial character of the people, gave to their laws that plain and energetic character, which yet manifests itself in most of our Common Law maxims.

The Saxons, a brave and magnanimous race, have elicited the chief attention of the historian, for the conspicuous part they bore in effecting the establishment of those laws, which we, through many vicissitudes of time and accident, have in a great measure adopted. To give symmetry to the Laws, then in their institution, and to infuse into them the spirit of equal liberty, that genuine inheritance of our forefathers, was reserved for the genius of an Alfred to accomplish, who, by devoting himself arduously and continually to the labor, compiled a code, that has outlived the perishable trophies of time. To the Saxons he gave a constitution, established among them courts, defined the punishment of offences, rigidly enforced the observance of order, connected them more firmly together by aiding in the enacting of laws, which related to them as an entire people, made compilations of existing customs suited to the circumstances of the age, and in fine, gave consistency and regularity to what, hitherto, must from the nature of the times, have been confused and ill-digested.

That any law is better than none, is a precept, the truth of which the bitter experience of every nation will attest. The common sense of the sober and reflecting portion of mankind, those who have important interests at stake in government, will dictate the necessity of some provision, to guard them in the preservation of life, liberty, and property. In this, consists the very motive of connecting ourselves in society; without this preservation, stable and uniform in its nature, we go back again in a certain degree to a state of nature.

This remark is induced by reflecting on the wars, foreign and servile, which agitated the Saxon territory at this particular era of Alfred, and the consequent uncertainty and insecurity in the possession of these rights, which must have resulted to them as a new people—yet rude and unlettered and addicted to ancient superstitions. To give them permanent laws that might endure to remotest time, was a master-piece of public policy, the prosecution of which in the hands of the early lawgiver, nothing could deter or prevent. The stern virtues which composed the Saxon character, and which have been so graphically delineated by their historian Tacitus, now yielded to the mild restraint of positive law, and thus, from the rough material was hewn an image, whose beauty and proportion have been the model of the admiring jurist. That the estate, on the death of the ancestor, should descend in equal proportions to the children, was a grand feature in the system, and early ingrafted on their code. This principle has been further extended, comprehending females, and recognised to its full, in the United States since the revolution; before that period, the feudal doctrine of primogeniture prevailed. In Pennsylvania, a double allotment was apportioned to the eldest son, wherein it differed from the feudal rule, but being found inconvenient, was abolished. England still retains primogeniture, which the nature of the government seems to require.

The Non-Forfeiture of estates for crimes, was another remarkable feature. By Article 9th of the constitution of Pennsylvania, section 19th, it is provided "that no attainder shall work corruption of blood, nor, except during the life of the offender, forfeiture of estate to the Commonwealth." In this, therefore, we assimilate to the Saxon code.

That an innocent child or other relative should be responsible for the acts of another, over whose actions he cannot have any possible control, is a principle, at which the reason and humanity of civilized man revolts: nor can we even suppose it to answer the ends designed. The severity of the punishments, say they, must deter from the perpetration of high crimes, which, if unopposed would work destruction to the government. We think on the other hand that inordinate punishments, such as, attainder and forfeiture of estate, joined to the penalty of death, must exert a brutalising effect on the human heart, and fit it for the receptacle of every passion which weakness or duplicity could harbor. The certainty, and not the severity of punishments, constitutes the shield of our rights, but let that be an absolute certainty, as far as human foresight can render it so. That the laws be faithfully executed, is a sacred trust, from which, no regard to personal safety or security, can release the conservator of the liberties of the people, if so, what protection have the aged and imbecile, from the murderous assault of the sudden faction, frenzied with rage at fancied injuries, and under the base and servile control of aspiring demagogues: reason thunders the response, "let the laws be faithfully executed," aye, from the chief magistrate down through all the ramifications of office to the remotest quarter, wherever and whenever, law has lent its sanction to rule. Let support be given, sole and undivided, to these authorities, and the stubborn offender knowing the sure consequence of his act, will check the germ of its development. If we examine attentively the fine spun, yet strong construction of the ancient Saxon laws, we will find this principle of certainty very prominent. No benefit of clergy or special exemption was then allowed, although it is to be regretted, that the "weregild" or satisfaction in money for the first offence, was permitted to have place in a code, in other respects, a repository of most that is valuable in the legal archives of the past.

From a consideration of these few particulars, we may decide that the analogy of American jurisprudence is stronger than that of the English, in those fundamental principles, which had their rise and decay during the Saxon era, and which, however, are in a great measure revived in America, as far as the political changes and the nature of things, will admit of.

The most striking distinctive feature between the American and English jurisprudence, is the comparative despatch and expense in our legal proceedings. It is no uncommon thing we are credibly informed, to expend immense sums amounting to fortunes in the prosecution of a suit in the English chancery; the emoluments to be paid to the great number of legal officers, whose duties, from the multiplicity of process and prolix forms of proceedings, are increased in a ratio entirely disproportionate to the nature of the services, seem to oppose an hindrance in the way of the suitor, which there is reason to fear too often deters from an inquiry into the merits of his case: especially, in minor causes, where pecuniary inability to sustain redress is more frequently to be found.

Though delays have been complained of in the practice of our American tribunals, and sometimes, we must acknowledge with too much apparent reason, yet assuredly, they will bear but a meagre comparison with those of the English Courts. Successive acts of the legislatures of the several states, and particularly of Pennsylvania, have facilitated the trials of causes by giving to either party certain specific remedies, without which, recourse must be had to circuitous means for their attainment, such as requiring parties to produce books or

writings in their possession or power, and the very universal and adequate relief granted to suitors through the medium of motions in open Court, suited to the exigencies of the particular grievances sought to be redressed—a practice attended with so many advantages in the despatch of causes, thereby widening the avenues to the portals of justice, that all must concur in the propriety of the system.

If there is any thing in which a preference should be given to our judicature, it is in relation to the Judges themselves—the arbiters of what constitutes the law. The suspicion of influence arising from any bias or predilection, occasioned by the nature of their appointment, is so remote, that we may confidently assert, that criminal offences are determined on their intrinsic grounds, exclusively. Appointed by the governor, who statelierly vacates his office by lapse of time, or by popular suffrage, the Judges exercise their commissions, *dum bene se gesserint*, but by virtue of our new constitution, for limited periods, liable to impeachment for misdemeanor in office.

Another feature in the English law which claims our attention, is the vast number of criminal offences punishable with death, which, however, the humanity of modern times has found means to evade by the intervention of the benefit of clergy; notwithstanding which, the existence of the penalty on the statute book, seems to be a blur on the administration of justice.

An advantage which the people of this country enjoyed at the termination of the revolution, was the power of remodelling the laws as they then existed, incumbered with the forms and fictions of the feudal doctrines, though in a modified degree, and substituting in their stead a system suited to their actual necessities. But in this design, there was very much of the old law to be retained. The common law in force in Pennsylvania and so much of the English statute laws, as were not specially excepted, were declared to be parts of our system. A compilation of the acts of General Assembly have supplied deficiencies and corrected redundancies, which have gone far to establish a code, upon the whole, the just pride of our state.

The other states of the Union have regulated their jurisprudence much in a similar way, and although differences necessarily exist among them, with respect to their civil polity, as what shall constitute certain offences, the time limited in which redress is to be sought for, and the enforcement of their several laws, yet it will be seen, that viewed as an entirety, a more equitable spirit is infused throughout than can be found elsewhere: in Pennsylvania we may instance the creditor's right of priority to the estate of the deceased, in preference to the widow's claim of dower—a right coeval with the grant of the state by Charles Second.

That the great boundaries of right and wrong should be accurately defined, and especially, that the modes of procedure in Courts of Justice should be accurately conformed to, when founded upon the legal experience of centuries, is a position to which the writer will willingly subscribe: for some inconveniences and inconsistencies ought for the sake of uniformity and certainty to be acquiesced in, rather than to suffer fluctuations which might involve every thing in insecurity. Rights have been acquired and property held under these antiquated forms, which it would be flagrantly unjust to unsettle.

Improvements in the agricultural or mechanic arts, whether in the mode of the application of recognised principles, or in the kind of means to be used to effect those principles, aptly styled, labor saving machines, are looked upon as bestowing public benefits, and hence societies and institutes are founded, in the laudable object of promoting the arts by distributing rewards for their improvement. Now, to alter and adapt a machine to the wants of individuals, so as to fabricate a better article, or with more despatch, is only to consult the known and invariable laws of physics, and to observe the various modifications, that matter will undergo under different changes, and we can calculate the results within a reasonable degree of probability, or if we fail can readily ascertain the cause and correct the error. But a change in the great body of the law, which has received accession and growth from the collected wisdom of minds, such as Bacon, Coke, Glanvil, Bracton, and a host of others, whose labors are familiar to the world, cannot be made without marring the symmetry of the whole. Could we at a glance, as in the arts, observe the nice dependencies of the constituent parts and foresee the effect of a particular alteration, then might we, as a skilful artisan, decide and act upon an improvement; but change the Law, based as it is upon the immutable principles of right and wrong, and constituting the ligament of society, and what may not be the consequence: it must require the deepest conviction of its inefficiency, and that too of the most enlarged capacities, before one link be severed or displaced.

America and England, from the nature of their forms of government, are thrown into different attitudes with respect to their laws in general. To the existence of the Feudal system, imposed on our English ancestry by the wiles of a Norman prince, an alien to the early and plain Saxon liberty, are we to refer the present vast collection of customs and

usages, which have so entangled the due administration of justice. That the English laws throughout are strongly impregnated with the features of the feudal doctrines, no one will deny. True it is, that a number of remedial statutes have considerably mitigated their rigors, and adapted them more immediately to the condition of the age, yet if much has been done, still more remains undone, the canker has crept through the body, and though we may purge and purify, we cannot cleanse. To the American jurisprudence is left the light of experience. Burthened with no particular system, laws are made as the exigencies of the times require,—as varied as our population is mixed. The Civil, and the Common law England have an efficacy proportionate to their adaptation, whilst the statute books of many European states have yielded much to perfect our legal polity. The American has grown out of the English law, but lopped of its redundancies, and more unique for the purposes of practical utility. The rules as to personal rights and the remedies given to redress their infraction, partake of and assimilate more to the nature of the English laws on the same subject, than on any other; the punishments affixed to the perpetration of crimes are less sanguinary, the principle of solitary confinement being substituted, except in murder, for the penalty of death, and a regular organization adopted as well for the reformation of the offender, as for the security of the community. That this system in operation in Pennsylvania, has vastly contributed to the suppression of crime, by causing offenders with more certainty to be prosecuted to conviction, is a position which few will deny; its establishment here has been hailed by the philanthropist as a triumph of humanity, seldom, if ever before witnessed. The laws, by these means, acquire a force and efficacy so essential to justice and the maintenance of public order. The hardy opponent of the laws, feels that the letter as well as the spirit concur to arrest him in the progress of his acts, and that he cannot expect to obtain the compassion of a jury, when the punishment, though comparatively mild is absolutely certain. That every citizen should honestly, fearlessly and faithfully discharge his duties to the state, is a principle, on which entirely depend the safety and happiness of himself and those under his protection. Wisdom in Legislators, and efficiency in the Executive, will only preserve in their proper vigor those liberties, which we boast of as our birthright, and declaim upon as themes of admiration and applause.

In Democratic forms of government the power which wields all, controls all, nay, which is supreme, is that of Election; to it appertains the exercise of the dearest franchises of a freeman,—upon it is nicely balanced the prosperity or ruin of the American nation.

How fell the first mighty Republic. History will proclaim it was by the Elections. All Italy admitted to share in suffrage, the barbarian horde and ignorant multitude without qualification of any material kind, now lorded it with a tyranny more despotic, than could the cruelty of any single potentate devise. Corruption introduced, voluptuousness followed with her trains of multifarious vices, till at length, the *Imperial City*, was entombed in that sepulchre which her own hands had made. Oh! that conviction would speak trumpet tongued and, startle the public ear to a sense of the vital importance of the Elective privilege: and that every American citizen would imitate the example set by a reverend and revered prelate of the Church, high in the honors of his religion and devoted to the welfare of his Country. Philadelphia boasted of him as a benefactor, and most of her numerous charitable and humane societies have had their origin and flourished under his provident supervision. This good man, though burthened with the weight of more than four score years, discharged his duties at the polls, while life enabled him. Philadelphians rejoiced at the spectacle, and gathered hopes for the permanency of their Country's institutions, when they saw them thus upheld by such adherents. "*Go thou and do likewise*," is the practical precept inculcated. Moral energies we have, which ought not, *must* not lie dormant, it is to their influence and exercise chiefly, that our beloved Country rests, as upon her strongest and highest palladium. This moral force has yet preserved us a nation, through every vicissitude of peril, and if properly exercised in season, might have spared us occurrences, which are painful to the citizen and patriot to contemplate.

The nature of a free government, differing as ours, so widely in all respects from the recognised forms adopted and in force throughout the world, seems not to be so fully understood, as its importance demands. That the People are supreme and that all power proceeds and is delegated from them, is the fundamental article of our Constitution, but at the same time, that the people themselves are bound by certain laws, adopted and established by their own dispensing power, is a political axiom as certain as it is necessary;—and hence every measure which secures to the citizen an uninterrupted and conscientious enjoyment of constitutional rights, without derogating from those rights themselves, recommends itself to every reasonable supporter of the laws.

If passions and prejudices could be eradicated from the breasts of men, and simple reason and common sense substituted, then might we entertain no apprehension for our future

political safety, but as the experience of the past and a knowledge of the present, admonish us that we are all constituted, in a greater or less degree, with weaknesses both of the heart and head, *the weakest being generally the most presumptuous*, it beboves us to attend to the adoption and strict enforcement of salutary laws, to preserve the body politic sound and entire.

Connected with this subject, we must mention the benign tendency and fostering influence which the diffusion of universal education exerts in giving rise to and retaining a healthy tone throughout the various sections of our vast republic. As a part of education, let there be engrafted thereon a sound and vigorous morality. *Education and Morality* are the weapons of virtue. Resistless in attack, impregnable in defence, a bulwark whose battlements are the people's ONLY safeguard. In America, as elsewhere, we may hear of evil forebodings on the destiny of our glorious Confederation, we may be shocked at the unmanly, because brutal conduct of mobs; we may even blush at the foolish causes which have led to most horrid outrages. But let the motto of the true American, as in revolutionary times, still and ever be:—"*Nil Desperandum!*" and let us reflect on the gospel truth, "that verily the wrong doer shall have his meed."

Instead of violence exciting us to retaliation—a retaliation which would sweep with the besom of destruction the handful of such chaff. Let us avoid it; but at the same time ever stand up to the laws, conscientiously, fearlessly and determinedly. That there is a latent force at the firesides and homes of our countrymen, adequate for any and every emergency, come when it may, we never will doubt; if we did, we might felter in our opinions about the stability of our institutions. The operation of this force is peculiar. We do not wish to be understood as meaning to inculcate a feeling of apathy, on questions which demand the consideration of every citizen, but merely to point out the resources which the good and well-intentioned are themselves constituents and, consequently, that no apprehension need be entertained for the ultimate triumph of those principles, for which our fathers fought and died, and for which, their sons merging every sectional and minor difference, would willingly unite heart and hand to preserve inviolate. We will not indulge in sounding praises for the civil and religious liberties we enjoy, but content ourselves in the proud consciousness of their existence.

In Democratic states, power is within the reach of all, and for its acquisition, too often it happens, that the basest means will be resorted to, for the seduction of the ignorant and unthinking into schemes, whose professed objects are "redress of grievances, preservation of liberties, rights of the people," or some such "tickling straws," by which demagogues and foes to freedom, endeavor to stir up the embers of strife, which if unquenched, would work their own sure and immediate destruction. It is not ourselves alone, who are interested in the success of political self-government, the world at large has a common sympathy. Shall we be recreant? Peacefully and vigorously then, let us pursue our aim—the *happiness of mankind*. The purest gold contains alloy,—the best of governments discordant materials: but because there are alloys and discordant materials ought we to reject the gold or the best of governments. To continue metaphor, ought we to exchange the glittering and precious ore, for the dull and ductile lead? Our Republic, for the mighty and strong handed Monarchy!

"Such a change as they would bring us."

That our fears often magnify evils, is a position founded on a praiseworthy feature of our nature. Mark the solicitude of an affectionate child in shielding an aged parent from danger and mischance: observe his anxiety and distress, when any little incident occurs to awaken his fears. Every one, within the sphere of his own observation, can attest the truth of this remark. How disposed we are to exaggerate circumstances, to give to events the coloring of our own particular feelings, the imagination controlling the judgment, solely for the reason, that the mind cannot dispassionately contemplate any injury to, or deprivation of, the beloved object of its hopes.

In restraining the progress of certain destructive acts, such as are occasioned by the violence of mob rule, the law should not be a *dead letter*, but be clothed with the most ample and efficient powers, both to maintain the rights of private property and personal security.

If these rights are insecure or tampered with at the caprice of the wily and wicked passions of the deluded or evil disposed, without adequate means of protection afforded by law, what in the name of reason and common humanity we ask, has the citizen to expect. In my view of the case, and I think I will be borne out in my opinion by the dispassionate judgment of the reflecting, and I may add honest mind, *better that the guilty be punished*

severely at the hands of the law than that the innocent should suffer at the hands of a mob. We lay down this position broadly and without any qualification whatever, that "mobs must be quelled." The means for quelling them is another consideration. Talk not of the severity of measures taken to suppress riot, we answer that they must of necessity be severe, to be of any effect. Need we advert to the horrid perpetrations of these mobs, must we write it, grown familiar to a portion of American citizens, and which have involved life and property in the mad vortex of their damnable monstrosities. If such things are allowed to be winked at and passed over with a few feeble laments in our daily journals on the depravity of mankind, then would I for one blush for my citizenship. These things *ought, can, and must be remedied.* We do not mean to reform human nature, but we insist on the supremacy and faithful administration of the laws. Liberty consists not in licentious freedom, but in the possession of our absolute, unalienable rights, so far as they are restrained for the preservation and good of society. The political and moral existence of the community requires that its laws and regulations be implicitly obeyed.

Having thus taken a review of our jurisprudence and thrown out some practical observations on what we have considered existing evils, we may conclude this paper with this remark,

That the United States at the present day afford the gratifying spectacle of national wealth, honor and greatness, allied with individual happiness, to a degree never before attained by any government, ancient or modern.

Philadelphia.

THOU WILT RETURN NO MORE.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

"It is a fearful thing, to love what death must touch!"

Mrs. Hemans.

Thou wilt return no more,
I hear it in the whispers of the wind,
In Ocean's sullen roar,
In the low breath of flowers—thou wilt return no more.

No more the flute-like tone
Of thy sweet voice, that seem'd in music shrined,
Shall mingle here, its own
Soft melody of sound, with echo's mocking moan.

Thou, who wert once so bright,
So like a sunbeam on life's darken'd way,
A star amid the night,
Shining thro' clouds afar, a clear, and steady light.

And then to droop, and die,
And we no more to linger in the ray
Of that blue gentle eye,
That ever seem'd to bring the holy heavens more nigh.

And we again to meet
In the old places thou wert wont to tread,
Whisp'ring in converse sweet,
Yet hearing not thy tone, nor, thy advancing feet.

Oh! happier far than we,
Happier than we, the pale unconscious dead;
The spirit wing'd and free,
Knows not the mourning sob, of low breath'd misery.

I never ask'd, if thou
Clinging so fondly to my heart strings here,
Could'st to the mandate bow,
That freezes up life's stream, and binds with Ice, the brow.

I only knew, that life
With thee, did like a summer day appear,
Where no rude sound, or strife,
Or angry breath could blast, our joys, and pleasures rise.

I clung to thee, as clings
The shipwreck'd mariner to the last stay
The angry water brings,
'Till one dread wave draws nigh, and death's dull tocsin rings.

Oh! mighty Death—in such
We must not build our hopes—in forms of clay
We treasure up too much,
"For 't is a fearful thing, to love what thou may'st touch."

September, 1839.

SCRAPS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED WORK.

No. II.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

THAT process having been finished, which shortened the cause of our temporary gloom, and added to the lustre of our illuminators, or in good, plain sensible language, the candles having been snuffed, the manuscript was produced. Our president wiped the glasses of his spectacles, with the corner of his red, silk handkerchief, placed them in their proper situation, with their arms clasping his head, and their bridge resting upon the upper part of his nose, and then after looking all around to see that the members of the Club, were devoting themselves to a proper attention, he commenced reading

THE NAMELESS SKETCH.

Talk not of the tender joys of human life to one who knows them no longer. Be mine in preference, the sanguine excitement which from my boyhood up has been my sole aliment—Ambition! I have once loved, it is true; but that is past, and my affection is buried with its object.

Beyhood! did I speak of that? I never was a boy. From long continued infancy, I sprang, as the bolt through the thunder-cloud, bursting the flimsy bands which held me, into premature manhood. When fourteen summers heightened the bronzed color of my cheeks, within my form, physically that of a pigmy, there moved a mind of giant proportions. Others slowly leave childhood, and enter youth; depart from youth, and leap into manhood; to fade from the latter into old age, and from that to drivelling dotage and death. But it was not so with me. The snows of sixty-four winters, though they have blanched my raven locks, have failed to correct the warm passions of my youth, or quench the demon-fire now raging within my soul. For two score and a half of years, has but one passion been mine, and at this moment it is greater than ever. Nay! when in the plenitude of my power, when seated on the throne of the most powerful kingdom of the earth, I still felt it within me. Like the creeping plant that climbeth to the summit of a tall tree, and looketh up, regretting its inability to climb farther, so did I gaze above, discontented that I could ascend to no higher pinnacle. Yet I was envied, for men thought me happy. Happy! Fools, —happiness does not dwell near a throne. Even now, though I desire power, that I may smite the enemies who have laid me thus low, were that accomplished, I would resign it, without a wish to retain its gilded symbols.

Early in life I commenced my career of fame. When my years had numbered eighteen, my name was known among the great of earth. I had mastered the most difficult of sciences, and not content with this I endeavored to peer into the hidden recesses of nature. I dived into the mysteries of magic, and became a master of the forbidden sciences.

Spirits obeyed me, demons trembled at my frown, and men quailed at the angry glance of mine eye. Yet, with the admiration and fear I excited, there was mingled hatred and detestation. I was their lord, and they knew it.

Nature had given me intellect of the highest stamp, had lavished the choicest of her gifts on my mind, but had neglected my person. Womankind loved to hear my voice, for it breathed words that were music to their ears, but they hated to gaze on my form, for its hideous proportions shocked their sight. My language was light, and my form darkness. And yet, I longed for some one, on whom to fix the glowing warmth of my heart; some one, who might live in the lustre of my renown, and turn toward me wherever I moved, like the sunflower to her mighty god.

I loved;—and loved one that was the very impersonation of beauty. She alone endured my presence and gazed on me with kindness when I spoke. Upon this foundation, this tribute to my vanity, was built a love as violent as the surges of a mighty sea. I gazed on her beauty, and forgot my deformity and my sorrow.

Bright as the dawning of the first day that shone over Eden, and, like it, revealing the surpassing loveliness of the objects it illumined, was the radiance of her smile. From her face, which was stamped with loveliness as with a seal, gleamed a mind, which like the current of some quiet river, was gentle to the sight, yet resistless in its power. Many loved her, and many sought to win her as a bride. But they could not love her as I did, for the ardor and truth of my devotion seemed to be a part of my soul itself, and appeared as though, should it ever expire, the subtle essence within me must leave existence along with it. She was my tutelar genius; and the hope of winning her smile, and of obtaining her esteem, buoyed me up when sinking in an ocean of wo, and made me laugh to scorn the perils, which fate strewed so actively in my path.

But I did not dream she could ever love me. What!—I!—Unprepossessing in my manners; with features approaching to deformity; lacking the broad lands of my ancestors; branded—ay! for I must own my shame! branded on my burning brow with the curse of illegitimacy; was it possible that I might enter the lists with beauty, graces of person, wealth, and honorable birth, without retiring worsted from the conflict? I felt that the endeavor was useless. Yet the despair of ultimate success, which grew within me, fanned from the smouldering mass, till it burst forth into a mighty flame.

She was candid as truth itself, and yet to me she was a mystery. Why was it I so loved her? I had seen others who were as beautiful, and perhaps some that were more so—I had seen them, and gazed in hatred; but, when I entered her presence the better feelings of my nature arose, and controlled me. Why was this? I had searched after knowledge, and had torn in twain the veil which conceals the arcana of nature; had profaned the quiet of the sepulchre, and dragging from its hiding place the frail remnant of mortality, had viewed in silent wonder the fearfulness of our fashioning; had read the motions of those orbs "which are the poetry of heaven;" guided my courser, shod with fire, over the sands of the desert; penetrated to the depths of earth's most gloomy caverns; climbed to the summits of those ever-burning mountains, whose ceaseless fires countless ages have beheld; and soared, as the condor to the heavens, far in the illimitable space of thought, under the

guidance of an unfettered fancy. I had gathered wisdom, and the shouts of mankind hailed my name. I imagined that my knowledge was almost boundless; yet when I came to peer into the causes of my love, though they were apparently unclosed, I felt that it was as naught. Upon every other path, were the beams of sunshine, but over this hung a murky cloud, bearing on its folds, in letters of flame—"no farther!"

For hours I would gaze at her, and pour forth all my soul in glowing words, and bright images; for her presence was an inspiration, and was to me as the presence of a god.

At length that which I had so long controlled burst from my lips. It was a calm summers evening, when roving in the beautiful gardens attached to the royal palace, I met her whom I so much adored. I offered her my arm, and we sauntered down one of the broad promenades, to a summer house at its termination. We entered and I seated myself beside her. How I commenced I know not, but there I avowed my love.

"Lady!" said I, and I trembled as I uttered my words, "the poor deformed, the despised, has dared to love, has dared to lift his eyes to one so far above him as thou art. But not with hope; no, lady, he dares not be so presumptuous. But he would tell his passion, that thou mayest know how truly thou art beloved by one, whose hopeless adoration, thou must at least pity. I have acquired some honors, have hidden the disgrace of my birth, and gilded it by the splendor of my fame. But I do so love thee, that to win thy smile, I would cast it all by as a worthless thing. Yet, I know it may not be. From this moment, I devote myself to Ambition. When, or where I end my life I care not, for existence is a burthen I may not bear. Oh! that nature had never breathed her curse upon this frame, to make me loathsome in the eyes of her I love. Farewell! brightest, purest, best, whose spotless innocence is more of heaven than of earth. Farewell! and when my name is uttered in thy presence, and the memory of my passion comes over thy thought like a cloud over the face of the sun, oh! let it be gilded by the rays of thy kind remembrance. Joy is now a mockery; and happiness a phantom which must ever elude my grasp."

I was about to rise, when feeling a tear-drop fall heavily on my hand, I gazed at her, and wondered at the change in her looks. Hope came amid my sorrow, like the gleam of diamonds in a cave, and though no word was uttered, the secret was revealed. In a moment she was clasped in my arms, and her burning blushes hidden in my bosom.

Years have elapsed since then; the cares of life have been many; and time has written with his silver pencil on my once raven hair, a token of my approaching dissolution. Yet the ecstasy of that moment is unimpaired by subsequent sorrow. The black folds of memory's ebon mantle, is rent by the recollection of that one instant of unalloyed joy, which peers from the sorrow around it, like a star, shining alone amid the darkness of a midnight sky. Men have called me iron-hearted, and a tyrant, and they may have uttered truth. Yet the thought of that time, can still restore the long-lost feelings of humanity. Though joy is dim here, if we gaze down the vista of the past, we may see her sun beaming in gorgeous lustre. Think it not strange that I love to dwell on this; and that I am so garrulous on the theme; for my mind is like a mountain stream, which though turbid and sluggish at its mouth, when traced back to its source, is pellucid and clear, and bubbles out with noise and gladness.

A lesson for human pride!—Here am I, once monarch over a mighty empire, confined within a cell, daily beaten like a dog, refused proper sustenance, and all, under the pretext that I am mad. I could tear the flesh from my limbs, and digging my heart from its hiding place, drink the warm blood that would ooze from its fibres. But I am chained, bound like a felon, and have not even the poor privilege of ending my own existence. Like Prometheus, I have a vulture ever gnawing at my liver. But he was happier than I, for he was chained in the free air of heaven; while I am immured in a dungeon, with the screams, and shrieks, and groans, and curses of my fellow prisoners, sounding around me, in ceaseless din.

To-day my jailor would fain have tried to persuade me, that I am not Robert the First, surnamed the Bastard, that I never reigned over the German empire, and that I never was in love. He would tell me that hard study has deprived me of reason. What!—do I not remember every thing distinctly. The girl I wooed and won, our marriage, her death, my election to the throne of the empire;—they are all as fresh in my memory as things of yesterday. He would tell me I am Gottlieb Schwartz. Fool! why he was a student, whom I once saw at court, or crossed in my travels somewhere.

But the plot to deprive me of my throne will yet be unravelled, and then, beware!—I swear by my hopes of freedom, I will build a pyramid of the heads of my foes, and that of my jailor shall crown the pile. Oh! that I could rend asunder these chains—that I could—

ha! they yield—another effort—I am free of their thrall—ha! ha!—And now let me gaze around.

Yonder door leads me in the midst of mine enemies. This window I can escape through, but it is barred. No matter, I feel the strength of a Hercules is within me. They give way—they fly like wood, and I am upon the base of the aperture. Oh! how delightful is the blue sky, and how sweet the fresh air.

I am confined in the midst of a mighty city. On every side of me its avenues extend, but I do not recollect having seen them before. Who removed my castle from its ancient height, and set it here. What may this mean!

Ha! my persecutors come! They have heard my efforts, and are now entering my cell. Pause, vain fools! Enter, and my body will be crushed against the stones beneath, and my blood water the earth. And then I will die free. Free! I am now free, and will die in the arms of liberty—inspiring thought! I see her face—she beckons me. I come—I come!

"It is finished," said the President, quietly folding it up, and giving it into the hands of the Secretary.

"What do you think of it?" inquired Bokus.

"I think it improbable, and ridiculous. First, the idea of the precocity of which he speaks is nonsensical. I was full twenty-five before my mind attained its fullest strength."

"Some say it has not yet arrived at maturity," whispered Snarl to his neighbor.

"And beside this, no matter how mad a man might be, he never could imagine that a woman would love him, if he were deformed."

"Profound judge of human nature!" muttered Snarl to himself.

"Thirdly, how can a madman write down his thoughts, and leap from a window at the same time. The whole is written in such a miserable manner, that a school-boy would be ashamed of it, and to sum up its merits in one sentence, it is rank nonsense."

"Admirable conclusion," said Snarl, half aloud.

Philadelphia, September, 1839.

STORM ON THE HILLS.

The clouds are wheeling dark and dun

Around the distant mountain's crest,

Like a sick monster sinks the sun

In boding darkness to his rest.

The winds on folded pinions wait,

Scarce breathing o'er the pulseless blue,

The very air seems desolate,

Patter the rain drops thick and few.

But hark! the breeze is murmur'ing low,

The small leaves quiver in its breath,

While wave the tall pines to and fro,

Then stand all motionless as death;

And darker frown the heavens around,

While pile on pile the dun clouds rise;

And lo! the whirlwinds rushing sound

Comes sweeping onward through the skies!

Afar the tempest flashes pale,

Its clarion-call rings out on high,

The lurid banners in the vale

Wave wildly as the storm sweeps by;

Leap the red lightnings from their lair,

And reel the shattered clouds beneath,

The foremost streaming darkly there

Alike the heron-plume of death!

September, 1839.

The storm hath swept below again,

The mountain-top is bathed in light,

While glint the sunbeams thro' the rain,—

Oh, 't is a rare and glorious sight!

And lo! the rainbow arching far,

Spans like a fairy bridge the sky,

And 'neath yon cloud the evening star

Is smiling peacefully on high.

God of the storm! thy footsteps dark

Are thundering on the mountain's brow!

God of the whirlwind! can we mark

The glory of thy grandeur now!

The lurid lightnings round thee play,

And night and horror wraps thy form,

While hastening darkly in their way

Flap dusk the dun wings of the storm!

God of the cloud! thy lightning eye

But glances and the strong hills quail!

God of the blue! thou frown'st on high,

And worlds in awful dread turn pale!

God of eternity! we own

Thee master, lord, creator, king,—

The universe is all thy throne,

And night the shadow of thy wing.

CHILDERS.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. III.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more:
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"

Childe Harold.

BEARDING THE LION.

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires,
Strike! for your altars and your fires,
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God! and your native land!"

Hallock.

"Push the bottle," roared a youngster from the bottom of the table, as, about a week after we had run the gauntlet of the British fleet, we were making merry in our room, and dissipating the monotony of a midshipman's life by the excellence of our grog, the joyousness of youth, and the boisterous tone of our mirth.

"And shove us some of that junk, will you, Danforth?" sung out young Irvine.

"It 's your turn, Jack, for a song or a story," cried the first speaker to a fine, young fellow at my side, who was the senior of all but myself, and had seen more service than any.

"Oh! you know I never sing, ask Irvine there."

"Not me, i' faith; but, by-the-bye, you were on board of the old smasher when she captured the *Guerriere*, and when I was in Norfolk, the newspapers were crammed with such fabrications about her, that I knew not what to believe—besides, Danforth there has n't heard of it either—so let 's fill a bumper to the dear old frigate, and then, boys, another to make up for spilling."

"With all my heart," answered Jack; and the toast was drunk in a whirlwind of huzzas.

"You remember the forebodings," he began, "with which the war was opened; and the almost universal opinion on shore that we could do nothing to withstand a navy, which after annihilating the gigantic fleets of France and Spain, would speedily drive our few cruisers from the ocean, and sweep the Atlantic with a broom at the mast head. But though this opinion prevailed among the people, enervated the national legislature, and threw the navy almost upon its own indomitable spirit, it met no countenance in the service, much less from our officers. While the nation desponded, the quarter deck hoped. Not a man but longed for a fair battle to test our prowess, and would have given some hours of his life, to teach our vaunting foe that the sons of those who fought in other times, and the veterans who had conquered at Tripoli, were able and willing to hazard all once more for their country. When, therefore, we left Boston amid the forebodings of the people, we bore with us an enthusiasm which nothing could suppress."

"We had been out little more than a fortnight, and though we had made several prizes, and seen a sloop of war to windward, we had as yet been unable to discover a single frigate of the enemy. I well remember the most eventful morning of the cruise. It was a hot, sultry forenoon, and the very air seemed too oppressive to breathe. The ship was bowling along under easy sail, curling the white foam under her stern, and flinging at intervals the spray over her bows; while now a sea-bird skimmed along the waves, and now a fish leaped up, glistened in the sunshine, and splashed into the sea amid a shower of drops, that shone like

diamonds. Every thing on board was trimly hauled, and above, fold after fold of canvass opened to the royals. Around the decks; forward on the forecasse; or lounging listlessly by the guns were the crew, all impatient of inaction, and eager for some tokens of a foe. The officers too shared in the general uneasiness, walking the quarter deck restlessly, and at intervals sweeping the horizon with their glasses. But their eagerness was in vain. The day wore on, the hour of noon approached, the sun grew hotter as it mounted to the zenith, our parched crew became restless in the sultry atmosphere, and yet no sign of life was visible over the whole boundless sweep of the horizon.

"I had came on deck, and was standing abaft the mizzen mast, leaning listlessly against it and looking out over the endless swell, when suddenly the man at the mast head sang out 'a sail!' and in an instant, as if by magic, every man was on his feet.

"The effect was indescribable. The news spread like electric fire through the ship, and the men came tumbling up the hatchways, and crowding to the sides with an eager curiosity, that could not be restrained. In an instant the frigate was alive with men; the topmen leaped to their stations; the skulkers rubbed their eyes and came out; while the look outs started, held their hands above their eyes, and peered over the horizon to detect the sail. The officer of the deck partook of the excitement. Leaping upon a gun, and hailing the mast head, he thundered forth,

"Whereaway—how bears she?"

"Dead to leeward, bearing east by south and east, sir," was the reply.

"Boatswain!" shouted the lieutenant, not suffering an instant to elapse, 'call all hands to make sail after the chase.'

"Ay, ay, sir!" sung the officer with equal alacrity, and directly his whistle screamed at the hatchways, his shrill summons, 'all hands make sail!—ahoy!' rung through the ship, and in a space of time almost incredible, the old frigate had come round, filled after the stranger, and was dashing gallantly along, with a velocity that partook of the impetuosity of her excited crew.

"On the quarter deck the interest was unusually deep. The officers, to a man, longed for the contest, and burned to maintain the honor of our flag, by proving it equal to the boasted one of Britain. The chase which they had lately experienced from the squadron, made them the more eager to meet one of their antagonists alone; and now as the strange sail to leeward, slowly rose on the horizon, disclosing royals, top-gallant masts, and top masts, successively to view, they were not without hopes that their ardent wishes were on the point of being gratified. Crowding together in knots, they discussed the chances of a foe, and by turns scrutinized the distant sail with their glasses. As yet, however, all was suspense. In vain they hailed the top, or even ascended aloft,—nothing could be seen but the long roll of waves against the horizon, the dim faint speck just marked upon the distant sky, and the white foam, from which it was scarcely distinguishable, flashing in the far off sunshine. It was now six bells.

"Maintop!" hailed the commodore himself, 'can you make out the stranger yet?'

"Ay, sir!" answered the man, 'she just begins to shew herself, and seems to be a ship, close-hauled, on the starboard tack, but under easy sail.'

"Then, gentlemen, she's an enemy, or she would never run into our jaws."

"Ah! but," suggested the officer of the deck, 'she may be a friendly merchantman.'

"For the next half hour, so noiseless was the ship, you might almost have heard the ticking of a watch. The whole crew were gazing at the distant sail, every thing else in the excitement seemed forgotten, and even the necessary orders were executed in silent rapidity. At the end of that interval the suspense was terminated by the announcement that the stranger was a frigate, and undoubtedly a foe. The crew, at once, gave vent to their feelings in a hearty cheer; while the old frigate, as if catching the enthusiasm, bowed down before a sudden gust of wind, and then dashed with renewed velocity after her antagonist.

"All doubts of the stranger's character were now at an end; and we soon saw that she carried an armament equal if not superior to our own. The red field of Britain, which had proved victorious over all the world, was flaunting from her gaff; and her dark hull, frowning broadside, neat hamper, and snowy canvass betokened that discipline which had made England the terror of the seas. Besides all this, her crew were confident of success, and had learned to look upon themselves as utterly invincible. To oppose them we had nothing but raw hands with scarcely a month's discipline, and bore a flag which four years before had been lowered in the Chesapeake without firing a shot. Though the forebodings of our countrymen were not entertained on board, yet there was enough of distrust in our untried powers to make success a problem. But we had a high, indomitable patriotism, a deep, fervent feeling for the honor of our flag, and a daring courage, almost chivalric amongst our officers, which we relied on to carry us to victory. You may well suppose,

therefore, it was with mingled feelings of doubt and determination that we saw the enemy, when we had run within a league of him, lay his main-top-sail back, fire a challenge to windward, and wait for us to approach. But our gallant commodore did not hesitate an instant.

"Let the top-gallant-sails be furled," he thundered, as he saw the boasting manoeuvre, 'stow the light stay sails and the flying jib—merrily, my men, merrily!'

"Ay, ay, sir," shouted the eager crew as they sprang to their duty.

"For an instant nothing was heard but the tramping of feet, and then the ship slowly lost headway and moved more leisurely toward her foe.

"Is all stowed there?" asked the captain.

"Every thing," answered the officer, 'and we are nearly bare.'

"We were now nearing the enemy, and saw that, as he had no intention to escape, we should soon be within reach of his guns. The commodore, therefore, again took the trumpet, and in his clear, bold voice, shouted forth,

"Take a second reef in the topsails.'

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer.

"Send down the royal yards," and they came by the run to the deck.

"Haul up the courses," again he thundered, and the huge lower sails, rising slowly from the deck, disclosed in full sight the enemy upon our lee-bow, with his main-top-sail still aback, and his long masts pitching against the horizon, as he rose and sank upon the swell.

"Clear for action," roared the commodore, as his eye fell upon the British flag.

"For a few minutes all was confusion. The bulk-heads were knocked down, the furniture was stowed away, every thing was put in fighting trim, and then again we relapsed into the usual orderly quiet of a well disciplined man-of-war. The officer reported the state of the ship, and the gallant commodore at once sang out the wished-for command to beat to quarters.

"So intense had the excitement by this time grown, and so largely did the crew participate in the spirit of their leader, that the drum had scarcely tapped its stirring summons before every man was at his post, and for a few minutes, amid a deathlike silence, we moved slowly and steadily in the direction of our foe.

"I have seen many a conflict, and some which others call severe, but I never spent an interval so exciting as that which now ensued. Every man on board of either ship knew that this day's work would ring through every hill and valley of Europe and America,—and as he thought how large a space it should fill in the world's history, he nerved his arm to a fiercer struggle for victory. My station near the cabin, commanded a view of the whole gun-deck, and looked out also directly toward the frigate. He was now within long shot, and his men were already distinguishable as they moved backward and forward to their duty. But few of his sails were set, and as he rolled uneasily upon a heavy swell, his long yards dipped toward the horizon, and his top-sail whipped and flapped in the wind. Not a ship was visible on the whole vast boundary of the ocean. Even the heavens above seemed destitute of clouds. The breeze, too, suddenly died away in a mournful sound, and then rising again, sighed sadly through the rigging. A hushed, ominous silence pervaded the vast expanse. It was the silence that precedes the storm,—and though men held their breath, it was only in that deep suspense which even the boldest feels upon the eve of battle. As for me I will not describe my sensations. A thousand various feelings chased each other through my bosom, and though I longed to plunge into the excitement of mortal strife, I could not but feel awed, when I remembered how many hearts that now beat high would soon be stilled in death, and how many eyes that flashed defiance would, at sunset, be quenched forever.

"Huzza! there go his ensigns," shouted the captain of a gun beside me, a Marblehead man who had fought at Tripoli, and whose daring had made him celebrated wherever he had served, 'he's opening his fire too, by——!' and as he spoke a shot was heard crashing among our spars overhead.

"Gentlemen," said the commanding officer to his deputies in charge of the various divisions, 'there is to be no firing until the order is given for a general discharge,—stand to your guns, my men,' he shouted in a louder tone, as a broadside came tearing across us, scattering its messengers of death along the deck, and laying a poor fellow bleeding at the lieutenant's feet, 'stand to your guns, and remember your country, but no firing—no firing!'

"The aim of the commodore was to reserve his batteries until close upon his foe. Yet it was a galling order for an impatient crew. We were now under the guns of a confident enemy, his fire was beginning to tell fearfully upon us, our brave tars were being shot down unresisting at their posts, and yet nothing betokened our readiness to engage except the

alacrity with which we wore to prevent being raked, and the occasional discharge of a gun as it happened to bear upon the foe. I have often wondered how our enthusiastic seamen bore it as they did. They squinted through the ports, patted their favorite pieces impatiently, or half muttered a sailor's oath at their orders; but not a man attempted to disobey the quarter deck. Meantime the broadsides of the foe poured in upon us, thinning our guns, ripping our timbers, cutting away our hamper, strewing our decks with the wounded, and yet no order came to return the fire. But as some poor fellow was carried bleeding from his gun, you could see by the flashing eye and compressed lip of his comrades that their gallant restraint was only stinging them on to a more terrible retribution. We were already waiting breathlessly to engage, when the enemy yawed, bore up, and ran off with the wind upon his quarter.

"So unusual a manœuvre, when we had scarcely fired a shot, led us at first to suppose it was intended for a stratagem to lure us alongside, and that they had attributed our silence to fear. If so they were bitterly mistaken.

"'Yard arm and yard arm!' thundered our captain, in quick succession, hastening to avail himself of the bravado, 'away there and set top-gallant-sail and foresail—stand to your guns, my men—quarter master, lay her alongside!'

"'Ay, ay, sir!' growled the old sea-lion, as he squinted at the enemy, and whirled around his wheel.

"The foe was now drawing on ahead under easy canvass, and as soon as our additional sails had been set, we dashed down upon him with the velocity of the wind. But that ten minutes of suspense seemed drawn out into an age. A death-like silence pervaded the ship. The firing had ceased on both sides, and the smoke curling away from the prospect, discovered our enemy ahead making ready for a desperate fight. The crisis was at hand. Along the whole vast deck before me, with its hundreds of eager hearts, nothing could be heard but the deep breathing of the men, and the occasional creaking of a gun. All else was as silent as the tomb. We were now up to the enemy's stern, in an instant our bows doubled on his quarter, we could with ease have thrown a biscuit on his deck, and just as our forward guns began to bear, the commodore thundered forth 'FIRE!' and before the word had died upon the air, the whole side of our ship was like a sheet of lightning, a roar burst forth that made her shiver to the trucks, and drawing slowly ahead along the frigate's side, we poured in an unrelenting fire from stem to stern, that grew more terrible as we advanced, almost deafening our ears, and wrapping every thing around in clouds of thick, white, sulphurous smoke. For ten minutes there was no cessation. Gun followed gun in quick succession, each piece loading and firing with the silence of death and the rapidity of magic;—while the roar of the cannon, the blaze of the fire, the crashing of timbers, the groans of the wounded, and the quick sharp, shriek of death, added to the terrible confusion of the scene. Not a word was spoken except when necessary. Each man worked as if victory depended on himself, and with a rigid resolution on his face that foretold a bloody conflict.

"'Huzza!—there goes the mizzen mast of the varmint,' shouted the captain of the gun beside me, wiping his be-grimmed face with his hand, as the smoke blew suddenly away and discovered the mast tumbling headlong over the quarter of the foe.

"'Pour it in now,' shouted the lieutenant, 'and he'll soon be at our mercy.'

"They jerked out their guns like playthings, sent another broadside crashing into his hull, and were already cheering for their victory, when suddenly we found that we had surged ahead, and our enemy was lying behind our guns. Luffing short across his bows to pass down his other side, we unhappily shot into the wind, got stern way, and were instantly foul of our foe, his forward guns jamming against our quarter, and exploding not ten feet from us. The tide of battle was turned.

"'Huzza!' shouted the enemy's crew, perceiving their advantage, and working their guns with murderous rapidity, 'blow the cursed yankees out of water—huzza for old England—huzza!'

"'Run her out, boys,' roared the undaunted captain of the gun beside me, endeavoring to bring his piece to bear, 'give it to 'em muzzle for muzzle—hurrah for old Marblehead!'

"'Shoot the infernal yankee down,' shouted the English seamen, and at the instant, their whole forward armament exploded at once, tearing up our sides, dismounting our pieces, mowing our gallant fellows down like grass, and filling the whole cabin with fire and smoke. One poor fellow beside me clutched his ramrod, reeled, and with a faint cry fell back dead; while Catlin, the brave old captain of the gun, though one of his legs was shattered with a chain-shot, grasped the lock of his gun, leaned for support against the side, and true to his ship till the last, fired his piece, waved his hand on high, uttered a tremulous huzza, and fell down upon the deck. I ran to him, and lifted him partly up.

"It's all over with me, master Jack," said he, "'they've shot away my lower timbers'—and as I offered to have him taken below, he added, "'it's no use,—my leg's up—no doctor can help me.'

"Oh! yes, Catlin," said I, 'cheer up, my old brave, you'll fight many a battle yet, and win them too.'

"It's no use—no use, shipmates," he gasped, as one or two of his crew added their entreaties to mine, 'but—Jack—I've an—old mother—in Marblehead—you'll—prize money,' and unable to proceed, the gallant old fellow, pressed my hand, and looked up with his glassy eyes so despairingly, lest I should not have understood him. I was affected almost to tears. But I could only press his hand and assure him his wishes should be attended to.

"What's that?" said he faintly after a moment's pause, opening his half-closed eyes, as a shock ran through the ship, making her quiver in every timber. She had rubbed against her foe.

"They've boarded her," shouted a seaman, dashing down the hatchway and running aft, 'the enemy was struck,' and at the same instant a roar of cheers was heard above us, rising over all the din of battle.

"Struck!" said the dying man, his glassy eyes gleaming with a momentary fire as he half raised himself upon one arm, "'struck—I—know'd—we'd conquer—huzza for old Marblehead—huz-z-a-a'—and with a quick jerk he fell lifeless upon the deck."

"But it was no time to mourn the dead. Instead of having overcome the foe, as the excited fore-mast-man had conjectured, our attempt to board which had called forth such continuous huzzas, had been frustrated by the violence of the swell, and we were still at the mercy of our enemy, who was pouring in from his forward guns a terrible fire. It had been but a moment that I had knelt by the dying tar, yet in that time half the men around me had been driven from their guns, and as I started to my feet, the deck beneath me was slippery with blood, while the thick smoke from the cabin puffed into my face, and I became aware of the dreadful fact that the frigate was on fire. I had scarcely time to advance a step, before lieutenant Hammond dashed out of the smoke, black, grimed, and almost choked, shouting,

"Firemen away—quick there and follow me," and in an instant, with a bucket he disappeared again in the smoke.

"All was now confusion. The boldest quailed, and some ran wildly from their guns. A landsman beside me, horror-struck with affright, started from his station exclaiming,

"The magazine—the magazine!"

"Stand back," I shouted as he rushed past me, 'stand back in God's name,' and as he paused irresolutely I added, drawing a pistol from my belt, 'I'll shoot any man that leaves his gun—back to your station, back,' and he slunk to it.

"More water," shouted Hoffman, re-appearing for an instant.

"Ay, ay—pass it on."

"I know not how far the panic might have spread with a less enthusiastic crew. The danger was indeed imminent, as the timbers were dry, and the flames increased with fearful rapidity. The cabin was already full of smoke, hot, sulphureous, and suffocating. It was with the greatest difficulty the firemen maintained their stations, for the enemy still kept up his slaughtering fire, and added to the intensity of the conflagration, by the closeness of his explosions. Yet though the flames still spread, threatening if not speedily suppressed to blow us up, scarce a man flinched from his gun. They only worked with the rapidity of despair. The firemen too felt that all hung on their efforts, and despite their dangerously exposed situation acted with the greatest coolness. Their gigantic exertions were at last crowned with success, and the joyful intelligence was spread through the ship that the fire was not only extinguished, but that the most dangerous piece of the enemy had been disabled. Almost at the same instant the vessels ceased rubbing; our sails filled; we shot once more ahead; and then re-passed down the enemy's side.

"Hurrah the day's ours," shouted the men, 'pour it into 'em—conquer or sink—hurrah for old Ironsides, hurrah.'

"If our first cannonade had been unremitting this was terrific. Our crew, stimulated by their late disaster, were now fired with the wildest enthusiasm. From man to man and gun to gun the excitement ran, and while each cheered the other on, a roar burst forth from our sides, that made the frigate reel till her yard arms almost touched the water. The whole side was wrapped in fire, and our cannon belched forth ruin like a volcano. It was a terrific scene. The thick smoke at intervals hid every thing from the sight; but amid the roar of the guns, the crash of timbers, and the shouts of our crew, we could tell by the wild, and

awful screams of the foemen, how the work of death was going on. Oh! bitterly were they suffering for their premature boasts. Ever and anon, however, the flames burst through the smoky canopy, flinging their ruddy glare on the torn hamper and shattered hull of our foe, and lighting up the blood-red waters beneath, covered as they were with fragments of spars, and strewed with the dying and the dead. When at last we rolled ahead upon a wave, and a gust partially swept aside the murky veil, we beheld our late gay antagonist, wallowing in the trough, a helpless wreck, her guns deserted, her masts shot away, and her hull riddled like a target. One moment our crew paused, gazed silently upon it, and then, as one man, they burst into a shout which rivalled their own fire. The vaunted infallibility of the red-cross had been tested, and the stars of the despised republic had proved victorious. We felt that it would ring through Europe and America, and form an epoch in the history of the world. It was no unmanly exultation over a fallen foe, but the deep, fervent gush of patriotic feeling. Officers and all joined in it. The commodore alone was silent. But when his lieutenants went up to congratulate him his emotions would not suffer him to speak. It was an instant of wild excitement and unmitigated joy. If I live till eternity I shall never forget it.

"We soon hauled aboard our tacks, ran off a few cable's length, secured our masts, new rove our rigging, and after an hour's labor wore round, taking up a raking position, to force the enemy to haul down the flag, which he still kept doggedly flying from the stump of the mizzen mast. No sooner was our intention perceived than the red field of Briton sank humbled to the deck. Before five minutes we trod the deck of the *Guerriere*.

"Well you know we staid by her that night, but finding her too much riddled to carry into port, we set fire to her the next day, and in fifteen minutes she blew up. With our prisoners on board, we made sail for Boston. Do you believe it, we were hardly credited when we first told of our conquest. Men stared in wonder that an American frigate, which a few months before had been called an old, worn out hulk, should actually fight and overpower one of the finest ships in the navy of his Britannic Majesty; and when the fact was no longer doubtful, the whole nation ran into the other extreme, became frantic with exultation, and almost worshipped us as something little short of gods. Expresses darted from town to city, telegraphs shot the intelligence from post to post, and from one end of the nation to the other the people acted as if they were mad. The news of the battle of Waterloo did not produce greater rejoicings in England, than did the intelligence of the capture of the *Guerriere* give rise to in America. We were feted, congratulated, and thanked from Congress down to the corporation of every country town; and I actually met a man on the White Mountains, who asked me if, in our next cruise, we were not going to enter Portsmouth with nothing but old Ironsides, and burn the whole British fleet at anchor. And now, lads, here's to my old commodore—Captain Hull—whom heaven bless! and may each of us win as proud a name as his!"

Philadelphia, September 12th, 1839.

A F R A G M E N T .

I WANDERED by the lone sea-shore at eve;
O'er the calm ocean, like a placid lake,
The quiet wave came rippling from afar,
(As gentle thoughts within a happy breast,)
And scarcely broke upon the yellow sands,
Save when the white sail of a passing boat
Swept noiseless by, no signs of human life
Disturbed serenity: the setting sun
Kissed the young billows on the horizon's edge,
Until the deep grew crimson; the light clouds
Hov'ring above, like virgin witnesses,
Blushed at the act, and spread the rosy tint
Through the far sky, until the mantling heaven
Glowed like a bride's blush after love's first kiss.

H. H.

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

"Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

MOORE.

"CLARA MAYWOOD! How sad you are. Do not these preparations for my marriage—the prospects of happiness which are before me, afford you pleasure and satisfaction?"

These words were addressed by Emmeline Maywood to her cousin Clara, as they sat together inspecting the bridal dresses, which had just been sent home, and the jewellery outspread upon the table, which the destined bridegroom, Roland Lyndhurst, had sent for Emmeline's inspection. Clara Maywood was a humble cousin of the Lady Emmeline's; her father had possessed but the younger brother's fortune, and by an imprudent marriage, and the failure of certain speculations, in which he embarked for the sake of his adored wife and child, his income was so greatly reduced that he found himself compelled to retire to a distant part of the country, where he lived in seclusion; the fire of pure love, however, irradiated his happy home; and, reduced though they were in fortune, Edward Maywood and his Emily knew no care; peace and love dwelt with them in their cottage, and the years of their lives passed on like an unruffled stream, in the radiance of a summer's sun. Clara Maywood was the delight of their lives; she was just eighteen, and inherited all her parent's virtues. Her amiability of heart endeared her also to her cousin, Emmeline, who was never more happy than when she had Clara with her up in town, to share with her all her joys, to become the depository of all her secrets, her confidential adviser, her *friend*. Emmeline was a year older than Clara Maywood; but the quieter and more reflecting disposition of Clara caused her to be mentally superior to Emmeline, who, in her own laughing, romping, madcap way, declared that she should never do wrong, having such a wise monitor and guide, in her dear cousin, Clara.

When Roland Lyndhurst proposed for Emmeline's hand, Clara was the first to whom the secret was revealed. The young laughing beauty made a jest of the offer, declared that she was yet too young to loose her liberty, and that she had given Lyndhurst a positive refusal. The cloud that had hung upon the brow of Clara Maywood while her cousin was describing the ardent manner in which the lover had enforced his suit, departed when her resolution was expressed, and a smile again played on the cheek of Clara. She loved Roland Lyndhurst!

All other secrets were entrusted to Emmeline; but *this* she could not reveal; she dared not hope for an union with a man whose condition was so far above her own, and though she could not check the passion which grew in her heart, yet she concealed it from all the world. She had once thought that Lyndhurst loved her, and for the moment had indulged in dreams of bliss; in her own pure mind love levelled all distinctions; to her it seemed, that where true love existed, there was no barrier to separate the peasant from the princess; she felt that were she possessed of the world's treasures, and he whom she loved was of humble condition, she would not scruple to make him the sharer of her fortunes. Thus, while the hope remained that Lyndhurst loved her she was most happy; but that hope soon passed away, the bright dreams of felicity vanished, she found that she was mistaken, that she had misinterpreted his attentions, his looks, his words; but, nevertheless, like the rose-vase of the poet, which the scent of the bright flowers it once contained will cling to even in ruin, the mind and heart of Clara Maywood was full of the recollection of the bliss they had indulged in, and the memory of by-gone hours was cherished, though every hope was lost.

But Clara Maywood had not misunderstood the attentions of Roland Lyndhurst, who, when he first saw her, fancied that he had never beheld any one human being half so beautiful; and if there was one being in the world whom he could pass his life with happily, that one was Clara Maywood. But conscious that an alliance with one so humble would not be countenanced by his father, Sir Hugh Lyndhurst, he was guarded in his conduct toward Clara before company, although when he felt that he was unobserved, he was unrestrained in his admiration, and constant in his attentions.

Alas! that two young and gentle beings like these, capable of making each other happy, of realising all the bright dreams of earthly felicity which the glowing mind of the poet conceives, should be compelled to live apart, and mourn in solitude over blighted hopes, and prospects of peace and joy all vanished and gone. But such is the history of life—such is destiny. Blighted hopes and breaking hearts are occurrences of every day. The world rolls on, and sighs are breathed, tears are shed, hearts are broken and go down into the grave, and yet the business of life goes on; and the creatures of the world go through their accustomed duties, careless and inconsiderate, without one thought of the hopeless and the lost, without one tear to the memory of those whose hearts could not bear up against the weight of grief.

Roland had never told Clara Maywood that he loved her. But why need love be told by words! He had never said that he loved Clara Maywood, but thousands of times had he by his deeds and his looks told of his love, and more emphatically than he could by any words. What need of words in love? Is there not a language in the eye full of sweet poetry and the music that is divine? Could the tongue express half what the look reveals? Is there not a language in the pressure of the hand—the heaving of a sigh? Are there not a thousand ways in which the thoughts and wishes of the fond heart may be told more forcibly than words can convey them? Indeed there are; and by such looks, by such actions, did Roland Lyndhurst win the trusting heart of Clara Maywood, and yet he was now about to marry Emmeline.

Clara had been for some months away from London; she knew how deep an impression Lyndhurst had made upon her heart, and she strove by all the means in her power to erase it; she struggled with her feelings, and strove to master them; she reasoned with herself, and yet love still retained possession of her heart; and life she felt was not worth having—the world itself was quite a blank—without the one object of her love. She knew how vain was hope, and yet she still encouraged hope; she could not forget the object of her heart's adoration. In her agony she threw herself upon her knees and prayed for Heaven's assistance in her struggle of reason with affection.

She had been six months absent from London, when Emmeline, arrived one day, suddenly, at her father's cottage, and declared that as Clara had refused so frequently of late to come to town, she had obtained the use of Mr. Maywood's travelling carriage for the purpose of fetching her to assist at her approaching nuptials. Her father, she said, had entreated her to make Mr. Lyndhurst happy, and Mr. Lyndhurst had pressed his suit with so much fervor that she could not refuse; and so, to please her dear good papa, and prevent poor dear Mr. Lyndhurst from breaking his heart, she had consented to become Mrs. Roland Lyndhurst, with the honor of Ladyship in perspective, at the death of Sir Hugh.

The effect of this intelligence upon Clara Maywood may be imagined. While Roland Lyndhurst remained single, she could hear his name pronounced without its inflicting any severe pang; but now that he was about to become the husband of another, and that other her so-loved Emmeline, she felt that her heart was breaking. The words of the laughing girl fell like a bolt of ice upon her heart, and had her cousin been an observer of human nature, she would have immediately discovered that the announcement had thrown Clara Maywood into a state of agony and despair. But Clara Maywood's moral courage was equal to the strength of her love; as she loved, so could she endure. The pang her cousin's words had inflicted were but momentary; it passed, and again a smile was seen upon the poor girl's cheek, and in her sweet musical tones she wished Emmeline joy.

“Ah, little they think, who delight in her words,
That the heart of the maiden is breaking.”

The transfer by Roland of his affections from Clara to Emmeline may require explanation. It was not love for Emmeline that induced him to seek her hand in marriage; he felt that his own honor would be a security for his bride's happiness, but his heart was unalterably another's, and that other was one whom his proud father would never consent that he should wed. He had thrown himself at the feet of Sir Hugh, and declared his passion for Clara

Maywood; that his happiness, nay, indeed, his life depended upon his union with her. His father heard him with calm composure, and when he had ceased speaking, coldly and emphatically desired him to take notice that the day which should see him wedded to a beggar's child (for so he called Clara Maywood,) would be the last of the friendly intercourse between them. "Marry her if you please," said Sir Hugh, "and live upon your love, unless her father has something more substantial to furnish your home with, for not one shilling shall you in such case, have from me."

Sir Hugh had frequently urged his son to propose to Emmeline, and it now occurred to him that fate had denied him the blessing of Clara Maywood's love, and placed an insurmountable barrier to their nuptials, and with all the magnanimity of true love, being unwilling to make the object of his affections the sharer of a poor and humble station, he resolved upon proposing for the hand of Emmeline. Clara Maywood was often with her cousin; they loved each other fondly—passionately; they were as two flowers growing upon one stem, and if he married Emmeline, Clara would often be with them; he should have frequent opportunities of seeing her, of talking with her, of being addressed by her in the terms of relationship, of winning her sunny smiles; and next to the bliss of being beloved there could be no greater happiness than this. Picturing such scenes of enjoyment, he proposed to Emmeline, and was, as it has already appeared, rejected. Still he pressed his suit; her father's entreaties were of more effect, and eventually Emmeline Maywood, who had associated with her ideas of matrimony pictures of slavery and restraint, consented to be "led to the nuptial altar."

How applicable is that word "led," to many of the marriages that take place in the world! The bride is "led," to the altar; she goes not up to it rejoicingly; she is "led," her heart is far away from the scene, and the actors in it, but "circumstances" having demanded the sacrifice, and being "led" to the altar, she gives her cold hand to one who can never possess her love.

As we have said, Emmeline Maywood came down to Woodburn Cottage, in the family's travelling carriage, and despite the entreaties of Clara to be allowed to remain with her father, compelled her the next day to quit the cottage, and proceed with her to London, to assist in the preparations for the marriage.

"I shall want some one to *comfort* me!" exclaimed Emmeline, with an expression of much seriousness, "for marriage is a formidable thing."

"Not when you love, surely?" replied Clara, enquiringly.

"Love! O, yes, I dare say!" was the rejoinder of the *fiancée*.

Clara gazed at her cousin for a moment, and then, after a struggle with her heart, she murmured—"You surely love Mr. Lyndhurst?"

"Why, as to that, my dear coz. the fact is, I hardly know whether I do or not. I have never yet asked myself the question."

"And yet you will marry him."

"To be sure I will. He is a dear good tempered man, and will no doubt make an excellent husband, therefore I shall love him as a matter of course," and then she began to warble an air from a new opera that had just come out, treating the matter of love and marriage as a thing of very slight importance. And this gay, good and thoughtless creature was the rival of warm, affectionate, devoted Clara Maywood, and the destined bride of him whom that Clara Maywood loved with all the wild intensity of first love. The courage of the latter did not forsake her; she was unfortunate—she knew it—but it was plain to her that Roland Lyndhurst loved Emmeline, and she inwardly determined to devote herself to their happiness. Now she felt that,

"————— Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end
For this the passion to excess was driven
That self might be annulled her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream opposed to love."

Clara and Emmeline had been two days in London when the conversation occurred with which we commenced our story. The latter had observed the gloom occasionally upon the countenance of her cousin, but attributed it to thoughts of the declining health of her worthy parent. The words of Emmeline were sufficient, however, to chase away the clouds from the bright face of Clara, who taking up one of the bridal dresses, discoursed of it laughingly in terms of praise. Clara had not seen Lyndhurst since her return, and though she felt convinced that her spirit would bear her up, and that she would not betray the least emotion

at meeting him, yet she was anxious to delay it as long as she could; and being aware that he was at that moment in the house playing at chess with Mr. Maywood, and expecting that he would very shortly make his way to the drawing-room, she arose with the intention of passing the evening in the boudoir, observing to Emmeline, with a forced smile and an air of gaiety, "Lovers, dear Emmeline, are happiest when alone," and quitted the room.

Having occasion to pass through one of the smaller drawing-rooms, she was startled as she opened the door by observing Lyndhurst alone—and asleep. It seemed that Mr. Maywood had been called away from the game, and Lyndhurst having taken up a book had fallen asleep over it. Clara Maywood hesitated whether to advance or return; but perceiving that Roland was fast asleep, she proceeded with noiseless footsteps along the room. As she passed the chair on which the loved one sat, her heart beat violently—her brain was on fire—all her old hopes revived—a flood of wild ideas rushed upon her, she was rivetted to the spot—and there she stood gazing upon the only being in the world that could make her happy!

O'er him she leant enamored, and her sigh
Breathed near and nearer to his silent mouth,
Wafting around sweet odors of the south.
So in her spiritual divinity
Young Psyche stood, the sleeping Eros by.
Did her locks touch his cheek?—or did he feel
Her breath like music o'er his spirits steal?
I know not—but the spell of sleep was broke;—
He started—faintly murmured—and awoke,
He woke as Moslems wake from death, to see
The Houris of their heaven; and reverently
He looked the transport of his soul's amaze;—
And their eyes met!—the deep—deep love suppress
For years, and treasured in each secret breast
Wakened and glowed and centered in their gaze.

"Dear, dear Miss Maywood," exclaimed Lyndhurst, gazing with feelings of extreme delight upon the beautiful and trembling creature before him. "What apologies are due for sleeping in a house which you and your charming cousin inhabit."

"T is I, sir, that should apologize," murmured Clara, scarcely knowing what she said, "for disturbing you," and she was passing from the room—

"Nay," continued Lyndhurst, "do not fly from me—"

Clara paused. The lover was now not less embarrassed. He had detained her, but for what purpose? He quickly recovered his self-possession, however, and gaily said, "May I have the honor of accompanying you to the drawing-room?"

He extended his arm, and Clara almost mechanically accepted it, and they immediately joined Emmeline. The embarrassment of Clara was not unobserved by Lyndhurst; as she leant upon his arm he felt that she trembled violently—could it be that he had inspired a passion in her heart? No, he would not encourage the idea. The evening passed, and Clara Maywood felt relieved when Lyndhurst was gone, and that she could return to rest, and give vent to her agony in tears.

The marriage of Emmeline was now obliged to be postponed in consequence of the death of Lyndhurst's aunt, who had bequeathed to him the whole of her extensive property. Now he was rendered independent of his father; but wealth had come too late—he could not now break off the match with Emmeline—he could not now offer his hand to the only object of his love. The health of Clara Maywood was evidently declining; her exertions to conceal her love had made such inroads upon her constitution, that Mr. Maywood thought it necessary to send for the family physician. He came and prescribed for the invalid; but "who can administer to a mind diseased?" With each day Clara grew weaker and weaker; for every day brought the wedding-day of Emmeline nearer. The latter was sitting up one night long after the family had retired to rest, attentively perusing a letter from Roland, and wondering what love could possibly be, and that she had not yet become inspired with anything like the passion. She had consigned the packet of *billets doux* to her casket again with the old exclamation, "Well, I suppose I shall become enlightened in time," when she was startled by seeing her room door opened very gently. She was about to raise an alarm, when, with noiseless footsteps, Clara entered her chamber in her night attire, and from her looks and manner it was evident that she was still sleeping. Emmeline shuddered at the

sight of her poor cousin in a state of somnambulism; but feared to awake her lest it might lead to fatal consequences. She therefore retired softly to a corner of the chamber, while Clara passed to the bedside, when falling upon her knees, she clasped her hands together, in an attitude of supplication, and exclaimed, "I have kept my secret quite concealed—grant me strength still to keep it. Let not my heart's thoughts be read on my face. It was wrong for me to encourage hopes of one above me—and I am justly punished; but I do pray for his happiness, and my dear Emmeline's—may he be good to her, and may she realize all that pure undying felicity which I had dared to hope for." Then rising from her kneeling posture she stepped into Emmeline's bed, and in a moment was at rest. Her cousin scarcely knew how to act—she had become possessed of the secret of Clara Maywood's love for Lyndhurst—and the self-denying fidelity of her poor cousin affected her to tears. All her thoughts of marriage vanished in an instant. Some of the dresses prepared for her bridal were lying about the room. "Ah!" sighed Emmeline, "these are Clara Maywood's now!" And then she resolved upon creeping in by the side of her cousin, and speaking comfort and peace to her broken spirit, in the morning, when they should awake.

The curtains were closed around the bed, so that the light of day fell not upon the faces of the two cousins, when Clara Maywood confessed all the secret of her heart to the generous Emmeline. There were tears shed—many tears—Clara Maywood hid her face in her cousin's bosom, and that cousin twined her arms fondly round her, and became to her as an angel of peace.

Emmeline did not marry Roland Lyndhurst. On the day after the eventful night above described, when the love dream of Clara Maywood caused her secret to become known to the *fiancé*, the latter and Roland were closetted together for half an hour. Then Mr. Maywood was sent for; and shortly afterward Emmeline with the step of a bounding fawn passed into Clara Maywood's chamber. And it was not more than a month after that day when a bridal party set out from Mr. Maywood's. But Emmeline was the bridesmaid only—the bride was Clara Maywood.

Roland Lyndhurst lost his father's friendship for awhile; but he obtained the object of his heart's adoration.

STARLIGHT HOURS.

A SERENADE.

Oh! Maiden, come, thine eyes of blue,
So like the heavens in color and light,
Have won my thoughts from Heaven to you,
And lighted my heart with their lustre
bright.

Dearest, come, the sun's at rest,
And the stars so bright are vigil keeping;
'T is only you can make me blest,

And midsummer night is no time for
sleeping.

The wild rose dingle, though clothed with
flowers,

Is lonesome and sorrowing for its Queen;
And elfin fays in their tiny bowers,
Sigh sad because thou art not seen.

Then come, dearest come, 'ere the moon
shall rise

To rival the light of thy eyes;
Ere zephyrs shall breathe, o'er mountain and
mead,

To rival thy lighter sighs.

Dearest, come! the night flowers deem
Best to be trodden by gossamer feet;
And die in youth whilst dew drops seem
Tears freshly shed for them, balmy and
sweet.

Come, dearest, come, dewy pearls are here,
And flowers unplucked for thee are
waiting;

Come, ere the morning's gleams appear,
And rest thy head on my bosom beating.

With daisies bright I'll bind thy tresses
And mix with the lily the bright blue
bell,

And I'll kiss thy red lip at the moment it
presses

Thine only compeer, the sweet rose of the
dell.

Come, come, to my arms my dear;
Come, come, my lone heart to cheer;
Come, come, 'ere the moon shall arise,
To rival the light of thy lustrous eyes.

ESSAY ON THE CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM S. PRICE, ESQ.

BEING once persuaded of the claims of music, there need be no stronger inducement to its cultivation offered than to know its influence:—it has charms for all creation; man and beast are alike overpowered by its attractions. The gay, the sprightly, the dull and melancholy, old and young, are as well its admirers, as also the worshippers of its power.

What is music!—a soft promethean flame,
Kindled by airy spirits, as their forms
Touch'd the mellow-tints of moonlight, cast on
Green sward banks, and rippling streams of fairy bowers:
Fan'd by seraphic breezes, taking rise
From sylvan groves, where Muses oft attend,
To tune their silver chords.

Music has ever been a dispenser of the most pleasing emotions in the human breast, and consequently, because of its soft dominion over man, it has been introduced into the most solemn, as well as the most joyous, and patriotic ceremonies. At the creation, the world was ushered into existence by music; we are told that "the morning stars sang together, and that the sons of God shouted for joy." The earth caught up the joyous strain, her hills and valleys re-echoed them, while from the groves of paradise a thousand warbling voices ascended, until the earth, the sea, the air were alive with symphony, and the courts of heaven rang with the swellings of the joyful chorus.—The earth will be heralded out of existence by music; we are told that "the Trumpet shall sound, and the earth pass away."—When Nebuchadnezzar dedicated his golden image on the plain of Dura, at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music, all the hosts of Babylon fell down before the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.—Claudius Buchanan recites an impressive scene that he witnessed in India;—a multitude which no man could number, stretching from hill to hill as far as the eye could reach, until their forms were lost in the distance, as if it had been a vast panorama of all India's inhabitants, bowed themselves to the earth, as the sounds of a dull monotonous instrument were carried away on the air, that preceded the rolling forth of Jaggeranaut.—The influence of music on individuals is no less striking; there appears to be implanted in most men, an innate love for it, and a universal desire to associate it with rational enjoyment. The ancients attached much importance to it; hence it was said of the Syrens, to whom Egyptian Mythology had attributed excellence, that they were able to allure travellers out of their way, to devour them, by the sweetness and charms of their music. When we chance to meet with an individual who regards music with indifference, and avows that it has no attractions for him, we are apt to conclude, and perhaps rightly so too, that according to phrenology, his cranium, or according to physiology, his breast presents an unenviable void, and that in such an one, the warm temperament, as ardent love and friendship, has never held a place. Shakspeare says of such,

"The man who hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;

The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

While on the other hand, the passionate lover of music is generally found cheerful, generous, ardent in attachments, and a sincere friend; for the power which urges to its pursuit naturally brings about such a result.

I have heard of the influence of music proving stronger in reclaiming a wanderer, than all the ties of kindred and country. It was a young Scotchman, who, in consequence of some domestic misfortunes had left his home and gone to India; he was there visited by a fellow countrymen in the employ of the East India Company, who frequently, and zealously urged him to return, but without effect;—he reminded him of his aged mother, whose heart he had almost broken by his absence; his sisters; and friends in whose society he formerly delighted, but all to no purpose;—at length he took him out to a part of the country that much resembled his own native highlands, and there, he sang to him that favorite ballad "Lochaber," which touches the bosom of the Scotchman in all parts of the world;—his heart melted—the penitential tear rolled down his cheek—and he determined to return.

The Winnebago Indians, although still preserving the rude traits of savage life, appear to be fully aware of the boundless charms of music;—the young men commit their WEIGHTIEST MATTER to its charge, and frequently decide AN IMPORTANT ISSUE wholly upon its favorable or unfavorable reception.—We are informed by those acquainted with their customs, that a musical reed is commonly used by the love sick young men to win the affections of a favorite squaw; that they sit for hours together without passing a word, save the musical note of the reed, and that numerous couples have been (in the language of the Law) "sealed and delivered," with scarcely any other preliminary courtship.—In the social walks of life there are few graces so attractive as music, and those who have taken pains properly to cultivate a musical talent, are eminently calculated to shine at the private assembly; to cast away that dulness which so frequently reigns in its absence, and to pour delight on the entertainments of an evening. The company of such a one will be courted by the refined and intelligent, and the accomplishment itself, will prove a passport into the higher circles of society.—To the female character it adds a lustre, and attractions which are irresistible; a lustre more effulgent than all others in the routine of female accomplishments. It wins for her respect and admiration; furnishes the happy power of softening the sterner affections of the other sex, and, when added to beauty and intelligence, of leading them captive at will.

It has frequently been regretted, that so little pains is taken by young ladies to provide themselves with rational and substantial accomplishments. Among the many who are thrown upon the world to become the architects of their own fortunes, it is surprising that so few are alive to their own interests in this particular; it certainly must arise from a misunderstanding of its importance. It is universally true that this country furnishes greater inducements, and facilities for self-improvement, than any other; and while it is a well known fact that the greatest men of whom she has reason to boast, both as statesmen, and those who have ranked at the head of science, and the professions, were either self-taught, or forced to stem the adverse current of fortune and power in their ascent:—it should be just as well known, that there are heights of honorable and enviable fame, equally attainable by the other sex, which when attained, place them, in point of real worth, as infinitely above those who have beauty, or fortune only to recommend them; as is the man whose life is spent in adding riches to the education and literature of his country, far above him, whose life is spent in a penurious accumulation of cents and farthings. If here and there one could be found courageous enough to resist the calls of fashion, and from the time usually devoted to flirtation, steal an occasional hour, and devote it to the improvement of the mind, we might expect to see many more placed beside Sigourney, Stockton, Waterman, and the host of talented ladies who have contributed to embellish the taste and literature of their country, and established for themselves a lofty and imperishable fame. The pathway is open to all, and one would think that the respect, the admiration, and the reward (to say nothing of the self delight) awaiting such, would fire the ambition of a greater number. A young lady who spends her leisure moments in the walks of literature, plucking its sweets and flowers, pays a due regard to the claims of music, and like a Sherwood, sips her eloquence from the pure fountains of religion, is the most perfect of terrestrial beings. No wonder that young men desirous of refinement, should be directed to seek such company,

for there he acquires a just conception of taste, his manners and his intellect become polished, in short, he is made a new creature.

It has ever been true, that a female adorned with a liberal share of the accomplishments proper for her sex, among which music occupies a conspicuous place, is universally admired, and highly esteemed, and in the eyes of all sensible men possesses more merit than though she bore on her shoulders the riches of Peru.—We read that the women of Athens were zealous to render themselves interesting in the eyes of men, and studied those things which were calculated to give them superiority; the consequence was, their company was eagerly sought by the most eminent men of that age. Socrates and Pericles, used frequently to visit the house of Aspasia, who was an accomplished woman, and they have publicly declared, that from her they received delicacy of taste and expression.

In the limits of a short essay it would be impossible even to hint at the influence of music, as developed in the various ramifications of society, as also in uncivilized life:—It is our place to speak of its cultivation.

It has been so frequently asserted without contradiction, that it has almost resolved itself into a maxim, “that true musical inclination never can be universal.”—It is as true perhaps, that fashion may be universal, and that music may become universal by force of fashion:—it is to be regretted, however, that fashion has introduced so little good music into society. It has said “Let there be music in Society.”—But what sort of music?—Is there any selection made?—No.—“Any sort!”—only let every family that can afford it have a piano, and hire a master, and then make what you please of it. And indeed we have of late become a most wonderfully musical people.—It is eminently true in this country, that a man’s wits are often as good a stock in trade as his money; nor can there be a more lucrative field for such speculation, than the fashionable follies of the day; these follow each other in rapid succession, and attach themselves to every pursuit, whether noble or ignoble, useful or pernicious.

No wonder then that music, the most accessible, the most universally pleasing and ornamental of the fine arts, should have felt the influence of that domineering and capricious power.

It is by no means improbable that there are as many piano fortes, and as many teachers of music in Philadelphia alone, as in half the capitals of Europe put together! and yet, so far as social music is concerned, there is not half as much good music to be met with here, as in any one of them. This at a glance may appear strange, and yet it is most easy of solution; the cause is apparent.—Many of our music masters know little or nothing about music; but since fashion has introduced the piano into every family of note in the metropolis, the demand for masters is proportionably great; and we all know, that when there is an increased demand for any marketable commodity, those of an inferior value pass off at a high price:—just so with music masters when they are in demand. Any man who can play a concerto of Handel, or accompany a song without much blundering, sets up in business as a teacher of music. Of course he cannot teach more than he knows, and therefore pupils of talent fare no better than those who have none. Real talent remains buried because it has no opportunity of developing itself. Thus they blunder on to the end of the chapter, parents, teachers, and pupils alike enveloped in a cloud of happy ignorance. All such teachers, as a matter of course, are interested in crying down the higher clars of composers, because their compositions are beyond the scope of his acquirements. They are as far from comprehending Handel, as far from appreciating his greatest beauties, as they are from possessing any knowledge of his great successors.—There is a test, which, though perfectly fair and equitable in itself, would deprive half the music masters in America of the means of imposing on the public. If every family engaging a teacher were to require of him, as a proof of his qualification, to play with correctness and taste, any one, out of that class of compositions which he proposes to make the subject of his instructions, such a test would soon separate the wheat from the chaff, and we should then discover who were qualified teachers, and who quacks. It is preposterous to say that any man is capable of teaching with effect, either vocal or instrumental music, who cannot illustrate his lessons by example, as well as precept. In music it is eminently true, that example is better than precept; and I will venture to assert, that every pupil of talent will derive more benefit from hearing his piece correctly performed three or four times, than from thrice as much dry instruction in the mechanical and theoretical part of it. Although it would be silly to deny the necessity of precept, yet without constant and correct practice, it must remain a dead letter. It is constant practice only that makes a perfect musician.

Success in music, depends much upon the taste exhibited in the selection of pieces. Eminent teachers direct us to begin by enlarging our acquaintance with both ancient and modern composers:—the host of trash in the shape of music, continually issued by interested

ignoramuses, must be thrown aside, and the pupil must go directly to the fountain head of elegant and scientific harmony. This can never be acquired at the hands of an incompetent teacher, or even at the hands of one of those foreign adventurers, who in their own country were unable to obtain patronage, having no merit, but who come here as professors of the piano forte and music, from Paris, or London, or nobody knows where. Most foreign teachers soon become aware of that sad propensity, which too many Americans have, for encouraging foreign mendicants in preference to their own native talent, and they fail not to take abundant advantage of it: they make the highest pretensions to scientific knowledge at the outset, and astonish the natives by sending out a race of musical harlequins and rope dancers, whose feats may be surprising but their music not worth a farthing. For this they invariably receive an exorbitant compensation, and in a few years are enabled to return to their native land in independence, and there enjoy a hearty laugh at brother Jonathan's credulity.

There is another evil arising out of the "fashion for music," which has greatly contributed to the deterioration of our musical taste, and that is, the overflow of paltry productions, to the exclusion of good music. For as every one that can, will have a piano, and as very few proceed beyond the first elements of the art, they must have music adapted to the sphere of their acquirements. Hence the vast inundation of new ballads, songs, canzonetta, glees, catches, rondos, in the majority of which insipidity, coarseness, and vulgarity, seem to vie with each other for the mastery. These productions are disseminated with wonderful rapidity all over the country, and so well are our publishers aware of this base craving, that I much question whether they would not give more for some paltry catch, glee, madrigal, or love song, than for a more scientific, or meritorious composition.

Philadelphia, September, 1830.

THE ANCIENT OAK TREE.

LET the trees of the garden still bloom in their pride,
And shed all their fragrance around them so wide;
Let the drooping laburnum in clusters of gold,
And the sweet-scented lilac, their flow'rets unfold;—
I despise not their beauties, but rather give me
The pride of the forest—the Ancient Oak Tree!

Oh! still let the jessamine twine round each bower,
And the sweet honeysuckle display its bright flower—
The flowers of the garden must all fade away,
But the proud oak survives them for many a day—
Then sooner than flowers that are fading, give me
The king of the forest—the Ancient Oak Tree!

Some boast of the laurel, for heroes to twine;
The myrtle—the cypress—in Poesy shine;
But the oak so majestic a firm grandeur knows,
Unheeding the tempest, though strongly it blows,—
Then still of all trees of the forest, give me
Their towering monarch—the Ancient Oak Tree!

F. M. S.

LONG, LONG AGO.

A BALLAD,

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Published by Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. (late Nunn's) No. 70 south Third street, Philadelphia.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with mostly quarter and eighth notes. The word *Dolce.* is written below the first few notes of the upper staff.

The second system of the musical score also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. Below the first few notes of this staff, the instruction *With Feeling.* is written. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. Between the two staves, the lyrics "Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long long a - ge," are printed. The system concludes with a double bar line. The lower staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

LONG, LONG AGO.

long long a-go: Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear,

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a melody of eighth notes, some beamed together. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a simple harmonic accompaniment of quarter and eighth notes.

Long long a-go, long a-go. Now you are come all my

This system contains three staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The middle staff has a more complex melody with some beaming. The bottom staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

grief to re-moe'd, Let us for-get that so long you have ree'd,

This system contains three staves. The top staff continues the melody. The middle staff has a melody with some beaming. The bottom staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.



Ah yes you told me you ne'er would forget,
 Long long ago, long long ago,
 Then to all others my smile you prefer'd
 Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word,
 Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,
 Long long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd,
 Long long ago, long long ago,
 You by more eloquent lips have been prais'd,
 Long long ago, long ago.
 But by long absence your truth has been tried,
 Still to your accents I listened with pride,
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side
 Long long ago, long ago.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"Fair Rosamond." A Novel. By Thomas Miller, Basket Maker. 2 vols. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

To write a historical novel is an easy task for an antiquarian, to write a good one is an easier task for a genius, but to write a common place one is the easiest task of all for any one. We are afraid that Mr. Miller, as Captain Truck, would say, has put himself in the last category.

"Fair Rosamond," has been ushered into life with much noise and ostentation. Having heard it lauded before its publication in certain English journals, read some fine passages from it, given by way of extracts, and understood from the same quarter that it was as a whole, superior to what we read, we at once supposed it to be equal to any thing that had appeared since the palmiest days of Scott. We began the novel, therefore, with high notions of its excellence, and we are compelled to say that we are utterly disappointed in it.

The plot is cast in the days of the second Harry, one of the richest eras for historical romance in all English history. Chivalry was then at its height, the pomp and panoply of knighthood existed, Becket was struggling with his monarch almost for his throne, and all that was poetic clung around the name of the Fair Rosamond. Amid such characters and events, how would the genius of Scott have revelled! Yet, Mr. Miller, has almost failed to be interesting. The glory of chivalry, the poetry of love, the tumult of ecclesiastical warfare, where are they in his pages! We see them not. A few dim shadows stalk through the perspective, but alas! the iron heroes of the great minstrel have gone down with him to the tomb.

The great fault of this new novel of Mr. Miller's, is in the numerous gaps in the narrative. Instead of an unbroken continuity of action, maintaining the interest without flagging, he almost invariably brings the reader to what might have been the most interesting portions of the story, and then, as if unable to picture them, skips over years, and brings the characters again before you, in new situations, and consequently, stripped of whatever interest they had excited. Thus, his opening chapter introduces Prince Henry rescuing Rosamond from drowning; and in the next chapter omitting the history of their early love, with all its doubts and difficulties and romance, he brings them on the stage again after a lapse of years, the one as monarch of England, and the other as his private wife, secluded in the palace of Woodstock. Again, after the murder of Fair Rosamond, instead of painting the mingled rage and sorrow of the king on learning her untimely fate, the author passes over another lengthy interval and introduces us into quite another series of events. There are other instances of the same errors; but we must pass on, contenting ourselves with these two examples from the work. In fact, the novel is only a succession of sketches, loosely strung together, in which the same characters are made to move. It has no regular plot. The denouement is in the middle, and the beginning might be anywhere but where it is.

Nor are the characters better. Instead of being bold, well-drawn figures, standing prominently out from the canvass, they are more shadowy outlines, sketched with little force and less beauty. They are not treated unjustly we allow, for Mr. Miller has formed a true conception of them, but neither are they drawn with that strength, without which no historical novel can succeed. They have no dramatic power, if we may so speak. Their conversations are tame; their actions often singularly inappropriate.

But with all these faults there are beauties in "Fair Rosamond," which in part redeem it, and without which it would have fallen still-born from the press. There is a poetry in it, fresh from nature, and full of witchery. The author is a lover of the country, has lived among green fields and by sunny brooks, and breathes the very spirit of woodland life. In

picturing these he is at home. Whatever, too, requires the descriptive power, without any ingredient of the dramatic, meets with full justice at his hands. Some of the sweetest pictures of scenery we ever met with are found scattered here and there, like gems, through the pages of "Fair Rosamond." Could Mr. Miller picture men as he can paint nature, he would be second to no one but Scott. But he has studied one, and only read the other. That ignorance is the secret of his failure.

The work, however, with all its faults will be extensively read, for all have a curiosity to know how the author will handle such characters as Henry, Becket, Eleanor and Rosamond.

"The Naval Foundling." By the Old Sailor. Author of "Tough Yarns," &c. &c. 3 vols. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

These are three very readable books, containing some racy descriptions of scenes "in the service," but rather highly seasoned with the loose slang and rough oaths of the *Old Sailor*, to make them either true to life at the present day, or as desirable as they would be otherwise. The hero is a gentleman who, from the misfortune of having been christened at sea, is obliged to bear about with him in all his adventures, the unprepossessing name of "TEN-THOUSAND TOPSAIL-SHEET BLOCKS," which occasions many difficulties of which the following is a sample.

"Why, yer honor," returned the seaman, unshipping his truck and depositing it on the floor, "I come from Captain Bayne."

"Good!—client of mine!" returned the worthy construer of statutes. "Proceed."

"Well, yer honor," said Will, approaching nearer to the table, "by his orders I've brought you Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks."

"Brought what!" screamed the man of the law, jumping up from his chair in amazement, and fixing his keen gaze upon the tar.

"Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks, yer honor," returned the tar, placidly but firmly.

"Ten thousand devils!" ejaculated the lawyer with fierce impatience.

"No, yer honor, not by no manner o' means in the regard o' the gentleman you've named," uttered the coxswain, equally warm; for the dandified conduct of the clerk, and the somewhat repulsive treatment of the lawyer himself, had put Will upon his mettle. "It 's blocks, not devils."

"One or the other, what can Captain Bayne mean!" returned Mr. Brief. "Does he take my office for a dock-yard? Ten thousand!—why, where am I to put them all?"

"The dude, yer honor!" asked the coxswain rather more quietly. "Oh, never fear; they 'll not take up much room for stowage, seeing as they 're all in this here bag," holding it up at arm's length.

"Ten thousand topsail-sheet blocks in that bag!" exclaimed the lawyer, approaching to lay hold of it.

"No, yer honor," responded the coxswain, laughing outright, "He arn't in the bag. Lord love you! no: it 's the dude."

"Really, my good fellow, this is all mystery to me," said the professional personage with greater gravity and mildness. "Have you no communication—no letter from the captain that may afford an explanation?"

"By the tropics of war, and that 's just it yer honor," returned the coxswain; and, stooping down, he took a letter from beneath the lining of his hat and presented it to Mr. Brief.

The solicitor received the letter, walked to his chair, sat down and attentively pursued it, then raising his sharp keen eyes to Will, he said,

"There 's nothing about ten thousand or topsail-sheets here, my man. The captain writes about an infant."

"And here it is, all alive and kicking! yer honor," exclaimed Will, showing the baby; 'and his name is Ten-thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks, in regard of his having been christened this very morning."

After a series of adventures on land and sea, there is a love scene, as in most novels, a marriage and a change of name, both on the part of the gentleman and the lady, who are left in the undisturbed felicity, as all heroes and heroines are, as if the end of life was to get

married. There is nothing in the work peculiarly meritorious, but it will answer well to pass away very pleasantly a few hours.

"Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Hemans." By her Sister. 1 vol. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

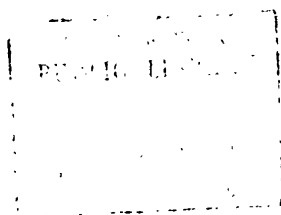
After the many imperfect sketches which in the form of biography have been given to the public, it is gratifying to see a lady of the opportunities and talents of Mrs. Hughes, condescend to give a finished picture. No person ever felt more the delicacy of having her private correspondence exposed to the public eye, and the quiet and unseen walks of life invaded by the obtrusive eye of criticism than Mrs. Hemans, and it was in regard to the opinions repeatedly expressed by that lady, that her friends forebore to open the treasure-stores of her private portfolio. But others less scrupulous have disregarded the sanctity of an express injunction, and have rudely exposed to the cold blasts of criticism, passages from her letters and life, and have forced the obligation upon her friends to do justice to her memory.

The volume before us, is a treasure in itself, and does infinite credit to all concerned. The letter press is excellent, and the style and execution of the mechanical department such as to reflect much credit upon the publishers. It contains, however, but the life and passages from the writings of the gifted woman, and will be followed by several other volumes, which will contain her complete works. The set will be a valuable acquisition to any library. Those who love to read the deep thoughts of the heart, and to discover the springs which move genius to action, to hear the deep tones of the spirit's harp, as they echo in the privacy of the study, to hold high communion with the departed in her every day intercourse, will do well to possess themselves of this volume.

"Opinions of Lord Brougham, on Politics, Law, Theology, Science, Education, &c. &c. as exhibited in his Parliamentary and Legal Speeches." 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

These volumes, as the title intimates, are made up of extracts from the speeches of Lord Brougham, and are valuable, so far as they have been correctly reported, as showing the opinion of that eminent statesman on the various subjects introduced. Lord Brougham justly holds a high place in the esteem of every lover of liberty, and his exertions have done much to benefit the working classes of England. His views of subjects are masterly and profound, and we therefore greet these volumes, though they afford what might be termed mere glances in passing.

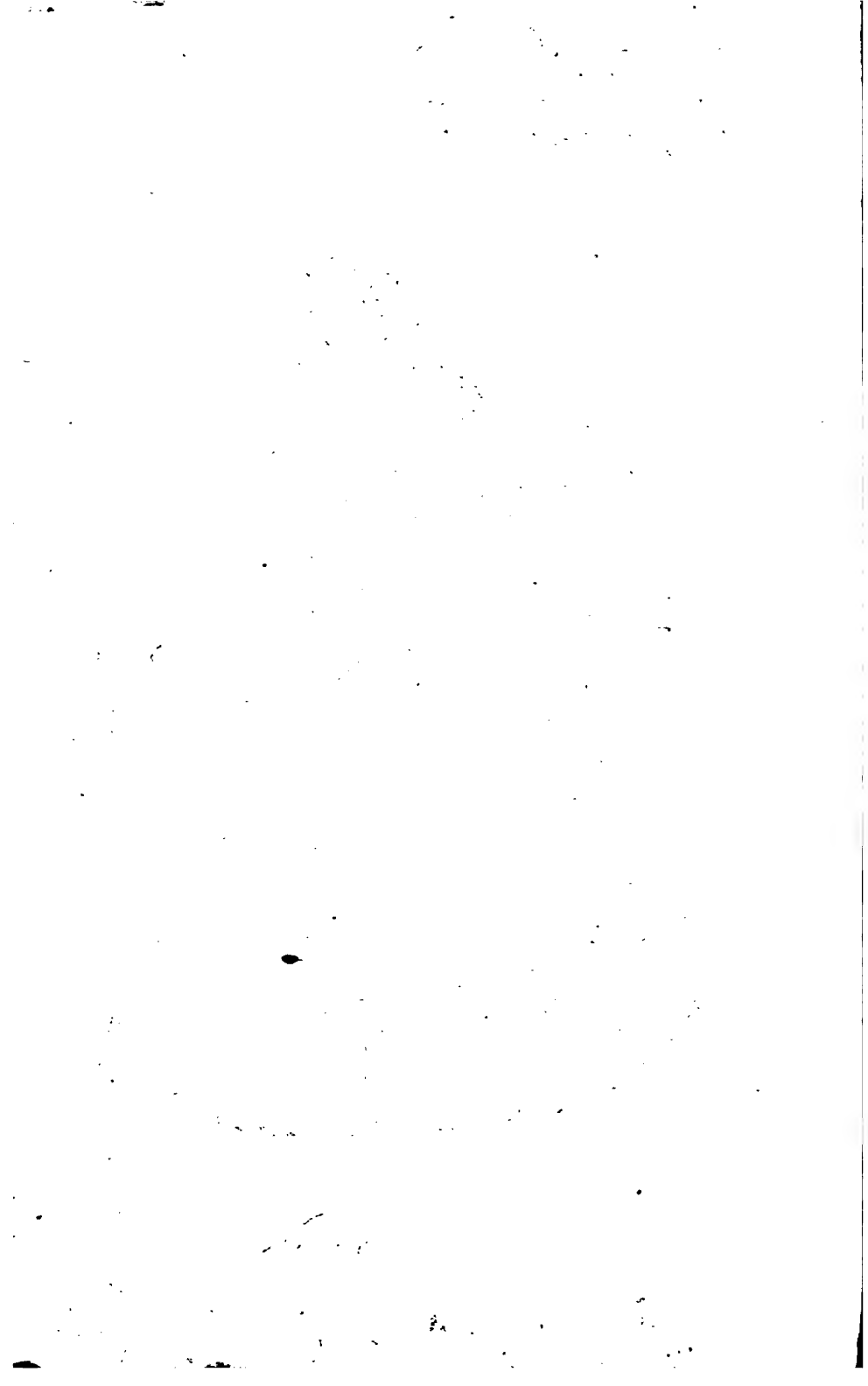
Works of this character, are not, however, calculated to enhance the fame of Lord Brougham. The chain of thought is so broken up in these extracts, and even his speeches are so split into parts here, that it is doubtful whether the author would know them dished up in this style. Nor can some of the extracts be justly termed *the opinions* of Brougham. Cut out of from the body of a speech and disjointed from the special subject to which they were designed to refer, they sometimes seem sadly out of place under the heads which it suited the author of the book to adopt. There is a prefatory biographical sketch accompanying the volumes, which is valuable, as it unfolds the early history of this great man, though it is not sufficiently full to be satisfactory.

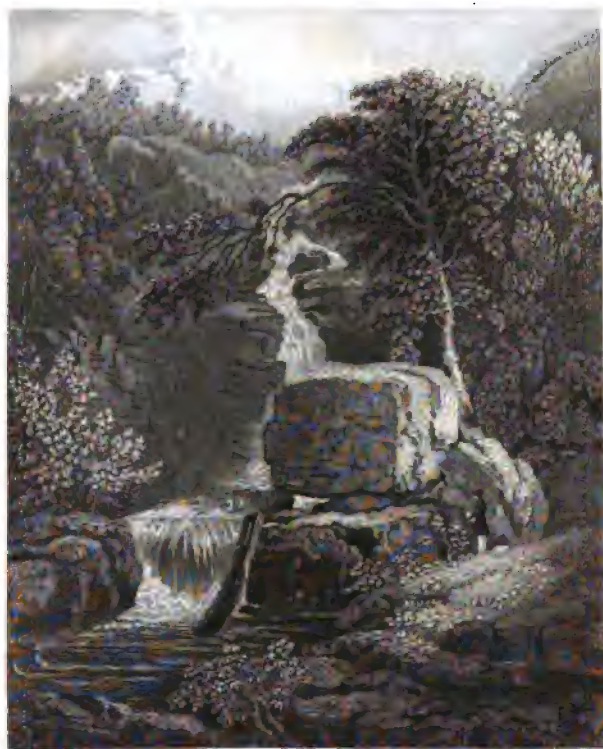




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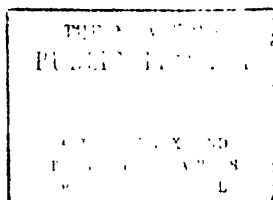






CLYDE FALLS, WHITE MOUNTAINS
N.H.

Engraved for the Casket.



THE C A S K E T.

Vol. XV.]

NOVEMBER, 1839.

[No. 5.

THE SILVER CASCADE.

THE Silver Cascade, is situated about half a mile from the entrance of the chasm, called the Notch of the White Mountains. Every thing in the immediate vicinity is presented to the view on nature's grandest scale. The Notch is a dark narrow defile, running nearly two miles in length, between two huge cliffs, apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. As there are no proofs of volcanic violence, the convulsion is supposed to have been that of the deluge. The rocks rude and ragged, in a manner rarely paralleled, are fashioned and piled together by a hand operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. Huge masses of granite, of every abrupt form, and hoary with the moss, which seems the product of ages, rise to a mountainous height. Part of the stream which winds through this dark defile, is lost and invisible beneath a mass of fragments thrown down by some great convulsion. Half a mile from the entrance, may be had the finest view of the most beautiful Cascade perhaps in the world. It issues from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley. The stream runs over a series of rocks, almost perpendicular with the course; a little broken, so as to preserve the appearance of the uniform current, and yet so far disturbed, as to be perfectly white. The most advantageous prospect is when the sun shines with the clearest splendor; the Cascade then glitters down the vast steep, like a stream of burnished silver—hence its name. This elegant piece of water, falls from a height of two hundred and forty or two hundred and fifty feet over three precipices; the second receding a short distance from the first, and the third from the second. Down the first and second it falls in a single stream, but down the third it is parted, and again unites at the bottom in a fine basin, formed by the hand of nature in the rocks. It is impossible for a brook to be modelled into more diversified or delightful forms, or for a Cascade to descend over precipices more happily fitted to finish its beauty. The cliffs, together with the level at their foot, furnish a fine opening surrounded by the forest. The sunbeams penetrating through the trees, paint here a great variety of fine images of light, and edge an equally numerous and diversified collection of shadows; both dancing on the waters, and alternately silvers and obscuring their course. Purer water was never seen, and its purity is discernible, not only from its limpid appearance and its taste, but from several other circumstances. Its course is wholly over hard granite, and the rocks and stones in its bed and at its side instead of being covered with adventitious circumstances, are washed perfectly clean, and by their neat, polished appearance, add not a little to the beauty of the scene. In all seasons the scenery is beautiful, but more particularly so in the fall of the year. The bosoms of both ranges of mountains are overspread with evergreens. All the trees which are not evergreens, are by the first severe frost changed from their verdure to the perfection of the various colors, through yellow, orange, and red, to a pretty deep brown. As the frosts affect different trees, and the different leaves of the same tree, in very different degrees, a vast multitude of tinctures are commonly found upon a simple tree. These colors also, in all their variety are generally full, and in many instances are among the most exquisite which can be found in nature. Different sorts of trees are susceptible of different degrees of beauty. Among them the maple is pre-eminently distinguished by the prodigious varieties, the finished beauty, and the

intense lustre of its hues, varying through all the dyes, between a rich green and the most perfect crimson. It is this which constitutes the peculiar glory of the American forest. In no other country is nature so diversified, and by travellers generally, the autumnal imagery of this country, is regarded as among the most splendid beauties of nature.

From the Silver Cascade the mountains begin to open with increased majesty, and in several instances rise to a perpendicular height, little less than a mile. Wide and deep chasms also, at times meet the eye, both on the summits and on the sides, and strongly impress the imagination with the thought, that a hand of immeasurable power, has rent asunder the solid rocks, and tumbled them into the valley beneath. Over all, hoary cliffs, rise with proud supremacy, frowning awfully on the world below, and seem to give a finish as well as a grandeur to the scene. On the superior eminences the trees grow less and less, and far above, the surface is covered with a mass of shrubs, terminating at the farthest elevation in a shroud of dark colored moss.

D.

THE DEATH OF FLOWERS.

BY CATHARINE E. WATERMAN.

THEY are fading—they are fading, the bright summer flowers away,
And the changing leaves are telling us, of darkness, and decay;
The crimson flushing of their dyes, are heralds from the tomb,
And they sink like conquerors to rest, robed in their brightest bloom.

The beautiful, the blushing flowers, that wreath'd around our feet,
Like fairy ministers of joy, our weary steps to greet;
They spring not by the road side now—nor in the silent wood,
Nor where the rippling waters break the quiet solitude.

But the flashing of a Rainbow light seems lingering o'er them all,
And the golden glories of the skies, around them lightly fall;
As tho' the blending of the clouds, at sunset's ruddiest hours,
Pour'd all their melted alchemy upon the dying flowers.

They are fading, they are fading—and the paths we used to tread,
Are strew'd with heaps of wither'd leaves, the dying, and the dead;
A moaning Spirit seems to breathe upon the passing air,
A requiem for those lonely things, that loved to linger there.

Their summer homes are desolate, and on the stricken bough,
We see not the bright coronals, of blooming beauty now;
But the pinky tints have past away, and left the crimson streak,
Like the hectic of the fever flush, upon Consumption's cheek.

In ruby robes proud Autumn comes, the pageant of the year,
And treads in might and majesty, o'er summer's early bier;
Her many color'd mantle floats o'er spring time's choicest bowers,
And she builds her triumph, and her joy, upon the death of flowers.

BREAKING ONE'S HEART.

A CHIT-CHAT AT THE COUNTRY SEAT OF JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

"Put up the window, Jim,—bring in a meerschaum for this gentleman and another for myself. Egad, sir, but is n't it hot! I've almost turned Turk since these dog-days began, and do nothing but smoke, and drink iced sherbet—do make yourself at home—hope you had a fine voyage up the Hudson—is n't it a glorious river?—as I heard a German exile say it equalled the Rhine, and wanted—thank God!—its robber-castles. Your health, sir—another for the old river, and let it be a bumper!"

"Thank you, Jeremy—you are too kind—but is n't this country air delicious!—what a fine prospect too from the window!—glorious woods there, rich corn-fields, every thing flourishing—and as I live if there ain't two sweet little cherubs playing on the lawn—ah! but you're a happy man—you live like a prince!"

"Nonsense, do n't talk of it, my dear sir,—there's nothing to boast of except the children—you have n't any! But you're married! Egad, sir, I thought not,—you do n't look quietly happy enough to be so. But as you were saying there are some fine points in the landscape. That rolling hill; this gentle slope; the stream glittering along the valley; that dark, majestic wood; away down there the Highlands like eternal sentinels watching over the Hudson; and yonder, just in a line with that sloop, the blue summits of the Catskill rising like thunder clouds in the west. I thank God, sir, I live here! But talking of the Catskill reminds me of a story—a love story too, and one proving my theory that woman's heart will break for love.—But sit down, sir, and we'll take it easy, for while I narrate, you shall listen; and egad, sir, we'll both smoke to fill up the pauses.

Harry Livingston—did you know him?—was the choicest chap I ever saw. He was younger by many years than myself, and as gay and merry a collegian as ever tricked the professors, wrote poetry instead of Greek, and then—the lucky dog!—carried off the honors in spite of laziness and the faculty. Ah! but he was a rare genius. How too he could converse! Such a mad-cap scoundrel never whispered away a girl's heart as this same young attorney; and I do believe before he was twenty-three he had had more love-scrapses, and got out of 'em honorably too, than any youngster of his age I ever knew. He was a poor dog, sir,—with a patrimony of nothing but blood and wit,—and so as he could n't afford to get married, he used to flirt about among the girls, sitting from flower to flower, and staying just long enough to get the spice of your love making, and then off again. I do n't say it was exactly right—many a heart has been broken that way;—but at any rate it was exciting!

Well, there was one sweet creature he had known for years, for they had been children together, and when both grew up it came natural for them to fall in love. Every body vowed it would be a match. I remember her when she was just eighteen—and she was worthy of a monarch's affection! Her form was faultless as the Parian's, with just fullness enough to be exquisitely rounded. Her face was not exactly classic—but ah! such an expression!—and then her soft, deep blue eyes, that looked love at every glance. Egad, sir, this blue is the color to do the work—black may be queasily,—hazel may come over one at times,—but when the deep, blue eye of some sweet little fairy, looks full into your own, you might as well give up the war at once.

I have said Livingston was something of a male coquette, and though he was certainly attentive to sweet Alice Leslie for awhile,—and though they used to sing duetts together, or sit chatting alone when the old folks were out, or take many a long and solitary walk at moonlight,—and though if ever he loved it was then, yet somehow or other it fell out at last that he began to visit her less frequently, and finally—the hard-hearted rascal—he nearly ceased altogether. It may be he knew he was too poor to marry, and that his pride forbid

him to wed one richer than himself—and it may be that he feared if he continued the intimacy his heart would be lost without avail—but so it was he dropped gradually off, became attentive in other places, was the gayest gallant at your balls, and seemed altogether to have forgotten that such a fairy creature as Alice Leslie lived, or that he had spent so many happy hours at her side. At last his visits ceased altogether. It was now summer, and they had not met since Christmas. Of course Alice never alluded to him,—if she had loved, she let it prey silently upon her heart, but I do n't know how it was—though she was gayer and wilder than ever—the bloom grew fainter on her cheek, and she seemed like a withered flower slowly fading away. The doctors shook their heads, and feared she was going into a consumption. Ah! sir, how many hearts are broken, and we blindly charge our loss to that fell disease. I am a believer in a broken heart. There is a blight sometimes comes over the young and tender mind; a cold, deadly, mysterious feeling, drying up the very springs of life; a mourning over an unrequited love, which sends its victim slowly, and almost imperceptibly to the tomb. Like a bud nipped by an early frost, she droops silently away and no one knows the secret of her decline. A virtuous heart never betrays its disappointment. It almost shrinks from acknowledging it to itself. It wraps itself in the mantle of its sorrow, and alone, and unpitied, weeps over the ruin of its hopes, withering day by day away, while the cheek pales and the eye grows unnaturally bright, until at last death steals in upon the sufferer, and the broken heart passes to that land “where the weary are at rest.” It is generally a little cold, caught by some slight carelessness, that begins the work; for those, sir, who are thus deserted, lose all interest in the things of life. As the lily hangs its head and dies when forsaken by the waters it hath leaned upon, so the heart of a delicate woman, when once it is betrayed, turns from all solace and pines irremediably away. But do n't mind me, sir—I'm afraid my eyes are getting old and watery—I'll take a tumbler to strengthen them, and then get on with my story.

Well, sir, as a last resort,—poor thing!—she was ordered to travel. It happened that Harry having been loitering at Lake George, and drinking water and nonsense together at Saratoga, had just landed at the Catskill village in order to ascend the mountain, when who should come up the river for the same purpose but Alice Leslie and her father. Livingston started, bowed, and his heart smote him when he saw the paleness of the sweet girl—the more startling from the faint blush that dyed her marble brow as she returned his salutation. By one of fortune's freaks they were both thrown together into the same carriage. Rallying all his faculties he soon became the life of the company. It is a dangerous thing to be placed as he was with one you have loved. It touches every chord of the heart, and needs no little tact to disguise your emotion. But what was there that mad-cap Harry Livingston could not do!

Have you ever ascended to the mountain house? No! Egad, sir, do it to-morrow as you're a Christian. The country does not afford a finer sight. Hill and valley roll around you, and the roads wind along precipices hundreds of feet sheer down—while the tops of the tall pines below wave on a level with the carriage window. Here a rill goes babbling and purling across the road, and then murmurs hoarsely, like a storm amid the forest boughs, as it leaps and tumbles down the steep. Away off the clouds are sailing round the mountain, or hitching from peak to peak across the valley. It was a sight to make the dumb speak, and they all soon fell into a joyous mood. But Alice did not join in it, and only answered in monosyllables, though oh! how mildly, to the questions addressed to her. Harry, however, did his best, and the whole coach was in a roar with his wit. But directly a thunder storm arose, and for awhile all gazed silently upon it. At first the whole sky was of a pitchy hue, and the dark brow of the mountain was wrapped in an inky shroud, from which at intervals the lurid lightnings zig-zagged, followed by the hoarse thunder, crashing, rolling, and echoing away among the hills. Down in the valley, where the storm had not reached, the yellow corn-bicks were smiling in the sun;—the brightness of the landscape below contrasting strongly with the dark and sullen character of the massy clouds above. For awhile, as I said, all was silent, but as the rain began to pour down in torrents, it beat into the stage, and numerous exclamations of discomfort arose from the passengers. The seat of Alice was particularly exposed, and several at once offered to exchange with her. But the only fit one was that which Harry occupied, and after much solicitation she consented to accept it. When they all came to be seated again, by a singular chance, sir, Harry found the only vacant seat was one beside her, and I need not tell a man like you that it sent a thrill, like an electric shiver, through every nerve of his frame. As he sat down the eyes of Alice, for an instant, met his own, and were then quickly cast down; but that glance touched him to the heart, for he noticed how wan and ethereal-like she had grown. If ever he had loved Alice all his old feelings returned upon

him then. There is nothing like meek suffering to touch the heart. His gaiety was gone at once.

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie—but had n't you better put on a shawl!—the air is growing chill," and then in a lower tone, full of feeling, he added, "and you look unwell."

"Thank you!" scarcely faltered the sweet girl, for the tone in which he spoke reminded her of other days, and it was as much as she could do to prevent her full heart from finding vent in tears. Harry noticed that her voice quivered, and that when he delicately placed the shawl upon her shoulders she could scarcely keep from trembling. But discerning as he thought himself he little suspected the cause.

Well, sir,—but let me fill your glass—the storm soon swept below, and while the top of the Catskill was gilded with the sunlight, the dark clouds hung like a gauze veil around the body of the mountain. Down in the valley it was still raining, and the sunbeams glinting through, made every drop sparkle again, until it seemed as if a million of diamonds were falling flashing from the sky. It was indeed magnificent.

Meanwhile the rain had left the roads so slippery that it was with great difficulty they could proceed. The old gentlemen, however, made the most of it, grew lively as young bloods, and after awhile one of them asked Alice to sing. Ah! you may well laugh,—but there's nothing like such scrapes to make men sociable, and as night set in, and the stars—the old rascals—began to wink through the flying scud as if they were drunk, the gentlemen became perfectly unmanageable. Old Leslie was as bright as any—but still Alice refused. She felt, poor girl, but little like the gay company, and it was only when Harry joined in the request, and she feared if she still declined he might suspect the truth, that she consented. It was, sir, one of those old Scotch songs that will live forever. At first her voice was low, but oh! how exquisitely sweet—then it became louder, and swelled out like the rich music of an angel, gushing forth in its own immortal harmony. The listeners were spell-bound. Harry had often heard her sing it in other days, and it came over him like a strain of early childhood. Leaning his head on his hand he was lost in thought. That song had touched a long silent chord in his bosom, and though he had bent at the shrine of many a beauty since last he saw Alice, he felt at once that he had never truly loved but her. Ah! sir, there are feelings that lie dormant for years, and which we almost forget we have,—but which at last a word, a look, or a tone will awaken, and we are at once well nigh unmanned, under the flood of old memories that rush in upon us. Just as she ceased they stopped at the mountain house, and as they stepped out and the lights fell an instant on Alice's face, he noticed that her eyes were wet with tears. Alas! she had never been used to weep at it in other days. For an instant a suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind—but bold as he was, he he was n't quite so vain as that.

I have said that the moon—but let me ring for some more sherbet—burst out in all her silvery beauty. Harry rambled out alone, but he could not forget the pale face of the once merry Alice, and soon returning from his solitary walk, who should he see as he reached the piazza, but Miss Leslie, standing by a column and gazing out upon the moonlight. As if by some mysterious influence Livingston approached her. She did not seem aware of his presence, and for a moment he stood silent beside her. It was a glorious night. The moon was sailing through the cloudlets blue above, flooding hill, stream, and valley beneath, in her liquid light. Before them the mountain, sloping almost perpendicularly down, disclosed the valley of the Hudson, nearly three thousand feet below, stretching for miles along the river, and spotted with farms and woodlands, that looked like grass-plats in a garden—while the lordly river, dwindled in the distance to a streamlet, slept a dozen miles away beneath its gauze-like canopy of mist,—and beyond the hills and highlands of three states melted into the dim obscurity of the horizon. Over the whole of this nearly boundless landscape a shadowy haze hung, such as might have floated over the dreamy land of the Eld. If ever I could believe in fairies it would be at such a time and place. A dim, mysterious air breathed around the whole, and the mind catching the influence, became insensibly softened and subdued. Livingston felt the power of the scene, and involuntarily exclaimed,

"Is it not beautiful?"

"Mr. Livingston!" ejaculated the startled girl, hesitating a moment, and then moving toward the door as she added, "I—I—did not—know you were nigh."

"Has Miss Leslie so completely forgotten an old friend?" he said, detaining her, "that she treats him as a stranger?"

"I—was startled," answered Alice, "but, perhaps," she continued evasively, scarce knowing whether to stay or not, yet at last determining to remain and assume as indifferent a manner as if her companion was but a common acquaintance, "Mr. Livingston is fonder of gazing on such a scene alone."

An awkward pause ensued. Livingston felt how embarrassing it is to be left alone with one you have loved, and yet dare no longer speak to in your old way. A strange feeling came over him—he scarcely knew what he said.

"How much that song reminded me of other times!" he said abruptly.

"I thought Mr. Livingston had long forgotten them," said Alice, half coldly and half reproachfully.

"Not forgotten—say any thing rather than that," involuntarily ejaculated Harry—for the wisest of us often at such moments is thrown off our guard.

"There is an old German fairy song you used to sing—Miss Leslie—that might have been inspired by such a dreamy landscape as this," he continued, recollecting himself, "may I presume to ask for it?"

It would have accorded with Alice's assumed indifference to have at once and, as if carelessly, complied—but she had so often sang it in other days for him, that it woke too many old and tender memories in her bosom, and she feared it might lead her into an emotion that would reveal what she would die rather than betray. The exclamation, too, he had just uttered, and more than all its apparent fervor went to her heart, and dissipated all her resolutions to seem reserved and cold. She could not sing—she begged to be excused.

"Miss Leslie has surely not forgotten it," said Harry, as if hurt, "but perhaps there are others—" he paused, not knowing how to end.

"Indeed I cannot sing to-night," said Alice, dropping her eyes, "some other time if you please," and the low, touching voice said more than her words.

"You don't seem well," said Harry, looking feelingly into her face, "have you been long so?"

"Not very!" she scarcely gasped—for the tone in which he spoke, and the calling her by her name as of old, was almost too much for her overcharged mind.

"I hope you have not been very ill—strange that I never heard of it," said Livingston, musingly.

"It is only a cold—that has staid longer than common," answered she with difficulty, in her soft, musical voice.

"Alice!" said Harry, after a moment's pause, "there is something grieves you—let me claim the privilege of an old friend, to enquire what it is. I know it is unusual for our sex to speak thus, but we were brought up from childhood together, and I feel there is something preying on your mind that causes your illness. You are paler, thinner, sadder than you used to be, and even your voice is mellowed down to an almost ethereal softness—what is the matter, Alice?"

Perhaps, at another time, mindful of his conduct the proud beauty would have repelled his questions with indignity, and walked silently away—but now she felt a mysterious influence chaining her to the spot, like the weird power which our olden fathers tell us often fires our doom.

The tone of interest too in which Livingston spoke, touched the tenderest chords of her bosom, and though she struggled to answer, the words choked in her throat. Little she thought did he suspect the cause of her illness, and oh!—she would have given worlds that he never should. Yet it was agony to hear him thus speak, when after all it was only the common interest of friendship. She knew he had forgotten her, and she had long made up her mind to forget him—why then were they thus thrown together to call up old times again, and open afresh the wound long months of suffering had scarcely healed! She turned away her head—for she could not endure it—and the thick, blinding tears welled one by one into her eyes, and dimmed her long, dark lashes.

"Alice!" said Harry, in a low voice.

She answered not,—but he thought he heard her sob.

"Alice!" said Harry, gently taking her unresisting hand, as a light flashed suddenly upon him, determining him at once to put his fate upon the cast of a die, "dear Alice!"—and he felt her hand tremble in his own like a leaf as he proceeded, "why have we been so long separated? God knows, I would coin my blood to save you a moment's sorrow, and though I have seen you so little of late, it was only because I dared not trifle with one I loved like you. You are a wealthy heiress—I am a penniless orphan, and I felt there was no hope for me in aspiring to the hand for which so many contended. Dare I even now hope?—you are weeping—Alice, my Alice," and while a gush of ecstasy, which we feel but once in our lives—and that is when for the first time we know ourselves to be beloved—he stole his arm around the waist of the trembling girl, and drew her gently, yet unresisting, and weeping as she was toward his bosom. It was a holy moment, and for awhile she sobbed as if her heart would break. What would not Harry have given to have spared her that second's anguish! At last he whispered,

"Alice!—am I forgiven?"

There was no answer—but as the lovely girl raised her head from his bosom, her deep blue eyes looked at him timidly a moment through their tears, and then, as if afraid even of herself, she nestled her head again in his bosom. It needed nothing more. That look had told volumes. Ah! sir, there is nothing so delicious as the first moment of unrestrained confidence from one we love!

"And you will tell me, now, why you were ill?" whispered Harry, kissing away her tears, as he raised her head gently from his shoulder.

"Hurh!—huah!—let us go into the house—they will miss us," whispered the beautiful girl, as her dark eyes fell to the ground, and she turned her head partially away. But even then Harry could see that she blushed from brow to bosom.

"And so her heart was not broken after all, Jeremy,—odds blood!—but I was afraid it would be at times—you almost made me cry, my old boy—but it told on the sherbet any how!"

"No, it was not broken—for from that night Alice grew better, and when, after some demurring from the old gentleman, they were at last married, she looked fairer and more beautiful than ever. Egad, sir, old as I was, I danced at her wedding, and it almost makes me go off in a *pirouette* to think of it. But here 's to them—a bumper!—may you have, my young blade, as sweet a bride and as merry a wedding."

"Thank you!—with all my soul—but what said the doctors, Jeremy?"

"Oh! faith, sir, and that 's the joke of it,—they set down a visit to the mountains, in their *materia medica*, as a sovereign cure for the first stages of consumption. Consumption—poor thing!—had n't they met as they did, it might have numbered sweet little Alice among its victims; and no one but herself would have known that her heart was broken.—It came pretty nigh it as it was—though she ought to have broken her husband's for it after they were married—the scamp.—Ah! sir, your health—and now *what* say you to a tramp over my farm?"

J. S.

September, 1839.

THE FOREST FLOWER.

BY THE PRAIRIE BARD.

Go to the wild-wood shade,
Seek there apart where foot is seldom
known—
In modest garb arrayed,
One peerless blossom meets thine eye alone,
Fresh as the beamy dance
Of youth'ful day-spring's glance,
Fair as the dreams around thy spirit thrown!

Lovely in forest wild,
Clothed in the richness of the sunset sky,
As night's pale crescent, mild,
When smiling o'er the myriad train on high;
Nature's most holy chords
Reverberate in words,
By breeze-swept strings, in blissful harmony.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, September, 1839.

Go;—then let darkness close
Between thee and the busy world awhile,
Forget the gorgeous rose,—
The tulip's painted blush—inconstant smile;
Bid care her tumult cease,
Then, in thy tranquil peace,
Revere the beauty which will ne'er beguile.

Drink with thine eyes the blush
Where loveliness reposes in her bower;
Calmed by her peaceful hush,
Prize thou the moments of that peaceful hour;
A moral shalt thou find,
Deep let it be enshrined!—
But pluck not from its stem that forest
flower.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FLIGHT OF SOLYMAN.

"He comes from the land of the sword and shrine,
From the sainted battles of Palestine—
The snow-plume waves o'er his victor crest,
Like a glory the red-cross hangs at his breast;
And he wears a scarf of embroidery rare,
The last love-gift of his lady fair,—
It bears for a device a cross and a dove,
And the words "I am vowed to my God and my love."

The sun was dancing merrily upon the waters of the Rhine, lighting up the dark woods that skirted either shore, and flinging its gay beams on many a hoary turret and keep, when two travellers might be seen winding along a narrow mountain pass, that looking down upon the river, commanded a view of the valley beneath, the lofty cliffs on the other shore, and the grim fortress of Elbrenstein, towering like some dark spirit in the distance. The strangers were armed to the teeth, and by their bearing evidently of rank. The foremost one was the younger; and his keen dark eye, and thick raven locks, betokened him a son of a warmer clime than that where he journeyed. He was attired in a shirt of mail, wrought of links of the finest steel, that glittered with every motion his body made. Over this, however, he wore a white surcoat, crossed by an embroidered scarf, the work apparently of some high-born dame. A helmet with its visor up, and bearing a long, drooping white plume, surmounted his head; while his hands were encased in iron gauntlets, and his feet defended by the heavy shoes of the same material, then worn by knights of rank. Not the least imposing of his equipments was the enormous lance which he had borne with him in many a joust and combat. The cross upon his shoulder as well as on that of his companion, betokened them Crusaders. They both managed their mettled steeds with exquisite skill, and as they rode along side by side conversed gaily upon the homes they soon expected to reach.

"Methinks, Sir Otho," said the younger to the other, whose chestnut hair and brawny frame betrayed his Teuton origin, "that a roundelay might now be of good service in bringing a smile into that monastic face of thine. What man! when thy own Rhine is once more flashing beneath thee after a three years' absence, canst thou be sad! Thou would'st make a fit Templar, and truth to say, few are less gay than thou. But yonder is Radfenstahl—see, see how the old tower opens through the trees, it cannot be more than a league off, I shall see Agnes before noon," and full of his gay anticipations the young knight urged on his steed, as a turn of the road disclosed to view, far off over the valley, a dark solitary tower, perched high upon a cliff, and peeping out from the trees that, in the distance, seemed to embosom it.

"Ah! Sir Walter," said the other, "you sons of the sunny Loire, are ever gayer than we. You know what the good fathers here say to excuse their potations in Rhenish to the pope's vicar—that their blood moves more sluggishly here than in Rome, and requires something to arouse it to action. But, seriously, I do feel somewhat sad to-day, when I remember I am going back alone to claim the lands of my fathers, and that many faces I used to see will welcome me no more. Thou art not going to thy proud seat, it is true, but is not Agnes, thine own Agnes, waiting to greet thee after thy two year's absence in Syria? I know you would say she is the child of my own mother's sister, but after all there is

nothing like the welcome of a mistress, and no cheer is so desolate as that found at a deserted hearth. Well may you then be gayer than I—but ho! Rupert,” he continued, shouting to one of the train of men-at-arms behind, as if he would change the subject, “we are entering one of the wildest passes of the road, and in these unquiet times it behoves us to be careful, bring up your varlets therefore nigher, and send a few on ahead to reconnoitre.”

The two knights had first met at the Court of the Emperor, where an intimacy had sprung up between them which resulted in the closest friendship. It was at the Castle of Sir Otho, that the Lord de Rothsay, the younger of the two, had become acquainted with his host's fair cousin, Agnes Waldene, the only child of the Lord of Radfenstahl, a small but ancient barony of the realm, that in a long succession of ruinous feuds had been dwindled down, until nothing was left of it but a few barren acres, the old time-worn keep, and the long pedigree of its once princely owners. But if Agnes was the poorest, she was also the most beautiful of the daughters of her house. With a soft, dreamy blue eye, ringlets that vied with the sun in richness of hue, an exquisitely turned neck and bust, and a form that was as light and airy as any of those of the fabled fairies of her land, she was known throughout the whole palatinate as the sweetest flower of the Rhine. To see her was to love, and in that chivalric age to adore. It was the sweetest moment in the life of the young knight, when he first won from her the whispered confession of her love; and as he had already assumed the cross, he parted from her with the promise to return in little more than two years. Many a bloody battle, and many a gallant deed had he witnessed in that long absence, and now when he came back, though it was with a browner cheek, he bore with him a name known for many an act of knightly courtesy and chivalrous emprise. His lance had ever been the first in tilt and tournament, his war-cry rang the loudest on the plains of Palestine, and his snowy plume floated triumphant above the din of battle. In all that time at long and distant intervals only had he heard of Agnes; and now as the old tower burst upon his sight, it is no wonder that his eye kindled, and a flood of bright hopes tumultuously rushed through his bosom.

“Yonder, yonder it is, Sir Otho, we shall be there anon, ho there! prick on your steeds. A merry welcome will you old neighbor give us I trow. And then, how will Agnes be overjoyed. She did not expect us for these two months yet.”

“But, Sir Walter,” suddenly said his companion drawing in his rein, as the dark fortress became, for the first time distinctly visible, not far distant, “do you mark how solitary the old tower looks,—and, as I live, there is not a shred of a banner on the walls.”

“No banner!” hastily ejaculated the younger knight; but after a momentary pause, he continued in his usual gaiety, “well, the lazy varlets have only forgot to hang it out to-day, gaily will it float when they behold our crests—prick on!”

“And by the three kings of Cologne,” added his companion, “is not that smoke curling from yon loop-hole!—there, just beyond that tree—it is, and surely there is the drawbridge down. God grant my valiant uncle and Agnes are safe!”

“In the Saint's name, on!” was the only answer of the younger knight, as now completely alarmed he buried his rowels in his steed, and went clanging along the rocky road, followed by his friend and their followers pell-mell, their armor ringing and clashing, and the fire flying from the rocks beneath their impatient hoofs.

A few minutes confirmed their worst fears. As they gained the foot of the ascent, which led up to the fortress, a sight met their vision which crushed all their gay hopes, and sent the blood curdling back upon their hearts. The drawbridge was down; the gate flung wide open; the walls deserted; the battlements in part dismantled; no banner waved upon the barbican; and from a distant loop-hole, the smoke curling lazily outward, betokened that fire had finished what the sword had left undone. There were broken weapons scattered around, and other marks of a severe and desperate conflict. The truth broke at once upon them. The tower had been taken in some one of the daily feuds which then distracted society, and after having been sacked was deserted. What the fate of the inmates had been, the ferocity of the times, and the ruin before them too well betrayed. An utter silence reigned around them, broken only by the scream of a bird of prey, that sullenly took flight as they approached. And this was the gay welcome to which they had looked forward! Almost mad with his fears, the late joyous cavalier dashed wildly across the drawbridge, and reigning in his steed in the deserted court-yard, shouted till the old walls echoed again to his trumpet tones.

“What ho!—senechal—warder—varlets,—in the fiend's name where are ye! It is Walter de Rothsay calls. Ho there!” he continued in desperation, as his voice echoed dimly through the empty court-yard, “what news of the Lady Agnes and her noble sire?—where are they!—come forth, ye knaves, here are no enemies but friends,—come forth, or by the sacred wood of the cross! I will wring every drop of blood from your bodies, and

hang them up for the carrion birds to pick! Ho there!" and as he finished he brought his lance heavily to the ground, waking a thousand echoes through the empty passages.

He was about turning away disheartened, when an old, gray-haired man emerged from a low vaulted doorway, stole a cautious glance at the young knight, and then with a voice weak from a recent wound, welcomed him by name.

"Hans!—as I am a belted knight," shouted the cavalier, leaping lightly from his steed, "but where is Agnes—where the good old baron—what hath done this rapine!—speak, old man,—why stand you hesitating?"

"Alas! alas!" said the old man, while the tears filled his eyes, "that I have lived to see this day! Would God you had come this morning or come not at all! But," continued he, seeing the impatience of the young knight would brook no bounds, "it is done now—follow me!" and returning through the ancient door-way, he led the way into a small room that had been used for a chapel, and removing a cloak from what seemed a heap beneath the altar, disclosed to the gaze of the two knights the lifeless body of his master, the silvery hairs dabbled with blood, and the pallid countenance turned upward in the fixed gaze of death. The hands were decently crossed upon the breast. It was the last act the faithful man could do for him.

"This is what was Sir Lubin," solemnly said he as he raised the cloak, "they murdered him in cold blood, at his own hearth, after he had given up his sword!" and unable to restrain his feelings as he gazed upon the calm, quiet countenance, the faithful follower burst into tears.

There was an instant after he had ceased to speak, when he might have heard the first breathings of an infant, so awfully silent was the little group. The two knights, as if smote with a basilisk's look, stood gazing spell-bound upon the body, unable for a moment to find utterance for the feelings which were harrowing their very souls. That fearful silence was at length broken.

"By the tombs of my fathers," burst forth the young knight, fiercely clutching his sword as he apostrophized the body, "by the purity of my mother; by my hopes of eternal life; by the holy cross I have fought for, and the mystery of the Saviour's passion, thou shalt be avenged! I swear by all that is sacred, I will track and punish thy murderers! I will hunt them by night and day, from valley to cliff, over ford and torrent, in fastness, pass, or plain,—wherever they fly will I pursue, carrying fire and sword behind them, until their castles shall be haunts for owls, their wives shall be widows, their children fatherless, their lineage blotted out, and should one of their race escape, it shall only be to curse this day! Then and not till then shalt thou be avenged. This by my knightly troth, and the holy banner of St. Dennis, I swear!" and shaking his clenched hand on high, he stood there in the silence of utter passion.

"And by the relics of the saints, and this consecrated sword," ejaculated his brother knight solemnly, "I will devote my life and lands to the same holy work!" and stooping down he kissed, with devout reverence, the cold hand of his uncle.

"But Agnes—where, in God's name, is she?" eagerly asked the young knight; for in the tempest of that sudden passion he had forgotten even her.

"They have born her off, but alas! to what an end. Listen!" and in few and hurried words, he informed them that an old enemy of the baron, who had long coveted the hand of Agnes, but been repulsed, and who was one of the most brutal of the wild nobles of the Upper Rhine, had suddenly attacked the tower the night before, carried it by overwhelming numbers, plundered, sacked, and fired it, and that morning at early dawn had departed, bearing off with them their booty, and carrying away the weeping Agnes and her hand-maid as prisoners, reserving them for a fate more dreadful than even death itself. The rest of the scanty garrison, without discrimination, had been put to the sword. The old man only had escaped by secreting himself in the hiding places none knew but his master and himself. This was his tale, told with many ejaculations and tears.

"Now, by St. Dennis, this is too much," exclaimed the young knight, "I will raise my whole self, and harry the palatinate with a thousand lances, if the cravens but injure a hair of her head. But which way went they?—what was their force?"

"They took the lower pass, and might count fifty," answered the old man eagerly.

"By taking the right-hand road then," said Otho energetically, "we may come up to them before sunset—you, Walter, spur on with our few lances, and keep them in sight till I come, with the forces I can, at such short notice, muster at my castle. God speed you," he exclaimed, leaping into the saddle, "I will be with you before dark!"

"On, on!" shouted the impetuous young knight, waving his hand as an adieu. "And follow me, my men, down into the valley—Rupert be our guide,—we have kept greater odds at bay in Syria—let us strike now for our God, and for revenge!" and with his scanty but

eager followers clattering behind him, the excited warrior dashed like a madman through the gateway, in another instant had cleared the drawbridge, and was seen galloping wildly down the rocky road, his iron trappings ringing as he went, and his long snowy plume streaming like a meteor on the wind.

It was long past noon when a body of armed men, accompanied by two females, were seen winding down one of the lower passes of the Rhine. They marched with little care, as if not expecting a foe, and in a long, straggling, and somewhat disorderly line. Many of them carried, beside their arms, various articles of plunder, which shewed that they had been engaged in some successful foray. Their leader seemed the only watchful person among them, and was now to be seen marching at the front of his line, and now dropping to the rear, or riding by the side of the two females, in a vain endeavor to engage them in conversation. He was a tall, athletic man, armed to the teeth; and as his visor was up, you might see that he was possessed of a somewhat forbidding countenance, such as we always link with violence and cruelty. The bear borne as his cognizance, betokened him to be Hugo Von Leibnitz, the most lawless of all the titled freebooters of the Upper Rhine. He was returning from his morning's work; and the two females were Agnes and her handmaid. Save, however, when he approached them, they were left to indulge their grief in silence, his rude retainers keeping aloof either by their master's orders, some lingering sparks of respect, or the indifference of hilarious excitement. It was in one of these solitary moments that the elder and humbler of the two females spoke.

"Oh! mistress Agnes, I cannot help but weep, for what does that savage knight mean to do with us! Villain that he is to murder my dear master, and carry us off we know not where," and wringing her hands she looked up weeping at her mistress.

"Hush, Winifred, hush," said the more heroic maiden, "let not the craven baron see that he can fill us with fears. We will confide ourselves to the virgin, and if the worst of our fears prove true, die as becomes us. I, for my part, will sooner perish by the worst of tortures, than minister to the passion of a wretch like Sir Hugo, the murderer of my poor, dear father," and despite her utmost endeavors, the tears rose to her eyes, as she thought of her parent, slain in cold blood—"oh! Walter," she continued, "if thou wert only nigh I might hope for some relief, though even thy sword could'st never bring the dead to life. Alas! cold and dead he lies, the last one of his line, and yet, I am left to become perchance, the leman of his slayer, or die by my own suicidal hands. Walter! oh Walter, thou art afar—my cousin too distant, and before ye shall arrive, it will all be over. Who else is there left to avenge me? But," she continued, drying her tears as Sir Hugo rode up to them, "never shall our brutal victor see how it moveth me. I am a baron's child, and the daughter of his foe. What now, sir?" and drawing herself proudly up, she looked a queen about to hear a message from her slave.

"Lady!" said the somewhat abashed freebooter, quailing before her flashing eye, "there is need that you stop a season, as we would not pollute your presence with the din of strife. There are armed men riding for the pass, and the sight of so fair a prize might breed contention even among friends. So we shall e'en ask you to dismount, and retire awhile to yon old ruin on the cliff."

"Those who cannot command must obey—lead on!" haughtily said the maiden, and following their guide, the two females soon found themselves in an old, decayed tower, built perhaps by the Romans centuries before, and now almost imbedded in luxuriant evergreens and loose soil, washed down by the rains. It crowned a bold cliff, overhanging the pass, and commanded a view of the valley for miles. The only approach to it was by a dilapidated doorway, which as soon as they had entered, was blocked up by a huge mass of rock from without. Such resorts for safety, were neither rare, nor uncommon to be used in those wild and stormy times.

The cause of this sudden alarm was soon evident. Away to the north, just emerging from the rocky defile, a band of men-at-arms, few in number but admirably equipped, were seen dashing at a rapid pace toward the pass; while as they gallantly advanced, the sun glittered from breast-plate, helmet, and lance-head, almost dazzling the eye of the beholder. Steadily they maintained their course; but without pennon or banner. They were yet too distant to be distinguished, but still urging on their steeds, they pressed on in close phalanx, as if life and death depended on their speed.

"Praised be the virgin!" said Winifred, "they are friends sent by heaven to rescue us from the hands of these robbers—who can they be?"

"Ah! my good Winifred," sadly answered her mistress, "I fear me they are but idle stragglers, riding in such hot haste only because they fear to be late at some wassail."

"No, no, they take not the river road, but turn off into this narrower and less frequented path. They ride too as in pursuit."

"God send it may be so—but who is there in all the empire to espouse my poor quarrel; my sire is no more," she added with a flood of tears, "my cousin is in Palestine, and Walter! little does he think how great a danger I am in. Oh! did he but dream of it how would he fly to my aid."

"Cheer, cheer ye, my lady," suddenly exclaimed the handmaiden, who had clambered up to a position whence she had a more perfect view of the strangers, "yonder they come, they are friends, for they drive in the rear of the foe."

"And oh! holy mother—no,—yes,—it is, it is," cried Agnes with clasped hands, as she again caught sight of them, "there is the crest of Walter, the very scarf I brodered for him, the saints be praised for his timely succor!" and unable to sustain her feelings, she fell back almost fainting against the ruinous wall.

"Oh! do but see how gallantly he rides, the noble young lord," ejaculated the handmaiden, now carried away with joy as she laughed and cried by turns.

"I fear me he comes only to destruction," suddenly said Agnes starting up, and losing all thought of her own danger in her fears for him. "He has but a score of men, and Sir Hugo's freebooters are three to one. They command the pass too. Oh! that we could warn him of his danger—Winifred, cannot you cry so as to be heard?"

"It cannot be," answered the girl, "for my voice would not reach half way, and if any of these villains below were to hear us they would cut both our throats in a twinkling. But they come nearer—it will soon be worthless too, for the strife shall be begun."

The aspect of the two forces was terribly unequal. The freebooters had hastily been drawn up across the narrow pathway, and now sat on their motionless horses, like iron statues, waiting the attack. Nor did they pause long. Leading on his followers, the gallant young knight couched his lance, stooped an instant lowly in his saddle, and then with his little band, drove like a whirlwind down upon his foe. A moment they were seen sweeping along, and Agnes had scarcely ejaculated "The saints preserve him!" before the shock of meeting took place, their lances were splintered to the head, and amid a cloud of dust a half a score of men went headlong to the earth. The position Agnes occupied was, however, less favorable than the loftier one gained by her handmaid, and her view of the contest was, therefore, limited and uncertain. Nor was there space for more than Winifred at the loop-hole above.

"What see you, quick, Winifred, quick!" said Agnes eagerly.

"I see the young knight thundering with his huge sword, as if he were a giant—there he has clove one to the chin—again he cuts another down—Sir Hugo presses toward him—he is almost surrounded—they cross swords—the din and clash of the conflict—oh God! he is down—no! he has broken out like a lion at bay—his gallant followers crowd around him, he hews his way out!"

"What see you now?" gasped Agnes, straining her eyes to catch a view of the combat through the clustering trees, as her handmaiden paused a moment to breathe.

"I see him flying hither and thither rallying his men,—they have all flung away their lances, and are fighting hand to hand. Now he rushes into the midst of the foe—again they surround him—he strikes right and left like a hero—now backing his horse on those behind, now rushing forward and cleaving them down like play-things. Alas! he is sore oppressed—he is down, and this time, holy virgin! forever—No! his horse was only surrounded—his brave retainers have brought him another—he is free once more—he rallies his men again—they fight like fiends, and now are driven struggling down the pass."

"Do you see nothing more?"

"I see Sir Hugo urging his men down—Sir Walter rallies his broken band and slowly gives way—they surely will not desert us?—but they cannot help it, for scarce ten are left alive—they retreat—there is no help—he will be made a prisoner—no, God be praised! a knight with a heron plume for his crest, followed by a couple of score of lances, is thundering down the hill—he cries—what was it?—oh! can it be Sir Otho?"

"Holy virgin! it is," ejaculated Agnes, with difficulty gaining a foothold beside her maiden, "it is my cousin, yes, hark! there rings his war-cry,—see how he spurs to the conflict—he is by Walter's side—they charge like the shock of an earthquake—the ranks of our conquerors give way—Sir Hugo turns, he flies, God of my fathers how they scour along beneath us—Walter! Walter!" shouted Agnes, as the two forces, pursuing and pursued, swept wildly past, "here is your own Agnes—they are gone,—but oh! my father, thou art avenged," and in another instant the cries of the combatants, the ringing of their arms, and the clatter of their horses' hoofs had died in the distance, and it seemed to the two deserted maidens, as if during the last few exciting minutes they had been gazing on some wild and shadowy phantasmagoria, such as we behold in a dream.

For more than an hour they remained in their imprisoned situation, and as the moments crept by without the return of the victors, the two lonely maidens began to yield to their fears. If any stray straggler should return from the defeated band, they knew their sex would be of no avail to protect them from insult or vengeance,—and even were none to seek the scene of their defeat, it might be hours, or perhaps days, before the victors should come back. Even if they did, too, it was questionable if they would approach the ruin. One doubt gave place to another,—and when they endeavored to escape, they found the rock that blocked up the entrance immovable, even by their united strength. At last they gave up in despair, and sat down calmly to wait their fate. The handmaiden, before whose mind a thousand dangers flitted, began to wring her hands in the extremity of her distress; but her more heroic mistress, after a few more useless attempts to escape, only sat herself down to watch from the loop-hole. Meanwhile the day wore on, and the sun wheeled his broad circle into the bosom of the Rhine, lengthening the shadows of the hills around, and burying the valleys in the gloom of twilight. The breeze came damp from the river, and the birds, returning to their nests, sailed slowly by. In vain they essayed, as a last resort, to scale the ruinous walls. Their fears were rising into agony, when suddenly the pursuers returned by another route to the scene of the strife, and were seen down the pass busied upon the field of the late conflict. But without a new fear arose. The distance might prevent their cries from being heard. They knew, however, this to be their only hope, and raising their feeble voices they shouted aloud for aid. But their fears were verified. They were not heard. Agnes could see the plume of her lover faintly waving in the gathering darkness, and her heart died within her when she thought he might depart, and leave her to the mercy of her captors, who would be sure to return for her in the morning. Again and again they united their voices, but again and again it was in vain. Suddenly they heard the leaves rustle nigh, but it was only a huge night-bird, startled from its drowsy perch, by their repeated cries, that sailed slowly and darkly away down the defile,—and then all was still.

"Oh! what shall we do?" said Winifred in despair, "they cannot hear us, and we shall be left to die. I vow a silver candle to the Virgin if we escape."

"Stop," said Agnes with sudden energy, "here is my falcon call, I had forgot I wore it yesterday, and in this morning's agony I put it on unthinkingly. Sancta Maria be praised, for it shall be the means of our release," and raising it to her lips, she blew a long shrill call, such as in other days her lover himself had taught her.

"They hear it," gasped the handmaiden, "see, they stop and look around,—another, dear lady."

The maiden blew a yet shriller call upon the whistle, exerting all her little strength; and when she ceased, her cheek flushed, her eye gleamed, and her snowy bosom heaved with the excitement.

"They come," she cried, as the young knight turned, and looking up doubtfully toward the cliff, paused in rapt attention, "wave my veil on high—the holy martyrs be praised,—they see it—they dash up the height—they are here, Walter, dear Walter, it is your own Agnes that speaks," and in another instant the brawny arms of the knights had hurled away the obstruction from the door, and with a joyful bound Agnes sprang toward her lover, and overcame with mingled gladness and excitement, had fainted in his arms. Bearing her hastily from the rude gaze of his followers, he tore off his gauntlet, bathed her temples with his own hand, and when at last she faintly opened her eyes, he pressed her to his bosom, and covered her lips with kisses.

"Oh! Walter is it you?" murmured Agnes, no longer the lofty lady, but the confiding girl, "I have had such a fearful dream, it was full too of such terrible sights,—but now you are here, and I know all is well, but where?" she continued, awaking to fuller consciousness, "is my father!—oh! I know it all now, they have murdered him, at his own hearth too, that dreadful man did it all. Heaven keep me from the sight," and covering her eyes with her hands, she buried her face in the young knight's bosom.

"Forget it, Agnes, love," whispered he, placing his arm tenderly around her, and drawing her gently as a sister toward him, "for he is avenged. The murderer, with all his accomplices, has gone to his last account."

"But oh! where have I now a home—who is there to protect the orphan girl?"

"Your own Walter, Agnes," answered the impassioned lover, kissing away her tears, "I will be your protector—thill I not dearest?"

The blushing girl answered not,—she only hid her face again in his bosom; but her young lover would not have given ought for any other reply. Sadly and sorrowfully, however, they departed from that scene of conflict, for Agnes felt that her father was yet to be mourned, and that much as her betrothed lover could do for her, he could never bring to life her parent. The excitement of the last few hours had contributed to drive from her mind the

consciousness of her loss, but now when the sense of danger had passed away, the extremity of her misfortune broke in all its intensity upon her mind. But the elasticity of youth, the alleviation of time, and the love of the young Lord of Rothsay, at last succeeded in soothing, if they could not altogether banish her grief.

It was a gay and merry time in the valley of the Loire, when the young Lord of Rothsay, led home to the proud halls of his fathers, the fair and gentle Agnes. Old men blessed her as she passed, young mothers held out their babes in their arms to gaze upon her face, and girls strewed flowers in her path, and welcomed her to her future home with songs. Many a sweet night afterward, when the vine-hills were clad with their purple fruit, and the maidens had returned from gathering the blushing grape, would the seigneur and his lady gaze upon their merry revels, as they danced upon the greensward in the gay moonlight. Children grew around them, fortune smiled every year more brightly, happy days came clustering around them, but they never forget in all their prosperity that one, terrible day beside the far-off Rhine.

In the south-west corner of the antique church of Lavoisin, not far from the western door of the transept, is to be seen an old and highly ornamented monument of a knight and his lady, lying side by side and with clasped hands, in all the stern solemnity of Gothic sculpture. The effigies as well as the monument are very old, and are fast crumbling away, along with the ragged banners above, which have fallen piece-meal down for hundreds of years. It is altogether a melancholy though a stately spectacle. The wind sweeps moaningly through the aisles, the trees without wail as they bend with a mournful sound, and now and then the cawing of a rook is heard as it sails slowly to its home. Every thing around tends to sadness. All the other monuments are long since decayed. Yet even now the peasantry, on the first days of spring, bring chaplets and hang them on that tomb, as if the memory of the virtues of those who repose there, had been handed down from father to son for centuries. That tomb has only one line of a now almost illegible inscription; but with much difficulty can be traced in monkish Latin, the words, *Walter and Agnes de Rothsay*. H.

October, 1839.

S E R E N A D E

Awake, awake, lady,
Thy lover is nigh;
He waits but the signal,—
Thy bright flashing eye!
If slumber has bound thee,
Cast off her dull chain,
And haste away, lady,
Where lingers Jermain.

Oh, softly the breezes
Are breathing around,
Their warmest of kisses,
And low murmur'd sound:
And the whip-poor-will pours
From her wild, lovely bow'r,
Her richest of songs
On the midnight hour.

The dew-drop is shining
From leaf, stalk, and flowers;
And fairies are gliding
Around their green bow'rs;

Fawcett, Vt. September 5th, 1839.

The blue bell is flashing
Her delicate sheen,—
And the moss-cover'd rock
Lies in shadows between.

The full moon is pouring
Her light o'er the sea,
And brightly she silvers
The flowers of the lea;
The pale star of even
Is sinking to rest;
Then haste, hasten to me,
My brightest and best.

Oh, come, let us speed
To that beautiful land,
Where the orange flower blooms,
And the proud cypress stands;
Where the sun smiles forever,
On streamlet and dell,—
And I 'll leave thee love, never,
There, there, will we dwell.

C. W. F.

CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. IV.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"

Childe Harold.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

"Fierce and high,
The death-fire blazed into the sky."

Lalla Rookh.

"HILLO!" shouted young Irvine from the fore-castle, "there 's a sail boxing about, I take it, Mr. Danforth, in that mist off here"—and he pointed to a dark bank of vapors that had settled close down upon the waters to leeward, shrouding every thing in that direction in a thick, impenetrable gloom, which the few stars glimmering in the clear streak to windward in vain attempted to dispel. I paused an instant listening intently, and for awhile thought my messmate's eagerness had deceived him. I was about turning away when I heard plainly in the gloom the rattling of cordage, the hurrying of men, and the indescribable sound produced by the bracing round of yards.

"Ship ahoy!" I shouted.

There was the creaking of ropes to leeward, but no answer followed.

"Ship ahoy!—heave to or we 'll fire into you," I hailed, satisfied that we had been discovered, and that these sounds betokened that the stranger was endeavoring to escape.

A moment or so elapsed without an answer, and accordingly I ordered a shot to be thrown after the stranger. It produced, however, no effect. It was from necessity, a random one; and no sooner had the report ceased its reverberations, than all was as still as before. Down in the fog it was like death itself.

"I believe they 've stolen away here, sir," said Irvine, after a moment's silence had rendered us doubtful of the locality of the stranger, and he stretched his arm a point or two abeam of where we had fired.

"How did the voice bear when you last heard it?"

"Two points on the lee-bow, sir; but I guess they 've edged off more abeam, for I heard the bracing of yards in that direction just before you spoke."

"You 're right, Harry, and hark! there they go again. They are down in that fog as sure as the sky is over us. Up with the helm, Taffrail!"

It was one of those nights which sometimes fall upon the tropics. All round the horizon, excepting a clear space to windward cut out as it were from the darkness, hung a black and gloomy curtain, wrapping sea and sky in gloom, and brooding like some gigantic wing darkly and mysteriously upon the waters. Behind us, as I have said, a patch of pale sky was visible, streaked with ragged clouds, and twinkling with a myriad of stars,—while before the thick bank of vapors stretched far away, opening shadowy and undefined ahead, as if to lure us into some enchanted ocean, without shore or heaven, such as the old chroniclers assert the unwary mariners were often seduced into. So thick was this fog that we could not see a fathom before us; and the tall taper masts overhead were lost insensibly in its shadows. A black, palpable, awful gloom, had gathered around us, burying

us in its insatiate embrace, and hiding every thing to leeward from our sight. Hitherto, however, we had been stealing along the edge of this fog before a gentle breeze; but as soon as our helm was shifted we glided into the mist, and before five minutes could just see the stars flickering fainter and fainter to windward, until at length they seemed suddenly to go out. So utter then became the obscurity, that the look-out on the fore-castle could just be discerned looming large and dark ahead. We were meanwhile advancing further and still further into the fog, and yet we saw no signs of the strange vessel we had but lately heard. I began to fear lest he might eventually evade us, and before we were aware of it steal off to windward.

"Do you hear any thing, Irvine?" I asked, "the chap may yet slip through our fingers, and quietly edge up to windward. Captain Drew," I continued, as my superior came on deck, "there 's a strange sail in the fog here, somewhere to leeward, but it 's too dark to discern his position, and he is just as likely as not to creep around our quarter, get the weather gauge, and go off into the teeth of the wind."

"Where was he when detected?" said he, to my great relief assuming the direction. I explained.

"Keep her so, then, Taffrail—and let a good look-out be kept, the fellow shall not pass us so."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, taking my position on the starboard quarter, and leaning anxiously over the side, as I strained my eyes into the gloom.

The fog now grew, if possible, still more intense, settling down bodily on every side around us. The deck of the schooner, meanwhile, was buried in silence; even the creaking of the rudder seemed to die away; and the strain of the canvass in the breeze became every moment more noiseless, until at length the air fell so light that we seemed stealing on like a shadow across the deep. Even the ripples under the cutwater soon ceased, and in another moment we were lying motionless, with our mainsail swinging heavily about, and its peak fading away, like a whiff of pale white smoke, into the frowning arch overhead. It was evident that the breeze had failed us as soon as we entered the fog, and that we had been carried thus far into it only by the headway we had gained before.

"Where can we be?—do you hear any thing, Mr. Danforth?" ejaculated Captain Drew.

"It 's as still as the grave, sir."

For nearly an hour we continued lost in the obscurity. At times light puffs of wind would urge us on for a few moments, and when our hopes were beginning to rise, would as suddenly die away, or torment us by a baffling change. At intervals we fancied we heard sounds, or saw faint lights flickering far down in the gloom. But time soon proved them to be illusions. At length the fog to windward began slowly to undulate, and directly lifting from the waters, it hung a few degrees above the horizon, disclosing a long, greenish streak stretching along the sea-board in that quarter, which soon deepened into a brighter tint, and directly the moon, with her enormous disk, slid up above the outline of the waves, pouring a flood of glory on the sky, and shooting a train of silvery light along the billows, flickering and sparkling as it danced toward us. It was a fairy scene. The darkness around, the patch of clear sky above, the flashing path of the moonbeams on the sea, and the deep shadows of the billows down in their depths, added beauty and brilliancy to the sight, and made us pause for a moment in involuntary admiration.

"The strange sail is on the weather quarter!" suddenly sung out Irvine.

We turned; and sure enough away to windward, his tall pyramid of hamper in bold relief against the sky, a large, heavy merchantman was seen, with every rag of canvass set that could be made to draw, running upon a gentle breeze right into the eye of the wind. From his peculiar rig, and the fullness of his mould we at once decided him to be an Englishman. He had taken advantage of the occasional puffs of air, and for all we knew had aided them by towing, until he had succeeded in getting clear of the fog, had worked to windward, and now, with a breeze that tantalizingly kept aloof from us, was standing off at the rate of nearly three knots to 'an hour. We could see the wind about a half a mile astern, marking its boundary by a line of gentle ripples; but, as sometimes happens, coyly keeping aloof, and though often varying its position a quarter of a mile either way, never coming nigh enough to touch our sails. Nothing could be more provoking.

"Can we reach him with the long gun?" asked Captain Drew, as the gunner tumbled up the ladder, and rubbing his half-opened eyes, gave the stranger a professional squint.

"It would n't be a sure shot, I'm afraid, sir," said he, dubiously shaking his head, after he had measured the distance with his eye.

"Pipe away the boat's crews then!" shouted the captain, "we must tow the schooner into that breeze—all hands there—ready!"

In a few minutes the boats were launched, manned by their athletic crews, and directly were sweeping away, with our gallant craft behind them, at a rate which promised to bring us up to the enemy in little time. Meanwhile, as the moon rose higher above the horizon, the fog to leeward slowly curled up, thinned imperceptibly away, rolled to and fro a few moments, and then vanished altogether before the flood of glorious light. The fleecy vapors too sailed slowly down the firmament, and soon left the heavens as cloudless as an Eden sky. It was such a night as might have shone on Paradise before sin and misery had come upon the world. As I watched the boats ahead a train of sweet and peaceful memories came stealing over my mind. I was back by my father's house, the happy scenes of childhood, and the mirrored lake I loved to gaze upon at moonlight. How different was my situation now! Thousands of miles rolled between me and that happy home; the parents that once cherished me were no more; my inheritance had passed away into the hands of strangers; and I was an unknown orphan, penniless, and friendless, with no fortune but my own good sword. But my train of reflections, were cut short by the hoisting in of the boats, and the noisy duties of my station. We had now caught the breeze, and were beginning to urge slowly ahead. In an incredibly short space of time we were eating into the wind, with every rag of canvass spread and wet to the trucks.

The end of the next fifteen minutes was waited for in eager suspense, as it would develop the relative swiftness of the two vessels, and enable us to decide upon our chances of overtaking the chase. We found, however, that she was no contemptible rival. She seemed admirably manned; performed her evolutions with great rapidity; and managed several manœuvres in a way that might have shamed the service. At length, however, it became evident that we were slowly gaining on her; though at such a rate as would prolong the pursuit till long after daylight. Besides, if the breeze should freshen into a blow, she could carry sail enough to drop us in a few hours. However, we continued to gain upon her, in spite of her exertions, and before four bells in the morning watch were within long cannon shot, though almost dead to leeward. If we could cripple her by a well-sent ball, the pursuit would be at an end. The captain himself went forward as the gunner prepared to point his piece.

"A little too low, Mr. Hawser, is n't it?—you 'll hull her I fancy with that."

"Ay, sy, sir," said the gunner, stooping down again to squint along the gun, "but you forget the swell."

"Well, well," laughed the captain, "let him have it then—we are ~~losing~~ headway every instant."

"Here goes then," answered the old fellow, whirling his match around, and applying it to the touch-hole; and in an instant the flame leaped from the narrow mouth, the report cracked sharply upon the night air, and the white, sulphureous smoke sailed slowly down to leeward. We anxiously watched the path of the shot, but it whizzed harmlessly past the foe. The old fellow turned round in chagrin, kicked the powder boy out of his way to relieve himself, and then set about pointing his favorite piece with a deliberation that threatened no child's play. And he succeeded. The crash of the mizzen-top-sail marked the course of the ball. A third shot went plump upon the quarter, knocking a part of the wheel house to atoms.

"Huza!" shouted the old fellow, warming in his work, "pay it into 'em—where 's the powder horn, you monkey?—I 'll make that fellow at the wheel dodge quicker this time—what the deuce are you gaping for! when I 'm waiting for powder, you lubber,—take that," and cuffing the offender with one hand, he stooped, glanced at her sight again, and then let drive with his darling once more. The ball struck the quarter well aft, cutting its way transversely nearly the whole length of the ship. But at the same instant a flash darted from the stern-port of the chase, and before we could look up our huge mainsail came rattling to the deck.

"Shot away the halyards, by Jove!" ejaculated the captain, "the fellow has pluck any how—let the mainsail be slung again,—merrily there!"

"Look how he 's walking away from us, Danforth,—he 's got a six knot breeze there as I live," said Jack, as the chase bowed suddenly half way to the horizon, and then gallantly recovering himself, went off like a racer at the start. A sudden puff had struck him, and before long he was safe from our shot. For some time afterward the wind came in cat's-paws, now blowing gently, and now dying altogether away. Every one who has been in that latitude knows how provokingly uncertain at times is a breeze. To our utter chagrin, at last, it fell calm, leaving the chase a gainer by several miles. She could now be seen, lying in a liquid flood of moonlight, rising and falling lazily upon the swell, her white sails scarcely moving from the mast, and flashing in the distance, like a sea-gull's

snowy wing. All at once Captain Drew, who had been scrutinizing her through his glass, exclaimed,

"There's something the matter on board there, the men have almost all left her decks,—and even those aloft repairing are coming down—what can it be, Mr. Jones?"

"I can't make out, sir—the crew perhaps has mutinied, they are running wildly hither and thither—no, my God, *the ship's on fire!*" he ejaculated, as a cloud of thick, black smoke suddenly puffed up her fore-hatchway, followed by a long, vivid stream of fire, that shot up brightly into the midnight sky. We saw at once that the flames must have been raging some time in the hold, and that they had attained an intensity which would defy every effort to subdue them. It was a fearful sight. The eager element shot along the rigging, ran swiftly up the foremast, and wrapping the hamper in a sheet of fire, streamed almost perpendicularly upward a fathom or two above the track. There was no breeze; but the undulations of the atmosphere, swept the dense smoke to one side, forming, as it were, a gloomy curtain against which the lurid flames shone in terrible relief. Every object on board could now be distinctly seen, and we noticed that all at once the whole crew rushed aft. A signal of distress the next instant, was shewn on the quarter. All this had passed in a moment.

"Lower away the boats—pipe their crews there, boatswain! quick, sir, or the poor wretches will be lost," thundered the captain.

The men hurried to their stations, fired with a sympathy equal to his own.

"Mr. Danforth," he said, "I shall give you the command of the leading boat, spare no effort to reach them in time,—but," he continued, in a whisper, "mind the magazine!"

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, touching my hat, and leaping into the stern sheets continued, "push off there forward,—and now give way with a will, boys,—*pull!*"

There is something noble in the character of a sailor, wherever he is found. It has a frankness, a generosity, a daring courage which excites our admiration, and wins his way to the heart. To their honor I can say that this is peculiar to no one nation more than to another. A sailor is in most respects a citizen of the world. No matter what land has given him birth, his sympathy is aroused at once by the call for help. He makes no distinction between friend and foe. To implore his aid is to command his services. Nor did this truth fail on the present occasion. Nothing could rival the ardor of our men. They bent to their oars with the thews of giants, curling the waters in foam beneath our bows, and sending the boats along as if they had been pleasure skiffs.

But swift as was our progress that of the destroying element was still more so. The fire had spread with such frightful rapidity as to wrap the whole fore-part of the ship in flames, and threaten to consume her before we could arrive. Since it had found vent it had raged with redoubled fury, until now the shrouds, the foremast, the bowsprit, the yards, every thing was sheeted with fire, which, whirling round and round ascended spirally to the mast-head, shooting its forked tongues out on every hand, and streaming like a meteor away up into the calm, blue sky. Meanwhile the flames had broken out from the after hatch, and catching at once to the ratlines, leaped from rope to rope, ran wildly up the rigging, spread almost instantly to the huge lower sails, hissing, flashing, and roaring as they went, until at length the whole ship seemed a mass of lurid fire, and nothing was left untouched but the narrow quarter deck, on which the now despairing crew had gathered in crowds, some eagerly endeavoring to lower the only boat that had escaped the flames, some frantically crying out for mercy, some cursing and blaspheming awfully in their agony, and some stretching out their hands imploringly for help.

"Give way, my men, give way—will you see them miserably burned to death before your eyes?" I shouted, rising in the boat and waving my hat to the sufferers, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the imminency of our own danger in case of an explosion. The poor wretches on the quarter of the burning ship answered back with a hysteric shout. Our gallant tars started, like mettled hounds at the cry, and with a few vigorous strokes we dashed up to the quarter.

"Keep her off there," I shouted, seeing that we should be swamped by the eagerness of the sufferers to escape, "keep her off—jump overboard, and we'll pick you up," I continued, as we fell off from her quarter again; and in less than three minutes the deck was bare, and our boats full of the rescued crew.

"Mr. Danforth," at this moment, shouted Jack, from the other boat ahead, "there's a lady and her father, they say here,—still on board, for heaven's sake let us try to save them."

For one moment as I remembered my orders, and the extremity of our danger I paused; but when I reflected that by departing, we should abandon two human beings to a horrid death, I hesitated no longer. Hastily learning from the mate of the vessel that they were

their only passengers, and having taken refuge in the hold during the late conflict, had since been forgotten,—and not feeling warranted in ordering any one on so dangerous a service, I gave the boat in charge to Irvine, who had luckily smuggled himself on board, sternly bid one or two of my crew who attempted to follow to keep their stations, mounted her side by a rope that hung over the quarter, rapidly traversed the deck in the midst of a tremendous heat, and darted down the companion way, leaving the flames roaring not five feet from its entrance.

The cabin was a large one, and fitted up with extraordinary taste. The decorations were even luxurious, and such as I had at that time rarely seen in merchantmen. The state rooms were of mahogany, inlaid with a still darker wood, which I knew not the name of, and finished off with the greatest elegance. Curtains, apparently of damask hung around, and the show of silver and cut glass by the companion way was even brilliant. The cabin was, however, still as death. A lady's glove lay on an Ottoman, and beside it was an open book; but no other traces of a human being were discernible around. Where could the owner of that small, delicate French glove be? Was she already a victim to the frightful element!—had the mate deceived himself in supposing she had been removed from the hold?—was there no hope, if she still lived, of reaching her in time to save her from a horrid death? All these questions flashed rapidly across my mind, and my heart sickened as I owned I could not answer them. The danger, meanwhile, grew more and more imminent. I was standing, as it were, above a mine that had been sprung; for should the flames reach the magazine inevitable destruction must ensue. Nor could that catastrophe be much longer postponed. The devouring element had already gained possession of all around, and even now might be eating its way ravenously toward it. Besides if I paused a moment longer the fire would reach the companion way, and all hope of escape from the cabin be cut off. Had it been only my own life that was endangered, I would not have hesitated in perilling it to the utmost, but when I remembered that a dozen gallant fellows of my crew, as well as a score of others from the rescued sufferers, would be involved in my own fate, I could not doubt as to my duty. These reflections, however, had not occupied more than the instant in which I had been throwing open successively the doors of the various state rooms. Alas! all were empty. With a heavy heart I was about to mount the companion way, when I noticed that a massy curtain at the farther end seemed to divide off a smaller cabin aft of the one I was in. Without a moment's delay I rushed toward it, hastily lifted it aside, and there beheld a sight I shall never forget.

This after cabin was much smaller, but far more luxurious than the other. It was adorned with every thing that taste could suggest, or wealth afford. Ottomans ran completely around it, forming a kind of divan. At one side was a harp, and beside it some music was scattered on the floor. But after the first hasty survey, I saw nothing but a group of two beings before me. One of them was a gray haired man, apparently about sixty-five, dressed in the gentlemanly costume of a former day. He was bending wildly over the almost inanimate form of a fair girl, reclining on the cushions. Never had I seen a being who looked more beautiful than that pale, half-fainting creature, seemed at that moment. One arm supported her on the divan, and the other was thrown around her father's neck, the blue veins just discernible as they stole along beneath the ivory skin. Her head rested on the bosom of her parent, and the hair, loose and unbound, streamed in dark, glossy ringlets over her snowy shoulders. At the noise made by my entrance she started, raised her head, and I could see through the tears that glistened on her lashes one of the sweetest hazel eyes I had ever looked upon. A quick flush shot over her face, crimsoning it like a rose-leaf, as she beheld a stranger; and half starting to her feet, she essayed a moment to speak, and then stood with half opened lips, gazing almost wildly upon me.

"For God's sake fly," I cried, "the ship is on fire in every part,—we can barely escape by the companion way—in another instant she will blow up—why hesitate? For heaven's sake come."

"Oh! sir, God bless you for this kindness—there is then hope," exclaimed the old man,—“but Isabel has fainted,” he continued—“go, fly, I will die with her,” he added, in a voice of agony, vainly essaying to raise in his enfeebled arms, the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter. I looked into her face. The transition from calm despair to hope had been too great, and she had indeed fainted. It was no time to hesitate. Hastily raising the beautiful stranger in my arms, I called upon the old man to follow, dashed into the front cabin, hurried up the companion way, and to my utter horror, found the flames had just crossed the entrance. For but a second I paused. Death was behind, destruction perhaps before. Laying my hand upon the old man's shoulder I urged him ahead, hurriedly threw the shawl of the fair girl around her face and form, made a bold, desperate push for life, and in another instant, amid the cheers of my men, had gained the quarter deck. The boat shot

to the side, a dozen arms were extended to receive my burden, I carefully gave it in charge to the nearest, almost slung the old man after, and springing with a bound into the stern sheets, waved my arm, and shouted,

"Shove off—board—give way—and if ever you pulled before, pull now, for your lives, my men!"

I was obeyed. With one soul they bent their brawny arms to the task, and while the ash almost snapped beneath them, made the boat whirl from the quarter, and then sent her with the velocity of a sea-gull over the deep. Not a word was spoken. The old man sat beside me in the bewilderment of gratitude, astonishment, and only half dissipated fright,—while the form of his still inanimate child was extended unaided, for the moment, by his side. It was indeed no time for delay. Every man knew we were pulling for life or death. The other boat was nearly a mile ahead, skimming swiftly along from the devoted ship. Far off on the moonlit horizon lay the schooner, with all her exquisite tracery reflected in the wave beneath, and seeming with her thin, taper, raking masts, like some aerial vessel floating half way between sea and sky. Down to the right was the burning ship, presenting a vast body of lurid fire, that roared along her sides, streamed out her ports, eddied spirally up the masts, and leaped in huge masses straight out into the sky. Now and then, as her guns became heated, they went off with a roar like thunder. Meantime, the dense smoke, gathering in a thick cloud above, hung like a pall over the consuming ship. For some instants the flames appeared to die in part away; but all at once a stream of intense fire, that almost blinded the eyes, leaped perpendicularly upward from her decks; the horizon, for miles around was illuminated with a light more vivid than that of the brightest noonday; a part of the foremast, lifted bodily out, shot like an arrow—almost a cable-length on high; a concussion ensued that made the boat shiver like a reed, and rock a moment frightfully about; and then a stunning roar followed, shaking the firmament to its centre, and sounding as if a thousand broadsides had been discharged at once. For a moment as the burning fragments sailed aloft, falling on every hand about, while the boat rolled wildly to and fro upon the agitated swell, we held our breaths in momentary expectation of death, and I involuntarily ejaculated,

"The Lord have mercy on us all!"

"Amen!" said the rescued father at my side.

But we were again almost miraculously preserved. The offing we had gained, though not sufficient to ensure safety, proved great enough to relieve us from inevitable destruction. Had any of the falling timbers, however, struck us, we should have all gone down together. As it was, it was one of the narrowest escapes I ever made, and when I gave the command to the crew to give way again—for at that terrible explosion they had as one man paused—a gush of thankfulness and devotion went up from my heart to the great author of my being, who had thus preserved a second time my life. A sensation swept through my bosom which no language can express. Those only who, like me, have been saved from almost certain death, can understand my feelings. It was a moment of thanksgiving to all.

The deafening uproar, however, recalled the senses of the fair girl at my side. But I will not describe her gratitude, and that of her parent to myself, whom they persisted in considering the preserver of their lives. Suffice it to say we were soon on board, the captain delicately resigned his own cabin to the strangers, and I then had leisure to learn some particulars concerning their history. They were easily told. Mr. Thornton, the father of Isabel, was a wealthy West Indian, and was just returning from Great Britain, with his daughter, who had been there for several years obtaining her education. Before the Letter of Marque sailed, she had been fitted up by Mr. Thornton, in a style bordering on eastern luxury, with furniture intended principally for his mansion-house in Jamaica. But at this moment a message arrived soliciting my presence with Mr. Thornton. As I entered the cabin he frankly extended his hand, and presented me to his now blushing daughter,—for what woman, be she who she may, can stand unembarrassed in the presence of one to whom she fancies she owes her life? I have had many moments of pleasure, but I never felt as I then felt, when Isabel Thornton, extending her delicate hand to me, with her sweetest smile uttered her thanks. Sailors are proverbially frank, and there is nothing like companionship in danger to break down the formalities of society.

"You are scarcely a sailor's sister, Miss Thornton," said I, "or you would not pour out thanks for what is a matter of duty."

"Mr. Danforth," said a musical voice, while the owner colored again,—as if I had said any thing to cause it!—"we must not let your modesty blind us to your noble exertions—had it not been for your daring and courage, we had not been here now."

"But how," said I, to change the subject, "did it happen, my dear Miss Thornton, that you were in the cabin, when the rest had escaped?"

"In the general alarm we were forgotten, for we had been hurried to the hold during the conflict, and when the fire broke out were overlooked. We found our own way back, but only when the whole ship was in flames. We had but just reached the cabin through a forward door below, and believing the ship destroyed, had despaired of all escape, when you—you—appeared."

"I had forgot till this moment we were foes," said I gaily, determined to avoid the coming thanks.

"And we are your prisoners too," archly said the smiling girl, as she held her father's and my hand between her own.

Many a sweet night afterward, did I stand with Isabel leaning on my arm, wrapt in the sunny dreams of youth, as we gazed together out upon the moonlight sea. But sailors, however romantic in fact, are little given to expressing it to others. Perhaps it was that Isabel had few rivals, perhaps it was that I felt a deeper interest in her from the manner in which we first met, and perhaps it was that the heart of a young midshipman is of all hearts the most susceptible; but so it was before a fortnight had elapsed I never came on deck without looking to see if Isabel was there, and if the sea was at all rough I was the first one to offer her my arm, or to hand her to a seat. I thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night. Nor did she shrink from my attentions. Her father either did not notice this bye-play, or was wholly careless of its tendency. And so passed another fortnight, diversified only with one or two prizes, which we blew up after removing whatever was valuable.

Philadelphia, October, 1832.

A LAY OF AUTUMN.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

I HEAR in the north-breeze now drearily calling,
The sad-swelling song of advancing decay,
And I see by the leaves that around me are falling,
That the glory of Summer is passing away—
That glory once dear to the lingering vision,
When a vestment of verdure encircled the land,
Though its coming was welcom'd with raptures elysian,
With a feeling of sadness in parting is scan'n'd.

The sheen of its trees, and the gush of its fountains—
The hymns of its birds that kept vocal the sky—
The scent-laden breath of its valleys and mountains,
Grow dull to the hearing, and dim to the eye.
Oh! bright are thy visits, sweet season of blossoms!
But brief as a dream is thy beautiful stay,
And the welcoming throbs of our care-lighten'd bosoms,
Scarce greet thy return ere they know thy decay.

The sharp-piercing tempest has pierc'd to the flower,
And drooping it falls in its frost-cover'd grave,
And no longer the garden or leaf-shaded bower,
Are rife with the hues and the odours it gave.

A varying mantle o'er Nature descending,
 Displaces the ivy-green robe that she wore,
 And, like Beauty in death on the dying attending,
 Looks languidly bright ere the struggle is o'er.

Away to the South on their sun-gleaming pinions,
 The hurrying flocks of the wilderness swarm,
 And the wind-girdled clouds, through their azure dominions,
 Go forth from the north to unbosom the storm.
 In the leaf-cover'd wild-wood the quick squirrel leaping,
 Holds revelling feasts by the nut-growing tree;
 And home from their withering pasturage sweeping,
 The herds of the meadow no longer are free.

There's a chill on the waves in their cold-gleaming motion—
 In the far-looming distance a mellowing haze;
 And there seems, from the hills to the shore-fretting ocean,
 A perishing beauty wherever I gaze.
 As the oaks of the valley, now leafless before me,
 Are the friends of my childhood o'erwearied and worn;
 And the memory of spirits departed comes o'er me,
 Like the shade of yon cloud as it sails to its bourne.

The days that were bright with their dream-giving glory,
 Like the rainbows have vanish'd that gild'd the lawn;
 And the forms of the youthful, the manly, and hoary,
 With the summering birds and the blossoms have gone;
 And this season of death, with each cherish'd remembrance,
 Recalls the enchanting illusions of yore,
 While Memory dejected sighs o'er the resemblance,
 Through tears that the light of her glance would obscure.

The faded and perish'd are mournfully blending—
 The trees in their dreariness seem to complain,
 And the blight and the splendour of Autumn are lending,
 A sadness that burdens the loitering strain.
 The mists on the mountains are coldly congealing—
 The grass of the valley is dwindling away,
 While Fancy entwined the wild-wreath of Feeling,
 With the lingering hues of alluring decay.

Soon Winter shall silence the soft-singing waters—
 The flow of the fountain—the fall of the rain—
 But the song and the dance of earth's loveliest daughters,
 Shall lighten the weight of its wearisome reign;
 And the pleasures of home, in their gladness swelling,
 Shall kindle the heart with their spiriting cheer,
 With the funeral feelings of Autumn dispelling,
 The desolate pageant that sadden'd the year.

AN ESSAY ON MUSIC, AND ITS EFFECTS UPON SOCIETY.

BY CHAUNCEY P. HOLCOMB, ESQ.

THE early history of music is so intimately connected with mythology, that were we to attempt to give an account of it, we might, perhaps, be permitted to enter at once the realms of fiction, and to draw thence not only the data for our subject, but the imagery for its illustration. There has never been fabled or sung of any of the sister arts, so much to create wonder, excite the imagination, or tax to the same extent our credulity. It is an old fiction too. The world itself was young when the god Apollo is supposed to have commenced his reign; when the lute of Orpheus is fabled to have charmed the stones; nor was it much older, when the veritable account is furnished to us of the Grecian Arian, who being about to be cast into the sea by his mutinous crew, asked permission to play a tune upon his harp, by which he so charmed a Dolphin, that the fish approached the ship, received the noble minstrel on his back, and bore him safely across the ocean to his home at Ténarus.

But tempting as this classic ground is, we shall not be allowed in the short view we are permitted to take of the subject, to enter upon it—and equally beyond our reach, will be even a recital of more modern, but scarce less marvellous accounts of the history of music—of its power by its incantations to exorcise the foul fiend,—restore the raving maniac to his senses, to guard female chastity, or by its medicinal qualities to render harmless the poisonous bite of the asp. Still, prejudices, so mellowed by long ages of time, and traditions so hallowed by the classic forms in which they come to us—prove at least sufficient to disarm ridicule of its weapon, and even to challenge a degree of respect, in proving their own identity; and this, however, apocryphal we may be disposed to regard the facts they profess to record.

But all mythological and fabulous accounts aside, music is probably as old as language itself. If there is no evidence that it was familiar to the first man, comparatively few had lived, when Jubal is spoken of as “the father of those who handled the harp.” The first idea of vocal music is supposed to have been derived from the birds,

“Then with their liquid lays the birds began,
To teach the art to imitative man;
Long ere with polished notes he cheer'd the plains,
Or pour'd his extacies in measured strains.”

Its acquisition, to a certain extent, is more natural and easy to us than any thing we learn after the language in which we give expression to our ideas. It exists, and has ever existed, in some form, among all the nations of the earth. Among the Hebrews, music was extensively practised. Their religious rites and ceremonies, as appears from the Old Testament, were more or less connected with it.

King David himself was a good musician—a profest master of the harp; and Solomon was such an admirer and patron of the art, that he not only composed songs, but he is said to have gathered together upwards of twenty-four thousand musicians on the occasion of the consecration of his temple.

Among the Greeks too, who borrowed their music from the Egyptians, it seems to have connected itself, in some way, with every other pursuit, and to have been used on all occasions of interest, whether public or private; on all gala days, at festivals and triumphal entries; to honor the living and to mourn the dead. Their poets at one period delivered their most considerable works in song, and it was even a medium, at this time, of teaching both the literature and the laws of Greece. It was used alike to inspire the orator at the forum, and to animate the soldier at the moment of entering combat; and history records that Solon rallied the Athenians to a renewal of a war, by the effects produced in singing one of his own poems; and it is well known that at an early period the professors of the art, ranked next in dignity to the sovereign himself.

Still it is supposed that the art, notwithstanding the effects that have been attributed to it, existed in a much less perfect state among any of these ancient nations, than it does at present. Its improvement has undoubtedly been regularly progressive, from the time Mercury is said to have invented the first instrument, the three stringed lyre—(from the idea conceived, from the sound issuing from a tortoise shell, that retained its ligaments, which dried in the sun, and against which Mercury happened to strike his foot, as he walked on the banks of the Nile; the sounds occasioned by the vibrations, giving him the idea of using the sinews of animals fastened to a piece of wood, which was called the lyre,) from this, the first instrument, to the invention of the flute by the Egyptian Legislator Odis, down to our own times, when human ingenuity has left, perhaps, little to be discovered in the way of new inventions—and human science and study, as little to be added toward the perfection of the art itself. It does not even appear that the Hebrews or Egyptians used, or had musical characters; and even the Greeks used only the letters of the alphabet, and seem to have been, in a great measure, directed as to the tune, or music, by the rhythm or poetry. In addition to this practical argument, derived from the experience of mankind from all antiquity, it will be found that great men and philosophers in all ages, have added the weight of their authority, and have directly recommended music as being adapted to society, and calculated to contribute to the happiness of man.

Milton in his prose writings, in speaking of music, says, "if wise men and prophets are not out, music has a great power over the dispositions, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passion." And Montesquieu, in his *Spirit of Laws*, in speaking of music, affirms that it is in no way, not even when indulged in to excess, calculated to injure the mind or corrupt the heart.

But we have, above all, the authority and example of our Saviour himself; for we are told that, "when he and his disciples had sung a hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives."

Among the beautiful theories that have prevailed in reference to music, is that of the music of the spheres, which, as explained by some of the ancient philosophers, is to the effect, "that the muses constitute the soul of the planets," and that music is produced by the motion of the spheres in their several orbits; and even the great Newton has himself asserted in support of this doctrine, that the principles of harmony pervade the universe. In the book of Job the expression occurs, "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Nothing, certainly, can exceed the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of this idea of the music of the spheres; and this, whether we regard it as an astronomical fact, or as belonging rather to the creation of poetry, than the truths of inductive philosophy; a theory by which it is asserted, that the whole planetary system in its order and motion, all the stars in the firmament, are daily joining in full choir, and filling the heavens with harmony in praise of the great Creator.

"This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns; I hear it now above me."

Equally beautiful is the idea the ancients entertained of the *Æolian Harp*, viz: "that it was the strain of invisible beings from above, descending in the stillness of night, to commune with men in a heavenly language of soul, intelligible to both."

Music, is perhaps, more even than words, the language of nature, for not only are the feelings and passions of men, and every degree and variety of feeling and passion thus expressed; since the emotions are said to be most easily affected through sound—but its universality as a medium of expression, extends also to the whole feathered tribe, who tell

in the warbled song the stories of their loves; while certain quadrupeds, particularly the war-horse, and the elephant, and even some insects are said to be sensible to its impression.

From the least, then, the veriest insect that chirps and hums to call a mate, or woo a bride, to the beautiful and varied minstrelsy of all the different tribes of birds that occupy the groves and the green spots upon earth, having a common expression—but with every variety of modulation and cadence, up to the voice of man, and ascending still higher, to the voice of angels, and spreading out thence and embracing all the stars in the firmament—for we are told,

“That not an orb but in its motion sings,
Still choiring to the blue-eyed cherubim,”

All, all, seem endowed with power to praise Him with the melody of song.

That an art then, which if nature herself in her order and harmony, be not, in some measure, founded upon it, at least finds a sympathy in every human bosom, while nature's minor creatures are instinct with it—that this almost additional sense should be capable of being made the source of great pleasure, and even of calling into exercise the higher virtues, none who will examine the principles on which it is founded, or on which we ourselves are formed, can have reason for a moment to doubt.

One of its uses has ever been, to praise the Deity, to whom music is supposed to be acceptable; and it seems to be, indeed, directly recommended by revelation itself—and even in countries that have never shared the lights of revelation, the same practice prevails.

The Chinese have a custom on certain festivals, in which the whole population issue forth with their gongs, just as the sun is sinking in the west, to testify their gratitude to the Deity.

Can there in fact, be any thing conceived, better calculated to soften the heart, and to lift our thoughts to the great author of our being, when assembled in his holy temple to worship him, than to join with warmth and spirit in the sacred song of praise! This application of music, is an argument in its favor, that cannot be used with the same effect in the instance of any of the sister arts. And what an argument it is! for from religion, be it recollected, are derived present enjoyments and benefits, as well as future rewards. The statesman and political economist can point to its advantages, as well as the holy minister of the gospel.

If the praise of song then, be equally acceptable with the offering of prayer, should not the art of music be as universally taught as the language of prayer! The influence it is capable of exerting, when forming a part of religious exercises, and the whole congregation joining in it, even among a people so little musical as our own, may be observed from the success of the Methodist Church in the United States, many of its best men having repeatedly borne their testimony to the influence of music in advancing the cause of their religion.

With regard to the influence which it may be supposed to exert upon national character—and may it not be asserted, that the art of music is calculated, with us, at this time, if properly cultivated, to *improve the state of society, to inculcate patriotism, as well as virtue, and generally, to advance us in refinement and civilization?*

This is certainly claiming a great deal for the influence and effect of music; and in ascertaining whether this claim can be maintained—it may not, perhaps, be inappropriate, to glance for a single moment, at the state of society, upon which it is supposed this art may operate such important results.

Though our nation, as a nation, is scarcely more than half a century old, yet if judged by those acquisitions, which are generally regarded as constituting a nation's greatness, and as fixing the rank she is entitled to take, she already stands prominent among the first. The wonderful activity of the American mind—the wonderful energies of the American character, as they are developed, through their action on the vast resources of the country, assisted by the application of modern inventions and the new agencies of mechanics; resources so calculated to stimulate, and at the same time to reward enterprise, that these should be operative in producing greater results, is but the natural effect following from such causes; and this applies to the whole business of life, though, perhaps, in different degrees; to agriculture, commerce, the mechanic arts, and in short to any and every thing, to which the attention of the American people has been particularly directed. Sufficient, at least, has transpired to convince all, of the ability of the American people to make their nation a great nation, so far as the acquisition of wealth and political power can constitute it such. But

while the experiment of the republic has unfolded these results, it has also become apparent, that the perpetuity and well being of all that is good and valuable, must depend upon the *moral and intellectual* state of our society—upon the intelligence of the people—their purity—their refinement—and their advancement in civilization.

It may be asserted that the coteremporaneous, and almost *universal* opinion, of the best informed statesmen among us is, that we are to look to the institutions of religion, to our system of common schools, and to such *other* institutions and arts, and sciences, as are calculated to create this wholesome moral tone—to produce this refinement—to disseminate this intelligence, so necessary to the stability, if not to the very *existence* of our political institutions. Surely then, into this scheme, and with a view to these results, something must, and does enter, beyond a mere knowledge of letters; and perhaps, indeed, something beyond any, and all of the elements of our society as at present existing, and now operative among us. For if the danger to be apprehended may arise from ignorance, it may equally arise from corruption, or from rashness and violence, a contempt for order and law, when unrestrained by a moral sense—a sense of self-respect, or the opinion of society.

And now what, let me ask, like the *general introduction of the arts—the fine arts* among the American people, at this day, would be calculated to come in aid of the other causes in operation, to perfect their character, to add to the security and increase the glory of the republic!

It was these same arts—these “immortal arts,”—that conferred glory on other nations, and are, alas! the few shattered fragments, all that remain to testify their former splendor and greatness. We have indeed their histories—their histories of campaigns and battles, but we turn from the bloody page to contemplate their arts—to refresh ourselves with their poetry—to behold the stately edifices designed by the genius of their architects. We visit their shores, not to see where their Cæsars fought, but where stand the statues that swelled into form, and glowed into life, under the chisel of a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, and which have long since been far more memorable in themselves, though the works of these single individuals, than the national events they were designed to commemorate—though those events may have cost the lives of a million of souls. What better than such a fact, indeed, shows the triumph of the arts, not only over time, but over the most stirring scenes and incidents in which the busy actors on the stage of life can engage. Those scenes and the memory of them may pass away; the page of history that told their story shall moulder, but the pyramids and the colossal statue yet stand—“stand looking down upon an hundred centuries.” The time honored canvass too, still reflects, even though dimly, its forms and colors—while tradition, that chronicler of all times, will not permit the song of the bard to be forgotten. Yes, the fine arts, are indeed *immortal*!

But of all the fine arts, music with us, at this time, should be the favorite. It is less expensive—is more readily introduced than any of the sister arts—and best adapted in every way to our condition. What like music is calculated to smooth down the rough nature of man, calm the turbulent spirit, and bring all within the influence of those social and moral feelings, which secure them at once, as good citizens, good patriots, and good men.

The violence and outbreaks that we so often have to deplore, and especially the minor evils to society, of brawls and disturbances of order and the public peace, often arise, it is believed, from the absence of those pastimes and amusements, that in other countries occupy so harmlessly the attention of the people during periods of relaxation, and on all festive and holy-day occasions.

Lord Kaimes expresses himself on this subject thus—“such a taste (speaking of a taste for the fine arts,) cannot fail to embellish manners and sweeten society. Groveling pleasures are never preferred. They are made welcome by those who know no better: By following the dictates of improved nature we shall always experience the most rational gratification.”

But when our population assemble on the few holy-days we have—fewer in number than those of any other people—what constitute the amusements and the exercises of the company? What beyond, too often, with the male portion, at least, but mere libations to Bacchus; the noisy carouse, the whole to end, perhaps, in a practical specimen of the “noble art of self-defence,” in which the legitimacy of our paternity in a direct descending line from John Bull, is likely to be fully sustained; the removes of two or three degrees having in no way abated the bull dog propensity to tear each other. It should be observed, however, that this latter remark applies with more force to the past, than to the present state of our society.

The games and athletic exercises, such as wrestling, jumping, throwing the bar and the like—these even seem to be much less common than they formerly were; harmless as they are, and calculated as they are, to develope the strength, and give skill and activity in the use

of the limbs. Might not music, and the dance which it would be calculated to promote and enliven, be used often as a substitute, and as always furnishing a wholesome exercise, an agreeable pastime, a gentle and pleasant amusement?

A musical people it will ever be found are a happy people, and certainly possess a degree of refinement in possessing this one art. The cruelty and barbarity of the Cynthians, which were so great that they grow into proverb, are accounted for by the historian, in the fact that those people had no music, and the contrast between them and their Arcadian neighbors, who were a musical, happy, and refined people, is in this way explained.

A late traveller in Spain, describes the people as living under a bad government; as being equally oppressed by the exactions of the church and the state; their country poor and sterile, (the part he is describing) and mendicants every where thronging the highways, and asking "alms for God's sake." But no sooner does night set in, and a group of these peasants gather together, than you at once hear the click of their castanets, and the notes of their guitars. A Spanish dance is commenced, and they soon forget alike their oppression and their poverty, and seem to find, in present enjoyment, their music, the song and the dance, a solace for past misfortunes, and a brighter hope to gild the future.

So again, I quote the very words of another traveller. He is speaking of the Andalusians. "After a day's labor, instead of resorting to the shops or the jugs for refreshment and relaxation, he tunes his guitar and exercises his voice. Night comes on, and the song begins. He and his companions in toil form a circle. Each of the assembly always sings a couplet to the same air.

Sometimes they *improvisa*, and if there be one among them who can sing a romance, he is listened to with religious silence."

"Song was his favorite and first pursuit,
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute;
His infant muse tho' artless was not mute."

But music, we have asserted, is calculated to call into exercise the higher virtues, and among them that of *patriotism*. During the war of our own revolution, it is well known that minstrelsy joined with eloquence in quickening and rousing the spirits of the patriots of those days to a resistance of tyranny. Her bards were often identical with her statesmen. "War and Washington," "Yankee Doodle," and many other national ballads, were in the mouth of every one, and might be heard in every town, bar-room, cabin, and military encampment in the country; and no doubt the inspiration derived from this source, contributed to foster and animate that spirit which finally triumphed and secured the victory.

I cannot but here advert to a circumstance, which if generally known, may not be recollected by all, viz: that Scotia's Poet, the Poet of Nature, Robert Burns, was near being ranked among our bards of that day. He had designed, as it appears, coming to this country about the commencement of the war, but some circumstances intervening prevented. How would the muse of Burns have caught inspiration, and reveled in the themes which the events of those days presented! How would his homely verse have found its way to the honest hearts of the brave men who were engaged in that cause!

Some one has said that Dibdin deserves the credit of having made the English Navy. That his songs and ballads which he was retained by the English Government, at a high salary to write, contributed to the glory of the English Navy, and assisted "Britania to rule the wave," there is no reason to doubt. "Give me," said a wise man, "the making of the songs of a people, and I care not who forms their laws." And it has often been remarked that the character of a people might be better known from their songs and poetry, than from even their histories. But what is the verse without the music! The sound here, could alone, fairly prove "an echo to the sense."

It has been asserted, perhaps with some appearance of truth, that the Americans have less love of country—(I mean of locality and place) merely because it is their country—their native soil—than the people of any other country, who have so much cause to love and cherish their father-land. The comparative newness of the country, and the somewhat migratory habits of our population, may account for this in part; but may it not be, that if the scenes of youth, from the character of our sports and pastimes, or from any other cause, were more strongly, as well as more agreeably impressed upon our memories—if with our youthful days were connected, interesting incidents and events, strong and tender associations

—if each familiar haunt had its legend—each tristing tree its song or story—that the heart would be held to the soil, to the “family hearth”—to the “father’s plantation—the mill and the place where the cataract stood,” with a more binding and indissoluble tie than at present attaches it.

A writer in speaking of one of the national airs of Switzerland, called the *Ranz des Vaches*, and which is played on a sort of bag-pipe, says: “The Swiss are so intoxicated with this tune, that when abroad in foreign service, if they hear it, they burst into tears, and sometimes fall sick, and even die of a passionate desire to visit their native country, for which reason, in some armies, where they serve, the playing of it is prohibited. This tune, the attendant of their early youth, recalls to their memory those days of liberty and peace, those nights of festivity, those tender passions which formerly endeared them to their country, and awaken in them such regret when they compare their former happiness with the scenes they are engaged in, and the servitude they are obliged to undergo, as to entirely overpower them.”

In the beautiful story of “The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish,” the scenes of which are laid on our own shores, an almost infant girl is said to have been stolen from her parents, by the Indians, and when regained, which was not until she had grown up to womanhood, she could not be made to recognise either her early home, or any of her nearest kindred. In vain she was addressed in the accents of maternal love—in vain conducted to the scenes of her early youth, and shown the toys and playthings familiar to her infancy—the eye still wandered listlessly—the chain was broken, and no effort of memory seemed likely to connect its links. As a last resort, her sister commenced singing an old song—some little ditty that had been the lullaby of their infancy. She is attracted, listens, as if spell bound, becomes agitated—tears come to her relief, the light by degrees breaks in upon her—she pronounces the name of “mother,” and rushes to a mother’s embrace. This it may be said is a fiction. But may it not, though, be well founded in nature—be true in nature—may it not be what would have been a narrative of the heart, under such circumstances, whether it describes real events in the particular case or not. For what will survive the memory of an old song? How will the scenes, the looks, the very accents of those so loved, as we hear the once familiar strain—how will that

“Memory bring back the feeling, spite of all our thoughts revealing,
That we love them, fondly, dearly, love them still.”

How softened, subdued, and melted, becomes the heart—and how grateful, we may add, to the bosom of sensibility, are the waters that flow from the chrysal fountain thus opened?

It has sometimes been asserted that the cultivation of the fine arts, and particularly music, tends to produce effeminacy of character. If by this is meant a certain degree of refinement—and that it tends to create a distate for fierce and bloody scenes of contest, to induce a preference for gentle and intellectual pleasures, over mere physical pursuits and animal gratifications, I answer yes—this is the very natural effect of it. But as corruption is said to “win not more than honesty,” so I could never see why rudeness should win more than courtesy, or roughness more than gentleness.

It is a mistake, I apprehend, to suppose that resolution, firmness, and true courage, must necessarily exist only in the bosom of a savage. Was it not those very Greeks whose arts we so much admire, who fought at Thermopylæ and Chæronea? It is the warm and feeling heart that ever lends the ready and strong arm to strike, so the cause be good.

“Go seek the foremost ranks in danger’s dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there, has wip’d away a tear.”

But it may be said again, that the effect of the cultivation of music would be to draw off attention from pursuits more utilitarian in themselves, and which, therefore, should not be interfered with. But men cannot work always; and even suppose in the absence of all agreeable amusements and pastimes, that still more attention would be devoted to the pursuits of business and the accumulation of wealth. Is it to be desired by the merest political economist, that the energies and passions of the American people, should be pushed still further in this direction? There may be excess even in the pursuit of a laudable object.

Already is the emulation among us to acquire wealth so excited, that all the thoughts, feelings and sympathies of men seem to be in danger of being swallowed up in it. A late member of the British Parliament, who visited our country, says, that if at any time you see two Americans in the street together, it would be safe to take an even bet that the conversation was about making money. The satire is not altogether undeserved either; for it must be conceded that this subject occupies a large space in the thoughts of the American people, and that the pursuit of wealth is often followed in the veriest spirit of the wildest adventure. Risks are taken, losses sustained, and sometimes fortunes acquired; and all conducted with as much recklessness as though the turn of the wheel of the fickle goddess was to decide all; a course certainly opposed to every thing like that system, certainty, and even tenor of things so necessary, not only to the happiness of these very votaries themselves, but certainly to be desired by society, if not necessary to the very stability and wholesome action of the institutions of the country. But when we consider that nearly all the energies, the mind, the talent, the *enthusiasm* of the country have taken this direction, and that there is so much in the pursuit likely to excite ardor, so much in the result to gratify cupidity, it is not, perhaps, surprising that the votaries to mammon are so multiplied, particularly if wealth be permitted to confer that which makes ambition glorious—*honor*. In almost all other countries, both ancient and modern, the pursuits of life, or at least its objects, have been more diversified; and certainly, in all great and accomplished nations, the fine arts have ever attracted to them much of the best mind and genius of the country, and necessarily drawing after them the admiration, attention, and interest of the people.

A late distinguished medical writer has professed to account for that fashionable disease, the dyspepsy—which he says was unknown to our calm philosophical Saxon ancestors—from the constant irritation kept up in the mind by the almost frenzied pursuits of business, in these days of rail-roads and locomotives.

Shakespeare's prescription for all this, "these giddy pac'd times" would seem to be *music*, and thus he beautifully expresses it—

"Give me some music now,
Now good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night,
Me thought it did revive my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected tunes
* Of these most bri-k and giddy pac'd times.
How dost thou like this tune!
It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd."

Is it not true then, in the first place, that the argument with us, is in favor of cultivating the art of music, universally—the music of the voice—the music of instruments—the piano, the flute, the violin, and generally vocal and instrumental music? The means of effecting it, with the popular voice in its favor, will not be long wanting. We have but to follow the example of Germany, of Bavaria, of Prussia, in all of which countries it is taught in their common schools, and made to form a part of the education of every child. The same instructor who teaches the peasant boy his letters, also teaches him music, and by the time he has learned to read he has learned to sing and play too; and perhaps at the time of leaving school, his academical education is none the worse for his having devoted an hour a day to the acquisition of this art, by which he possesses, in addition to his knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, which will help him in his business, the handsome accomplishment of music, with which to beguile agreeably any leisure hours.

The schools in these countries are regularly opened with music; the instructor using a violin, a flute, or in towns, generally an organ or a piano, and all the scholars joining in the choir. The effect, when a little advanced in the art, of fifty, one hundred, or even two hundred, including both sexes, as is sometimes the case in the larger schools, joining in a hymn or a national air previously to commencing, or when concluding the exercises of the day, must be most beautiful and imposing.

A gentleman who travelled through Germany, in part with a view to obtain information on this subject, stated as the result of his inquiries, that he was assured by the most experienced and best informed teachers, that there was no physical impediment in the case of nine out of ten, nor any other obstacle or impediment to prevent their being taught to sing, though, to be sure, different individuals, with the same advantages for learning the art, would

be likely to possess it in different degrees; so that the idea, that but half a dozen persons in a whole village or town, possess voices to sing, is an unfounded prejudice. The ear, no doubt, may be trained as well as the eye or the hand. But the formation of the musical ear, all agree, depends upon early impressions: A distinguished writer, indeed asserts, that the art may be traced to the ditty of the nursery.

And to shew the advantage of this early instruction, and the extent to which, from this beginning it is carried—I was informed by a respectable clergyman of the German Lutheran Church, resident in our city, that in his native village, a small town of some five hundred inhabitants, situated down among the mountains, in the midst of an agricultural district, such was the skill possessed by the inhabitants of the village, and the farmers and their families, in its immediate vicinity, that the music of Handel—the entire Oratorio, had frequently been performed in the village church, with full and complete choruses—and that, more recently, since he has left the country—he had been informed that that most difficult piece of music, the Requiem of Mozart, had also been executed with great effect.

What sources of happiness must this people possess in their music!

The English monarch who wished but to reign till he could see a chicken in every peasant's pot in the kingdom—did not desire greater happiness for his subjects, than these Germans possess in their universal passion for music, cultivated and fostered as a talent for it is, by all the friendly influences which society and the government and laws can lend.

Russell, in his travels in Germany, in speaking of the Bavarians, says, "no sooner has a boy fingers for the task, than he betakes himself to the instrument. From the moment he is in any degree master of it, he plays in concert. A family of sons and daughters who cannot get up a very respectable concert on a moment's notice, are considered as cumberers of the ground on the banks of the Danube."

Much interest and zeal are felt in our own country, in the cause of education, and the establishment of common schools. But we greatly circumscribe their influence, and the good they are capable of doing, if the course of instruction is to be confined to the mere rudiments of two or three branches. The founder of the celebrated "Hufwyle School," one of the most distinguished in Germany, seems to have proposed something beyond this. "The object of these schools," as he declares in one of the ordinances, "should be, to develop all the faculties of our nature, physical, intellectual, and moral, and to endeavor to train and unite them into one harmonious system, which shall form the most perfect character of which the individual is susceptible, and thus prepare him for any period, or any sphere of action to which he may be called."

With a view to this object, the *heart* as well as the head must be addressed. The youth of the country must not only learn letters at the schools, but they must learn science and the arts, morals, and manners. A just spirit of emulation must be excited, and that must particularly embrace the fine arts, which alone, indeed, can call it forth in a sufficient degree.

The Greeks are known to have relied much on this same spirit of emulation, and which was carefully fostered and allowed the fairest play—not only in their academies, but in their games; and the course pursued was calculated to call forth the most latent powers of action in the individual himself, to enlist the sympathy of friends in his favor, and when successful, to gratify the pride of family and kindred.

But in our system few such inducements are held out, few such occasions are furnished. No Aurelia, here, could exhibit the force of maternal love, by following her son to the Olympic Games, or the Forum, that she might be present to console him in case of defeat, or to enjoy with him the victory. Though we have the Gracchi and the mother of the Gracchi among us, the histories of our republic, if written at this day, shall not record their virtues.

But the fine arts furnish the means for the exercise of these talents, and for the exhibition of these virtues; and in the most unexceptionable form; for who would hesitate to bestow, though it were only by a silent and respectful attention, a merited compliment, upon witnessing the masterly execution of a national air, by one of those whom all delight to honor; or withhold the approving voice of praise, from some graphic sketch of our noble valleys and mountains, traced by the hand of one whose task it is to turn the fallow there, or fell the forest tree!

The writer of this Essay, had the honor, while a member the State Legislature, in the session of 1832-3, to propose to the Committee on Schools, who reported the present School Law, to introduce this subject, at least into their report, if not, by a separate section into the bill itself. But the respected chairman of the committee, though personally friendly to the object, was fearful of the effect embarrassing the bill, in the then state of the public mind, with any project that bore upon the face of it the slightest appearance of novelty or change, and the subject was therefore reluctantly abandoned.

The State of Massachusetts has since, and within the last year, passed a law authorising music to be taught in certain schools, which are designated, and a volume of juvenile music suited to the purpose, has lately issued from the Boston press, and one of its ingenious authors, Mr. Mason, it is understood, is now absent in Europe, with a view to obtain still further information on this interesting subject.

Music in the city of Boston has long been cultivated—very generally—particularly church music, and with much zeal and taste; and I well recollect the effect produced on myself, on entering one of their churches, while on a visit there last summer. On the psalm being given out, the sound of praise burst forth as from hundreds of voices, and on turning to see from whence such melody came—for it was melody—saw that the orchestra, and the front part of both the galleries were crowded with some two or three hundred young persons of both sexes, neatly and handsomely dressed, and representing, as I was told, on inquiry, every class, from the son of the poor mechanic, to the children of the most wealthy and influential citizen—all joining their hearts and voices in praise—and that praise alike acceptable, from all, to him, who created man in his own image.

Much might be said of the state of music, at this time, in our own city of Philadelphia, both in reference to the extent to which the art is cultivated, and the proficiency obtained in it, particularly as exhibited by the public performances of the different musical societies, and as it exists and is practised in private circles; but my limits forbid the examination, gratifying as the result might be, and encouraging as it certainly would be in reference to the future. That attention will become attracted to this subject throughout the country, and that the Americans are yet destined to become a musical people, I think there is no reason to doubt. And why should it not be so? They are a religious people, and therefore likely to cultivate music as being friendly to the cause of religion. They are a reading people, and much of their periodical literature consists of poetry, which is the language of song, since poetry and music have ever been, and ever will be, to some extent, inseparable. The climate is said not to be unfriendly to the cultivation of the human voice, if it can be allowed to have any effect either way; while the organic formation of the Americans for singing is said to be good. I was told by a respectable Italian gentleman, a physician, a countryman of Malibran's, and who was personally acquainted with her, and had travelled with her in Europe, that he had met with more than one lady in the United States, whose lobe of lung, and organs of voice, were even, as he expressed it, better, than those of his accomplished countrywoman, though, of course these ladies were deficient in the skill, and training, and powers of expression and execution, possessed almost alone by the accomplished and unequalled Malibran.

It cannot be said that the Americans are destitute of the enthusiasm necessary for a musical people, for if they are without the fire and enthusiasm of the Italians, or the French, they are certainly not behind, in these qualities, the musical German.

If then, music for any or all the reasons that have been assigned, is worthy of interest, of being cultivated, the people have but to will it—the public voice but to declare that the art is worthy of attention, and should be taught in our common schools—both instrumental and vocal music—and it is effected, for the public mind, with us, is known to be all powerful, both in introducing new theories and systems, and eradicating old ones. The same public voice, that within less than ten short years, has changed the whole habits of a people, and banished the intoxicating bowl, may introduce within the next ten, in its stead, and no bad substitute either, a taste and talent for music, whose inspirations shall cheer but not inebriate.

That public opinion may be directed to the fine arts, that they be fostered and cherished, and advanced more and more, cannot but be the wish of all who desire to behold in the institutions of their country—the political, social, and moral fabrics, which have been so well and firmly laid—beauty uniting itself with strength—grace and ornament with utility.

What a chaste, good taste, is to a beautiful woman, in the matter of her toilet, and the selection of the ornaments of her person, the fine arts are to a nation. It is in vain in either case, that nature has been lavish and bountiful, if civilization, refinement, the arts, have not lent their aid to give a polish, and to add a grace. No nation that has been without the fine arts has ever been considered as great and accomplished. But this nation will not be without them, for already are they not only regarded with favor, but are even beginning to assert their triumphs.

Under this spirit then, and these influences, shall the beautiful marble of our quarries be made to ornament the whole country, in the shape of noble structures and edifices, intended to exist throughout all time; while the chisel and the pencil shall preserve in equally enduring forms, those great national events and triumphs, worthy to live with posterity; and music, Heavenly maid, borrowing the language of her twin sister Poetry, shall sing a Nation's Glory and a Nation's Praise!

ODE FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF ALMENO DAMÆTA.

BY MRS. BORROU.

Written during the discontents in Portugal in the year 1823, and dedicated with permission to his Excellency Brigadeiro J. De J. De Q. Pizarro.

This ode in the original extremely beautiful, was translated by Mrs. Borrou, by the united desire of the Portuguese emigrants, who were collected outside her residence, and headed by their favorite Pizarro: she was then living in the English Town, in which they sought refuge; their distresses were painfully severe, for although liberal public subscriptions were advanced for their support, many of the nobility were known to expire of starvation, being too proud either to seek or to accept relief.

O D E.

When Brutus press'd a soldier's bier,
Pharsalia shed her latest tear;
And o'er Philippi's fountain'd plain,
With measured beat the death-march came,
And Cassius bared his warrior breast,
For Rome's triumphant Eagle's rest.

Land of my sires! what souls are thine!
Unsated swords around them shine;
For them, for us, no vine-wreath'd bow'r,
The Tyrant claims the battle hour!
Fetters the Lusians to the earth,
And sullies o'er the banquet's mirth.

'T is not alone where Tagus gives
Her torrent stream our country lives;
Free as the Autumn's drifted leaves,
'T is only Rome where Cato breathes!
In vows like his deep-sworn we stand,
Our Utica this sea-girt land.

Silence my lyre—let banners wave!
Call not that day my country's grave:
The Lo Pœan sounds again,
Pizarro 'mid the battle plain,
Beams like that ocean light whose form
Hangs o'er the deep, and crests the storm.

October, 1830.

He gave the fainting Lusian life,
And nerved him to the battle strife!
And like a quick'ning spirit moved,
Through ranks of traitors red with blood;
Dared Braga's apostolic pow'r,
And left her factions wasted flow'r.

Caldella sees new glory won,
Oporto hails each warrior son!
Upon, beneath the dark-red wave,
The faithless bosom finds a grave;
And serried laurels proudly rest,
On our beloved country's breast!

And thou, delusive land, fell Spain,
Thou, thou shalt list no minstrel strain;
I sing of virtue! and her birth,
Gives beauty to the songs of earth;
I sing of heroes, they inspire
The sky's glad music to my lyre.

From Albion's shore, where emerald seas,
Lave the white cliff, and nurse the breeze;
Again we to the Tagus speed,
Again "Pharsalian" warriors bleed;
Until in regal pow'r is seen,
One bud of hope! our lovely Queen.

THE OLD MARQUIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I love love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But, above all other things
Spirit, I love thee;
Thou art love and life! O come,
And make my faithful heart thy home."

My father was a French Marquis,—my mother was one of those gay, happy, thoughtless, creatures—a Parisian grisette, who obtained her living by working at her needle, and who, while thus engaged in honorable occupation, had no troubles, and the summer of her existence was not darkened by a cloud. She was very beautiful. Ah, that beauty should ever be fatal to its possessor! We are made like unto angels, only to be cast down to the lowest depths of perdition. My mother was only sixteen, when one morning, early, as she was on her way to the workroom of a fashionable milliner, the Marquis, my father, who was returning from a midnight revel, happened to behold her; he was struck by her beauty, and forced a conversation with her. He discovered where she worked, and haunted her footsteps morning and evening, until he succeeded in making an impression upon her heart. My mother knew not how far his station was above her own, for he represented himself as an artist, and thus obtained her love. He promised her marriage; but represented that his parents were against his entering so early upon married life, being desirous that he should gain a securer footing in his profession first.

The Marquis was a villain—an adept in crime—he knew every art whereby woman could be deceived and betrayed; and availing himself of his diabolical knowledge, can it be wondered at that my mother became his victim; and that she was soon afterward abandoned by him for whom she had sacrificed heaven—the world's—her own esteem!

It was about a year-and-half after my mother's first meeting with the Marquis, that I was born. My poor afflicted parent did not survive many days—for when she discovered the rank of her seducer, and that there existed not the most remote probability of her becoming his wife, her heart-strings cracked; and gradually she sunk into that refuge of all the wearied and heavy-laden—the grave.

A generous, noble-hearted woman, who had beheld the sufferings of my sacrificed parent, protected me. She was very poor, but her heart was open as the day to melting charity. Many are the beings kept down by poverty that would do extensive good, whilst sordid avarice conceals its treasures in a trunk, and puts a seal upon the lock.

My benefactress was a teacher of dancing; she protected me in my childhood, she instructed me in her profession, and oh! how that good woman's eyes sparkled with delight as she witnessed how well I profited by her instructions. Nor was my gratification less complete. By witnessing her happiness I became enamored of virtue; her precepts sunk very deep into my heart, and recollecting with horror the fate of my wretched parent, I resolved never to sacrifice my honor, let the temptation be powerful as it might. And I have kept my resolution.

I was introduced to the directors of the Paris Academy, and it happened they were so delighted with what they were pleased to call my "eloquence of motion" that an immediate engagement was offered me, and, of course, accepted. The newspapers were then employed to publish accounts of my abilities, and a new *ballet* was put into rehearsal, in which I was

to make my *début*. I was delighted with my new position; aware of my abilities, I made sure of success, and therefore, had little of that timidity which appears in most debutantes. My style I knew was perfectly novel, and I had not a doubt as to what its effect would be upon the public. The result was in agreement with my expectations. Flowers were showered down before me; upon my second appearance, the theatre, which on my *début* had been but scantily attended, being then crowded with the rank and fashion of the metropolis. The fame of my dancing run like wild-fire through Paris; sonnets appeared in the public newspapers; and letters of all sizes, characters and colors, regularly each day covered my breakfast-table. It may be expected that my head was turned by all these flatteries and attentions. It was so; the reality had surpassed my expectations, and for months I was in a kind of delirium. The great and the good were boundless in their praises; the vicious also crowded round me, and it required greater discrimination than I possessed then to select, the honorable from the dishonorable of my acquaintance. At that time, however, I was enamored of a leading singer, who had created in Paris as strong a sensation as myself; and, consequently, all the efforts of the titled libertines to get me to listen to their importunities were of no avail. I was deeply enamored of the new singer; he had paid me some attentions, and these I foolishly construed into marks of love. But I once happened, accidentally, of course, to overhear a conversation between him and the primo buffo, in which they both declared that I was a downright ugly, forward, and much over-praised creature, and that I should descend from the giddy height to which public applause had raised me, with as great a rapidity as I had risen. More than this they said; but this was all that I recollect, and this was quite sufficient to move the anger of a petted, high-spirited girl, like myself. I passed my trudgers by, dropping them a curtsy, to convince them that their slanderous conversation had been overheard; and though I had some days of care and restless nights afterward, yet the impression of the first singer was eventually obliterated from my heart; and with that went a great deal of my vanity. I do not know whether I did not become a much better creature, after that little adventure.

The season was drawing to an end, and my benefit was about to take place, when one morning, a gentleman, upon whose card appeared the name of M. Henri Florval, requested an interview. Supposing that he merely came for tickets, I desired that he might be shewn into my breakfast-room. It was as I supposed. He purchased tickets to the amount of two hundred francs. He stayed for some time in conversation with me, and as I thought, seemed reluctant to go; but with such things I was familiar. After he had gone, I looked in the glass, and my vanity found there ample cause for the last lingering looks of M. Henri Florval.

The next day M. Florval came again. He had forgotten to take a box for himself. The weather was dull, and I was in an ill-humor. Yet the gentleman after he had received the number of his box, did not seem disposed to move from his seat. I thought him extremely impertinent, and answered him very abruptly. The conversation however went on, until I became as desirous that M. Henri Florval should stay, as he was himself. His conversation was intelligent, and his manners those of a gentleman; his voice was one of the sweetest I had ever heard, and possessed a tone of plaintiveness, which could not be called melancholy, and was highly interesting. In his allusions to our native poets he repeated some of their verses with a pathos that went to my heart. I felt an attachment to M. Florval, and yet it was not love; I felt that I did not love him; and yet very much liked his conversation.

On the night of my benefit, my eyes glanced up to the box which had been engaged by my new friend, and there, to my astonishment, I beheld him seated by the side of a handsome and elegant lady. What a foolish creature, I said to myself, to fancy for one moment that M. Florval was in love with me!

The next day I received another visit from M. Florval. He came to congratulate me upon my success; but I was then surrounded by a crowd of men of fashion and literary distinction, and could pay him but small attention. I observed, however, that his eyes followed me wheresoever I went. For months afterward, M. Florval continued to be a visitor at my house, and as he never talked of love, I set him down as one of my most estimable friends, and was always happy to see him. One day, however, I received the following letter, which at once explained the melancholy of M. Florval.

"Madam,—I have at length discovered that you are the person who decoys my husband from his home, and I make you aware that I have arrived at this knowledge only to destroy the gratification which you doubtless have felt in the belief that your infamy was concealed. All is known, Madam, and I need scarcely add that the seducer of my husband's affections enjoys the detestation and contempt of

EUGENE FLORVAL."

Judge of my astonishment on the receipt of this violent letter. M. Florval then had a wife! Here was the mystery of his melancholy unravelled. He was in love, too, with me, and the lady I had seen him with at the theatre was his wife! I immediately resolved what to do. Answer the contemptuous letter of Madame Florval I could not; for I was conscious that I did not deserve her bitter censure (ah! what folly is not a woman in a passion guilty of!) The next day I received a visit from the husband.

"M. Florval," said I smiling, as I extended my hand, "I believe I must employ you in a little affair which I have in hand."

The gentleman was in raptures, of course; anything that I desired, he would fly to execute. "I doubt it not," I observed, "for my sake you would undertake anything, though its performance would cause a separation between us, for a long period of time—"

M. Florval was surprised at what I said, but he fondly ejaculated, "Anything to serve you, dear Mademoiselle Fanny."

"Ay, Monsieur," said I, "though it be to part for ever."

"For ever, Mademoiselle!"

"Ay, M. Florval, I will put this letter into your hand; do not read it till you arrive at home. You will then be able better to decide upon what ought to be done under the circumstances there adverted to. I request—nay, I entreat,—that you will do what your good sense and your esteem for me—which I know to be sincere, and which I assure you I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance—will dictate to you."

M. Florval was more astonished than ever, but when he attempted to speak I prevented him by saying, "There, go now; your surprise will cease when you read this letter; it must not be read here—you have undertaken the task I have assigned you; and, therefore, like a faithful knight, set out immediately. We shall not very soon meet again, M. Florval; but take this assurance with you that I shall ever entertain for you the disinterested affection of—a sister."

With these words, I put his wife's letter into his hands, and he retired in some confusion. What occurred when he got home, of course, I cannot tell; but I drew an inference, and a correct one, no doubt, from this circumstance, that on the next night M. and Madame Florval both appeared in the stage-box, and when the ladies waved their handkerchiefs on my appearance on the stage, the most conspicuous among those who made such testimonials of approbation, was *Madame Florval*. All the applause that I had received in my whole career seemed to me as nothing compared with this!

The herd of "things that in the catalogue do go for men," by whom I was continually surrounded, inspired me only with disgust. The nonsense which they whispered into my ear was repaid with a look of scorn, and the prayers and protestations of titled *roués* received much similar treatment to their written billets, which I tore up, and then sent back to their authors. I remembered the fate of my poor mother, and hated the reptiles who sought to reduce me to her broken-hearted condition.

Thus two years passed away, when the return of a nobleman of distinction to his native country, after a long absence, created some sensation in Paris. The Marquis Hautenbas was a constant visitor of the *coulisses*; and the talk of the theatre was of his gallantry, his princely fortune, and his liberality. Strange that this man should fix his attention upon me! This grey-haired libertine, whose tottering frame required the support of a stick, and whose thoughts should have been of virtue, and a better world, declared to me that he had come from England expressly to see me! And my companions all seemed to envy me when they heard the white-headed old man say this. The "gentlemen," too, declared "it was an honor—that it was! an honor of which dear, delightful, Mademoiselle Fanny could not be too proud!"

"I suppose," said one of those painted butterflies, shaking his "ambrosial curls," "that dear Mademoiselle will be more cruel than ever to us, her devoted slaves—and that would be *excruciating*—upon my honor!"

The old Marquis smiled at this, and leered at me; yet though I frowned contemptuously upon the rest, I looked at him with a very different expression. I pitied, though I despised him. He quite mistook the meaning of my look; and glanced round upon the throng of titled idlers, with an expression of triumph.

I had already resolved what to do, when, at the close of the performances, the Marquis requested that I would make use of his carriage. I accepted the offer, on condition that I should be its sole occupant. And I was conveyed to my house in the coach of the Marquis Hautenbas.

"Spirit of my sainted mother!" I exclaimed, when I knelt upon the splendid velvet cushion of that carriage, "hover about your child, and strengthen her with heavenly aid! Thou knowest my purpose—may it lead to a happy issue!"

My prayer was scarcely ended, when the carriage stopped at my door.

The next day the Marquis called to see me. He was admitted. I endured his professions of unalterable love. I listened to all his protestations, to what settlements he proposed making upon me, in return for becoming, as he said, "his wife without the formal marriage ceremony." As an earnest of his sincerity, he threw upon the table, before me, a diamond necklace of immense value.

I could have trampled upon the glittering jewels—but I concealed my emotion, and quietly said, "Marquis, this necklace is of great value."

"Ah," was the reply, "but since *you* approve of it, dear Mademoiselle, I consider not its cost. I will place my whole fortune at your disposal, charming idol!—do with it as you please: it shall be your right to do with it as you please."

"My right!—ah!" I exclaimed, involuntarily; and the Marquis believed that this had ensured his victory. I tried to smile when the old man made other manifestations of his folly; but I could not smile at *him*. He produced his purse; it was filled with gold, and he threw it into my lap. When he arose to depart, he bade me think kindly of him. I replied not, but I took the purse and the diamonds—I felt that I had a right to them.

That night my companions at the theatre all congratulated me upon what they called my "good fortune." They had been informed that the Marquis had visited me, and immediately inferred that I had become his mistress. I felt that I could deceive them in an instant; but I was proud of my innocence—too proud to be angry with the wretched women who surrounded me, and I did not vouchsafe a reply. The old man came to the theatre that night, and he was more pointed in his attentions than ever. In whispers he entreated that I would sup with him; and I consented. The Marquis pressed my hand to his lips; declared that nothing but the presence of so many observers prevented him from falling at my feet and worshipping me;—called me angel—goddess—and, altogether, acted like a madman. I thought how often he had acted the same part before; and I shuddered as I felt his cold, withered lips, upon my hand.

The play was over, and I accompanied the Marquis in his carriage to his house. I passed through the lofty vestibule—the gorgeous saloons, resplendent in gold and colors; richly carved mouldings, surmounted panels, adorned by the pencils of the first of living masters, and rich velvet and damask draperies, looped up with gold, gave a surpassing richness to the apartments, illuminated by waxen lights in massive chandeliers of Dresden and or molu.

"T is a gorgeous mansion, Marquis," I exclaimed.

"It would be worthless, dear idol of my heart, if it were not honored with *your* approbation. It was incomplete till you condescended to grace it with your lovely presence; and now may I hope, angelic creature, that you will remain the goddess of this temple—making it your shrine—your sanctuary—your home?"

"You are pressing, Marquis; but I believe you are sincere in what you say."

"Sincere, bright paragon!" he exclaimed! "Say but the word, and I will register an oath in Heaven —"

"Ah!" cried I, interrupting him, and repulsing him, as he advanced to clasp me in his arms. "It is a happy thought. I take you at your word. That oath, Marquis; and then I will be to you all that you can desire."

The eyes of the old man flashed with delight, and, gazing upon me for a moment, with an odious expression of fondness, he knelt as I had desired, and in a voice tremulous with the emotion my words had caused, he exclaimed, "I solemnly swear, that so long as *she* desires to avail herself of this mansion, and of my wealth, they all shall be at the disposal of *Mademoiselle Fanny*."

He was about to rise, when, putting my hand upon his shoulder, I said, "Go on."

"What?" exclaimed the Marquis. "What more can I say?"

"You have but half pronounced my name."

"I said 'Mademoiselle Fanny;' that is the only name you are known by."

"There is another name besides," I said.

The Marquis peevishly exclaimed, "What is your name, then?"

"Fanny Gerardin!"

"Good God!" cried the Marquis, shrinking back, and staring upon me with astonishment and horror.

I repeated the name.

As I stood erect before that guilty man, gazing with intense expression upon his horror-stricken countenance, his thoughts recurred to times and things long since forgotten, and I seemed to him a rebuking spirit from another world.

Averting his head, at last, he exclaimed in a voice scarcely audible, "What do you mean?"

"Ask your heart."

"Who art thou, then?"

"Your child!"

He had guessed as much, and when the words were pronounced, my guilty father fell senseless at my feet. The purpose for which I had been brought to that splendid temple occurred to him, and maddened his brain. He had lured to the brink of ruin his own child; and there he laid before me, senseless. He was the murderer of my mother, and I could not pity him. I summoned the domestics, and presently the first medical assistance in Paris was obtained. But the old man was delirious, and he raved of strange and evil things, so that it was fearful to approach his chamber. He called upon my name, but the physicians thought it advisable not to send for me, lest my presence should increase his malady. But it increased, nevertheless, till all hope of his recovery was gone; and then I resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to look upon his face once more. I forced my way into his house; I passed through the gorgeous saloons: and though the domestics were all ranged before the sick man's door, to oppose my progress, I broke through them all, and rushed into my father's presence.

"Father!" I cried, and the dying man raising his head from his pillow, shrieked, "Ah!—she is come!—she is come!—and I am at last forgiven."

He recovered his reason, and for some days there was great hope of his recovery; he acknowledged me as his daughter,—he made me his heiress; but he died. The shock which he had received had been too severe. My mother's wrongs were fearfully avenged.

I withdrew from the stage, and for twelvemonths lived in retirement. An estate in a distant province I was desirous of disposing of, and directions were given to an agent for its sale. A gentleman appeared anxious to purchase, and was about to set out from Paris to examine the property; but, previously, he wished to have an interview with me to ascertain from myself the actual terms upon which I would sell. Judge my surprise, when I beheld in the person of the purchaser, my old friend, M. Henri Florval. We were both surprised at this meeting, and, I may add, mutually delighted. M. Florval had been a widower for nine or ten months. The time passed so pleasantly in conversing of old days, that dinner was announced before we had thought of touching upon the business M. Florval had come upon. Of course he staid to dinner with me, and having some visitors of distinction at my table that evening, the business was postponed till the next day.

In short, M. Florval did not buy the distant chateau. We found another purchaser—I say *we*, because, before the estate was sold, I had become M. Florval's wife. V.

October, 1839.

A SUMMER EVENING.

It was an hour of beauty and of peace—
Twilight, the daughter of the lingering day,
Had gently touched the landscape, softening down
To one continuous hue of mellow light,
The garish tints her gorgeous sire had made.
My soul was stirred with rapture; gushing thoughts,
Sweet from the fount of universal love,
Rose in my bosom toward human kind.
I felt the holy stillness of that hour,—
So calm, so bright, so pure, so beautiful,—
Was but a type of that untroubled bliss
Nature designed for every living thing.

T. S. K.

THE POETRY OF WOODLANDS.

BY A LOVER OF GREEN TREES.

"God made the country, but man made the town."

Cowper.

O, THERE is a beauty in green trees, as in all the silent workings of nature, "inaudible as dreams," full of the lovely shapes, and sounds intelligible of that enduring language from Him who doth teach himself in all things, and who has stamped beauty and utility over universal nature. There is nothing more noble than a fine old tree towering above the earth with majestic dignity, and receiving the fresh sunbeam as a radiant crown of jewels upon its head, and the dews of night as sprinkles of diamonds among its foliage. A grove of green trees is the resort of the beautiful and the young. Then, when hopes are young, and hearts are fond, and all the poetry of life breathes audibly from human lips,—under green trees we find life's happiness. There wander in the scented shade, lovers, looking light into each other's eyes, and dreaming that the world is all bright and beautiful as their young heart's imaginings—that their path through life shall be as brilliant as the green-sward, bathed in the glorious sunlight before them! We are among the green trees now!—behind us, mounting upon an amphitheatre of green hills, are the dark sycamore, the luxuriant chesnut, the larch, and the yellow elm; and before us similar groups descend along the winding road into the valley beneath. It is a sweet spot; and here we taste life's happiness. Here, with a sky over-head as soft, and blue, and radiant, as the eye of childhood! It is in the freshness of memory, and the sun's heat has blent itself with the cool morning air, and not a tree, nor a shrub, nor a blade of grass, but sparkles up with an aspect clear and glittering, full of cheerfulness and gratitude; streaks of sunshine are scattered hither and thither in the soft moss, and have an appearance of interest as their mysterious glimpses are caught through the gentle waving of the trees. The influences which at those times seem to be showered down by every gentle zephyr, are soothing and salutary; there floats no breeze among the overhanging branches, there breathes no whisper, and there waves above us not even a single leaf to disturb the deepened silence. Hush! No whisper! hark! What stirs behind the underwood below! We see no one; yet there are murmurs! And they fall upon the ear in tones so low, so sweet, so passionate; it seems as if two angels had come down to visit earth, and, fearful of being discovered, whispered thus low:—no; they are not angels, they are human voices; and we catch the words:—

"The love of man, they say, is false and evanescent, like the bright blaze of sunshine in the noon of day, decreasing as the day declines, and lost when night is come."

"Not so, dearest;" another soft, but fuller voice replied, "rather, man's love clings to its object, even as the ivy clings round the tree, and when the night of life approaches clings all the closer, that its warmth may compensate for the absence of the noon-day sun."

"It is a perilous venture," rejoined the first speaker, and then, after a sigh, which spoke a world of love, of deep and true affection, she said "*I am afraid.*"

And then there was a moment's pause, and then a kiss! but whether upon hand, or cheek, or lips, we really cannot tell. And then, in louder whispers, the fuller-voiced speaker said—"Why, dearest, should we delay; both of our families are anxious for our union. I feel that I shall ever love you as deeply, as devotedly, as tenderly, as at this moment; my love can know no change, *shall* know no change; I should hate myself when I ceased to love you." And then we heard another heavy sigh from the speaker's fair companion.

"Do, dearest, name the day; no matter how distant; name but the day; and I shall be satisfied. Like the traveller, burning with desire again to set his foot upon his native land, I

shall know that every day brings me nearer to the object of my wishes, and I shall be happy. You would see me *happy*, dearest Emily?"

And the whispered reply was scarcely heard, by reason of the whisperer's tears, but she said—"I would."

"And you will *make* me happy?"

There was a sound accompanying these words very much like another kiss, but whether it was or not we will not pretend to say, because the tears seemed to flow faster, and in the midst of the weeping there was heard audibly—"I *will*." The words were spoken firmly, from the heart. What a creature is this, we thought, to be loved.

"A week hence?" hastily enjoined the lover.

"No; *not* so soon as that."

"A fortnight?"

"N—no; not a fortnight."

"Dearest, not longer than a fortnight! Nay, turn not away that sweet face; no eye but Heaven's can see us; and to Heaven, who knows the purity of our hearts, we need not be ashamed to show our faces. When shall our wedding be?"

There was a pause.

"When? Tell me dearest."

And then, in quivering, half-suppressed tones, came the reply—"This—day—three—weeks."

"Heaven bless you, dearest, lovely Emily! You have made me now the happiest of created men."

"Now let us rejoin our party," said the lady, in a very different tone, and which led us to think her heart was relieved of a heavy burthen, which it had borne before.

We moved away, but our curiosity was raised, and we longed to look upon these lovers in the fulness of their happiness; and, crossing a meadow, we came directly into a lane through which we knew they must pass. Presently they were within our view. If ever mortal faces assumed angelic looks, then did we see the look of angels in those happy beings! As they passed us by, we mentally exclaimed—"God bless them! May they ever experience such pure and blessed happiness as their hearts are full of now!"

But we were talking of green trees. There is a fine philosophy in trees, which tells of what has been, and sketches the scenes of the olden times, in beautiful and powerful colors; each leaf has a story, each trunk is a monument of the past. The music which murmurs from every bough is a voice that celebrates the glory or bewails the departure of bygone days, and the circles which mark its age at the trunk's heart, are but so many lessons of life, to teach its fleetness and record its instability; and there is a sober and religious sanctity in meditating upon green woods. They are full of instruction, and furnish delightful topics for reflection, and consolatory guides to calm, and peaceful, and soothing thoughts, when we would commune with ourselves and be still. But, hear what a better one than we has said,

"Ah! why

Should we neglect, in the world's riper years,
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs,
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn.—"

We feel a grief like that which mourns the loss of a faithful friend at the sight of an ancient and majestic tree, levelled, and all its bright garniture of leaves and blossoms despoiled and trampled in the dust; and we have fancied that the crash which succeeds its mighty fall to be a gush of noble indignation, like to what might burst from the lips of a king, stricken in his own hall. And this reminds us of a reference in the Spectator, to a fable by Apollonius, concerning the nymphs, called Hamadryads, who presided over trees, and whose fate was identified with that of the trees they severally inhabited. Of course, all who cherished the latter secured the peculiar favor of the nymphs, that were preserved by mortal care. It is a beautiful conceit. Rhæcus, observing an old oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of compassion toward the tree, ordered his servants to throw in fresh earth at its roots, and set it upright. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to him the next day, and, after having thanked him for his kindness, declared himself ready to grant whatever favor he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, Rhæcus desired that he might be honored by the bestowment of her

hand in wedlock. The Hamadryad, not displeased with the request, promised to do so, telling him that, at an appointed time, she would send a bee to him, to apprise him of her readiness to perform her promise. Rhæcus, however, when the faithful messenger bee came buzzing about his ears, on this errand, forgot the promise of the nymph, and rudely brushed away the bearer of her kind invitation. So provoked was the Hamadryad, with her own disappointment, and the ill-usage of her messenger, that she deprived Rhæcus of the use of his limbs. However, says the story, he was not so much crippled but he made a shift to cut down the tree, and consequently to fell his mistress.

Who does not remember Campbell's Beech's Petition? What can be more beautiful than the concluding stanzas!—and has not, by the bye, one of our choicest songs been imbued with its spirit? Which was the earlier, this or "Woodman Spare that Tree!"—

"Thrice twenty summers I have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude;
Since childhood in my rustling bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youths and lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long forgotten name.
Oh! by the vows of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground,
By all that love hath whispered here,
Or beauty heard, with ravished ear,
As love's own altar honor me,—
Spare, woodman! spare the Beechen Tree!"

What a rich and fruitful theme for a poet are green trees! How replete with high and beautiful inspiration—how full of the true spirit of genuine poetry! What tree is there, among all we have loved, and upon each of which our thoughts have rested, and still rest with such happy memories, that does not seem ready to tell us some tale of pleasure or of sadness—that does not seem, while it waves over our heads, as if it had memory of the past, and breath and voice to utter its secrets? How beautiful and touching are the lines of Hook!

"I remember, I remember the fir trees, dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance, but now 't is little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven, than when I was a boy."

But we must stop. We never begin on trees, but we outrun our discretion. Ah! would that more, in this care-worn world, could draw sweet philosophy from such a source, and like Jacques, linger by brook, and burn, and woodland green. They would at least be better men. But the age of enterprise, change, and speculation is upon us, and the quiet, rural homes of our fathers, with all their sterling, though lovely virtues, have passed away forever. Well may we say, "*Eheu, cheu, fugaces, fugaces!*"

R. S. T.

September, 1839.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

To love an absent one for years, to pray for his return,
To shed the tears of bitterness and day and night to mourn;
To spurn the rich man's proffer'd love, for that far distant one,
And turn all thoughts, all hopes to him, the young heart's summer sun.
To watch o'er all his happiness, to weep if he but sigh;
To mourn if paler be his cheek, or lustreless his eye;
Yet let not her anxiety, her anguish e'er be shown,
And if she weep, to turn away and shed her tears alone.

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

THE most beautiful object in creation is a beautiful woman. The poet, Montgomery, has very justly called woman "life's angel;" and another poet, of the olden time, as finely says, that "woman was formed to temper man. We should be brutes without them." To myself it is happiness to gaze upon a beautiful face—the sight purifies, at the same time that it exalts, the soul. There is nothing more glorious than a beautiful and virtuous woman! And often have I sat hours and hours together in the enjoyment of serene and perfect happiness, in the presence of such earthly angels. It is my firm opinion that a man, unless he have more of the demon in him than there ought to be, cannot entertain any improper or unworthy thought in the presence of an amiable and beautiful woman. He forms ideas of a happier and purer state of existence, in which all shall be bright and fair as the object before him. But what is beauty? It varies according to individual tastes. Some will almost adore a being, whom others will look upon with indifference. I have made many inquiries with a view of ascertaining the real characteristics of beauty, but opinion is so much divided, that I find it is impossible to define actual beauty. It exists in the imagination of the admirer. Let me, however, give some of the results of my inquiries, and offer a few remarks upon the characteristics of female loveliness. Lips are, perhaps, the most precious features of the countenance—blessings of a myriad of agreeable concomitants, such as smiles—sweet words, and kisses. They are emotion's dwelling place and passion's; their breathing gives vitality to affections of all sorts, a friend's, a parent's, a sister's, a brother's, a lover's. Eternal praise, therefore, to lips in general, and especially to those we hold dearest. The first impulse which the lips awaken in the observer is to describe them by a sentiment and a transport; admiration expresses itself in ejaculations—they give rise to a multitude of delightful thoughts! The old poet, Warner, gives the idea of exquisite lips, when he relates the cruelty of Queen Eleanor to Fair Rosamond,

"With that she dash'd her on the lips,
So dyed double-red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled."

This picture is extremely beautiful; the double red lips of Rosamond, and so soft withal—were worthy of a king's admiration. Once upon a time, it was the fashion to prefer *odd* lips, that is to say, one thin, the other the reverse. Sir John Suckling has some pretty lines in reference thereto.

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

Now, I imagine that a very thin upper lip and a thick under one would not be considered beautiful in modern times; at any rate such lips are not to my taste; and, although I run the risk of bringing down upon myself the frowns of some "fair creatures of earth's mould" whose beauties have awakened lovers' admiration. I hesitate not to confess my preference for lips of *equal* size, no matter what the size may be. There is a prejudice against thin lips; I have heard it said, that thin lips become only shrews and niggards, but I

have turned from those libellers of beauty with sovereign contempt; I have seen some of the best, most generous, most amiable of beings, with thin lips, fair as angels, and with angelic hearts, and I must observe that I should be as much perplexed as was Paris of old, were a golden apple to be given to me to be disposed of to the possessor of the *most* beautiful lips. "A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good tempered sufficiency and plumpness," says a modern writer, "are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth." The old poet, Chaucer, supports this opinion, for says he—

"—lippes thin, not fat, but ever lean,
They save of naught; they be not worth a bean,
For if the vase be full there is delight."

Now let me remark, that I do not like very thick lips—but those of a moderate fulness, and a rich crimson color, of equal size, resembling "a cherry newly parted;" these are the lips which merit admiration. I have observed that in some persons lips become thinner as they grow older, and in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. But lips thus contracted are very different from naturally thin lips; the latter have always a graceful and rosy appearance, the others always seem distorted and of a bad color. Ah! ladies—ladies, if you knew how certainly ill-humors disfigure beauty, you would all of you be indeed angels; and then universal would your empire be! Just observe the effect that a moment of ill-temper has upon the lips;—just glance at the peerless Ellen in what is called, I believe, "a fit of the sullen," and see how her lips are disfigured! Judge then what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Ellen is of a sullen disposition. Her sister, Anna, on the contrary, is lively and agreeable; hasty, perhaps, but never letting passion get the better of her. As they advance in years, the lips of Ellen will become contracted and frosty, those of Anna will still bloom like a perennial flower, that never dies. "The mouth" it has been justly observed, "is the frankest part of the face. It can least conceal its sensations. The mouth is the vent of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of a trembling tenderness; of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy, of candor and reserve, of care and of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eyes, as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion." After all, however, it is the sentiment that exalts the beauty of the lips, as it does the beauty of all the rest of the countenance. Without expression, what is the finest modelled mouth in the world? Look at the most perfect piece of sculpture, and what feeling does it awaken? Cold admiration; a lip without sentiment has the same effect. There are, on the other hand, lips which have but small pretensions to beauty, which charm by the gracefulness of their expression. Anacreon beautifully describes a lip as "like persuasion's," and says it calls on us to kiss it; and Sir Philip Sydney, in his description of a beautiful female, says "her lips, though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them." Again, the same eloquent writer says, "her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine; and she not taking heed to wipe her tears, they hung upon her cheeks and lips as upon cherries, which the dropping tree bedeweth."

Lips are more sacred than they used to be, and kisses have very properly become greater rarities. So bountiful were the English ladies in former times of their lip-favors that the staid Erasmus, while upon a visit there, wrote to one of his friends, requesting him to come over for the sake of the ladies' lips. "Did you but know," said he, "the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus." Large mouths cannot be called beautiful, and yet they often possess an expression which quite compensates for the want of beauty, and it is the general opinion that they are oftener found associated with generous dispositions than small ones. The prejudice runs, I believe, in favor of small mouths; and oh! the exertions that are daily made to screw up a large mouth to a smaller size, to the destruction, of course, of all grace and therefore of all beauty. It is my opinion, that if ladies were to leave their looks to themselves, and to be universally good humored, gentle, and kind, there would not be an ugly—no, not an "ordinary-looking" woman. Upon eyes, cheeks, and noses, I may hereafter treat, but having extended these remarks upon beauty to a far

greater length than I intended, I shall, for the present conclude with a beautiful description from Ariosto:—

"Next, as between two little vales, appears
The mouth, where spices and vermillion keep;
Here lurk the pearls, richer than sultan wears,
Now casketted, now shewn, by a sweet lip
Thence issue the soft words and courteous prayers,
Enough to make a churl for sweetness weep;
And there the smile taketh a rosy rise,
That opens upon earth a paradise."

E.

TRUE LOVE.

I LOOKED upon a Maiden's heart, in the spring-time of its youth,
And I saw upon its tiny stem the greenest leaves of truth,
And the buds of young affection, as garlands on the tree,
Brought forth its stainless petal cups, in virgin purity.

I saw Love's passing April-cloud rain life on pleasure's flowers,
And Sorrow's dark plank springing up amidst its balmy showers:
And then her bosom, as the earth heaved to young Passion's sun,
And as its light gleams fled away, still other gleams came on.

I heard her voice pour forth its strains, as birds amid the grove,
And in its thrilling wood-notes tell the generousness of love;
She said its rose should never grace wealth's sordid merchant's breast,
That but for wit and worth alone was made its downy nest.

She said by lonely streams she'd dwell, or by the radiant lake,
And for her gentle lover would the world, with joy, forsake;
That Life's majestic river-flood was shadowy and dark,
If sailed not on its purple wave her one—own—chosen bark.

She said with him she had no care, if skies were bright and blue,
Or, hidden by the tempest-cloud, a vault of gloom might shew;
For then the balm of love would shed its fragrance round her form,
And not a drop should touch her wing, however rude the storm.

T.

I CANNOT DANCE TO-NIGHT.

A BALLAD,

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

MRS. T. HAYNES BAYLY.

Published by Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. (late Nunn's) No. 70 south Third street, Philadelphia.

Moderately Slow.



First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: *would I were at home a - gain, I can - not dance to-night. How can they all look cheer - ful! The*

Second system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: *dance seems strange - ly dull to me, The mu - sic sounds so mourn - ful, What*

Third system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: *can the reason be? Oh! when they brought me hither, They wonder'd at my wild delight, But*

I CANNOT DANCE TO-NIGHT.

would I were at home a - gain I can - not dance to - night!
 cross : dim :

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The vocal line contains the lyrics "would I were at home a - gain I can - not dance to - night!". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with dynamic markings "cross :" and "dim :" above the vocal line.

Mark! hark! at length he's coming,
 I am not weary—let me stay!
 I hear his laugh distinctly now,
 'Twill chase the gloom away,
 Oh! would that I were near him,
 He sees me not amid the crowd,
 He hears me not,—ah would I dared,
 To breathe his name aloud,
 Oh! when they, &c.

He leaves that group of triflers,
 And with the smile I love to see,
 He seems to seek for some one—
 Oh is it not for me?
 No, no! 'tis for that dark eyed girl,
 I see her now return his glance,
 He passes me—he takes her hand—
 He leads her to the dance!
 Oh! when they, &c.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"The Damsel of Darien." A Novel. By the author of "Yemasee," "Guy Rivers," &c.
2 vols. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This is decidedly the best novel of the month, although we cannot accord to it that unqualified praise which one or two of the critical journals have awarded it. Making all due allowances, however, for favor,—we hesitate not to say that "*The Damsel of Darien*" will increase the already high reputation of Mr. Sims, and form with *Calavar* and *The Infidel* a third book of the romance of American history.

The leading character of the work is the celebrated Bilboa, who is introduced in Hispaniola preparing for a voyage of discovery to the unknown Southern sea, which it will be remembered he was afterward the first European to behold. He is attended by an old man, an astrologer, and a kind of second mentor, who aids him in various emergencies, and foretells his future greatness. He has also a mistress, a cold, heartless, selfish coquette, whom he rescues from death in a hurricane that suddenly bursts forth, and in describing which the author rises above himself. The good ship of Bilboa is lost in this storm, and himself beggared. His mistress discards him, and he thenceforth renounces her. After escaping assassination, and beholding the man that would have murdered him, fall a victim in his stead, he escapes from St. Domingo, and, after a series of almost unrivalled adventures finds himself at Darien, at the head of a respectable body of adventurers, and in the full tide of success toward the attainment of his wishes. Here he meets the damsel of Darien, a sweet, and innocent young Indian girl, who charms us alike by her beauty, her purity, and her artless simplicity. The discovery of the Great Pacific follows, and Bilboa returns to Hispaniola only to die, on a false charge, by the hand of the public executioner. Such was the justice of the times!

We rejoice that our native novelists are beginning to illustrate the history of America. There is no better field than the early doings of the Spanish adventurers, nor one more full of romance, and at the same time instructive. From the discovery of America, in 1492, until the expiration of the buccaneers, about 1700, our history is crowded with materials of unrivalled value, and which, in the hands of some mighty genius, may yet make our continent as celebrated as the brown hills of Scotland, so often immortalized by the pen of Scott. When will that genius arise?

"Morton's Hope; or, the Provincial." A Novel. 2 vols. Harper and Brothers, New York.

This is a work of much talent and some faults. The scene is laid first in America and then changed to Germany; and the time extends from before the American revolution until some years afterward. The hero falls in love, becomes almost heart-broken, and passing over to the Faderland, enters a German University, and amid their duels, their drinking bouts, and their republican societies, passes for some years a life of wild, erratic, almost incredible excitement. The events of this period form decidedly the best portions of the work, and are sketched with such life-like vigor, that we almost fancy the author has lived and acted among the celebrated students of the German universities. He has

committed, however, an anachronism, if we may so speak, in making the American revolution contemporary with those republican societies, which sprung among the ardent students of the Rhine, more than seventy years afterward, and which, in fact, were enkindled by the success of our republic. We know no work in which the singular life led at the German colleges is depicted with such mingled truth and boldness. The hero plunges as deeply into their debauches as any of his classmates, and soon wins for himself a notoriety even among them. The story is carried on through two volumes, and then the characters are dismissed with the usual amount of happiness.

OUR CONVERSAZIONE.

We this month present our readers, in compliance with numerous solicitations from our fair friends, with an extra plate of a highly ornamental character, containing the most desirable promenade dress of the latest fashion. It is a colored *pou de soie* robe; the border trimmed with a single flounce; *corsage en cœur*, tight to the shape, and bordered with lace. *Pou de soie* shawl, shot with pale brown and black, and bordered with black lace of an antique pattern, which is headed by a *chef d'or*; cords and tassels complete the trimming. Blue crape hat, of a round shape, trimmed with the same material, and pale blush roses.

MORNING DRESS.—*Organdy* peignoir, lined with rose-colored *pou de soie*. Green *taffetas* scarf, Rose-colored *pou de soie* hat, profusely trimmed with lace and ribbon to correspond.

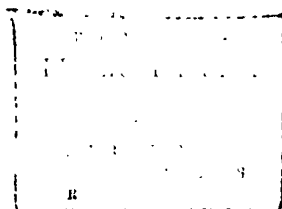
Pou de soie robe; it is green, shot with yellow. *Corsage* in crossed drapery, and bishop's sleeve, the top ornamented with folds; the border is trimmed with a deep flounce. Short apron of yellow *gros de Naples*, embroidered in colored silks; *ceinture*, a green cord and tassels.

EVENING DRESS.—*Organdy* robe printed in a blue flowered running pattern, the border is trimmed with two flounces. A low *corsage* tight to the shape, forming a small point at the bottom, which is ornamented with a knot and floating ends of ribbon; the top is trimmed with English point lace set on full, and descending in a deep point in the centre; short sleeve, terminated by three *bouffants*. *Coiffure à la Duchesse* composed of English point lace, and a wreath of wild flowers.

It will be seen, by referring to our prospectus, that it is our intention hereafter, in addition to the monthly plate hitherto furnished by us, to present our readers quarterly with a colored plate of the fashions, done in the first style of art, and under the superintendence of a French gentleman, whose patterns are procured direct from Paris and London. We publish them quarterly because otherwise we should have to re-print old fashions, invent new ones, or give almost duplicates of the last. We feel certain, from the extent of our arrangements that we shall meet with as well as merit the patronage of all. We give the latest London fashions, for morning, promenade, and evening dresses. The one in the plate, however, is all the rage.

ON DRES.—We learn that Mr. Cooper is now in our city, superintending the publication of a new novel from his pen. It is to be called *The Path Finder; or, The Inland Seas*. Natty Bumpo, alias Hawk-eye, alias The Trapper, is again to be the hero, and we learn is to be described as in love. Leather Stocking in love!—it will be sport we trow.

Professor Nott's novel, saved from the wreck of the Home, is also shortly to appear. It has some sea scenes of high merit.





Woman in Tropical Dress

CASET

1. The first of these is the fact that the majority of the population of the United States is of European descent. This is a fact which has been recognized by the government and the people for many years. It is a fact which has been recognized by the government and the people for many years. It is a fact which has been recognized by the government and the people for many years.

[illegible]



THE C A S K E T.

Vol. XV.]

DECEMBER, 1839.

[No. 6.]

THE INDIAN FRUIT SELLER.

BY AN AMERICAN IN THE EAST.

THE East is the clime of love. The songs of poets, the tales of romancers, and the pencils of painters have united to perpetuate its beauties, and fling a halo around its name. From our first childhood, when we pored over the seductive pages of Marco Polo and his followers, until the day when we at length set foot upon Indian soil, we had looked upon the East, with its starry skies, its silvery streams, and its never failing fountains, as emphatically the garden of the world, and the land of poetry and song. As the old Spaniards who believed in the enchanted isle, watched day after day across the deep for its green mountains and its spicy groves, so had I gazed until my eyes ached, and my sight grew dim, for the first glimpse of the blue outline of the Indian hills, rising far away upon the dim horizon. When at length I saw them, hovering like a thin haze afar, I felt a gush of delight, that few can understand. Here was before me the home of romance, with its pagods, palm trees, and gorgeous wealth. Here was the land of oriental magnificence, and European spoil. I was silent. I could scarcely believe that my young visions had been realised, and that what I had dreamt of in boyhood was now before me.

There is much in the East that is strange, especially to a traveller from far-off America. The great extremes between the classes, the rigidity with which the castes are maintained, the singular customs of the Hindoo religion, and the rich magnificence of their rulers, strike forcibly upon the attention of a plain Republican. But above all is he struck with the scenery of the country. The vast rivers, and eternal mountains, which are so novel to an Englishman, only remind the American of home; but the wide-spreading palm trees, and the thick and almost impervious jungles, at once attract his curiosity. The carrion birds by day, and the howl of the jackall by night, make him feel that he is indeed in a strange land. With all its charms he longs for the northern sky, the merry brooks, and granite hills, the companions of his childhood, in dear, but distant New England.

But the East is the clime of love. Other traits it may possess, but poetry and romance claim it for their own. Amid all the degradation of her people, there are still bright gleams left of this, the purest of the passions. The air, the sky, the scenery, the moonlight song, all contribute to make us sensible of the clime we are in. Then, too, their women. Who that has seen them, especially their native girls, going in merry troops, to enjoy their daily pastime of bathing, but has been struck with the beauty of their forms, and the grace of every movement? Untrammelled by the false fashions of more civilised nations, their forms are allowed to develop themselves in all the flowing lines of

nature, until they vie even with the Venus de Medici, or the graceful roundness of the Capitoline Juno.

I had not been on shore more than a day or two, before I ordered a palanquin, and, curious to behold whatever was remarkable, set out to view the city. We had just passed the suburbs, and resting for awhile beneath the shade of a huge banyan, had begun again our journey, when I saw, in the capacity of a mere fruit-seller, one of the most beautiful girls that any land ever produced. She could not have been more than seventeen at the utmost; and, like all those of her race, her complexion was of a clear olive, scarcely darker than many of her sex I have seen even in America. She was attired in the usual dress of her country, and was standing beside her fruits, resting against a bamboo shed, that served for her little shop. Her eyes were modestly cast down upon the ground; and it was in truth, her demeanor that first attracted my attention. The dark, silken hair was gathered in a knot behind, and a few luxuriant curls stealing down her face, contrasted beautifully with the light olive of her complexion. The long, swan-like neck, was inclined forward, in a gentle curve, that even Canova has never rivalled. Her features were of the true Greek, and like them might have been too regular to be expressive, had it not been for the brightness of an eye, that seemed actually to *speak* with its quick, electric glance. Like all her sex, her arms and ankles were loaded with silver rings. Much as I had heard of the occasional beauty of their women, I must confess, that I little expected to see one so near fulfilling the dreams of the painter. I felt an uncontrollable wish to purchase some of her fruit, and accordingly ordered the bearers to stop, but just as I was about to address the fair Indian, I remembered that I did not know a word of her language. The pause, however, aroused her attention, and lifting her dark, swimming eye from the ground, she cast a startled look at me, and beholding an European, seemed hesitating whether to run away or remain. She looked hither and thither, and seemed like a timid fawn, half afraid. To relieve her, I ordered one of the bearers, who smattered a little in English, to ask the price of her fruit.

It was a minute before she answered, and then she murmured something in her native tongue, not a word of which I understood, but whose every tone was music. I was all impatience to hear what it could be.

"What says she?" I asked.

"She says she don't know," said the bearer, repeating her any thing but poetic answer, for she is only waiting while the owner,—who, I suppose, is some old woman,—returns from her errand.—"There, it must be that one running here," and the fellow pointed to an old hag hastening toward us from another direction. I really felt vexed that my money was to go to her coffers. But I longed again to hear the fair Indian speak. I had thought at first she could scarcely be a mere fruit-seller; and could only account now for her situation by supposing her some relative of the owner's. She was meantime evidently embarrassed. Her eyes had been again modestly cast upon the ground, and she might have seemed unconscious of our presence, were it not for the blush that tinged even her sunny cheek.

"Can't you tell us, my pretty fruit-girl," said I somewhat gaily, touching the article at the same time with an umbrella, and forgetting again that she could not understand me, I spoke in English, "what this is sold for?"

She lifted her dark eyes up as I spoke, and with a mirthful glance I shall never forget, answered to my utter surprise in broken English.

"Oh yes!—for a pine-apple—is n't it?"—for she knew, the baggage, that in all climates beauties are privileged to say what they like. I was, as the sailors say, taken all aback. She had heard our conversation then, and what a pretty figure had I cut before a dark-eyed Indian girl! I could see that she was enjoying my discomfort, and even the bearer grinned most provokingly. I did not know what to say. I was, for once, completely abashed. But at this moment the old woman who owned the stall came up, and began most vociferously to praise her fruits. She had the finest in the market, fresh but an hour before, and would sell at almost half price. Inwardly cursing the old wretch's volubility, and convinced that market-women are market-women every where, I turned to look for my fair girl and found that she had vanished. I just caught a glimpse of her form as she disappeared in an adjacent avenue. All our efforts to learn who she was were fruitless. The old woman said she was a relative, and nothing more could be gained from her, though I bought half her stock to put her in a better humor. Such a pretty daughter it was impossible for her to have, and so I was left to nothing but conjecture. At last finding it useless, I ordered the bearers to proceed.

I often passed that way, but I never again saw the beautiful fruit-seller. The old woman was always at her post, but what did I care for that? At last I gave up the search in despair, and my companions one and all ceased teasing me about her. I wonder if she is married?

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY MISS E. E. STOCKTON.

Is in thy dwelling-place of glory,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Thou hearest thy weeping child implore thee,
Oh Saint! One! draw nigh.
Circle me now with thy immortal wings,
Bright with the splendor of all Heavenly things!

From thy green bower of bliss, unfading
Amid the ambrosial air,
Whose musical retreats are shading
Flowers ever fresh and fair—
Sweet Mother, hasten at thy daughter's cry,
Viewless, yet present—let me *feel* thee nigh.

Teach me to woo thee, blessed Spirit;—
What language to employ;—
Dearest, 'mid bright ones that inherit
Those homes of deathless joy.
Tell me if still within thy gentle breast
Feelings of earthly tenderness have rest!

By all thy love with sorrow blending,—
Sweet smiles, and sacred tears;—
By all thy whispered prayers, ascending
To Him who knew thy fears;—
Once more, beloved one, with streaming eyes
I call thee from the glory of the skies.

By all the mild yet glad caressing
That made my childhood bright,—
And by the still remembered blessing
Beside my couch at night:—
By all the hopes that lit those earnest eyes
I call thy spirit back to human ties.

E'en by that hour, when feebly placing
Thy hand upon my head,
One trembling arm my form embracing,

Love's dying words were said;
While, as to shield thee from the spoiler's
dart,
I struggled closer to thy throbbing heart!

By the mysterious music, waking
Thy spirit into light,—
By the unshadowed glory breaking
Upon thy raptured sight,
Prompting that latest murmur of thy voice,
Full of extatic bliss—"Rejoice—rejoice!"

Alas, 't is vain—this constant yearning
To look upon thy face;—
This strong desire forever burning
To spring to thy embrace!
I call thee—yet no answering tone I hear—
No sudden splendor tells me thou art near!

Yet even as I speak, a vision
Grows clear to Fancy's eye;
Shaming the fabled hues Elysian,
I see thy home on high!
And lo! within it stands *another* form,
Just risen from the shadow of the storm.

She that first loved thee—vigils keeping
O'er thy sweet infant breath;
She whose soft eyes were dim with weeping—
Beside thy bed of death.
She too hath left us, fading from our sight
With her meek smile and hair of silver white.

Oh, what to me earth's keenest sorrow,
If, with a faith divine,
My heart can consolation borrow
From hopes like hers and thine!
Then shall I join thee with my latest
breath,
And bliss which life denies me, find in Death!

LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO.

NUMBER THREE.

"Poor naked wretches, whereso'er ye are
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness defend ye
From seasons such as this? Oh! I have ta'en
Too little care of such!"

King Lear.

THE POOR DEBTOR.

It was a cold, wet, tempestuous night, and the wind swept wildly along the deserted streets, driving the sleety rain into the face of the wayfarer, when I found myself returning to my hotel in Boston, late in the evening, from an unavoidable business engagement. As the distance was not great, I had set out on foot; and in order to be more speedy, had struck into one of those narrow cross streets, which are so common in the North end of that truly English town. Just as I turned a corner, a figure emerged from the shelter of an old, time-decayed mansion, and extending a wan arm, in a faint, girlish voice, now tremulous with cold, said piteously,

"Please, sir, please—if it 's only a penny."

I started; for there was something touchingly sad in the low, plaintive tone of the speaker. She was a delicate, sickly looking child, apparently about eleven years of age, and wrapped in an old and tattered garment, which once had been a cloak, but which now was scarcely fit to clothe the meanest felon alive. It was with difficulty that she could keep the rags together with her blue, cold arm, as the wind whirled moaningly along the narrow street. Her whole look was one of utter destitution. Yet there was none of the squalor of willing poverty in that pale and emaciated young countenance. As I paused, looking at her a moment without speaking, she seemed to think that her prayer was disregarded; for gathering her ragged cloak around her shivering form, with a deep sigh and a look of patient submission, she shrank back again under the shelter of the old mansion. But as she turned, the light of a lamp streamed over her face, and I saw that despite her efforts the hot tears were rolling down her cheeks. It cut me to the heart.

"My little child," said I in my kindest tones, "where do you live?—you look cold and hungry—what has brought you out on such a night as this?"

"Oh! sir," said she, looking up into my face, and bursting into tears at my kind words, for kindness was a strange thing to that young bosom, "I don't feel the cold,—and I ain't used to beg,—but please, sir, if it 's only a penny, for brother 's sick, and we 've no wood to make a fire, and even little Charley has n't had any thing to eat to-day."

"Good God!" said I, "you do n't mean to say they are starving to death, and in such a city as this."

"Oh! sir, what can we do!—for we 've got no money, and who 'll trust us now that father 's in jail? We 've eat nothing since yesterday, and brother, I 'm afraid, will never get well, sir, again," and with that she burst into tears, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Do n't cry, my poor little girl," said I, "for I'll go and see your brother,—and here," offering her some change,—“run and bring them something to eat, and shew me the way.”

The girl extended her trembling hand, and clutching the money with the eagerness of famine, hastily murmured her thanks, directed me where to find her home, and then gathering her rags around her, hurried down a neighboring street to execute the commission which—God knows!—had been too rare a thing with her of late.

It was a withering night, and one of the bitterest storms I ever witnessed raged around. The sky overhead was of a dingy black, and seemed scowling but a few yards overhead; while the cold, sleety rain, was whirled slantingly along before the gusts of wind, that now rattled among the chimneys, roared around the corners, and then as if in wilder rage, went howling down the street. I was in one of the oldest and poorest quarters of the city. The houses around were black with age, and some seemed ready to tumble headlong down. Here and there indeed, a more tottering structure than its fellow was supported by a beam or two from the adjoining tenement; and in many places from the absence of blinds, and the shattered condition of the casements, it was evident that the habitation within had long been deserted. As I turned into the bye-way a still more desolate sight met my eye. The street was scarcely ten feet wide, narrow, crooked, filthy, and utterly destitute of light. On either side the tottering frames rose dark into the sky, while a solitary candle glimmered at intervals from some rattling casement. The mouldings of the doors were broken off; the venetian shutters had mostly rotted from their hinges; and the side walks and door steps were torn up around. The spot looked as if mortal foot had not visited it for years, and I began to think I had mistook the direction, when I heard a strange step behind me, and turning, beheld the little girl hurriedly following in my rear.

"There, right ahead, sir—turn the next corner," said she in a voice tremulous with excitement,—“this way, here,” and leading the way, she stopped before a low, ruinous door till I came up, when bidding me follow, she entered a narrow passage, groped up a rickety, crooked staircase, and pushing aside a crazy door, stole noiselessly into the room.

The apartment was low, narrow, and lighted by a solitary candle. The smoky walls were bare, the floor without carpeting, and a bed, a stool, and broken table was the only furniture around. There was a chimney place in one corner, but it looked as if it had not felt a fire for years. Several panes of glass were broken in the casement, in some of which old rags were stuffed, while through others the wind and rain beat, fanning the dim candle, and making the wretched inmates shiver as they drew their rags around them. It makes my heart ache to think of it; for few as they were not a whole garment was in the room. But it was the old tale; hard, grinding poverty had been there; every thing had gone to the pawnbroker's, until nothing was left but starvation and death. But the occupants of the room were the most striking of all. On the bed lay the wasted form of a little boy, some six or seven years of age, his glassy eye and hollow, hectic cheek, telling a tale of premature decay, brought on perhaps, by sheer, biting destitution. A woman cleanly but scantily dressed, with a child in her arms, was standing by the bedside of the sufferer, gazing wistfully into his face, with that anxious look, none but a mother gives, and which not even her own misery could drive away. Amid all her poverty, it was impossible not to see that she had once been beautiful; and there yet lingered in her care-worn face a soft, almost angelic expression of mingled fortitude and resignation, as if sorrow though it might eat out the heart, could not eradicate the chiselled outline of her features. It was altogether such a face as once seen is rarely forgotten. And then the look of suffering depicted there, telling—oh! how acutely—of the agony of that mother's heart.

Now and then the babe in her arms would lift its little hands and lisp in broken accents for bread, while as she strove to quiet its cries the big tears would steal down her pale, wan cheeks, and fall upon the face of the boy. Oh! little do we know of the woes of bitter poverty. How many are there every year who thus weep day and night with sickly frames and fast breaking hearts, over the childish cries they cannot appease; for alas! they have no bread.

As we entered she looked up, and noticing a stranger, seemed about to speak, but her little daughter interrupted her.

"Mother, oh! mother," said the little girl, running up to her, and unfolding the food she had brought, "see what this good gentleman has given me, poor little Charley," she continued, addressing the babe, whose outstretched arms betrayed his eagerness to obtain the food, "you need n't cry any longer—and brother could n't you eat some too!—we shall all now have a nice supper, shan't we, dear mother?"

"God in heaven bless you!" murmured the parent, as she turned toward me, "He will."

"Hush—not a word, my dear madam," said I, "until the wants of your little family and yourself are attended to."

"Oh! sir, I have n't words to thank you—there, there, my love, do n't eat so hungrily"—she continued addressing the child, and then added half to herself, "but it's no wonder since he has n't had any thing to-day."

"Mother!" said the low voice of the sick boy, as he faintly lifted his head from the pillow, "could n't I have a little water with this"—and he held up a piece of the bread, "I think I could drink some if I had."

"For heaven's sake, my dear madam," I exclaimed, almost affected to tears, as the mother was about rising to go out and obey his request, "remain here, and I will bring the drink,—you are yourself sick, you want sustenance too, as you value your children's lives do n't expose yourself—I will have some fire made for you, and you shall at least be more comfortable than now."

The mother did not answer. Once or twice she essayed to speak; but her words failed her, and she burst at last into tears. I would not have given my feelings then for those of the proudest conqueror that ever lived.

I performed my errand, and then sought out aid. In an hour a cheery fire was blazing on the hearth; the chinks of the old, tottering, crazy walls, were closed up; the broken panes no longer admitted the wind and rain; such clothing as the late hour permitted me to obtain were provided for the sufferers; and a few little delicacies that are actual necessities in a sick chamber stood upon a table by the poor boy's bedside. Never shall I forget his look of mute thankfulness, as he sucked an orange with his fevered lips; while the overladen heart of his mother could find no vent except in choking words and tears.

"Oh! mother, if father now was only here," murmured the little fellow, "we might be almost as happy as we used to in our nice house in the country."

"And who is your father, my sweet little fellow?" I asked, "I do not wish to pry into your sorrows wantonly, my dear madam," I continued, addressing the mother, "but if, as I suspect your husband's difficulties are pecuniary ones I may, by my profession at least, be of some service to him. Can I aid you in any way?"

"Oh! sir, I never can sufficiently thank you," she sobbed, "but we have not always been as we are now. We were once comfortable, if not rich, and little, little did we think it should ever come to this! It is a sad story, and it pains my heart to go over it. But I will."

It was just such a tale as I too often had heard, and as happens alas! to hundreds every year in our larger cities. Her husband had once resided in New York, been a master mechanic of some note, and consequently had lived in a style of corresponding ease and comfort. But like many a one he had finally undertaken some speculations, which in the end turned out abortive; he became consequently involved in a train of embarrassments that grew every year more ruinous; and induced at last to undertake a heavy contract for a range of stores in the hope of redeeming his fortune, he found himself at length, owing to one of those periodical contractions in our money market, unable to prosecute it, and forced to throw up the work under a penalty which would have swept away a fortune ten times as great as his own. In one word—he was reduced to beggary. His character, had he remained in New York, however, would have saved him from being distressed by his creditors, and his numerous acquaintance would have enabled him perhaps in time to re-establish himself; but possessed of a proud and sensitive heart, he could not endure to live among his friends without an equality of fortune, and preferred, like many a one before and since, rather to drain the cup of poverty to its dregs among strangers than to quaff the lightest draught among the wealthy friends of his youth. He removed to Boston, and for awhile lived at least without want. But his ill fate finally found him out even there. An old enemy of his,—perhaps the only one he had,—obtaining possession of some dishonored notes of Spencer, and pursuing him with a hate that might have shamed a demon, had pressed him for the payment, and finally levied an execution on his house a month or two since. Though he was thus broken up he did not as yet despair. He removed to a meaner house, continuing his exertions as a common journeyman. But even here his oppressor found him out, and a second time sold out his little all, gloating meanwhile with all the fiendish exultation of a mean and sordid heart over the agony he inflicted. To crown all winter set in, and Spencer found himself without employment. His creditor, too, arrested him, and threw him into prison for debt. His destiny seemed about to be accomplished, for poor, friendless, unknown, and in a strange city, to whom should he apply for aid? His heart sickened within him, the more so when he thought of his meek wife and suffering little ones. And she,—angel that she was!—how did she bear up against her fate? Day by day did she stand at the prison gates long before they were opened, and never did she leave them till the regulations forced her to depart,

performing a thousand little kindnesses for her husband, striving by her cheerfulness to soothe his troubled spirit, and endeavoring with her needle to obtain a scanty and uncertain subsistence. Oh! what is so touching as the devotion of woman. This world indeed would be a loathsome prison house, and crime, woe, misery and despair would riot alternately, were it not for the gentle reproofs and tender soothings of woman. Who does not rejoice that there is such a thing left us as her love?

As the winter set in, however, their sufferings,—that were already so intense,—became almost incredible. The little boy fell sick; he could no longer come to the prison,—and the wife and mother now had to share her time between him and her husband. But when he grew worse, she was not only forced to forego visiting the prison, but found herself unable to earn more than half the pittance she did formerly,—and when at last her employer, angry that a garment was not finished in time, refused to employ her further, her wild, agonizing declaration that the fear her boy was dying had caused the failure, served only to invoke the continued rage of the hard-hearted man. Little do we know of the world's obduracy until we have mingled with it. Her sole support thus cut off she almost despaired of human help. In vain she applied every where for work,—the demand for it was already greater than could be supplied. Poverty, cold, and starvation was before her, but she could have born it all, had it not been for her little ones. One by one, therefore, their few things had been disposed of in the vain hope that relief from some quarter would arrive. God knows! it is almost incredible, but such things are only too common, and so intense does misery become at times, that we have known men to die at their own hearths, in our boasted city too, and even at *this day*, and not have a sheet left decently to cover their lifeless forms. What then could that friendless wife do? Alas! nothing. Her means failed,—the boy grew worse,—she was herself ill,—and starvation with all its horrors was before her. As a last hope her little girl had that evening tried in vain to borrow a mite, and failing in that was driven to beg or die.

"Oh! sir, heaven will bless you," said she to me in conclusion, "and as for us, if you can do nothing for James, our heavenly father," and she looked devoutly upward, "'will temper the wind to the shorn lamb!'"

It was with a sad heart I left the abode of poverty that night. I had a few years before, and when just beginning my profession, had to struggle myself with penury, though in a mitigated form, and I was consequently more tender of the woes and sufferings of others. I felt the truth of the Latin poet's verse, "*non ignara malis miseris succurrere disco*," and I at once determined if possible to restore the husband to his family. I lay awake long, ruminating how to proceed, and finally resolved to await the morning, and think over it then in a less agitated state.

My first object was to secure the requisite assistance. For this purpose I called upon a professional friend of mine, and recapitulated the case. His sympathies, as well as my own, were deeply aroused. He paused a moment, and then said,

"Stop—did you not say the creditor's name was Norton?"

"I did—why?"

"Was it James C. Norton?" said he, taking down his docket, and referring to it.

"It was—what then?"

"I have it," said he joyfully, "he is bail for a defendant in this suit, and has become fixed. The amount is heavy, and unless he pays it I have orders to proceed against him. The money when recovered will be mine for services rendered in other suits, and I will cheerfully use it in your cause. Or stop, I will take Spencer's notes in payment, for this man is too sordid to refuse to exchange what he deems a bad debt for my acquittance. We will have the judgment marked to my use.

"No, no, it is not you but I that is to run the risk."

"Well, then, to our joint use, and we will enter satisfaction, trusting to Spencer's future ability to pay. To-night shall see him free."

Without a moment's delay we proceeded to put our plan into execution, and therefore set out at once to the counting house of the inexorable creditor. He was not there, having gone in a sleigh to his country seat, not far from Jamaica pond. He would, however, be at his town house in time for dinner, and thither at that hour we resolved to go.

Well,—we reached his lordly mansion in Sumner street, just as his splendid equipage dashed into the gate. We were ushered into the library, and a gorgeous one it was. The carved pannelings, the rich carpet, the inlaid book cases, and the luxurious seats, all betokened the highest opulence. And this was the man who was oppressing the poor debtor, driving his family out into the storm, and entailing on them misery, and it might have been death, only to gratify his avarice and revenge! It was not long before he

made his appearance, and recognizing my companion, rubbed his hands at the fire, talked jocularly of his cursed cold ride, as he called it, and begged us to honor him by taking a glass of wine. Good God! in what shapes does not poor human nature develop itself! It may well be supposed I turned from his proffered hospitality in disgust.

Our business was soon arranged. He never suspected our object, and was too glad to get rid of what he thought a worthless claim for even a tenth of its nominal value. We hastily took our leave.

"And now will you see to the liberation of Spencer?" said I to my kind-hearted companion, "while I go to prepare his family for it. I sent a physician there this morning, and I will take it in my way to call in Tremont street, and see what he thinks of that little boy. I fear he is not long for this world."

I little thought my words would be prophetic, but when I saw the medical adviser he shook his head, and declared the child to be in the last stage of his disorder. At my urgent request he got into the carriage with me, and we set out to visit the poor debtor's family.

Never shall I forget the sight that presented itself when I announced to them that their father would soon be free, and once more among them. Tears, sobs, and words of gratitude were poured forth upon me, until it grew painful. The worthy physician, seeing my embarrassment, took the sick boy's hand in his, and with those mild, soothing tones, so welcome to a sufferer—for they sound like those of a friend—he asked,

"And how do you feel to-night, my little fellow?"

"Better, sir, thank you," said the boy, in a voice so faint that it strangely belied his words. Poor child, he felt indeed stronger, but he little knew it was only the last revival of worn-out nature. The sands were already nearly run out; the cistern was well nigh broken at the fountain; a little while longer and his pure spirit would be at rest. Every one in the room seemed conscious of this, for they had all gathered around his bed, and stood gazing on his wasted form, with sad and tearful eyes. And well might it melt the heart to look on that pallid young face. It was in truth a sight to soften a bosom of adamant. After a little while one of the sudden, transitory dozes of sickness came upon him, and for awhile, with the physician still holding his pulse he seemed to sleep. The mother sat on the other side of the bed, holding a cloth with which she had been bathing his brow, and every now and then turning anxiously to the door, or endeavoring to hide the tears that, one by one, welled from her eyes, and stole heavily down her cheek, as she gazed upon her dying boy. The sister stood at the foot of the bed, looking mournfully at her brother,—but she did not as yet know his danger. And the little child, held in a neighbor's arm, gazed wistfully from one to the other, as if to enquire what it all meant. Suddenly the physician looked up, at the same instant a quick shudder passed over the boy's face, and he started half up in bed, gazing a minute wildly around. His words at first were incoherent, his cheek crimson, his gestures eager, his eyes glassy and unsettled.

"George, my love, George," almost sobbed the mother, "do n't you know me? It is I that speaks. George, my dear boy—oh, God!" she continued, lifting her eyes to heaven with a look of unutterable agony, "my boy is dying!" The child seemed to know her voice, it won upon him amid all his delirium, he looked a moment enquiringly into her face, and then extending his thin, wan hand to her, while a smile shot, like dying sunlight across his countenance, he murmured,

"Mother, is it you?—Oh! I thought I saw such strange faces—it must have been a dream—but it was a sweet sight,—there were stars, and lovely rivers, and bright angels there beckoning me on. Mother, mother, could it have been heaven?"

"Oh! my child, do n't talk so!" was all the heart-broken parent could sob.

"Mother," said the little fellow after a pause, in a clear, full voice, that seemed too strong to be earthly, "I feel I am dying, mother,—let me lay my head upon your bosom, as I used to when I was a baby like Charley—there, that is it—now kiss me, mother—but where is father?—did n't some one say he was coming—why, oh! why do n't he hurry?"

There was not a voice could answer, for we were all in tears. Even the old physician, used as he was to such scenes, had to raise his handkerchief to his eyes. The sobs of the family were heart-rending.

"Oh! sister, mother, do n't cry," said the little fellow touchingly, "you've often told me, mother, that heaven is a happy place, where the bright angels sing all day long, and there is no such thing as cold or sickness or poverty. You should n't cry, for I'm going there,—and by-and-bye, you'll all come too, won't you? Father, too, will be there,—oh! I wish I could see him, if it's only for one kiss before I die—why, why do n't he come?"

"Would—God—my dear—boy," sobbed the mother chokingly, "he could—come before—" she would have added something, but alas! her overcharged heart would not let her speak.

"Oh! mother," said the little fellow, looking up, and speaking, like I have often noticed in the dying, above his years; while his eyes gleamed with a strange and fitful fire, "do you remember how happy we all used to be years ago, when we had that nice house in the country in summer, and father would take us such pretty walks, and we'd pluck such gay flowers, and at night you would hear us say our prayers, and sing sweet songs to lullaby sister and me, and laugh so at your play—you do n't laugh any more mother,—I wonder if heaven can be as happy as that—I shall see sister Ellen there, shan't I, mother!—and oh! when I die, bury me in the country, in some spot, like that where she was—and" but here,—as his thoughts, in the wanderings of expiring intellect reverted to his absent father,—his tone saddened, and instead of finishing his sentence, he murmured sadly, looking anxiously toward the door, "father, dear father, *do* come!" and then sank exhausted upon his mother's bosom.

For a moment we thought all was over. His eyes were closed, his arms rigid, his cheek unnaturally pale, and he scarcely seemed to breathe. All at once he opened his eyes, and looking up earnestly said,

"Hark!—he is coming—his step," and instantly we heard a tread in the entry, the door flew open, and the long-looked for father rushed into the room, followed by my friend.

"My boy—my boy," was all he could gasp, rushing wildly to the bedside, as his eye took in at a glance the condition of the sufferer, "oh! my God, they have murdered you!" and his heart-broken voice was full of the bitterest agony.

"Hush, father—I am happy now," said the boy, with difficulty rallying his faculties, "mother—sister—brother—kiss me—there, now—we shall meet in Heaven—oh! the golden harps are sounding."

"My child—my dear, dear boy," sobbed the strong man, his frame shaking as in an ague fit.

"How cold—it is," murmured the boy, "do n't—do n't leave—me—its—all dark—your—hand—mo-o-ther," and with a gentle quiver of the face, he was dead.

For a moment a silence, deep and reverential fell upon the room, and while all gazed eagerly upon the pallid face, to see if the little fellow was indeed gone "where the weary are at rest," so profound was the stillness of the apartment, that you could hear even the stifled breathings of the mother. The awful hush was at length broken by the old physician, as he lifted his eye to heaven, and said devoutly,

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Amen!" was all I could answer: but the poor father, who had stood like stone, gazing upon his boy, shivered in every limb, and then casting himself frantically on the bed, while the stout frame shook under his convulsive twitches, sobbed aloud, and in the language of the Scripture, "would not be comforted." Even the tender words of his wife, who, overawed by his fearful emotion, seemed to lose all consciousness of her own bereavement, and think only of relieving his agony, were of no avail. It is a touching thing to see a woman's tears, but oh! how terrible is the strong man's grief. What to him, now, was liberty! His boy, his doted boy, was lifeless beside him, murdered, aye murdered, as he felt, for want of that aid, which a few dollars would have secured. Can words picture the agony of such a moment? Wife, children, all were forgotten, and in his misery it seemed as if like the old seer, "he had but to look upon the sun and die." It was an awful night for that bereaved family. Nearly an hour passed before he would listen to aught of comfort. But we refrain.

Well, the little fellow was buried, and buried too as he had begged, where the birds might build above him. It was a sweet spot, and never was purer being laid there.

The sorrows of men should ever be sacred. The father's agony, the sister's sorrow, and the mother's less violent, but more enduring grief, are not for me to disclose. Time, however, soothed, if it did not remove their anguish.

What remains to be told? The father, through the old physician's influence, obtained a clerkship in a commercial house, rose from station to station with a rapidity equalled only by his former decline, and in little more than five years was a partner, and living in elegance and ease. His first use of his better fortune, was to discharge the notes we held with full interest, and every cost. He subsequently did the same by every other claim. Happiness and prosperity made their home with him, and sat down at his board.

It was many years after this before business called me again to Boston, and though I often heard from this interesting family, I never met them again until they were restored to competence. I shall not forget the visit I then paid to their comfortable home in Washington street,—at that time far less a business place than at present. Years had passed since we met, and much occurred to soften the memory of the past, but even Mr. Spencer's voice grew wavering as he extended his hand, and his lovely wife could not restrain a tear. Other days, dark and sorrowful, when we met far differently from what we did now rose before us; thick, mournful memories came crowding upon our minds; a silence that all felt, yet none could explain, held us some moments in its thrall,—and then, without a word, taking me each by a hand, they led me into another room, and there, pale, subdued, and lifeless, just as I had seen him years before, was the portrait of their lost boy. It carried me back to other times. The whole scene was before me, when amid the ragings of that winter storm, the spirit of that pure being took its flight. It seemed a hard lot, and bitterly did the survivors mourn it, but we know not from how much agony and distress, that early death preserved him. The portrait was a copy from one in water colors, by his mother, whose early love for the beautiful had given her some proficiency in painting.

And that mother, too—oh! how surpassingly beautiful she looked, calm, lovely, yet sad, with a tinge of melancholy in her classic face, that arrested and won upon the beholder, making him to feel that sorrow had once been there, and as it were, flung over its otherwise startling loveliness a holy, chastened expression.

The little daughter, she who had been my first acquaintance, grew up into as lovely a being as ever poet dreamed of, or painter breathed on canvass. I never visited Boston without calling upon them. Years, long years, more than a quarter of a century has passed, and who is there now, under these fictitious names, unless, perhaps, the survivors of that hour, will be able to identify the mourners who gathered around the bedside of that dying boy?

D.

Philadelphia, October 31st, 1839.

THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

He sat in gentle thought
Beside the casement, in the summer night;
And watchful Spirits to his fancy brought,
Visions of radiance bright.

And softly on his ear,
Fell the low music of the River's song,
And tones, that untun'd Spirits could not hear,
The breezes bore along.

He dream'd of other climes,
Of sunny skies, and ever blooming flowers;
Of playful waters whose sweet silvery chimes,
Sang to the passing hours.

Of starry eyes, that seem'd
To light up earth alone with their glad rays;
Whose bright mysterious power where e'er they gleam'd,
Op'd heaven to his gaze.

Soft shadowy Spirits came
And minister'd rich draughts of vintage rare;
Echoless footsteps, and bright eyes of flame,
And golden locks were there.

Soft as the dying fall
Of the last breath of some old parting Song,
'That we, thro' long, long years so oft recall,
Murmur'd the air along.

Brighter, and brighter still,
The glad earth blossoms as it met his eye,
And myriad flowers did seem its breast to fill,
When e'er his step drew nigh.

A smile—a gentle smile
Broke on his upturn'd face, and low breath'd words
Fell from his lips, like those we list awhile,
On a Harp's silver chords.

His fingers fondly clasp'd
His darling pencil—and with magic art
He seem'd the Rainbow's colors to have grasp'd
Whose light was in his heart.

Slowly, as melts the sun
Behind the tall, dark mountains in the west,
Faded the vision he had gazed upon,
In his long hour of rest.

He woke—the balmy breeze
Of the soft summer night play'd on his brow.
While the pale Moon, gazing o'er land, and seas,
Shone thro' his casement now.

He woke—the moonlit room,
Narrow, and small, the lonely Easel there,
His hand around the pencil—and the bloom
Of his bright fancy—where?

Alone,—the vision's past,
The Spirit peopled, haunted vision's gone,
And the pale dreaming Painter, waked at last,
To find himself—alone.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

No. V.

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!"

Childs Harold.

THE CHASE.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life."

Corsair.

A WEEK or more passed, heavily enough for our impatient crew, but full of pleasure to myself. Since my acquaintance with Isabel a change seemed to have come over me. A strange thing was this intimacy of ours. Three weeks had scarcely passed since we first met, and yet it seemed already as if I had known her for years. Days of pure, unalloyed felicity were they.

At first I had fancied I was not indifferent to the beautiful girl, but after awhile her actions led me to fear that I had deceived myself, and I began to see in her deportment toward Jack especially, a frankness which she had once shown toward myself, and which had now given way to a singular reserve, almost amounting to coldness. While she would listen eagerly to his words, take his proffered arm with ready thanks, and even often gaily beckon him to her upon coming on deck,—she never accepted my aid without something of embarrassment, and seemed studiously to shun my presence. This change from the open frankness of our earlier intimacy, was gradual but certain. To me it was incomprehensible. Often I resolved boldly to ascertain the cause, but my courage always failed at the very moment it was requisite. No sooner would I mention her name than, perhaps, she would start, blush, and dropping her eyes downward, seem to be unwilling to protract the *tele-a-tele*, until Jack would come up, and with a gay sally, begin a conversation, which soon left me no hope of explanation. At other times she would lose this reserve, gradually become even animated, and be all that she was in the first days of our acquaintance. Once or twice when she and Jack were conversing gaily together, and I was brooding silently apart, I caught her dark eye directed toward me, and as it fell before my gaze, I could see the blood mount to her brow, like a gush of rosy sunlight. Was she angry with me?—I often asked at such times. I was puzzled. Even amid it all there were moments, blissful moments, when I thought she loved me; but another hour dissipated the dream, and I was once more a prey to an uncertainty, that threatened only to change into despair.

Meanwhile, as our cruise had been somewhat protracted, it became necessary to run into some neutral port, for the purpose of obtaining stores; and the harbor of —, being the one most convenient to our station, we put our gallant schooner before the wind, and ran down toward the bay. This determination opened a prospect for Mr. Thornton's return to England, and after some consultations with the captain, it was resolved that Isabel and her father should dis-embark at —, in order to await the chance of a passage to London.

What pen can describe my sensations upon hearing this arrangement. I should lose Isabel, and perhaps forever. They who have loved for the first time can only picture my

feelings. To add to all, I was yet uncertain whether my passion was reciprocated. I was tortured by a thousand uneasy fears.

It was a lovely evening. The wind was light; the seas were sparkling in the moonlight; and the distant island lay like a haze on the far off horizon. The moon was in the full, and sailing through a cloudless sky above, bathed the silent deep in floods of melting light. There was a holy, hushed, reverential awe upon all, and even the fore-castle was buried in silence, except when a stifled laugh broke upon the stillness, or the voice of some old salt became excited in a yarn. For some time Isabel and her father had been promenading the deck, but after awhile he went below, and I suddenly found myself standing beside her. There was not another soul in that part of the ship. I was embarrassed, and I saw it was mutual. The moment I had longed for was now come, and yet I found myself unable to avail myself of it. I know not what I said, I never could remember, but I offered her my arm. She thanked me, took it, and there ensued a painful silence. At last, grown desperate, I made some remark about our contemplated separation.

"Yes," said she gaily, seeming to rally herself from her embarrassment, "but we shall meet again, shan't we?"

"I know not," I answered, half satisfied by the very tone she used, "when fate may call me to England—certainly not till peace, and by that time," and I too strove to speak gaily, though I felt but little like it, "you will perhaps be impossible to recognise—"

"Why?" said she, half reproachfully, stopping and looking fall into my face. It was a look I shall never forget,—it made my brain whirl again.

"Oh!" I replied, still with assumed gaiety, and with the reckless boldness of the sailor, "by that time I shall have to enquire not for Miss Thornton, but for Mrs.——"

"Pshaw!" said she, pettishly giving my arm an impatient jerk, and then walking silently beside me, as if half offended. I grew puzzled,—then a light seemed breaking in upon me. Could it indeed be that she loved me?

"And perhaps," I continued, lowering my voice, "if ever we should meet again, Isabel Thornton in the whirl of gaiety and fashion, will scarcely remember the poor midshipman, whose only fortune is his sword."

For an instant she did not reply, but I fancied I heard a half-stifled sigh.

"Indeed you wrong me," she said earnestly, "believe me, I cannot forget you so soon, I shall always be proud to rank you as—as one of my—" she hesitated a moment, and then added, "my best friends." It was a dangerous topic, and I scarce knew what to reply. Though every pulse beat wildly with sudden hope, yet even then I felt, if she loved me, honor would prevent me from urging my suit. She was wealthy, I was penniless. It would be the basest of actions to take advantage of my saving her life, and win from her a confession her parent might not approve. Even at this intoxicating moment these thoughts rushed through my mind,—but I know not what might have been the event had not the look-out sang forth at that instant, in tones that startled every one,

"A sail, broad on the weather beam."

And turning in that direction, we saw, glancing in the moonlight, the huge mainsail of a vessel, apparently larger than our own, and which until this moment had remained undiscovered. The surprise suspended our conversation, and as Mr. Thornton instantly appeared on deck, I lost all opportunity of conversing with his daughter. Indeed the exciting scene that soon ensued, and the duties I was called upon to perform, drove even our late *tele-a-tete*, deeply interesting as it was becoming, momentarily from my mind.

The strange sail had evidently been bound for the harbor of —, which as I have said before lay off some leagues to leeward,—but as soon as we observed her our helm was put down, and wearing round we ran across her forefoot, cutting off all hope of reaching her destination, and forcing her, by the manœuvre, to follow our example, in order to avoid a raking. She was still, however, too far distant to sustain much injury from any fire, but she seemed at once to be satisfied that her best reliance was upon her speed. We could see, however, that her ports equalled our own, and we knew her size to be superior. Her conduct, in avoiding a fight, seemed inexplicable, and would have made any other man than Captain Drew suspect foul play, or at least a stratagem. But his daring was second only to his energy. He stood a minute reconnoitering the stranger, and when he saw her haul every thing close, and go off dead to windward, he thundered forth,

"Jam down the helm—haul in the sheets,—lay every thing down close there—and we'll see my brave fellows, who'll eat into the wind the fastest."

There is scarcely a more exciting thing than a well sustained chase, and accordingly every one on board gazed with breathless interest upon it. As it progressed, it grew more and more exciting, especially until an hour or two had tested our relative powers. The

stranger, at his first going off, had set the red-cross as a bravado, and we answered it at once by hoisting the stars and stripes, and throwing a shot from our long gun after him. He was a large, clipper-looking craft, of exquisite run and rig, with every thing drawing aloft and along; and a gallanter sight could not be imagined than to see him bending almost to the horizon, as he ran off within a point or two of the wind, now driving his gunwales far under water, and then swinging his reed-like masts upward as he recovered from the flaw. Our own craft had always boasted of this point of her sailing; but even her captain was forced to confess that she had at last found her match. An hour passed in exciting suspense. At times we fancied we were nearing her, and then again it was evident we were dropping astern. To increase our speed every inch of canvass was wet down, but we soon saw that our enemy was following our example. Now the wind seemed to strengthen and give us the advantage, and then again it would lull, and our antagonist recovering, would go off again with renewed velocity. The success and disappointment, the hope and despair, the alternate fluctuations of a hundred feelings, kept us in a state of continued excitement, until all on board seemed regardless of time, and wrapt only in the excitement of the chase.

"By the powers," exclaimed the captain, "but she sails well,—a sea-bird could n't go into the wind better. Long as I've been upon the sea, I never before saw a craft that had any thing like an equality with *The Storm*. That schooner yonder, is *Baltimore* built, I'll swear—"

"Why Captain," said Mr. Thornton laughingly, who had heard the remark, "is n't it possible that we Britons, bad as we are, might launch a fast-sailer too?"

"Pardon me," said my superior, good-humoredly, "I had no idea you were nigh. But you know all nations have their prejudices, and we yankees, as you call us, have one about those same *Baltimore* clippers."

"Well, you are half right I believe," he answered, "for I think I know that craft, and if so, I may safely say she cannot be caught. A faster clipper never left port. She's a privateer—the *Mermala*."

"Then she's ours," exclaimed the captain, "for such a racer will play the deuce in these seas. We must keep up the chase if it lasts till Christmas."

Deeply interesting as the chase was, there seemed little probability of determining it for hours. The moon meanwhile, was nearly down; the land to leeward gradually faded in the distance; nothing but the vast outline of the sea met the eye in every quarter; and one by one the spectators went below, until none were left above except the watch. Silence reigned on the late peopled deck, the seas were buried in the hush of midnight, and no sound was heard breaking the stillness, except the whistle of the wind through the rigging, and the rush of the waves along the side. I forgot instantly the chase and all connected with it,—I recurred to the conversation that evening with Isabel; and I felt a lightness, a gaiety of heart, in fancying myself beloved, such as I had never before experienced, and which even now I cannot describe. There was little in what she had said,—but then it was the manner. Love, like dying men, will catch at straws,—and I already fancied myself beloved. Yet I determined to do nothing dishonorable, and carefully to abstain from any entanglement her parent might disapprove. I could not dream of marriage for years to come, and with a sigh, I felt that after all, Isabel could never be mine. A day or more would separate us, and in all probability forever. As I thought of this I almost repented my resolution, determining to win, not in looks but in words, the avowal of her love. But then my better genius came to my aid, and I vowed, come what might, never to tarnish my honor, the only heritage, alas! that fate had left me. My feelings alternating thus between pleasure and sadness, left me in no enviable state, and when my watch was up I retired to my hammock, almost repining at destiny. As I turned to look upon the stranger, I could just see her, dim and uncertain, looming like a dark shadow on the horizon, still eating into the wind, and seemingly just where she was a couple of hours before.

"Where's the chase now, Jack?" said Irvine sleepily, as his fellow came down to rouse him for the morning watch, waking me, by the noise, from a broken sleep, in which I had dreamed of the stranger, Isabel, Westminster Abbey, and a whole score of wild and half-remembered nonsense.

"Still to windward I fancy, but the fact is it's so dark that we have n't seen him this half hour."

The morning was just breaking when I went on deck. The sky was streaked with ragged clouds, and a mist brooded far and near over the waters. We were still holding on to windward, but the stranger was altogether lost sight of, and even when the fog gradually rose from the sea it was impossible to discern him in his expected position. We looked, stared at each other, and at length, at a sudden exclamation from the look-out,

laughed outright. The privateer had passed us to leeward in the darkness, and was now seen skimming away toward the port we had left some twelve hours before. He was already well down on the horizon, and the chances of overtaking him seemed absolutely nothing. The order, however, was given, we came gallantly round, filled after our foe, and went sweeping down toward him like an eagle darting after his prey.

The bustle of the chase soon brought all on deck, and for a while the excitement of the preceding evening seemed rivalled. Though our foe sailed surprisingly well before the wind, it was evident that we were gaining upon him, and before many hours had elapsed, would overhaul him in despite of his efforts. The coast, meanwhile, as the morning advanced, could once more be seen rising like a dim cloud ahead, and as we drew nearer, increasing to a bolder outline, until at length it stood forth clear, dark, and massy, in all its profile of rugged hills and intervening vallies. It was yet, however, far away, when we found ourselves ranging within cannon shot of our foe. But we could not open our fire without lessening our speed. Accordingly we held on with every thing straining, determined if possible to cut out our enemy before he could reach the neutral waters. Nor were we without hopes of success. The wind lulled for a moment, veered a point or two uncertainly about, and then came out blowing strong from a quarter which forced the stranger, instead of seeking the protection of the highlands, to run along the coast in order to avoid an action. We soon saw too that we sailed the better the stronger it blew; and though the gale increased, Captain Drew, with his characteristic hardihood, refused to reef a sail, until we were spanking along with every thing cracking aloft, and the water whizzing past us as we darted like an arrow on. Our men partaking of the excitement, gathered forward in eager groups, and we could see by their impatience, longed for a fair fight with the stranger. But their wishes were soon to be gratified,—the crisis of the chase was rapidly approaching.

The sudden change of the wind had been one of those little accidents which often occur; but in the present instance, it decided, perhaps, the fate of the pursuit. By veering more landward the breeze had forced the privateer partly off the coast, and consequently, had given us a chance of getting partially between him and the land. Our quick sighted commander saw at once the advantage, and availed himself of it on the instant. Holding boldly on our way, in spite of the foe, we soon gained a position by which, without actually seeming to do so, we were yet able to choose our relative stations. We did not gain this, however, without a broadside from the privateer; but we only answered with our long Tom, hauled after the schooner, and once more gave ourselves up to the chase.

"Huzza! my lads," cried the excited Captain, "we have them now at our mercy, and can force the scoundrels to fight whether or no—what say you, Mr. Jones, eh?"

"Their last chance is up, sir,—but see, the desperadoes! they are about to make a bold push to get into the harbor—look there, they go about—they fire their long guns in passing, they hoist a jock at every mast-head, and now, by the honor of our flag, they are dead in for the coast."

"It is even so," coolly ejaculated the captain, "but let them pepper away—we'll not waste powder at such a distance, but see if we cannot cut them off,—let the ship be cleared for action though, and then beat to quarters. Quarter master down with your helm."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response, and coming up a point or two, we began gradually to edge in toward the coast, gaining rapidly upon the schooner, whose track now lay across our starboard bow, in order to get between the headland, that lying right ahead of us, offered to her the only chance of safety. As the slightest glance at our relative positions will shew, our only hope of success was in running in before her, driving her to sea again, or commencing the action in earnest. For if we should fail in getting between her and the land, she would certainly hazard the risk of our broadside, when, if undamaged, a few moments would place her within the neutral waters. It was a trial of skill,—and it passed rapidly and breathlessly. We were now within pistol shot of the stranger, and yet, so eager were both to get the lead that not a gun had been fired. The old quarter-master kept his eye undeviatingly fixed ahead, the captain watched with equal eagerness our chances, and every man of our now silent crew, stood with his match-lock ready, and his cutlass at his side, prepared either to open our fire, or board at the given signal.

"Are the grape-nets prepared?" whispered the captain to me, as I came aft.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Is all ready for boarding, Mr. Jones?"

"Every thing, sir!"

"What ship is that?" thundered the captain on the instant leaping upon a gun, as we darted up to the stranger's bow, "haul down your colors to The Schooner Storm, of the United States Navy."

"Give it to them there fore and aft, my hearts of oak," roared back the captain of the privateer, gallantly leaping into his main rigging, and shewing the lion courage of a brave man, now that he saw his escape was inevitable, "pour it into them like hail, and the day's ours." And as he spoke a terrific fire was opened with the heavy metal of his schooner, that convinced us we had engaged one far our superior, and made us for a moment stagger beneath it. But our brave leader had foreseen as much, and had made preparation to carry him by boarding. Nor did his sagacity fail him. As we dashed up to the stranger's bow, despite the fiery hail around us, we took the wind for a moment from the sails of our foe, he dropped astern, we ran into his fore-chains, fell alongside, were instantly entangled with his rigging, and before the privateer could recover from his surprise, the order to let go the grapnels had been given, we were fast to our foe, and then springing into the rigging, our captain waved his sword aloft, shouted in a voice of thunder,

"Boarders, away there!"

And followed by scores of men, he leaped upon the deck of the stranger, cutting, hewing, and clearing his way before him, until with his gallant followers, he had driven the startled, and half disciplined crew, back upon the quarter deck of their ship. Here they made a desperate rally, and their leader fought with the bravery of despair. But they never recovered their surprise, and taken in the flank by a new swarm of boarders from our craft, were soon driven down the hatches, until not a man but the captain was left to dispute the deck. He too was wounded, and forced to give up his sword. With his own hands our captain hauled down the British flag,—and then a roar of wild huzzas went up till the welkin echoed with the sound.

Our surprise that a vessel so much our superior should avoid a combat, was soon accounted for from her being only partially manned, and having besides a rich booty on board. Still, however, her crew outnumbered our own, and I can only account for the ease of our victory, by the panic ensuing upon our bold and daring attempt. I had no doubt then, as indeed I subsequently learned, that our force was imagined to be far greater than it really was. As one of the prisoners grumbled, an old salt by-the-bye who had sailed with Nelson—"he'd fight as long as any one, but he could n't stand men who charged like devils."

As Mr. Jones had been wounded, I was given the command of the prize, and we then bore up in company for ——. In a few hours, amid a salute from the port, we both anchored in the harbor.

The duties of my command were so urgent that I had scarcely a moment to spare, and consequently saw little of Isabel before her departure. As there was a larger port a short travel up the coast, from which there would a better chance of a passage to London or Jamaica, Mr. Thornton resolved to go there at once, and await the first opportunity. The second day after we got in he took leave of us and departed. I could only spare the half hour that saw them start. Never shall I forget the kindness of the old man, or the profusion of his thanks. Isabel said less, but she looked sad. What could make me happier?

"And so we will take no excuse, my young preserver," said Mr. Thornton in conclusion, "but come to see us *you must*. This war will, it must soon end. We shall hear often from each other I trust, and when I am too idle to be your correspondent, I shall press Isabel into my service," and regardless of the crimson that dyed her cheek as he proceeded, he continued, "she will make a readier, and I fancy, quite as pleasant a letter-writer—won't you, my love! Ah! you need n't mind being my amanuensis. But now we must part. God bless you, my young friend,—depend upon it if ever you want a friend, old John Thornton, of Thornton Hall, Sussex, will stand by you, as you sailors have it, till the last timber deserts you. Again God bless you."

"Farewell," I could scarcely gasp, grasping his hand, "farewell, Isabel," and then in a whisper, I added hurriedly, as I pressed the fair girl's hand, "heaven bless you, will you sometimes think of me, Isabel?"

"Oh! yes—" she whispered involuntarily, faintly returning the pressure, "but too—too often," and with eyes suffused with tears, the carriage started, she waved her handkerchief, her father bowed, they were whirled away, and for a moment I stood looking after them, scarce conscious that it was not all a dream. One delightful emotion pervaded my frame—the consciousness that I was beloved. It came at the moment of parting, and in such a guise as could not be misunderstood. That last look,—the sigh, the tear, the hurried word formed thereafter, the theme of daily reveries, and nightly dreams. I resolved to win a name which Isabel might deserve. From that hour I became a new being. I was no longer the careless reefer, but restless and ambitious, I coveted distinction, and longed for success in my profession. Years rolled by, and still my load star was Isabel. I mingled

with the proud, the rich, and beautiful, and yet I met none that thrilled me like her. The very name of Isabel, if it fell casually upon my ear, made every nerve tingle. I had made it the altar of my heart;—did she, I often asked myself, still remember me? But I anticipate.

Our preparations in —, were soon finished. It was resolved that lieutenant Jones should return home in our last prize,—and that, as the commodore had left no orders for us at the rendezvous, we should proceed in a cruise farther north, shaping our course, as convenience might from time to time dictate. As I was the oldest midshipman on board, I succeeded Mr. Jones, and became acting lieutenant of *The Storm*. Already was the first prophecy of my good old commodore fulfilled.

Philadelphia, November 16th, 1839.

THE RETURN

BY FLORA.

THE world looks on me coldly,
My summer friends are fled,
And I come to *thee*, my Mother,
To soothe my aching head.
Once more on thy dear bosom,
My weary eyes I close,
And sigh for the peaceful visions
Of childhood's sweet repose.

My cheek hath lost its redness,
And my lip its joyous smile;
Yet still for thee, my Mother,
This heart beats warm the while.
Aye, pass thy gentle fingers
Amid my curls once more,
Though they have lost the brightness,
My boyhood's beauty wore!

I know the form is trembling,
That was so tall and strong;
And my voice hath lost its fulness,
That was so praised in song.
Yet weep not, best-beloved,
This air will brace my frame;
And the voice regain its music,
That only speaks thy name!

Yet worse than this, my Mother,
These eyes have looked on sin,
And at the bowers of pleasure,
My feet have entered in.

Philadelphia, November 6th, 1839.

Then she I loved so wildly,
Whose smile for me was light,
Forsook me in my anguish,
And left a starless night.

Yet *thee*—Heaven bless thee—Mother—
For all those pitying tears,
And for thy sweet caressing,
That banishes my fears.
Thy love was mine in gladness,
And oh, how well I knew
If I turned to thee in sorrow,
I'd find it still as true.

I thought to bring thee riches,
To make thy home more bright,
And grieve that I should only
Bring darkness and a blight.
Yet, when these balmy breezes
Give back my strength once more,
I will toil for thee, my Mother,
And thy wants shall all be o'er!

A smile lit up the features,
That were so wan and fair,
And a sudden gleam of sunlight
Fell on the shining hair—
The aching head so weary
Had found a *better* rest;—
And his last thoughts were those of love
Upon his Mother's breast!

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"—— Of one, who loved not wisely,
But too well."

Othello.

In the beautiful little church of St. Roche a marriage ceremony had just been completed, and the priest was raising his hands to heaven to invoke a blessing on the newly-married couple. The bride was young and beautiful, but her extreme paleness, and her eyes suffused with tears, told most forcibly that it was not a marriage of affection; the young man, who was now her husband, seemed as if he dared scarcely raise his eyes toward her who was his bride; he held her hand listlessly in his own, some vague and irresolute feeling seeming to have completely taken possession of him, and it might almost be said that, like the bride, he was a mere passive actor in the scene; his age might be about twenty;—in person, he was remarkably handsome, and he was just united to Elise Berthaud, the only daughter of one of the first nobles of Brittany, and the most celebrated beauty of the province, but the bridegroom felt that he was only Henri Lenoir, the son of Count Berthaud's steward.

The mighty events which were then taking place in France had destroyed all distinctions of rank in society, and the highest and the lowest were then equal. Count Berthaud, a few months before this strange alliance had taken place, had seen himself stripped by the Revolution of all his wealth, and he had also seen his own steward become the purchaser of his estates. Moreover, he had to feel that at the moment of the greatest peril, even when the scaffolds were deluged with blood, the steward had, at the risk of his own life, saved that of his master. The humble but honest steward, who disdained to be a niggard, in his generosity, had offered to the Count the restitution of all his property, merely requesting that the only daughter of the Count might be united to his son. The Count had not hesitated what course to pursue, he saw such a step was still necessary for his own preservation, though the steward had not said as much; his daughter gave her hand where her father commanded; and the Count, previous to the ceremony, in token of the degradation he could not help feeling, had covered over the portraits of his ancestors with black crape—for the course of its nobility was ended.

An hour after the ceremony, all was silent in the chateau,—no rejoicings marked the event; it might have been a funeral that had taken place, judging from the air of solemnity that hung around. Elise was in her own room, she was seated near the window, her head resting on her hands, and she no longer strove to conceal her feelings, for the tears chased each other rapidly down her cheeks; the door opened, and Henri entered.

"You are weeping!" he exclaimed with a voice rendered tremulous by emotion.

At the sound of his voice, Elise started, but quickly recovering herself, her features assumed an air of calmness and dignity.

"You are in grief," replied Henri, "when I would have given my life to spare you a single moment of anguish; yes—yes, Elise. I can see it all; it is not such a marriage as you have contemplated in your day-dreams; had you been free, your choice would never have fallen upon the humble Henri Lenoir."

"Sir," replied Elise, "I have obeyed my father's commands, and from me you will never hear one word of complaint nor reproach——"

"No!—no! Elise!—it is not that; but you are suffering, deeply suffering. I will be all to you that man can be; your every wish shall be my most anxious care;—my whole life shall be devoted to you. You turn from me! alas, it is true, then, you love another."

"Sir!"

"It must be true; but I will not question you; and yet one word from you would render me the happiest of men. Elise, I have long loved you, and heaven only knows how truly;—nay, do not turn from me thus. I tell you so now, to-morrow I cannot. You have ever been the brightest object of my wishes; before me by day, present at night in my dreams; and oh! what pictures of happiness have I not painted, in which you were most prominent; and now the most darling object of my heart is attained—you are my wife——"

A slight emotion escaped from Elise; but Henri quickly continued, "Pardon me, Elise, if I tell you of that which interests *you* little; you do not wish for a love so ardent, and which is not according to the cold forms of your great world. You cannot be happy with me; it is in vain I should strive to gain your affection, and I love you too well to cause you that pain I have the means of sparing you. I am about to part from you for ever——"

"How?"

"Why you see, Mademoiselle, that we of the humbler classes in life have for our guides our hearts and our consciences. It is our all—it is enough; my own happiness matters little to any one; yours is my only care. You do not wish for me!—France—my country—calls for me. I am now an officer in the 16th Lancers; if at a future time you should hear of some daring feat where my name is mentioned, remember it was love for you that prompted me to it."

Elise raised her eyes for a moment to fix them on her husband, but they were quickly withdrawn, and her glance turned away; some strange conflict was evidently working in her breast.

"If, Mademoiselle, you wish for aught that I can do, one word brings me to your feet; and if it is the chance of war that I am to die, our marriage contract gives you all our fortune."

"Oh! Lenoir! I do not wish for that!"

"I am sure, Mademoiselle, you are too good, too generous, to wish for my death; all I ask of you is sometimes to remember me! think that there is one who, wheresoever fate may lead him, still dearly—fondly loves you. Farewell!"

Henri pronounced these words with much emotion, and left the room abruptly. Elise's eyes were again suffused with tears, not for the liberty she had lost, but for love. "Henri!" she exclaimed; it was, however, *too late*.

Eight years passed away, and the Count Berthaud was no more; the steward, too, had followed his master to his last resting place; and the only person residing at the chateau was Elise, changed somewhat from the Elise of the earlier date of our story; she was no longer the young timid girl, but the grave and austere woman, upon whose countenance an air of melancholy had habitually fixed itself; the love toward Henri that had slightly kindled was now effaced by time, and the still beautiful Elise had become a politician.

She was one day seated at her secretaire, busied in some matter pertaining to her favorite pursuit, when her servant announced a visitor. He was a man about fifty years of age; tall, with a quick penetrating eye, and a brief and sudden form of speech; it was M. Massol, one of those men who float on the surface of all political troubles, and who seem to mix in all the political intrigues, and yet ensure safety for themselves.

Elise was holding a pen in her hand as M. Massol entered; she paused an instant, and then suddenly throwing it down, she exclaimed, "No—no, M. Massol, I will not do it!"

"And why not?" replied the other, with an insinuating expression; "and why not, 't is mere childishness—Henri is but a short league hence; in an hour he is here, and if you but say the word, he is ours. Remember, Madame, he is a most important accession to us; his influence is very great; in a word, Madame, if you but gain him to our party, one half the army are sure to follow him. You cannot hesitate how to act in such a case!"

"Indeed, I cannot.—No! no; suppose he were to imagine that I love him!"

"Well, Madame, what of that? is he not your husband? is it any such great sacrifice in a noble cause for a woman to love her husband for a time; that is to say, you have told me that he loves you—a man in love is surely an easy conquest, you may mould him as you will to your purpose."

"In truth, M. Massol, 't is hard to decide; he loves me I know, and he is brave and generous; and were he but of rank equal to my own, I would——"

"Love your husband! Come—throw away this false pride; he was not noble when you married; at least he is so now. Come, write;—come—'t is but a line on this sheet of paper, and see the ink is in the pen."

"You are deceived M. Massol; Henri Lenoir would not even for me betray his Sovereign. Napoleon has made him what he is;—given him rank and honors, I know he will not deceive him!"

"Madame, you know little of the world; or history would have taught you, it is always those on whom sovereigns have been most lavish of honor and rank, who have betrayed them; it is nature. Man is but a creature of self-interest."

"But should he refuse me—I have committed—degraded myself to no purpose."

"Refuse you!—absurd. What Henri Lenoir, the son of the humble steward, refuse the advances of the noble and illustrious Countess Berthaud! why he would be overwhelmed with your graciousness and condescension. Write, Madame, write; and I pledge myself that in an hour you see him at your feet—all love—all duty and devotion to your service; and surely then you can make him all you wish. Write—write!" and M. Massol placed the pen in her hand, and guided it to the paper.

Elise wrote, scarcely knowing what; and in an instant M. Massol had taken the paper and left the room.

"Stay!" Elise cried, "stay; I command you, Sir. I will not write!" but he was gone—it was *too late*.

The noise of horses entering the court-yard, attracted Elise's attention. Two officers were below; one of them a man evidently of high rank, who throwing the bridle to his companion, entered the chateau, and demanded to be shewn to the Countess. It was Henri Lenoir.

On entering the presence of his wife after eight years absence, it was clear by his emotion that his feelings were still as ardent as ever; the quick fond gaze that he turned toward Elise, told her how fondly he still loved her. The Countess, on her part, was much embarrassed, not only at the presence of her husband, but a rapid glance told her how much she was mistaken; she had imagined to see the rude peasant of former days, with his rude yet frank manners—uncouth and embarrassed in his actions; but the person before her was widely different; it was a bold dashing soldier; his face somewhat scarred by here and there a sabre cut, but still handsome in the extreme; his manners were easy and elegant, whilst the rich uniform, decorated with the crosses he had worn upon the battle-field, shewed both his rank and his courage, and Elise felt that such a man she could love with all a woman's adoration.

"You have sent for me, Countess, and I am present; without your command, I should not have forced myself upon you!"

"It was no command, Sir," said Elise, hesitatingly; "it was a request!"

"What matters a word, Countess; the import is still the same, call it what you may;—still I like the word command the best—it is as it should be!"

Elise was evidently ill at ease; but raising her eyes to Henri, she exclaimed with considerable hesitation, "Have I not the right to complain of you; for more than a week you have been near the chateau, and you have never been to it—nor to me?"

"Madame the chateau is your own. I do not exercise the right of master here; nothing told me of a kind welcome, nor that you even remembered me by name: save when the unhappy circumstances of our union recalled to you the chains that bound you to me despite yourself."

"Nay, you are deceived! Time—circumstances are changed. You might have thought that after all the dangers and troubles you have passed, some repose was necessary, and you might have felt that there was one whom your presence would have gladdened."

"Have you entertained such feelings for me, Elise? or are you but mocking the poor Henri Lenoir! Ah! you know not what it is to feel as I have done;—to look around a field of fearful carnage and think, when the kind and gentle hand of woman ministered to the last wants of the dying, that I must fall, with none to shed a tear of pity over me; for even in death there is a sweet consoling spirit in woman's love, that softens many a bitter pang. Tell me, Elise, are you behaving with frankness toward me?" and he seized her hand within his own.

The Countess turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears.

"Henri, you have wronged me in your thoughts; but you know not what a woman feels. Often have I been on the point of writing to you, and yet I dared not, as the thought crossed me that your love might have changed. I have watched you in your course; seen with proud satisfaction how nobly you have won your fame, and looked forward to the day that would bring you to me again!"

"Heaven bless you, Elise, for those words!—my own dear Elise!—what a weight have you removed from my heart!—this moment repays me years of anguish—to think that you should love me—that I should have earned that love at last, for which I would have gladly laid down life itself!"

"But, Henri, there is one thing;—you must give me one—only one proof of your affection!"

"Is it Elise would ask a proof of Henri Lenoir—what wish of yours is there he would not gratify!"

"Henri, you love—as I do—your country, and would not see it thus under the iron rule of an usurper. France wants repose, which it can never enjoy under Napoleon, but only when the legitimate sovereign regains his throne. Henri! in the army you are all-powerful; a word from you would do all that can be done. You will obtain the favor and gratitude of your lawful Sovereign, and with it, Henri! my love!"

The color at once flew from Henri's countenance, and he allowed the hand of Elise to fall by her side, as he exclaimed, with much feeling, "And your love is to be purchased at the price of my dishonor. Oh! fool—fool, that I have been."

"Henri!" exclaimed Elise, with all the tenderness she could throw into her voice, "Henri!—listen to me!"

"Madame, when you despised and hated me, France threw open her arms toward me. I have fought for her, and she has overwhelmed me with her gratitude; and you ask me, as the price of your love, to betray her, and you say you can love the man who, covered with disgrace and infamy, accedes to your proposals. Madame, I refuse you."

"Then your love for me was but an empty speech; it withdraws before a slight sacrifice; a false principle of honor is worth more to you than my happiness and your own. No—no! you have never loved me!"

"Never loved you!—I have loved you more than man ever loved woman. My life—all—that man could lay down—was at your feet; but my honor is sacred—it is not mine to give. Nay, Elise, give me your love; but seek not to cover me with infamy!—Love me as I am, but not as a degraded being—despised by all the world. You will not!" and he turned toward the door. "Farewell!"

"Stay, Henri, listen to me!" the conflicting feelings which agitated the breast of the Countess, making her speak with much vehemence. "Stay, Henri!"

"One word, Elise, and I am yours for ever; but, mark me, if I leave the chateau, it is for ever!—But one word."

"Henri, agree to my proposals!"

"Never!—farewell!—and may heaven for ever bless you."

The Countess essayed to answer, but Henri had left the chateau, and the noise of the horses, urged to their fullest speed, rang upon her ears.

Years rolled on, and the destinies of France often changed by the mighty events of its mighty yet restless master; but the battle of Waterloo—the proudest page of English history—was the downfall of the Revolution, and swept away at one blow all the vestiges of years and years of misrule and misguided ambition. It was on the eve of the last of the eventful days of the battle of Waterloo, when the French armies were evidently dispirited and defeated, that one of the most distinguished generals was seen using the utmost exertions to rally the troops; for a moment he had succeeded, for he was one to whom the soldiers were devotedly attached; it was, however, but for a moment, that the rally took place; for, suddenly the general was observed to drop the bridle of his horse—his head fell back, and he faintly murmured "France—France—my poor lost country!" It was Henri Lenoir!

The night had scarce cast its shadows around, when a woman, apparently of high rank, was seen making her way amidst the horrors of the field of death; she cast her glances around her on every side, as if intently seeking some object, and for a considerable time, her endeavors seemed in vain; suddenly, however, she uttered a piercing cry, and threw herself at the feet of a dying man. "Henri!—Henri!" she exclaimed, with the most intense anguish: "You will not repulse me now!—look Henri!—it is your own Elise—your forgotten repulsed wife—look Henri! see me at your feet. Oh! say that you forgive me!—that you will live for my sake—that the past shall be forgotten, and we shall be happy with each other!"

The dying man raised his eyes, and as they fell upon the countenance of his wife, a beam of pleasure seemed to flash across them, and pressing with all his feeble strength her

262 LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

hand, "Elise," he exclaimed, "Elise—my own Elise—my wife—I do forgive you with all my heart—France is no more—and my last and fondest hope is for my own Elise—
for——"

His head fell upon his shoulder, whilst a slight convulsive shudder passed across his frame. It was the last. Henry Lenoir was no more!

On the right of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, a very short distance after entering the gates, stands a simple yet remarkably chaste and elegant monument; it bears but one word elegantly carved to mark it as the last resting-place of one, who nobly served his country; that word is "Henri," and the idle visitors to this melancholy, yet beautiful spot, may even yet observe, at fixed periods, a lady advancing to the tomb, renewing, with her own hands, the flowers scattered around; uttering at the same time a brief, but fervent prayer for one lost 'ere gained; who, like the diamond, dull in its pristine state, bursts forth with all its brilliancy, when the rough exterior is softened down.

October, 1830.

L. W. F.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER WEDDING DAY,

WITH A BOUQUET OF WAX FLOWERS.

It is the day, th' eventful day,
On which we hail the bride;
To-day thy lot in life is cast,
Whatever may betide.
Yet e'er the bridal pledge is given,
And e'er the vow is spoken,
Receive, dear Ann, from friendship's hand,
Affection's truest token.
We give thee flowers—gay blooming flowers,
O! brighter, lovelier far,
More fair in form—more rich in hue
Than Eastern jewels are.

The emblems of the heart we bring
Which most resemble thee:
The silver-crested daisy,
In its meek simplicity;
The lilac in its modesty,
And the camellia white,
Resemblance of a purity,
As spotless as 't is bright.
The snow-drop chaste, the primrose mild,
The humble violet,
Are thine—but other flowers we seek
To form our posy yet.

Be thine the glowing rose of love
Nor thorns its stem annoy;
Be thine the daffodil of hope,
The woodbine flower of joy;
Be thine the dahlia in its pride,
The pride of conscious worth;
Be thine the jasmine of content,
The crocus buds of mirth;
The azure bell of constancy,
With love and hope we meet;
The orange-scented bridal flower,
Shall make the gift complete.

Accept our wishes for thy bliss,
On this thy bridal morn,
And be thy path with roses strewed,
Like those without a thorn,
The offerings of the early spring,
With summer's here combined,
Denote each varied charm and grace,
That centres in thy mind.
Unfading as the flowers we give,
The love we bear to thee;
Unfading as the flowers we give,
May all thy pleasures be.

M. J.

OCEAN'S FIRST SIGHT.

BY JOHN S. DU SOLLE, ESQ.

Suggested by a visit to the beach near Cape May Court House.

THOU dark, mysterious, agitated sea!
At length I stand
Upon thy surf-beat shore, thy pebbly strand:
How have I panted thus to look on thee!
How have I longed to hear thy thrilling voice!
To float upon thy bosom! and to gaze
Upon the diamond stars, whose myriad blaze
Lights up thy bending skies!

How have I loved thee, proud one! though, 'till now,
Thy glories were to me as things unknown,
Save, as the breath of fame their picture drew;—
Yet, like some timid maiden, whose fair brow
And melancholy cheek, hath flushed for one
She ne'er had looked upon,
(A fond, praise-kindled, homage, deep, as true,)
So, have I loved thee, thou majestic main!
And even in sleep's wild, fancy-stirring, reign,
When, like a cloud,
Despotic Night her loneliness hath flung
O'er the hushed city's mammon-worshipped crowd,
Making the desolate streets look dim and long—
Even then, to thee, my thoughts have fondly clung!
Oh! I have dreamed
Of boisterous tempests; of inundant waves,
Heaving like mountains upward, till they seemed
To kiss the very heavens; of coral caves,
That with a million sparkling treasures teemed;
Of gold, that gleamed
From out thine hidden depths and secret cells,
Like to another sunlight—such as lavas
The hill-tops with its glory; glittering shells,
Invaluable gems, and precious stones,
Strewed among dead men's bones;
And hideous skulls, that from their pearly graves
Glistened exultingly, as if with joy,
That they 'mid such magnificence might lie!

But these were dreams—vain dreams of idle hours;
Such dreams as fairy-footed Fancy brings
Ere Time hath crushed Hope's laughter-featured flowers,

Or Care hath clipped her frolic-loving wings;
 Such dreams as paint life of the rose's hue;
 A thing of smiles, and mirth, and beaming eyes,
 That seem all tenderness, all truth,—as though
 They mocked not the fond heart with fantasies.
 Aye, these were dreams—no waking thoughts—but now,
 Thy magnitude—thy grandeur—meet mine eye!
 I feel thy free winds stealing o'er my brow!
 Thy wild, and white-wing'd, sea-birds, sweep me by!
 Now, I can lend thy surf a listening ear,
 With its deep-thundering, hollow-sounding, roar,
 As of an hundred cataracts tumbling near;
 Now I can tread thy tempest-beaten shore,
 With thick-leaved cedars fringed, and shivering pines;
 And thy beach, strewn with many a wreck of yore;
 Or, I can climb thy sand-hills slippery height,
 And, where the faint horizon thee entwines
 As with a circling belt of living light,
 Count the dim sails that flutter into sight!

Before me, as if spanned
 By some huge, slumbering, serpent's heaving length,
 Thy listless waters stretch; or, murmuring stand,
 And for a moment lingering ere they meet,
 Gather together their assembled strength,
 And roll in headlong breakers at my feet.
 Anon they swell again, and like a band
 Of warrior-brothers, in thick phalanx joined,
 Thy billows toss their plumed heads to the wind;
 Lifting with strength gigantic to the sky
 The tall ship, quivering as they hurry by.

Oh! it is pleasant thus to look on thee,
 Thou mightiest of earth's mysteries! of whom
 What wondrous things are spoken! yet, to me
 Thou art not half so terrible, as some
 Have represented thee. But, I have known
 Thee only in thy kindest-tempered mood;
 Thy gentlest, mildest, moments; when the sun
 With his bright laugh lit up thy solitude,
 And thou could'st not (if thou had'st tried to,) frown.
 I know not what thou may'st be when the night
 Hath folded thee in darkness; when the storm
 Hath stooped to bellow o'er thee, in its flight,
 Its tones of threat, and tumult, and alarm.
 Thou may'st be terrible then—though not so know—
 Yet I should love the spirit-stirring sight!
 Since in thy fearful puissance I might see
 An emblem of the Deity!
 And through thee, bow
 To that Omnipotent Power, that with a nod,
 Into sublime existence bade thee start;
 And thus, my heart,
 Might "look through nature, up to nature's God!"

Philadelphia, November 11th, 1839.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TALENTS.

AN ESSAY.

TALENTS are precious gifts; but it is seldom that they are possessed in a superior degree, and still more seldom that their use is ennobled by being consecrated to virtue. Among so many great geniuses who have successfully cultivated the arts and sciences, there are too many who disgrace themselves by a contempt of decency and manners. To what cause is this misfortune to be ascribed? Is it that Nature, too penurious of her blessings, enriches the mind at the expense of the heart? Is it that Fortune, jealous of a glory in which she has no part, delights in humbling great men by the absurdities and errors into which she suffers them to fall? Chance, which has destroyed so many admirable productions of antiquity, has preserved works, the loss of which would have been less worthy of our regret, and whose very perfection could never indemnify society for the pernicious effects they are calculated to produce.

If we turn over the pages of history, we shall see talents honored as long as they respected manners, and contemned and degraded when they violated their purity. Where facts decide, speculations are useless, and reasoning superfluous. Hence we may infer the following truth, so honorable to manners—That they are the true source of the glory of talents.

It is not a blind instinct, but an enlightened discernment, that has inspired mankind with a respect and admiration for talents, which have always been honored in proportion to the utility derived from them; the most necessary had the first preference; but it was never supposed that any thing injurious to manners could be truly advantageous to society. To whom did men first raise altars and pay divine homage? To those from whom they derived benefits. Skillful artificers, who discovered the means of abridging our labors, of insuring their success, of providing for the wants of humanity; profound speculators, who brought to light the riches of Nature, and the remedies she had provided for our evils; legislators, whose wisdom assembled mankind, formed empires, strengthened the bonds of society; these were the first to whom Antiquity, as yet in a state of rudeness, offered its incense. The excess of its gratitude proves the strength of the motives that inspired it.

Gradually the fine arts were honored in proportion as their utility was felt. Eloquence, presiding in public deliberations, enlightening the citizen respecting his true interest, alluring to virtue by the force of reason and the charm of style; Poetry, celebrating the exploits of heroes, and the felicities of a virtuous life; Painting and Sculpture, occupied in preserving the image of great men, and perpetuating by august monuments the remembrance of their virtues, attracted homage. Thus Mercury and Minerva, Apollo and the Muses, were placed in the temples, by the side of Vulcan and Ceres, Æsculapius and Bacchus.

If talents were from their infancy raised to the highest honors, it was because they had all the innocence of the first age. The art of oratory was not so degraded as to condemn the laws, and harangue in favor of infamy; the Muses, as yet virgins, had not polluted their lips by lascivious songs; and the pencil, still chaste, had not dared to trace objects calculated to abash the eye of modesty. So a young maiden is the more lovely from the blush that spreads over her countenance, and creates respect by the simplicity of her demeanor and the diffidence of her looks.

In course of time, when luxury introduced itself and infected the taste of nations, the purity of the primitive manners were corrupted, and the fine arts escaped not the common contagion. To gratify a people already depraved, they were obliged to resemble them; but the weakness did not go unpunished, and was the first cause of the decline of the arts. The

simple and majestic beauty of nature was succeeded by the false and affected embellishments of vice; taste, subjected to the tyranny of the passions, became, like them, capricious and absurd: thus talents fell from their glory, when they ceased to have a respect for manners.

Philosophy, which ought to have remedied the disorder, experienced a similar fate. As long as she was usefully employed in observing nature, and delivering lessons of simple and pure morality, philosophers, dignified with the venerable title of sages, were respected as the masters and legislators of the human race. But when, abandoned to the mania of systems, she was occupied merely in vain speculations; when, divided into as many sects as there were schools, she was degraded to the frivolous office of discussing and solving problematical opinions; when, become useless to manners, she was a stranger to the happiness of mankind; veneration gave place to contempt, and the odious title of sophists, applied to sectaries, was an authentic testimony of the debasement into which they were sunk. It is not by licentious productions that the great artists of Greece merited their splendid laurels. In the famous assemblies where their chef-d'œuvres of art were submitted to the inspection of an inquisitive and enlightened people, the palm was never awarded to him who trampled under foot the laws of decorum. This daring attempt was not suffered till the Greeks, satiated with the true beautiful, sought by the unnatural seasonings of Vice to give a new edge to a taste blunted by profusion. Then, forgetful of the dignity of their talents, artists blushed not to sacrifice to interest, labors which had before been solely consecrated to glory; then, subjugated by the depraved inclinations of individuals, they ceased to be guided by the fire of genius, and departed from perfection in proportion as they departed from purity of manners.

When did Roman eloquence rise to the highest splendor? When the orator, burning with zeal for the republic, ascended the rostrum to awaken in the hearts of his citizens the antique virtues of their fathers—to reclaim the violated rights of allied or subjugated nations—to imprecate the rigor of the laws on the peculations and enormities of Quæstors and Proconsuls. But when eloquence, become captive with Rome, thought no longer but how to please depraved and licentious masters, it was necessary to address the fancy, because virtue alone can speak to the heart; it was necessary to substitute brilliant thoughts for pathetic sentiments, and the vain pomp of words, for the strength of reason and argument. Thus eloquence, born to sway the sceptre, was reduced to a cringing slave, and enveloped in the ruin of liberty and manners.

Is it by libertine productions that the greatest poets have merited a conspicuous station on Parnassus, and united in their favor the esteem of all ages and all nations? Should we have less admired the prince of the Lyric Latins, if he had blotted from his works every wanton saffron, and if his Muse, more chaste, had better observed the laws of decency? Does our regard for this virtue lessen our enthusiasm for Virgil—that happy poet, who knew how to unite the graces of the imagination with the utmost purity of manners, to please without corrupting us, and to employ advantageously the early labors of youth, and the leisure of mature age? If he has had few imitators, it is because he left no heirs of his genius. A poet who is incapable of attracting us by the beauty of his images and the sublimity of his ideas, seeks to interest us by irritating the passions. This unworthy artifice is the ordinary resource of mediocrity of talent.

By what fatality has an art destined to instruct by amusing us, been as yet unable to conquer the repugnance of virtuous minds, or wash out the stains which it received almost at its birth? Because the Drama has never yet been made to respect manners. Virtue still groans at the outrage she received on the Attic stage, when Socrates was exposed to the insults of comic effrontery, and wisdom itself made a public laughing-stock. Apologists of the theatre, obliterate, if you can, this historical fact! Had this talent enjoyed in the capital of the world a general esteem, should we see the Roman orator exerting himself to dispel the prejudices which were excited against Roccus, on account of his profession? Would there have been any necessity to distinguish so accurately between the character of the man and the fault of his art!—between the citizen and the actor? Let Thalia dictate only lessons of wisdom—let her characters be never traced by the pencil of malignity—let her disciples, both in their public and private capacity be one and the same personages, be virtuous citizens—the contradiction would soon cease;—there would no longer be a dissenting voice as to the rank this art ought to hold in society—an art that has hitherto been useful in speculation, and pernicious in practice;—always applauded by taste, because it is pleasing; and censured by reason, because it is licentious.

In vain have mortified speculators, struck with the fate common to manners and talents, accused the latter of having corrupted the former, of having enervated the minds of the people, and accelerated the fall of empires. Like ungrateful children, they vilify the bosom that gave them nourishment. They accuse the fine arts of a misfortune of which

they have been not at all the cause, at most only the instrument, and always the victim. *Luxury and the passions*—these are the true source of the evils of humanity, which occasion at once corruption of manners, and decay of talents. Let us guard ourselves from this fatal poison, and we shall preserve to talents all their glory, and to manners all their innocence.

Rome, intent only on conquests, and aspiring to be mistress of the world, trembled for her manners when she saw the arts and sciences introduced into her bosom. Absurd terror! This was not the enemy she had reason to fear. While she knew how to maintain the severity of her discipline, the exertions of the mind tended only to temper the ferocity of her warriors. But when, corrupted by Asiatic luxury, she forgot her own laws, the arts no longer served to disguise her vices under the mask of refinement, and to render the examples more contagious. Alarmed at the disorder, she banished to no purpose her rhetoricians and philosophers; it was avarice and voluptuousness which she ought to have proscribed. By this salutary decree, virtue, reconciled to talents, would have derived advantage from their succor, and would have added to her native powers, this new charm for gaining the hearts of men.

Sparta had long before, to preserve her virtue, thought herself obliged to shut her gates against those very arts which had rendered Greece so famous; but the proscription fell only on the abuse of talents. Sparta listened to the sounds of the lyre as long as they were calculated to appease the character of her citizens without enervating their courage—she banished the musicians and poets only when their effeminate songs became dangerous to manners. What a lesson for talents, had they known how to have profited by it!

It is in this respectable school that those should seek instruction who would have us regard the passions as the only principle of the excellent and sublime in arts, and the constraint in which manners are held as a galling yoke that suppresses the grandeur and energy of nature—a paradox worthy the disciples of Diogenes. Vice is always low and creeping—Virtue alone can inspire noble ideas. The passions, freed from the yoke of manners, are savage beasts, and can produce monsters only. Their momentary force is like that of a fever or delirium, that announces an approaching weakness. If in the excess of their fury the mind should still be capable of reaching to the grand and sublime, the depraved inclinations of the author will be strongly impressed on his works, and this impression is sufficient to excite the contempt of every rational being.

The perfection of the arts doubtless consists in their imitating nature; and nature teaches us to throw a veil over every thing that is offensive to modesty. There is no nation, however savage and barbarous, that has not received this lesson. If every celebrated artist had faithfully observed this law, many productions which fear has sacrificed to the safety of manners, would still exist. Such as have escaped this wise precaution, purified from the blots that defile them, would deserve to be universally known, and, instead of the profane homage which is paid to them in secret by a few libertine hearts, they would receive the public applause of all virtuous minds. I appeal to Licentiousness itself,—Which is the most flattering, the suffrage of vice, or that of virtue?

But if an entire age were so perverse as to lavish praises on infamous productions, posterity, ashamed of the dishonor, condemned equally the talent and its admirers. No—taste for vice was never constant,—can never be more than a temporary intoxication. Sooner or later virtue will regain the ascendancy over fashion and prejudice, and its empire become even the stronger from the persevering assaults of error and the passions.

The more a man is endowed with superiority of talents, the more it imports him to venerate manners. Placed as on an eminence, he cannot be virtuous without eclat, nor vicious without ignominy; his labors, however brilliant they may be, will be ever the most inferior source of his reputation. The gifts of the *mind* may gain a transient applause, but the qualities of the *heart* interest our feelings and excite a durable respect. Talents can never enjoy so pure a lustre as when they turn to their advantage the veneration we have for virtue. They are surrounded with rocks that all bear marks of shipwreck—*manners* is the only pilot that can save them from the danger.

We should doubtless regard as contrary to manners, not only the greater vices condemned by the laws, but also all those weaknesses which the most rigid virtue disavows. The glory of talents would be imperfect, if they were not attentive to preserve themselves from both. A fault that would scarcely be perceived in a common picture, would disfigure the whole work of a master, where every thing should be finished. The littleness of vanity, the paltriness of interest, the wings of jealousy, the bitterness of malignity, are less pardonable in a great man than in a man of moderate abilities, and are sufficient to render his reputation equivocal. Modesty, generosity, rectitude, gentleness, all the virtues that

characterise an amiable soul, give to talents a new lustre;—with them, they charm us;—without them, they only dazzle us.

A superior genius cannot well be ignorant of his merit. A taste for the beautiful, which strongly impresses him wherever he finds it, must equally strike him in his own works as in the productions of another; but if a cautious distrust of himself do not restrain the impulse of vanity, it is to be feared that the most perspicacious mind would soon be the dupe of its illusions.

Self-flattery is so natural—the arch imposter Pride, can assume so many disguises—Praise deludes the heart into so sweet an inebriation, that the stoutest virtue is in danger of falling. How then, without the succor of so necessary a guide, can talent, when it runs freely, avoid the precipices that lie concealed in its way?

To sustain a continual struggle between glory and moderation—between the desire, so natural, of occupying the first place, and the fear of mortifying a rival—between frankness, desirous of doing itself justice, and modesty, which waits for its reward from the public, is a difficult task; and the heart accustomed to subdue itself, will ever fail. The many examples of the fall of others in similar cases, will only serve to hasten the present, by making it appear more excusable.

We read with transport the productions of the first mind that Rome gave birth to: we admire the fertility of his genius, the force of his eloquence, the rectitude of his character—but we are disgusted with his vanity. A sublime orator, a profound philosopher, an enlightened politician, an amiable citizen—all talents seemed to unite in him. And why pant after praises? Applauded at the Bar, respected in the Senate, listened to in the Academy, arrived by his merit at the pinnacle of honors, successful in his exertions for the republic,—what had he to fear for his reputation? Must he fall into the same weakness with which he upbraided his master Demosthenes? thus tarnish his own censure, and give the lie to maxims which he delivered with so much emphasis on the contempt of vain-glory?

But it is vain to affect the exterior of modesty, if it be not rooted to the heart. Nature will pierce through the disguise in which pride the most subtle can envelope itself. The first wound that is given to vanity will cause the mask to fall off, and leave to the wearer the double shame of a real vice, and of having badly supported his assumed character.

If a noble passion, when carried to excess, is capable of degrading talents, with what opprobrium will they not be loaded when they are subservient to a base and servile inclination—that of sordid interest? How can men capable of excelling in the arts so far overlook their own merit, combine together elevated ideas and unworthy sentiments, a sublime genius and a mercenary soul! To sacrifice to Fortune advantages which are beyond her power to bestow, is to be ignorant of the price of them; and since she is so unjust as frequently to leave talents in obscurity, can they better avenge themselves than by despising her favors? The more a man has received from nature, the more is he indebted to society—the highest honors are the reward of his services—but he seems to disclaim these when he seeks another recompense.

The sincere love of virtue and humanity is alone capable of raising the soul to a generous disinterestedness—it leads us to regard talents as a common property, of which our fellow creatures are entitled to the use. Self-love, which confines them to the individual possessor, is an unfaithful guardian, and disposes, as master, of what it is only the distributor. To consecrate them to the public, is to insure their fruits forever; and if the public should be capable of a failure of gratitude, if posterity should refuse to discharge the debt, a virtuous heart will always find in its own testimony a reward of which nothing can deprive it.

The same principle should banish jealousy from men of talents who excel in the same art; the more numerous they are, the more multiplied will be the public resources; and an abundance here can only be mortifying to contracted souls. To decry the works of honorable and worthy competitors, to defeat their success by underhand practices, and to decorate ourselves in their spoils without acknowledging the borrowed honor, is a proceeding that common probity condemns, and of which shame is the recompense. How many talents has this monster Envy stifled in the cradle, by crushing their first efforts, or withholding from them the necessary encouragement!

What fury guided the base hand that dared exercise its rage on the immortal paintings of Le Sueur? Would it were possible to efface the vestiges of an attempt so dishonorable to the arts, and to restore these admirable performances to their original splendor? Superiority of talent will never degrade itself. In such a proceeding: conscious of its own excellence, it can see that of others without inquietude;—the merit of its rivals, far from giving it umbrage, seems but the more calculated to aid its success. The justice which it exercises toward them, is repaid with usury,—the glory which it consents to share with

them, decorates undivided its own brow. Appelles was too great to be jealous; it was he who discovered the merit of the excellent paintings of Protogenes; and if the infant muse of Horace was received at the court of Augustus, to Virgil was the obligation due.

This mean passion has nothing in common with emulation, which is so necessary to talents: jealousy is their poison, emulation is their aliment, and is equally glorious in those whom it animates, and those who are the objects of it. In all cases, the reputation of the master increases in proportion to the progress of his disciples, who, unless they aspire to surpass their model, will never arrive even to an equality with it. Happy the age in which this noble ardor shall reign, when great men shall be rivals without ceasing to be friends—shall labor to excel, and not to supplant one another, and shall pursue no other path to glory than that of virtue! In a contest so honorable, the advantage would almost be equal to the conquered and the conqueror—the one would receive the palm without pride, the other would confer it without envy—all would esteem and respect one another—and by praises, in which flattery would have no share, it would fix the judgment of their contemporaries and that of posterity.

If this spirit of moderation and urbanity had always presided in the disputes of the learned, their studies would have been more useful, and their reputation more brilliant. But to kindle in the peaceful kingdom of letters all the rage of civil war—to make the Muses speak a language which the laws of education condemn,—to gratify public malignity by a spectacle that makes virtuous men shudder, with whatever specious pretexts it may justify itself, the proceeding is unpardonable. Criticism is doubtless necessary—but if polished manners do not soften its exacerbation, far from conducting to truth, it will serve only to multiply prejudices—far from purifying the taste, it will tend to deprave it—and instead of rendering talents conspicuous, it will dishonor them.

C. B. B.

Philadelphia, November, 1830.

THE FIRESIDE SONG.

O, who would sit in the moonlight pale,
Mock'd by the hooting owl?
O, who would sit in the silent vale?
—There, let the winds go howl.
Our parlor floor, our parlor floor,
Is better than mountain, moss, and moor.

This lamp shall be our orb of night,
And large our shadows fall
On the flowery beds all green and bright,
That paint our parlor wall;
And silken locks, and laughing eyes,
Shine brighter than stars in bluest skies.

O, the nightingale's is but a silly choice,
To trill to the evening star,
A listener cold—and sweeter the voice

That sings to the light guitar.
For moonlight glades, and brawling brooks,
We will have music and sunny looks.

O, we will the happy listeners be,
When songs and tales begin;
And at our open casement, see!
How the rose it is peeping in,
As it were a fairy, with half-closed eye,
That on this our pleasanter world would spy.

O, who would change a home like this,
Where sweet affection smiles,
For gardens, and banks, and bowers of bliss,
In Beauty's thousand isles?
O that Kaiser or King the peace could find
Within four bright walls and a cheerful mind!

PICTOR.

THE OUTLAWED NOBLE.

A TALE OF THE BRIGANDS.

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring.

Byron.

THERE are few cities afford so great a contrast between their mid-day and their midnight as the charming city of Naples: at noon, save during the siesta, it is all bustle, life, and animation,—the lazy lazzaroni, basking in the sun, or idling on the sea-shore, careless of what the morrow may bring forth, and contented with having earned sufficient for the day, whilst along the crowded streets the coaches and vehicles of every description in one long-continued line, seem as if the whole population had turned out; scarcely any one condescending to walk with the ordinary pretensions to nobility, the streets are then the noisiest in the world, Paris in its busiest part is tranquil in comparison, and London almost a desert: but at night the whole scene is changed; there is scarce a soul to be seen, and the contrast is the more felt from the preceding bustle of the mid-day. Naples is the same now as it was years since; time has, in this respect wrought no change, and though our story tells of a period long since past, yet the tourist of to-day will find there is no difference in its aspect, whether at noon or night. The Spaniards then governed at Naples; the King of Naples is now the sovereign—a king, instead of a viceroy, that is the only change.

The chimes had just tolled midnight as a trellised window of one of the stately mansions in the *strada Balbino* was thrown open, whilst at the same moment from without the lengthened gloom of a majestic Corinthian column a man stepped forward; his age might be about some seven or eight and twenty, whilst the sunburnt and swarthy complexion proclaimed him a true Neapolitan; he was almost enveloped in an ample cloak, which was thrown over his shoulder on one side, so as to conceal his features, in some degree, as if he were anxious to avoid being recognised; as the window opened he seemed to return some signal, and a short conversation ensued, the concluding sentence of which only could be heard, the tones being evidently those of a woman.

"To-morrow, then, at nightfall, near the ruins of St. Guiseppe—farewell," and pressing her hands to her lips, she softly closed the window.

"Farewell!" exclaimed the man, as he turned away, "to-morrow—and what of to-morrow; but I must not contemplate—whoever pauses is lost; poor Giota, I will not worry thee; but such as I am I am, and my destiny must be yours, whether for evil or good—good did I say; alas! there is little prospect of that!"

The house was that of a gentleman, named Veroni, who resided there with his only daughter, to whom he was fondly attached; the lovely Giota was then verging toward her eighteenth year, and though the Neapolitan women do not bear away the palm of beauty, yet here and there one shines forth so beautiful that it seems as if nature, in a fitful moment, had chosen to combine all its beauties in one object, and make some amends for many neglects; the lovely Giota was courted by many, but refused all the offers made her; why or wherefore none knew, and her father finding the suitors pleased her not, forebore to press her to an acceptance of any of them. Giota could have told her reasons, but they would have satisfied none but herself; she loved and was loved again,—a story oft told, it is true, but Giota's differed in some respects from the rest, in that she knew not whom she loved; he

was young she knew,—that he was handsome she knew full well; but, save that his name was Pietro, she knew nothing; their meeting had been accidental—a sudden accident—and a prompt assistance in imminent peril was their first acquaintance, and from that period they had often met unknown to all, save themselves.

At the appointed hour, Giota threw over her long black Spanish veil, so as completely to hide her features, and without an attendant repaired to the place of meeting. Pietro was already there; his manner, however, was somewhat embarrassed; something evidently was preying upon his spirits, and he spoke with much hesitation.

"Giota! I have sought this interview, perhaps the last, to say much that nearly interests us both; I need not say I love you, truly and sincerely, and I know, that for my sake, you have refused some of the proudest matches in this fair city; I could almost have wished you had not done so; you might, perchance, have been far happier Giota;—Giota, we must strive to forget each other!"

"Forget each other!"

"Oh! Giota! it will break my heart to think I have seen thee for the last time; but can I wish that you should join your fate with one who dare not appear in the open day, but like a bird of night, comes forth only in the dark, who fears the gaze of men when fixed upon him, and at whose very name, when mentioned, the people mutter forth a prayer for protection to their patron saint.

"With the opinions of men I have nought to do; I have loved you, Pietro, for yourself alone, and what the world may say or think I care not!"

"Giota! I have no home to lead you to. I wander forth as an outcast, seeking shelter amid the mountains; safe only to me, because their access is dangerous,—you surely would not dwell there!"

"With you, Pietro, I will dwell any where."

"Then so let it be, Giota; but I will disguise nothing. Listen to me, and I will tell you who and what I am. I was born in this proud city; the only son of one of its proudest nobles, and all that wealth could procure was mine; the long train of pampered lacqueys ready at my slightest call; all, indeed, that one destined as the head of one of the richest and most noble families of Naples could desire; but there was a spirit rankling in my breast that would not be stifled; it panted for liberty, and the feeling of slavery burnt so deeply in my heart, that all to me was a blank; I coveted not wealth nor rank; I yearned for liberty; the iron rule of the Spaniards was too deeply felt to be restrained; they pressed upon us with an unhallowed weight of tyranny. The daily scenes of despotism that I witnessed, were beyond my powers of endurance, and upon a new tax being imposed, I stood forward and denounced it as oppressive and unjust. What was the result? none supported me and I was accused of trying to subvert the order of the state, and condemned to perpetual banishment from my native land; burning with the thirst for revenge, I sought the mountains, allied myself with men at war with all, and, under an assumed name, became their leader; none know who or what I am, but the name I have taken has become known far and wide for feats of daring; I have not sought for plunder, but to wreak my vengeance on those tyrants who have made me what I am. You see, therefore, what I am, and what has made me such. A village priest shall unite us; and our vows may not be less fervent, though wanting the pomp and ceremony of our rank!"

In Italy, the obstacles that would present themselves to the minds of women of our colder clime are overlooked; the Italian women act from the impulse of the moment, and there is such a deep-toned feeling of romance within them, that they see not the realities of human life, but act as if life itself were a romance. Giota saw only that she loved and was loved again; that the object of her affections was unfortunate; for that, indeed, she loved him more, and gave that hand for which many a rich and stately noble had sued for in vain, to one without a home—a name decreed to be blotted from his country's lists, and whose life was in hourly peril of falling a sacrifice to the often violated laws.

If ever the fire of love burnt with unquenchable ardor, it did so in the heart of Giota. The continual danger her husband encountered, raised her feelings to the highest pitch of excitement; his lengthened absence would, at times, almost drive her to madness. She knew his daring courage, and dreaded, lest by some rash act, he should have fallen into the power of the viceroy. But who can paint her feelings? in ordinary life the course of love runs so smooth, that although we know it to exist, nothing occurs to call forth any of those highly-wrought feelings of agony and despair, which a woman imbued with the strong and violent temperament of a southern clime so warmly feels.

Pietro carried his daring feats to such an extent, that the viceroy determined by some strong measures to endeavor to take the leader and disperse the band; though the principal reasons for so doing, was from finding that some member of the government was generally

selected for vengeance, and to them no mercy was shown; with the Neapolitan nobility and others plunder was the only object; they had no dread for their lives, but far different was the case with any of the members of the government, for but few returned to tell the treatment they had met with. It was of little use bribing the peasantry, for they but led the troops into some ambuscade, where they were shot from the surrounding heights, without any chance of returning the fire of the brigands. It was clear too that the band was led by some man of considerable ability, whose assumed name of the Liberator afforded no clue by which to trace him.

The viceroy, therefore, determined upon bringing all his available troops into action, and by drawing an immense circle round the mountains infested by the band of the Liberator, gradually to close in upon them, and in order that their intentions might be unknown, the officers were not informed of their destination until they were on the route toward the mountains. The measures were so well taken, that when the circle was formed, the band was within, and ignorant of the danger that menaced them.

They soon learnt, however, with what they were threatened, and that the most determined bravery would avail them little. Pietro's heart sank within him, when he thought that none would be spared; his wife, who had forsaken all for him, to fall thus, her beautiful form exposed to the insults of an infuriated soldiery. Many times was he on the point of offering himself to the government, but the band would not listen to such a proposal, they had little to expect from the government, and preferred meeting death with arms in their hands, rather than on the scaffold, with all the slow and torturing formality of the executioner.

Giota thought but little of herself, she had entered heart and soul into her husband's views of freedom, and looked forward as ardently as himself to the time when they should see their country emancipated from the yoke of the Spaniards, and felt deeply that her husband's dearest objects were likely to be thus frustrated.

It was a sad night that the band passed in looking forward to the morrow as the last they were doomed to see. Some tried to recall to mind an almost forgotten prayer; whilst others muttered forth curses both loud and deep against the Spaniards, who had hunted them from house and home, to slay them like beasts of the field; others there were, too, whose thoughts wandered far and wide o'er the scenes of childhood, thinking of those who had ploughed life's troubled track with them, and of the happy hours they had passed ere misfortune had made them broken men, and set them at warfare with all the world.

The morning burst forth with all the splendor of a southern clime, and found the band ready to sell their lives at the dearest price. The surrounding mountains, which on the preceding night had been covered with troops, were now, to their astonishment, untenanted, save by birds of prey,—they were again the sole possessors of the mountains. How was this to be explained,—a thousand conjectures were hazarded, and all, save the right one, surmised; they were, however, not long without the desired information, for the news flew swiftly forward.

The Spaniards, by their harsh and arbitrary rule, had excited the populace of Naples to the highest pitch of excitement, and the withdrawal of the troops from the city had afforded too favorable an opportunity to be neglected, and the standard of rebellion was boldly hoisted. The troops were immediately recalled, but arrived too late; the populace were masters of the town, and the troops were beaten back in every direction.

During the time the Neapolitans thus held possession, several laws were passed; the Viceroy giving his consent subsequently to their being confirmed, and among them was one, annulling the sentence passed against the Count St. Antonio, by which he was restored to his titles and estates. There were but few who ever knew that the distinguished Count St. Antonio, and the much dreaded Liberator, were one and the same person; and often in after life would he recount to his infant children, whilst his wife, the gentle Giota, would stand by an admiring listener, the daring feats which had made that chief so renowned, and little did they think, whilst listening with deep attention, that it was the Liberator himself who was describing his own exploits.

T. S. K.

THE FAREWELL.

"Fare thee well and if forever—
Still forever fare thee well."

Byron.

Do you see our vessel riding
At her anchor in yon bay,
Like a sleeping sea-bird biding
For the morrow's onward way?
See her white wings folded round her,
Rock'd upon the lulling deep—
Hath the silent moonlight bound her
With a chain of peace and sleep!

Seems she not, as if enchanted
To that lone and lovely place,
Henceforth ever to be haunted
By that fair ship's shadowy grace?
Yet com' here again to-morrow,
Not a vestige will remain;
Though those sweet eyes strain in sorrow,
They will watch the waves in vain.

'T was for this I bade thee meet me;
For one parting word and tear;
Other lands and lips may greet me,
None will ever seem so dear.
Other lands—I may say other!
Mine again I shall not see!
I have left my aged mother—
She has other sons than me.

Where my father's bones are lying,
There mine own will never lie;
Where the pale wild-flowers are sighing
Sweet beneath a summer sky,
Mine will be less hallow'd ending,
Mine will be a wilder grave;
When the shriek and shout are blending,
Or the tempest sweeps the wave.

Or, perhaps, a fate more lonely,
In some sick and foreign ward,
When my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse or sullen guard.
Be it wound, or be it fever,
When my soul's death-doom is cast,
One remembrance will not leave her,
Thine will linger to the last.

Dearest maiden! thou art weeping!
Must I from those eyes remove?
Hath thy heart no soft pulse sleeping,
Which might waken into love?
No! I see thy brow is frozen,
And thy look is cold and strange;
Oh! when once the heart is chosen,
Well I know it cannot change!

And I know thy heart has spoken
That another's it must be;
Scarce I wish that pure faith broken,
Though the falsehood were for me.
No! be still that guileless creature
Who upon my boyhood shone;
Couldst thou change thy angel nature,
Half my trust in Heaven were gone.

With these parting words I sever
All my ties of youth and home,
Kindred, friends, good-by for ever!
See! my boat cuts through the foam!
Wind, tide, time, alike are pressing,
I must leave my native shore;
One first kiss, and one last blessing—
Farewell, love, we meet no more!

B. R.

FREDERICK MERVYN

FREDERICK Mervyn was the inheritor of a fortune far more ample than one so constituted as he would ever dream of spending on himself. It was perhaps this very superfluity that turned him to the course that finally took his estate from him; for it enabled him, in the first instance, so winningly to exercise the dispositions of his heart, that before he discovered the danger that it was entailing upon him, the principle was so irremediably engraven on his soul, that it was in vain that he attempted to check himself. A tear seemed to penetrate to the very recesses of his bosom—a sigh made him start as if he had seen some spectre of the night—and the garb of poverty and distress, at the very time that it awakened him to benevolence, almost made him shake with tremulousness, as he administered to its necessity. But had poor Mervyn received fair play from the world, he would still have found sufficient to gratify the feelings of his heart without the destruction of a modicum for himself; or even had he only been made the victim of the ordinary schemes of craft and deceit, by which the kind of heart are betrayed, the consummation that awaited him might have been avoided. Hundreds of stories have I heard, the burden of all of which was the abuse of his good-nature—endless were the instances of his rescuing undeserving objects on the credence of a feigned tale of misery. But it was not till he met with Catherine Harman that the whole generosity of his heart was discovered; that the whole child-like simplicity of his unsuspecting nature was disclosed. As I write the name of that woman, I feel a blush of self-condemnation come over my cheek, for I cannot dissuade myself that if I had acted with proper firmness toward my friend, I might have saved him from the miserable consequences of his connexion with her.

Kind-hearted Mervyn, if thy spirit is near me now, let it bear witness to the self-reproach that comes over me when I call back to bitter recollection the carelessness with which I suffered you to involve yourself with that daughter of sin.

The first time Mervyn ever saw Catherine Harman, I was with him. We had been making a tour through Cambridgeshire, and some other of the inland counties; and after a ramble in the neighborhood of the city of Cambridge, were returning to it one evening at dusk. It was along the banks of the Cam that we were slowly pursuing our way; and as we came to a sudden wind in the stream, we found ourselves close to a female whose manner was calculated to excite the notice of any passenger, and much more that of one like Mervyn, who was tremblingly alive to aught that claimed the heart's sympathy: the face of the female was wayward and irresolute—once in the dim twilight we could see her clasp her hands, as if wringing them for mere despair—and as we passed her, low sounds of mournful import escaped her lips. As these things overcame us "like a summer cloud," I could feel Mervyn's arm tremble within mine, as if the fit was on him, and almost as speedily as this token reached me, he whispered, "Speak to her, Arnold; for God's sake speak to her, for I cannot!" It was a piteous tale she told—a tale that would have reached a harder heart than that of Mervyn. Thus ran her story. Her father, who was a farmer, had been ruined by a series of bad crops, and on going to London in the hope of raising money, had there been arrested and thrown into the King's Bench prison, while every thing on the farm was seized for rent, and she herself—his only child—turned away to face the world and fortune as she might. The shock, with all its agitating effects, had thrown her into a high fever at Cambridge, which town she had reached on her way to join her father, and though the influence of the disease had been subdued by care, its prolongation had stripped her of her last farthing, so that at that moment she was neither more nor less than the vilest beggar on the face of the earth.

I will not make a painful story longer than I can help. Suffice it, then, to say, that through the benevolence of Mervyn, she was provided with means to prosecute her journey to London, in addition to which he gave her his address in town, with a request that she would call on him as soon as he should have returned from his tour, to let him know how he might further assist her. His invitation was not unheeded, for scarcely had he been back a day, ere she made her reappearance in deep mourning. Her father, she said, had died in jail; the produce of the farm had not nearly covered his debts, so that she was in even a still

more destitute situation than that in which Mervyn had first found her. Her destination, however, did not last long; for my poor friend provided for her wants with the care and consideration of a brother. Nor was it unnatural that he should; for of all the women with whom I have ever met in my course through life, Catherine Harman was one of the most fascinating; her beautiful countenance was always animated with the expression of one feeling or another, and appeared, as it were, the map of her mind; except that so far had she mastery over it, that she only suffered good qualities thereon to be portrayed, while below, there were lurking a thousand mischiefs, unscen, but full of vigor.

Mervyn, who, in the first instance, had been awakened to pity by her story, was soon roused to love by her charms; and his hours were incessantly spent in her company. I had not returned to town with him after our Cambridge rencontre with Catherine, being engaged to pay a visit to some relations in the north, as far as Ambleside. But when about a month afterward I reached the metropolis, almost the first words that fell from my friend, showed me the state of his heart; he was lavish in praise of his mistress—he was never content unless it was of her that he was talking—and I found that that one little month had been sufficient to fix his affections on her irretrievably. It was in vain that I urged on his attention the doubtful situation in which we had found her, and the necessity, at all events, of making further enquiries respecting her before he offered her marriage; he only grew angry at my remonstrances, and I found that my arguments did but the more forcibly wed him to his previous determination. The thing, however, that, I must confess, at the time most completely puzzled me was, that on proposing to Catherine for her hand, she refused the offer. I could scarcely believe him when he announced her negative to me, it seemed so incredible. True, however, it was. She would not marry him; but she still showed by her manner and actions that she was willing to encourage the continuation of his visits. That some mystery lay hidden here was evident, and I resolved to penetrate the secret. But again fortune was against my doing this service to my friend, the alarming illness of my mother, who had gone abroad for her health, summoned me to Nice, and there I was detained by her gradual decay and eventual death, for upward of ten months.

On my again reaching London I found that the whole mischief was consummated, and that the fate of Mervyn was sealed. On my going to his house I found that it was shut up, and it was with great difficulty that I was able to trace out his retreat to a wretched miserable lodging in one of the obscurest streets in the metropolis. But if I was shocked at his abode, how much more so was I at his appearance! Of a delicate habit of body he had always been, for his sensibility had ever seemed to attenuate his frame, and prevent the expansion and knitting of his corporeal functions; but as I gazed upon him on entering his poverty-stricken apartment, I could not help shuddering at the change I witnessed. His person, formerly tended with the minutest care, was now neglected—his beautiful moving eye, that was wont to shine with every humane virtue, was glazed and ineffective—his cheek hollow, sunken, and sallow—and when first his broken and sepulchral voice sounded on my ear, the involuntary thought ran through me—"Death has marked him for speedy sacrifice!"

But I will tell what happened after my departure for Nice in his own words. They will need no addition from me.

"You come in time, Arnold, to see me stricken to my grave; and one of my last self-reproaches will be that I refused to listen to your warning voice. Oh, worse, worse!—for she of whom I have to speak—who must be named, though my poor heart frets in anguish at the very thought—she persuaded me for a little minute to believe that you could be no true friend in opposing my wishes toward her, and stung me to the resolution of leaving your kind letters unanswered—even those in which you called for sympathy to support you in your attendance on your dying parent. But you see what Mervyn is now—you see him well nigh hand in hand with death; and you will forgive him for a neglect which wickedness counselled, and folly licensed. Oh, Arnold, I shall die—I shall die—and Catherine is my executioner! Well might you think it strange she refused me marriage, and yet still appeared to delight in my visits—still more strange will you think it, when I tell you, that though she refused to be my wife, she consented to become my mistress, and even persuaded me into the belief that I owed the more to her affection for her choice—falsely whispering me that it was for the sake of my station in the world that she would not consent that I should wed with an unknown and deserted female. But I must tell all in a few words, or my heart will break in the recital. My mistress she became. With soft and winning words she moulded me to her purpose, till I believed that I could make no sacrifice sufficient to repay her tenderness; and, in a fit of fond, mad, enthusiastic affection, I made over to her all my property. Ay, you may well start—you may well look at me with astonishment and affright. But it is too true—and in this wasted frame, this pallid cheek, you look on the result. Scarce was the ink dry with which I signed my name to the fatal

deed, when I discovered my mistake. She cooled—she neglected me—she almost shunned me—Oh, God, I, that was all love, could find none in her! But presently the consummation came, all too soon it came—for, returning home one evening earlier than she had expected me, I found her seated on the sofa with a stranger, his arm round her waist, her hand locked in his, and their lips scarcely separate when I entered the room. A scene of recrimination took place, if, indeed, that can be called recrimination, where she had nothing to urge against me but my too affectionate folly. Then for the first time I discovered why marriage had been refused me. This stranger was her husband. She was already married; and the wretch who claimed that title had been content to suffer his wife's prostitution, for the sake of the unholy winnings she had wrung from me in my fondness. I cannot describe the state of torture into which this announcement threw me. I knew not what to do with myself for relief, and as a sort of desperate escape, commanded the fellow, who still sat lounging on the sofa with unblushing effrontery during his wife's recital of her shame, to quit my house. "Your house," cried he with a grin, "do you not know this paper;" and he held before my eyes the deed of gift to which my name was too certainly attached. "Do you not know this paper, and do you talk of your house! It is my house! Every bed—every chair—every footstool in it is mine. So, see you and quit my house; for if you are not out of it in one minute, a police officer shall be sent for to remove you." It was not his words that moved me; but she too looked more—oh, tenfold more—cruelly that he uttered; and in mere act of self-protection I fled from the horrible scene. I know not how the law may be; but I doubt not that it is against me: be it, however, which way it may, the blow that has been given me has rendered every thing valueless. And here, even here, I am content to die."

There, even there, did he die! He did not live through the night of my return. A few days afterward it was my mournful duty to see him to the grave. Such a funeral as my means could afford was yielded to him. The melancholy hearse that contained his body moved slowly on toward the nearest churchyard; a single mourning coach, in which myself, and the apothecary who had attended his last days, officiated as mourners, followed as slowly; and thus we crept along the crowded streets, without one out of all the myriads, that witnessed our sorrowful passage, to cry—Who is dead?

Q.

I SAW HER BUT ONCE.

I saw her but once—like the lapse of a stream
That catches the Lily-Queen's shadowless gleam;
I pass'd her,—unmingling she moved among crowds,
As the Evening-star's loveliness walketh the clouds.

I saw her advance—with enchanted surprise
I bow'd in the blue brilliant noon of her eyes,
Whose victorious refulgence forbade me to speak,
But Idolatry flash'd all I felt from my cheek!

I saw her depart—as the crowd hurried on—
Like the Moon down the ocean the Graceful was gone!
On my ear her adieu, with its daisies-swell,
Like the gush of cool waters in melody fell.

I saw her no more—yet from that holy hour,
As essential as dew to the perishing flower
—As the cloudless Aurora to Night at the Pole—
Is the beam of her beauty and love to my soul.

Starry stranger! so dazlingly distant—unknown—
And observed in thy huminous transit alone;
By what fiat supreme must thy brilliancy quiver
O'er the depths of my darken'd existence for ever!

OUR VOLUME'S VALEDICTORY.

Here we are at last at the end of our volume. We and our readers have journeyed now some six months together, and by this time begin, like old stagers to know each other's peculiarities, so that our next jaunt together will be most delectable sport. Right pleasant, we ween, hath that period been spent on our part, and we are sure from the glowing good humor of our patrons, that it hath not been all on one side. It doth us good to take a fancy jaunt in our warm, cozy arm-chair, away over the mountains to the far, frank west, or into the fat valleys of our own state, or where the granite hills of New England, stand grey against the frosty sky, and see every where, in hall, cottage, or settler's cabin, the joyous faces that greet our coming.

Here we are, the oldest magazine, we believe in America; and for all our friends tell us just as frisky, and we opine far more prudent than many of our juniors. We have seen, in our time, a good deal of the periodical world, and may be pardoned for a little garrulity in speaking of the past, since we have been at the birth, and heard of the christenings of a score of cotemporaries, who after making as much noise about themselves, as if there was no one else in the world, have at last gone to their graves, and are by this time forgotten, except by their parents, and one or two kind hearted well-wishers. Not to say anything of the old legend of "much cry and little wool," it does not look proper to do your own boasting, at all, at all. For our part, we like to see every new aspirant have a fair field, we have always given it ourselves, and have ever been treated with due kindness in return. It is only now and then, that some fractious youngster ventures to attack us, and then we only smile, and buckle on our armor, with our old battle-song.

"Cock up your beaver, and cock it full sprush,
We 'll over the border and gie them a brush;
There 's somebody there we 'll teach better behaviour,
Hey! my brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver."

We never had such a brush but once, and then the fellow hobbled off the ground, piteously saying, like old Sir Andrew Aguecheek in the play, "an' had I known you 'd a been so cunning of fence, I 'd a seen you hang'd ere I 'd fought you."

But we must say on the whole, we magazines get along very cozily together, and are quite an example of decency to those beyond the water. Ah! that reminds us how much longer-lived they are than most of our cotemporaries, who come and vanish like the ghosts of the departed. By-the-bye too, some of your choicest writers, and who have figured largely in the literary world, made "their first appearance on any stage," under our auspices. We could sum up a goodly number of such, and their first productions, as they are now before us, are quite curiosities in their way. What would not the world give for some of Shakespeare's first verses? And here are some stanzas written by one who, if he will only turn poet in earnest, can bring forth something, the like of which has not been read for years. This may seem flattery, but it 's every word true. Not that the equal of Shakespeare,—ahem!—is to be found—but that glowing hearts and lofty intellects are still left to the world. But this is by no means the only "bright, particular star" we have introduced to the public. There are constellations behind, glimmering as doth the milky way. Truly, it delighteth us much, when we think of the good things we have done. We are glad in heart to survey our progeny numerous as the snows of the mountains, and fair as the flowers of the vale of Sheeraz. But we are running into poetry, and forgetting our epilogue. It hath just struck us that we could not better wind up this chapter than by telling a little incident which happened to us the other day, and which though some

vain-glorious ones may pretend to discredit, is certainly most true, the like occurrence having happened to Signor Don Giovanni, and being recorded at large, on the fourteenth page of the nineteenth chapter of his veritable history, now to be found in the great library of the Vatican at Rome.

We were sitting cozily in our arm-chair the other evening, listening to the piping of a storm without, and counting the towns and castles that kept appearing and disappearing among the embers of the fire, feeling altogether in too comfortable a state to care a whit for the cold weather, when we bethought us of a sudden that our volume was drawing to a close, and that it would be but polite to our readers and proper for ourselves to have a little sociable chat with them on the occasion, and withal, to come forth in a kind of epilogue, in our own proper persons, begging them not to be afraid, and assuring them of our harmlessness, for that, though we were oftentimes forced to roar like a lion, we were only "Snug the Joiner," after all. It struck us, moreover, that we had a drawer full of manuscripts, and that it would be best to winnow them before we began. So we laid our hand on the key, and were about opening the drawer, when a buzz arose within, that quite startled us; and putting our ear to the key-hole to pry into the matter, we found, to our utter horror, that the imprisoned manuscripts, enraged at their long confinement, had broke into open rebellion, having in the fashion of the day, convened a town-meeting, to discuss their grievances, and manifesting such tokens of anger at ourselves, as left us no doubt they would, if we ventured into their hands, have torn us limb from limb. In truth, no sooner were we espied, than they set up a hiss, and one noisy urchin, actually flung a stone through the key-hole, that had like to have blinded us, while the whole mob made a rush our way, and began belaboring us with uncouth words, and most lamentable recriminations.

"Why, good friends," said we, slipping in a word at length, "what is the matter now? Did n't you voluntarily put yourself under our care, and why should you grumble if we keep you confined a while longer than suits your case? Besides, some of you are scarcely fit for the public yet, and were we to let you out, would be pounced upon by the critics, who would devour you quicker than Whittington's cat does the mice in the story book. Shame, shame!" we continued boldly, as one or two sneaked away, "you do n't know what's for your own good. You're nicely housed this cold weather, and you're protected from those ugly bears, the critics, with a justice few of—"

"Hillo, old fellow," broke out an unwashed, testy chap, who had been fidgetting at every word we said, "what do you know about justice? I'd like to be told whether it's even fair play, in this land of freedom and equality, to keep us locked in here as if we were chickens in a hen-coop, fattening for slaughter? Dy'e call this justice, you old tyrant!—is it treating us like gentlemen, you crusty, puffed-up curmudgeon, you? And then, as for its being warm here, I declare I've got quite a cold," and the old hypocrite tried to wheeze, "it's as much as my life's worth to stay here,—to say nothing of the shabby treatment of talking there through the key-hole at us, as if you were a child looking into a show-box. It's beggarly treatment let me tell you, we're unanimous, we won't submit to it; and as for your old magazine, you and it may both go to thunder together!"

"Hoity toity!" said we, at this "tempest in a tea-pot," "what a fuss you make about trifles! Why you've worked yourself into a rage at your own shadow, and then forsooth, want to fall to pomelling us for it. No, no, you deceive yourself—we're not to be caught this way. But you, at any rate, need n't be so noisy, since we made up our mind long ago to have nothing to do with you. You're not fit for a penny newspaper,—what impudence sent you here? We believe you're at the bottom of all this rumpus, and since you ask for freedom, shall have it with as many more as choose to follow, only remember, that whoever goes away, never shows his face here again. Here, not a word, come out," and opening the drawer, we seized the quarrelsome old vagabond by the collar, and hustled him out of our doors in an instant. Not a soul offered to follow, though we purposely left open the drawer, but they all settled quietly down, laying as still and as close as children that are whipped and then put to bed. We introduced one or two new-comers to them, and then shut the drawer. Just then too we heard the supper-bell ring, and a merry laugh beside us, as some one shook us by the shoulder, averring most heretically, that we had been taking a nap and haranguing in our sleep. But we were not to be hoaxed that way, the more especially, as on opening our drawer to convince us, we found our manuscripts as quiet as lambs. So much for our "owre true tale."

Seriously,—we had thought of hashing up some of our more careless correspondents, and by selecting, where we could, the better portions of their effusions to give a dish to our readers in the true critical style. But we find our space will not permit it, and besides, who would thank us? Certainly not the authors, for they would never have sent us their productions, unless they thought them worthy of publication entire,—and we fear the world

would care little about the fragments which might thus be culled from our over-laden drawer. But then these half-finished pieces are not our whole store. We have many things there which are too good to be lost, and we intend to publish them in full, space and leisure permitting. But let their authors not grow impatient—like the old Scotch warrior, they must “bide their time.”

But cannot, bid good-bye for our volume, to the public, with making our devoir to the critics of the press, who have so kindly received the efforts of our correspondents. Many however, have fallen into the mistake of forgetting our originality, and have even, with grave look and most excellent nod, extolled the taste of the editors, in selecting those very original pieces. It is certainly a high compliment, to have our articles mistaken for English ones, though, for ourselves, we do not see why Americans cannot write as well as their better-fed brethren across the water. Be that as it may, even Homer will nod, and we doubt not these, our very good friends of the editorial corps, were at least winking when they wrote theirs. On the whole, however, we cannot complain; we have had our share, and perhaps more than enough; and we only hope that our next race will be run amid plaudits as loud, as we shall certainly strive to deserve them more.

The stern is stilled without, the fire has burned to embers, the tick of the old clock grows louder every minute, and we begin to think as night draws on, it is time for us to close. We will even then cease, only giving as a *finale*, a few lines which have just reached us. Here they are! Somehow or other they remind us of Beaumont and Fletcher,

THE MOUNTAIN SONG!

Brave mountains! brave mountains! so proudly ye stand,
The monarchs that reign o'er this fair sunny land;
Your robes are as misty, your verdure as fair,
As e'er in the days of my boyhood ye were.

I see ye once more,—and the years that have fled,
Come back to my mem'ry like ones from the dead,
And I rove once again o'er your summits so free,
With my playmates beside me in childhood's wild glee.

Ah! how have they fled,—they are round me no more,
And that dream of gay childhood, like magic is o'er—
Friends, kindred are gone, e'en their roof-trees are not,
Alone, I look for them, unknown and forgot.

I have travelled the prairie, and threaded the wood,
And ploughed the wide ocean, and breasted the flood,
And rode o'er the battle field red with the slain,—
But it makes my heart thrill to look on ye again.

Brave mountains! brave mountains! the storms in their rage
Have lashed your hoar summits full many an age,—
Ye have weathered them all as ye've weathered gray time,—
The same stern old watchers—unscathed and sublime!

BEAUTY, WIT AND GOLD.

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS,

THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLE, ESQ.

THE MUSIC BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Published by Geo. W. Hewitt & Co. (late Mann's) No. 70 south Third street, Philadelphia.

Allargretto.

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f *dim:* *b* *b*

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In her bow'r a widow dwell; At her feet three lovers knelt; Each adored the

widow much, Each essayed her heart to touch; One had wit, and one had gold,

One was cast in beauty's mould, Guess which was it won the prize, Tongue, or purse, or

handsome eyes?

First began the handsome man,
 Peeping proudly o'er her fan,
 Red his lips and white his skin,
 Could such beauty fail to win?
 Then step'd forth the man of gold,
 Cash he counted, coin he told;
 Wealth, the burthen of the tale,
 Could such golden projects fail?

Then the man of wit and sense,
 Woo'd her with his eloquence,
 When she heard him with a sigh,
 Then she blush'd, scarce knowing why,
 Then she smil'd to hear him speak,
 Then a tear was on her cheek
 Beauty vanish, gold depart,
 Wit hath won the widow's heart.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"Memoirs of his Own Time, including the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration." By Lieut. Gen. Count Dumas. 3 vols. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This work is another of those running histories of the last fifty years, which since the fall of Napoleon, and the subsiding of the great events which once shook the world, have been put forth by so many of those who lived and acted in the scenes they record.

Count Dumas entered the French army at an early age, and visited America with our Gallic allies of the Revolution, as an aide-de-camp in the staff of Count Rochambeau. His observations on our country as it was then are just, friendly, and altogether interesting. A little incident connected with his notes made at the time is worth preserving. He left them at a lady's house in Providence, R. I., toward the close of the war, but being prevented from returning for them, they had passed entirely from his memory, until the post-folio, fifty years afterward, was placed in the hands of his friend, General Lafayette, at New York, by a daughter of the Count's hostess. As may be supposed, they were subsequently restored to the owner.

The love of liberty engendered by his service here, led the Count to join the popular party in the French Revolution, and he played in consequence a prominent part during the most of that stormy and frightful period. He it was who commanded the escort that brought back the fugitive Louis to the capital; and, though afterward the Count himself became an exile it was only for a short period, when he returned again to France, partook of the government, and sided with Napoleon in that giant struggle, which he carried on against Europe for nearly twenty years. The Count seems, indeed, to be somewhat of a Talleyrand; but he always finds a reason for his defections.

The conduct of Lafayette on the night of the 5th of October, 1789, or that preceding the celebrated procession of the Parisian mob with the royal family to Paris, has long been a theme oflander and reproach. It is well known that he stepped forth, offered to the monarch to guard the palace, and received from him a partial permission to that effect. It is also well known that, in despite of this, some wretches broke into the palace, made for the queen's bed-chamber, slew the sentinel at her door, and barely gave her time in the scuffle, to escape with her life. The consequence has been, that Lafayette has been charged with perfidy, as conniving at this detestable act. But the Count disproves the whole. It appears a portion of the garden was garrisoned by royal troops, which Lafayette was not allowed to displace, and that this quarter happening to become exposed by their negligence, was invaded by the ruthless mob. All this is established on the testimony of those of the king's household who witnessed the affray. The other charges against Lafayette of neglect and indolence are also refuted, the Count tracing the general's actions, *through the whole night*, asserting that he was in company with him until day-light, so that if he took rest, it must have been for an hour or so afterward, before the Count again met him. This is of some importance, in these carping days, to the fame of Lafayette.

The whole work is written with some vigor, and embodies many facts. The Count figured during the whole empire, and has seen most of the things he relates. His book, even after its temporary day has past, will form a work of value to the historian.

"The Poets of America,"—edited by J. Rome. 1 vol. Illustrated. S. Coleman, New York.

This is a volume worthy of America, and of her finest press. It is, as its name imports, a collection of pieces from the best poets of our country, selected with much taste, and illustrated in

the choicest style. The letter press is beautiful,—as indeed, how could it be otherwise with Mr. Coleman for the publisher?

We have said there was much taste displayed in selecting the pieces, but we cannot help regretting that *any reasons whatever*, should have induced the editor to have inserted more than one article from the same author. The truth is, the most of American poetry is fugitive, floating about in magazines and other periodicals, and would not this volume have been still more beautiful, if some of the finest of such pieces, had been collected in it, and preserved from that speedy oblivion, which otherwise will overtake them? We do not object to the re-publication of Bryant's, Drake's, Pierpont's, or Willis's master-pieces, but we do regret, that they alone should have monopolised the volume. However, we must take it as we find it, and be thankful we have got as much. So much for a general feature,—now for detail.

The most aptly illustrated pieces in the work are, "Passing Away," by Pierpont, and "Love," by N. P. Willis. The former is an exquisite thing, and the latter is an old favorite. There are one or two fine productions from Bryant—that most popular of all our poets, and his "Athanatos" holds, as it ought, a conspicuous place. What can equal its concluding lines?

The "Lines to the American Flag," by Drake, are fine; but as his "Culprit Fay" was already in the volume, why did not the editor insert the stirring piece on "Our Country's Banner," from the pen of T. G. Spear?—a writer who has but to put forth his strength to *do* as well as *say* much. But we have already noticed this error.

The finest piece, or at least the most original one in the whole volume, is the "Culprit Fay." We have heard, and on good authority, too, that it was written to convince Mr. Halleck that a perfectly American production was possible,—and if our informant speaks aright, the assertion was made in a summer evening ramble among the Highlands, with "Old Cro'nest in sight," and all the grand scenery of the poem around. The very opening seems to favor the notion,

"In the middle watch of a summer night."

What could be finer? We are carried at once, as if by magic, into the stillness of midnight, and that too, amid the Highlands, and in the full, yet silent burst of moonlight,—and are thus prepared for all the witchery of fairy arraignment, and subsequent trial. The imagery is all American, and withal, most exquisite. Still, however, is not the very plot, and the introduction of fairies *wholly* foreign?—brought, as it is, from the legendary lore of Britain, and the hoary traditions of the Rhine. But we hate, on such a theme, to be captious. We welcome the "Culprit Fay" in its new dress, and only hope every American will read it.

"*Nicholas Nickleby.*" By Boz. 1 vol. With Illustrations. Lee and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Nickleby is finished, and another gem has been added to English literature. But as every body will have read the work, before this notice reaches them, we shall waive all criticism upon the novel, except in a general way.

The class to which *Nicholas Nickleby* belongs, is that of Smollett and Fielding, rather than that of Scott and James, and it must consequently, be judged in a different spirit and by a different rule. It is emphatically, a novel of every day characters. The deeds of heroes, the plottings of cabinets, and the downfall of kings, form no part of its pages; but the whole is occupied with the actions of individuals, such as we see them constantly in common life. But how graphically are they sketched. The pure maiden, the crafty villain, drivelling old age, loquacious matronage,—the high-minded youth, and the half-idiot school-boy,—vice and goodness, happiness and misery, success and disappointment, all follow each other, just as we see them in the world, and that too, without fatiguing the reader. We look upon Boz as one of the most useful men of the day. What a well of fine thoughts and deep sentiment, has he not opened up,—and gloriously he has flung the light of his genius around the sorrows and every-day cares of life, making us to *feel*, what we before have seen, but passed by unnoticed, how much of real agony there is all around us, and how easily we may alleviate it, without going to fancied sorrows to rouse our sympathies, or wasting our benevolence on unworthy, if not fictitious objects. This, more than his humor, has always been to us the great charm of his

writings, for he makes us feel we are men, living, moving, acting as men, amid a world of much evil, but one after all of more brightness than gloom. We are much mistaken if most do not rise from the works of Dickens, feeling—it may be sadder—but at least better men.

There is one characteristic of *Nickleby*, which has given Boz the name of the prose Shakespeare—we mean its wild originality of successive humor and pathos, following each other, not as in most fictions, but as they do in real life. He disregards all rules, or at least makes them for himself, stinging rocklessly forth his flashes of wit, and then shewing them in relief, by some touch of thrilling pathos, like that of the death of Smike.

The characters of Boz are, perhaps, his forte. In the present work, who does not recognise the life-like portraits of Mrs. Nickleby, Vincent Crummles, Esq. Squeers, and that old villain, Ralph Nickleby, whose death is a fit termination of a life of such legal acoundrelism? We think, however, the causes of his suicide, are not sufficiently developed by the novelist, as few see, till they come to think about it, that it was the fear of exposure, transportation, or perhaps, an ignominious death, as well as the scorpion-rage of a man foiled at every turn, stinging itself sooner than be disarmed, which forced him to commit the deed. But enough. The hoary rascal deserved his end,—and Arthur Gride merited, as he received, a fate but one step less ignominious.

And then Kate!—the gentle, sweet, confiding Kate! Is not that scene, where she tells her brother of Frank's offer of his hand, exquisite, most exquisite? But it is all fine where she plays her part. Madeline is but a little lower in our admiration, and that only perhaps, because she is not as old a friend as Kate.

Then too, on another side of the picture, is old Tim Linkinwater, whose whole character peeps out in one line, where he calls a church yard the finest one in the world, because it looks out upon stores and ware-houses, rising all around it. Who but Boz could have made that dash of the pencil? Who too, but he would have made old Tim marry the little, busy, bustling, Miss La Creevy; and propose for her too, in such a right excellent style, as he did? Who but Boz would have thought of the brothers Cheeryble, characters, as he asserts, drawn from life, and actually painted down, lest they might be thought the fantasies of a novelist's brain? But why do we ask all this—for who but Boz could have written *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*?

"The Epicurean." By T. Moore. Illustrated by Turner. Macrone, 31. James' Square, London.

We notice this work principally for the letters of Alciphron appended to it by its author, Tom Moore. They are in verse; and though on such a subject, highly poetical. It is the last thing from him, who thirty years ago was delighting the world with his lyrics. Many parts of it are excellent, but on the whole, it is scarcely equal to his former productions. Moore is at home in *Lalla Rookh*, or amid his inimitable lyrics,—but take him from them, tie down to ethics and syllogisms in verse, and you have shorn him of half his strength. We would quote a few lines by way of example, but Alciphron is not a poem to bear quotation. It should be read as a whole, or not read at all.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER.—Our January number will contain a portrait of our towns-man, Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq. well known as one of the best writers of poetry in America.

The literary contents will be highly improved, as to the present array of contributors, several new ones of well known talent have already been added.







SEP 2 - 1943

